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SCENE OF THE PLAY, THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; THE LONG PARLIAMENT.





Cardinal Wiseman and the Duke of Richmond in the church.





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of obstacles, which teaches what to recoil before, and what to override; in the self-command which forbids passion to interfere with interests distinctly seen, or with plans deliberately laid. This is the character of mind which, in our judgment, has made the present Emperor of the French what he is. Slow, meditative, and observant, long years of adversity and captivity, spent for the most part in reading and solitary thought, enabled him thoroughly to grasp and fathom two subjects—the character and wants of the French nation, and the operations necessary to secure his own power and establish his own dynasty. His instinctive popular sympathies helped him largely with the first, and his cold and concentrated selfishness with the second. He understands the French character, because he shares many of its weaknesses and desires; and he is so bent upon retaining empire, that he has an almost supernatural susceptibility to dangers which menace it. His uncle fell because he had no moderation, and because his violent pride and passions utterly obscured his reason. The nephew will never run into these errors or excesses. With far smaller natural powers than his uncle, with not one tithe of his commanding genius, he has far more general information, far cooler and closer observation, far juster appreciation of men and circumstances, and incomparably greater self-control.

In the first place, he resolved that, at all events, he would not be overthrown, like so many of his predecessors, by a popular insurrection in the capital. To this end he has transformed, or is in process of transforming, the whole of Paris. The day of successful barricades is past forever. The great centers of discontent and *émeutes*, the impenetrable dark narrow streets and courts, where the enemies of the Government of the hour and the enemies of all society used to congregate and plot, and whence they issued forth on their chaotic errand, have been nearly all invaded and destroyed, and splendid straight military roads, under the name of "Boulevards," driven through the dens of crime and the fastnesses of organized tumult and rebellion. In addition to this, the *enceinte* and the detached forts which surround Paris are now nearly completed; so that henceforth the army must always be master of the situation, and the man who wields that army, if

only he be resolute and it be faithful, must be master of France.

To secure the fidelity and increase the efficiency of this army was therefore the next point; and to this Louis Napoleon has applied himself with a steadiness and sagacity so remarkable as fully to merit the success it has obtained. Before he took the matter in hand, the French soldier, raised by conscription and serving only seven years, (unless during continuous periods of war,) had scarcely time to become a separate class: he meddled with politics; he shared the sentiments of his fellow-peasants and artisans; he looked to an early retirement into the bosom of his family; and after a short period of excitement and of discipline, he was again absorbed among the people. Two results ensued: the *esprit de corps* was not strong enough or enduring enough to conquer the *esprit de classe*, when the two came into collision; and hence the frequent occasions on which the troops fraternized with the mob, and set their officers at defiance; and every year returned into civil life thousands of men whose military training, skill in organization, and familiarity with the use of arms, made them most formidable leaders or constituents of insurrectionary movements; and hence the insurgent mobs of Paris and Lyons were the most effective and dangerous the world has ever seen. The system was accompanied with other disadvantages.

"The pressure of the Crimean war became an additional motive for planning a reform of the whole system. It was the first war on a large scale since the empire; and in spite of the good will and natural capability of the French soldier, it showed the drawbacks of a military system based wholly on conscription: young soldiers, weak in body, were found, even in the best case, but poor substitutes for trained troops in the strength of manhood. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1855, therefore, a law appeared which modified considerably the position of the soldier, and which is tending to alter completely the character of the French army. According to the law of 1832, which regulates the conscription up to this day, the annual contingent is furnished from the young men who have completed their twentieth year." The decreed number are drawn by lot, certain exemptions being established by law. "Besides these cases exempt by law,

every one was allowed to find a substitute at his own expense. This system had great inconveniences for the families as well as for the army. The *remplacement* became a trade of the worst description, in which all kinds of devices were practiced to defraud the families; there was fraudulent substitution of names, or the substitute deserted, or was found incapacitated for military service; and the family, which was responsible to the State, had to pay the fine several times over. On the other hand, this system brought into the army a number of scamps, who were difficult to manage, and exercised a pernicious influence on their comrades. This was so generally the case, that a substitute was almost always looked upon as a suspicious character.

"The law of 1855 abolishes substitution altogether, and establishes exemption instead. Every one who is called to serve can now secure exemption by paying the sum fixed by the Government, and the family is then relieved from all responsibility. The money is paid into the *Caisse de la Dotation de l'Armée*, which takes upon itself to supply the corresponding number of men by voluntary enlistment and the reënlistment of old soldiers. Soldiers actually in service can likewise get discharged by paying a fixed sum for each remaining year they would have to serve. The sum fixed for exemption from the whole seven years of service is 2500 francs, and 250 for each year the soldier has to complete. The bounty for enlistment is 2000 francs, and for terms of less than seven years 280 francs a year.

. . . In order to favor still more the reënlistment of old soldiers and non-commissioned officers, they receive additional pay, increasing from 10 to 50 centimes a day, after the second and third reëngagements. To this must be added, that the time of service which entitles to a pension has been reduced from 25 to 20 years; that every year of campaign or garrison in Algeria reckons for two years' service; and that the *médaille militaire*, founded in 1852 for soldiers and non-commissioned officers, gives an annuity of 100 francs.

"For the generality of workmen, peasants, or artisans, then, who feel a vocation for military service, the army now offers the means of retiring between thirty-five and forty years of age, with a competency sufficient to live upon. At thirty-six, a man who is tolerably lucky may have his

capital of 6000 francs besides his pension; and if his conduct has entitled him to the medal, he may have altogether, it is reckoned, 700 or 800 francs a year.

"Numbers will best prove the influence of these arrangements. According to the report of the *Caisse*, at the close of 1859 the voluntary enlistments since its establishment amounted to 62,398, and the reënlistments to 81,212. It need scarcely be remarked how much this tends to alter the French army, which loses every year more its character of a conscript force, to become one of voluntary and professional soldiers. It is, of course, too large to rely exclusively on voluntary enlistment for maintaining it; but the strong mixture of this element contributes not a little to raise its value in the field, and its reliability at home as a pillar of the Imperial Government. The difference already appeared in the war in Italy as compared with that in the Crimea, and will every day make itself more felt. The number of conscripts who purchase exemption, too, is rapidly increasing. From 16 per cent in 1856, it rose to 18 in 1858, and to 27½ per cent in 1859; when out of 140,000 men called out, not less than 38,325 were exonerated."

Nor is this all that Louis Napoleon has done to favor the army and attach it to himself. He has devoted much time and attention, and great sagacity as well, to its reëquipment and improvement. Every new invention or contrivance which promises to augment either the comfort or efficiency of the soldier has been cordially welcomed and energetically furthered by him. He has provided it for conquest, he has led it to glory, he has inscribed the names of new victories on the standards of every regiment, and he has made enlisting and campaigning as sure a road to the competence and ease, so dear to Frenchmen, as almost any civil calling. He has made an *imperial* army; and it will be strange indeed if he be not able to count upon it in his hour of need.

But Louis Napoleon, on assuming supreme power, knew perfectly well that it would not answer his purpose to rely on the army principally or alone. It was essential that he should conciliate the suffrages and secure the willing support of the largest and most influential classes of the French nation. It was, of course, vain to hope for the allegiance of the

Legitimists, who could never regard him as any thing but an upstart and a usurper; of the Orleanists, whom he had superseded; of the Republicans, whose creation he had crushed, and whose theories he had trampled under foot; or of the politicians of any section, since he had taken away the occupation of them all. But it was still open to him to satisfy the wants, to allay the fears, to flatter the passions, and to stimulate and direct into harmless and profitable channels the activity and energy of the peasant, the *ouvrier* and the *bourgeois*—three classes which constitute among them probably thirty-five out of the thirty-six millions of the numerical population of France. Now all these have their chief desires in common; they all love wealth, advancement, and national glory. The peasant is, above all things, anxious to be secured in the possession of his little property, to have a prospect of augmenting it, and to find a lucrative investment for the savings which, with such infinite pains and self-denial, he is always scraping together. The *ouvrier* is, above all things, anxious for steady employment and enhanced wages, such as shall enable him to enjoy life as he goes along, and in his turn to become a proprietor at last. The *bourgeois* makes an idol of order, security, and commercial prosperity; he desires as the *summum bonum* a government strong enough to keep down socialists and *émeutiers*, open-handed and imaginative enough to stimulate speculation, to develop industry, and to *exploiter* the resources of the country, and at the same time corrupt and spendthrift enough to multiply those snug jobs and small lucrative civil offices which are so worshipped and striven after by the most place-hunting people in Europe. Employment for the artisan, security and profitable investments for the peasant, an increase in the number and the pay of functionaries, and promising speculations and golden enterprises for the middle classes—Louis Napoleon knew well that if he could give these, and at the same time enough of foreign influence and glory to gratify the national vanity, he would have established his throne on the surest of all foundations. He knew also that as a rule the French long to be governed rather than to govern themselves—to be governed well, to be governed resolutely, to be governed *much*. He was determined they should feel no deficiency on this score, and he saw that by turning

all the national activity into the channel of material well-being, and by a judicious manipulation of the material resources of the country, he could satisfy at once, and in combination, all the three classes of the community, on whose hearty and zealous adhesion the stability of his position must depend. He set himself vigorously to work to attain these objects; and, whatever we may think of the economical soundness of the means employed, or of the financial dangers which his system has incurred, we can not deny that, thus far at least, he has most signally succeeded.

When he arrived at power, the state of the population in all the great towns was menacing and perilous in the extreme. Paris, and, to a less degree, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Rouen, swarmed with work-people only partially and fitfully employed, imbued with the wildest dreams and doctrines of socialism, and ready for any outbreak. The "*droit au travail*" was their cry. But there was little work for them, and it seemed impossible to find or make any. The *ateliers nationaux* had proved a disastrous failure, and had, indeed, only increased the mischief and the danger. One of the very first steps of the new Emperor was to take this matter courageously in hand. He organized a scheme of public works on a scale hitherto undreamt of, and which even yet are still incomplete. He determined to rebuild a large part of Paris, and not a little of some other chief cities. As we have already mentioned, he has done this in a manner to promote another of his objects—that of the military subjugation of the metropolis. Workmen in stone and mortar, and in all subsidiary trades, soon found ample employment and improving wages; and as occupation increased, discontent and political excitement died away. But the question presents itself: "How was money found for all these undertakings, which could only be partially and remotely remunerative?" The municipalities everywhere were encouraged and aided, perhaps we may even say commanded, to employ their revenues, and even to mortgage their future means, in the cause. A few particulars, having reference to the case of Paris, may enable us to comprehend the *modus operandi*. The ordinary municipal income—derived from the *octroi*, or taxes on all articles of consumption entering the town, and from certain other sources—was, in 1858, about



£3,000,000; it is now rather more than £4,000,000. The ordinary expenses, including interest on the debt incurred, do not exceed £2,800,000. There is, therefore, and has been for many years, a surplus of revenue over expenditure, which in the aggregate since 1852, according to our author, has amounted to £10,416,000. In addition to this, £8,000,000 more have been borrowed, and three or four more millions obtained from the sale of land, materials, etc. Altogether, the entire cost of the whole series of works, when completed, may be twenty-three or twenty-four millions sterling, toward which the state has engaged to pay two millions from time to time as the works proceed. Last year its contribution was £250,000. It is obvious that with this aid, and the surplus revenue of the city, the expenses incurred, though enormous, will not be ruinous.

The disturbance created by the suddenness and the extent of the demolitions and reconstructions has, however, been very great, and has given rise to considerable outcry. The number of individuals inconvenienced by their forced displacement has been large, and some of the smaller shopkeepers have even been ruined. Rents have risen enormously—a process by which the *bourgeoisie*, the proprietors and middle classes, have profited largely, but by which the *ouvrier* and the *employé*, who have been driven outside the barriers in search of cheaper lodgings, have suffered much. The influx of strangers, and the general prosperity, also, have caused a great augmentation in the price of all articles of consumption. But, as a rule, profits and wages have risen even more; so that all except the possessors of fixed incomes are better off than formerly, and are proportionately contented. The advance in the wages of the artisans is calculated to be not less than forty per cent. In addition to this, the Government has, as we all are aware, interposed on two or three occasions to reduce and equalize the price of bread and butcher's meat in Paris, in a fashion that to Englishmen and free-traders seems quite monstrous and inadmissible; at one time empowering the distributors of these necessities to continue a high price longer than they would otherwise have done, in order to indemnify themselves for forced sales at inadequate remuneration; at another time actually *subsidizing* them in

some fancied ratio to their alleged losses or diminished gains. But in France, where every one looks to the Government for every thing, these anomalous proceedings create no surprise or condemnation: on the contrary, the people consider them as very proper, and would blame Government for neglecting them. The result of the whole is, that the working-classes in the capital and in other great cities of France have never been so uniformly well off as during the ten years of the Imperial *régime*.

Nor, in judging of the propriety and the cost of these proceedings, must we lose sight of one important fact, to which the writer we are criticising (or rather using) draws special attention. There are no poor-rates in France. The poor there, if unemployed, are dependent for subsistence purely upon casual charity or Government assistance. The aid rendered by the Government is almost always in the form of public works, usually works of real and obvious utility. With us the chief part of the sum expended goes in the maintenance of paupers in a state of demoralizing, and not always necessary, idleness. And if it be the case, as our author affirms, that, including loans to distressed manufacturers, allotments for vicinal roads, subsidies to "Bureaux de Bienfaisance," and to "Sociétés de Secours Mutuel," the improvement and reconstruction of cities, the creation of harbors, the reclamation of waste-lands, etc., the total sum expended in any one year by the Imperial Government has never exceeded three million five hundred thousand pounds, we certainly are not entitled to reproach it with extravagance. The annual sum levied in the United Kingdom in poor, county, and other rates, is upward of eleven million pounds, of which six million five hundred thousand pounds is spent actually in the relief of the poor, that is, in a mode which yields no return whatever. It may well be that the French mode of keeping the laboring class from want and starvation and despair is far cheaper, if not so systematic, as our own.

The Emperor has likewise contrived to hit the fancies and satisfy the needs of the peasant even more completely than those of the artisan. The agricultural Frenchman is eminently conservative, thrifty, and saving. His first passion is to secure his small property—perhaps only half an acre and a wretched cottage. His second

is to augment it, and to rise in the world. For this, he toils early and late, lives with the frugality of an anchorite, and denies himself all costly pleasures. As a proprietor he has a mortal dread of socialistic doctrines and disturbances. How strong and how prevalent is this feeling was shown by the conservative and almost anti-republican character of the members sent up from all rural districts to the Convention and National Assembly of 1848. As a striving and hoarding animal, the peasant is above all things anxious to find safe and profitable investments for the small sums which he is constantly scraping together. In 1851, rightly or wrongly, a universal terror of socialistic insurrections pervaded France. A saturnalia of plunder was by many believed, and believed with the most absolute sincerity, to be imminent. The danger may have been exaggerated; the dread may have been unreasonable, and may even have been cunningly fostered to assist sinister designs. But as to the existence of the one and the influence of the other there can be no dispute. The moment Louis Napoleon vaulted into the throne both ceased, as if by magic. The fashion in which he handled the reins of power gave confidence instantaneously. Every one felt that he was one who, whatever else he might do or permit, would at least protect property against lawless outbreaks; and was perfectly competent to do so. "Society was saved:" the humble peasant, as much as the rich millionaire—perhaps even more—breathed freely once again, and no longer trembled for his little *terre* or his scanty hoard. No wonder the ruler who wrought this change became popular at once. But the Emperor did more. Previously the French peasant had no means of investing his hard-earned savings except in the purchase of land, which was always difficult and always costly. This absence of lucrative investment for small sums had caused the price of land to be enormously enhanced—so that in some parts of France it did not yield above one per cent interest to the purchaser. Louis Napoleon ended this state of things. By the encouragement of railways and commercial associations he did much; but by his "open loan" system he did far more. No ruler ever borrowed so recklessly as he has done; but at the same time no one ever borrowed with so rare and successful a sagacity. Before his time, Government

loans, in France as in England, were tendered for as a whole by great capitalists, and by these distributed at a premium among their friends and customers. Louis Napoleon allowed every man to inscribe himself for the smallest sums, (one hundred francs, and even less if we remember right,) and even gave a preference to the poorer subscribers. Now, as every Frenchman feels the most unbounded confidence in the power of the Government, and in the security of Government stock, and as the terms of the new loans gave four or five per cent interest, every peasant had at once a most advantageous investment for his moderate savings not only offered to him, but, by the skillful arrangements ordered by the Emperor, *brought home to his very door*. The effect was astonishing, and most instructive. The secret hoards of France were brought out with eagerness, and every one was amazed to see how vast they were: four or five times the amount wanted was subscribed for; and every holder of *rentes* became of necessity a firm friend and anxious upholder of the Government, whose creditor he was. It became clear that the Emperor might draw nearly any sums he wanted from the same source, and that the more he borrowed, the stronger he would grow.

Even this, however, does not exhaust all the service which the Emperor rendered directly or indirectly to the cultivator of the soil. The establishment of railways, the increased commercial activity of the country generally, and the demand for labor, caused by the vast building operations set on foot in Paris and elsewhere, had a very notable influence on agricultural wages. The surplus rural population was drained away into the large towns, and employed there in enterprises which, even when not remunerative to their undertakers, always paid the handicraftsmen well; sometimes even *more* than the surplus emigrated, and in certain districts hands for field-operations, especially about harvest-time, were actually scarce. Thus the wages of agricultural labor, and the price of agricultural produce, rose together; and the poor cultivator ceased to regard the increase of his family with the same dismay as formerly. Prosperity and war, in combination, put an end to the dreaded redundancy.

Let us now see what the sagacious energy of the Emperor has done for the



middle classes. The French *bourgeois*, whether tradesman, merchant, manufacturer, or capitalist, has always been remarkable for two characteristics—a great desire to make money, and a still greater desire not to lose it. Speculative and gambling by temperament, when excited he had none of the Yankee daring; his caution perpetually kept his enterprise in check. Louis Napoleon set himself energetically—and, as it seems to us, deliberately and “of malice aforethought”—to stimulate the second, and to dissipate the first. He resolved to arouse to the utmost the national longing for material prosperity; to employ the whole *bourgeoisie* in material undertakings, so as to leave them no time or taste to think of politics. He has pursued his purpose with the most unscrupulous audacity—but also with no ordinary measure of sagacity, and with the most marvelous success. He has transformed the whole face of France, and would almost seem to have transmuted some of the most salient features of the French character. The desire to be rich seems to have, for a time at least, superseded every other; and the love of pleasure and the love of glory to have fallen into comparative abeyance.

As to the means which the Emperor has employed to obtain this end, there will be much variety of opinion. Some may have been indefensible, some may have been hazardous; but the result of the whole has been startlingly great. He began by an enormous Government expenditure. Besides public works, he spent vast sums on both the army and the navy, and infused unwonted activity into all the subsidiary industries occupied in feeding these, especially into iron-foundries and engineering establishments. The outlay consequent on the Crimean and Italian wars, while it wasted much of the national funds, made countless private fortunes, and employed countless workmen. We are not going to drag our readers through a multitude of figures, which may be incomplete, and are sure to be perplexing. Our author gives as the result of his analysis, that in eight years the Government spent on an average *fifteen* millions sterling more than the regular revenue—yet that revenue was upwards of *sixty* millions. On the whole, we may safely estimate that the Emperor has spent £150,000,000 of the national money, over and above the proceeds of taxation, in

stimulating and developing the national enterprise. Much of this sum no doubt has been wasted or misapplied, but much also has been profitably spent. It has at least given France some glory, and such an army and navy as together cannot be matched in the world.

But it has done more than this. Under the imperial *régime*, the foreign trade of France has increased as rapidly as our own. In 1851, the aggregate imports and exports were only £112,000,000. In 1859, the last year before the new tariff, they had reached £200,000,000. Consider what an immense development of every kind of production and interchange is implied in these figures. The rapid growth of commercial associations is another indication of the same marvelous change. In 1846, there were 2747 of these registered; during the Revolution they fell off to 1511; they are now nearly 5000. Formerly capital was scarce in France for any undertakings except the safest and most lucrative; now it seems to be ready for any enterprise—even the Suez Canal. The gigantic loan-societies, the *Crédit Foncier*, and *Crédit Mobilier*, are answerable for much of this. On the whole, we believe these are well managed; but few Englishmen of business can look at either their proceedings or their constitution without a shudder.

The present railway system of France, which has done such wonders both to develop the resources and to utilize the capital of the country, is mainly due to the Imperial Government—partly to its management, partly to its pecuniary aid. The old system had been complicated and clumsy in the extreme; the State paid for part of the work, the departments or communes for part, and the company for the residue.

“Invested in 1852 with full powers of opening extraordinary credits for the construction of the large railway net-work decreed in 1842, the Imperial Government gradually reversed the whole system of its predecessors. The practice of constructing and working railways at the expense of the Government was from the outset condemned, and measures taken at once to form companies to take off the hands of Government those lines which were its property. Although the idea of an ultimate reversion of all the principal railways to Government was not given up in theory, the uniform grant of a ninety-

nine years' lease to the companies, instead of, as before, half that period, or even less, was virtually giving them a right of proprietorship. All companies were reconstructed on this basis. Liberal terms were given both to the companies which took the Government lines and to the old ones, which were still under large obligations for outlays made by Government, but at the same time the condition was imposed that they should greatly extent their respective lines. . . . Government *subventions* were not altogether stopped, but they were every year more reduced. From thirty to forty per cent of the outlay, their former proportion, they gradually sank to twenty per cent and less, until in 1857, when a large construction of branch railways (four thousand miles) was decreed, *subventions* were in most cases dropped, and a guarantee of 4.65 per cent, as interest and sinking fund on a certain maximum of expense for fifty years, was adopted as the rule. If the revenues of the old lines exceeded a certain sum per mile, the surplus was to be applied as part of the guarantee stipulated by the Government for the new branch lines; if these latter should at any time yield more than the guarantee, the surplus was to be used to repay the sums expended by Government as guarantee; and after 1872 all revenues of old and new lines beyond a fixed sum were to be shared with Government. The system of direct *subventions* was only kept up in exceptional cases, where the Government was specially interested, from military or other motives; but taking all this together, it is calculated that the proportion of expenses borne by the Government in these branch lines amounts to no more than from eight hundred to one thousand pounds per kilomètre, or about seven per cent of the outlay, against four thousand pounds per kilomètre, or thirty per cent, which had been the average on the old lines. By these means a complete revolution has within the last ten years been effected in the French railway system. They have changed their character as Government concerns, and have become private enterprises. The effect of this emancipation is plainly visible in the progress which railways have made since that time. From twelve hundred and seventy miles in 1851, they had risen at the beginning of this year to above five thousand miles; and this result has been achieved

at about one half the cost entailed on the Government by the former system."

By similar means, by judicious stimulus and occasional aid, the other means of communication in France have been greatly extended and improved. To say nothing of canals, it is calculated that thirty-three millions of francs are now annually spent on Imperial highways, forty-eight millions on departmental, and one hundred millions on communal or *vicinal* roads. A good deal of this is directly traceable to a sort of gentle pressure exercised by the authorities, assisted by careful loans. The commercial treaty with England was another, and a courageous step, in the direction of stimulating and setting free private enterprise, on the consequences of which, however, it is too early to speak. On the whole, the success of Louis Napoleon in filling the whole mind of middle-class France with the passion for money-making has been astonishing. The drawback has been, that the gambling spirit has been fostered in nearly the same ratio as the spirit of legitimate enterprise and industry, and honesty has not been taught either by precept or example. The feverish excitement of the Bourse is a sad set-off against the activity of the shipping ports and the railway office. We, however, who remember Hudson, must not be too severe upon the age and nation which has to be ashamed of Mirès - and his judges.

Now if, in all the matters on which we have touched, we may be of opinion that the hand of the Government has been too visible and too active—which undoubtedly, according to English notions, has been the case—we must bear in mind that in France the people have always been in the habit of looking to the Government for every thing; that they have little *initiative*; that though a most organizable, they are not a self-organizing race; and if, as the writer we are reviewing is convinced, the persistent aim of Louis Napoleon has been to arouse and supplement, and not to supersede, individual enterprise, we must admit that in these matters he contrasts most favorably with all his predecessors.\*

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\* Our author maintains also that the Emperor has not only produced far greater effects in this direction than his forerunners, but has produced them at less cost. "Taking both ordinary and extraordinary expenses together, a sum of £52,000,000 represents the 'leaven' used up by Imperialism in ten years for stimulating national enterprise

Certain it is, that in every thing relating to commercial policy his views are incomparably sounder, wider, more liberal, and more courageous, not only than those prevalent among Frenchmen generally, but than those entertained by the cleverest statesmen of any previous *régime*. On all such subjects he is as far ahead of Guizot and Thiers as Pitt was ahead of Fox, or as Sir Robert Peel, at the close of his career, was ahead of Lord Derby and Lord Melbourne.

At home, then, the Emperor, in the course of ten years, and in the process and perhaps for the purpose of consolidating his own power, has insured the possessions, utilized the savings, and improved the condition of the peasant. He has increased the earnings, pacified the minds, directed the energies, and absorbed the surplus numbers of the *ouvrier* class. He has aroused, concentrated, and turned to profit the enterprise and love of money of the mercantile and industrial *bourgeoisie*. He has doubled the foreign commerce of the country, and quadrupled its railways. He has brought both army and navy to a pitch of perfection, both in equipment and extent, never before reached—not even by his uncle. And he has done all this at a *money* cost which is enormous no doubt, but which can scarcely be deemed excessive, if we regard either the results achieved or the capability of the country to afford it. It is probable that he has not spent, one year with another, more than one third of the annual accumulations of the people. The savings of France—that is, the aggregate surplus of every body's income over every body's expenditure, after the ordinary taxes have been paid—are estimated by some economists as high as fifty million pounds. The Emperor has not borrowed and spent annually more than fifteen million pounds; and not all even of this sum has been unproductive. The *moral and intellectual cost* of the Empire to France is another question altogether, on which we shall have a word or two to say presently. But first let us cast a very brief glance at what the Emperor has done abroad.

Next to pleasure and the means of it—sometimes even before either—the love of glory has been the ruling passion of Frenchmen. Partly from vanity, partly

and promoting national prosperity, against a sum of £68,000,000 laid out in the ten years previous”

from arrogance, partly from desire for power, partly from a thirst for excitement, partly from a consciousness of peculiar capacity, they love to distinguish themselves in war, and to dictate to the rest of the world. France so long gave the law to Europe, that she has almost learned to believe that it is her special function and her inalienable right. When Louis Napoleon came to the throne, he was not only fully alive to the necessity of gratifying this national sentiment, but he actually *shared* it in a very large measure. He sympathized with the nation in its restlessness, in its fancy for distinction, in its mania for meddling and for grandeur. He might, had he yielded without moderation or sagacity to his own and his people's passions, have set all Europe in a blaze, and lost both his country and himself. He might have made a dash at the “natural boundaries” of France, and pandered to the national jealousy and grudge toward England. The nation would have applauded and backed him in both proceedings. He did neither. He was restless certainly, and kept all around him in hot water; but he has assiduously cultivated the friendship and good-will of England, has made some sacrifices, has borne some vexations, and has risked some popularity by doing so. He has not been generous where the distribution of fame and glory was concerned: perhaps, as a French ruler, he could not afford to run so counter to the national weakness as to be so. He has not always been truthful in his dealings with us, especially in the matter of Savoy and Switzerland; but it can not be said that he has exceeded the usual insincerity of diplomatic intercourse; and compared with the French statesmen who preceded him, all our ministers, we believe, admit that he may even be termed fair and honest. He has been a principal in two desperate and bloody wars; but assuredly it is not for England to blame him in either case, for in the Crimean war he was our ready and energetic ally, and in the Italian war he aided and made victorious a cause which we had at heart more than any other. He joined us in our Chinese expedition, and dragged us into his Mexican one; and though our Government has been compelled to disapprove his proceedings in the latter case, and to withdraw from all participation in them, yet many sagacious Englishmen are compelled to admit that he took a wider and



sonder view than Lord Russell of what was necessary; and hold that good both to Mexico and to ourselves, as well as to America, may be the result. The issue of his two great wars has been both glorious to France and beneficial to Europe. We say nothing as to his motives in undertaking either, nothing as to certain proceedings in the course of them, nothing as to how far his secret intentions may have been overruled for good; but it can not be denied that, since his uncle's overthrow, no two political events have been so signally serviceable to the cause of freedom and of progress. The check and humiliation of Russia relieved Germany from its most overshadowing terror, and deprived German despots of their grand refuge and resource; it rescued Europe from a weight which was always thrown into the wrong—that is, the anti-popular scale, and whose precise value could not be estimated, and was therefore proportionately the more formidable. The war with Austria in 1859—whatever we may think of the lawlessness of its origin, or the selfish and abortive end which so stained and dwarfed its grandeur—did what no previous king or conqueror had ever done—it made Italy a kingdom; it led to the creation of a new power and monarchy in Europe; for though Louis Napoleon did not do all that has been done, and has not done all that he should do, yet most unquestionably nothing could have been done without him. He, even more than either Cavour or Garibaldi, may claim to be the founder of Italian unity and independence; for if they were the *causæ causantes*, he was the *causa sine quâ non*. We need not give him any credit for popular sympathies or generous aspirations; we need not give him as much credit as many do for width or depth of political vision: still the fact remains, that, in the two great wars which have signalized his reign, in giving glory to France he has also done good to the world. He has disturbed the peace of Europe, and added enormously to its taxation; but he has given indefinite possibilities to one people; and a country, a future, the realization of a noble dream, and freedom from a crushing tyranny, to another. It is given to few rulers thus to win fame and gratitude by a single stroke—to do good while doing wrong—to scatter priceless blessings to uncounted millions, while meditating and pursuing

only their own advancement, but meditating and pursuing this with sagacity and insight.

But the power of doing all these things—of performing all these magnificent achievements abroad, and eliciting all these lucrative results at home—has been gained at the cost of the political paralysis of the nation; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, by pandering to and taking advantage of that weary longing after political lethargy, which was the consequence of the fierce struggles and the unsatisfactory results of preceding years. More than this it would be scarcely fair to lay to the charge of Louis Napoleon. Passing over the perjury and violence through which he bounded to the throne—for which morality can grant no absolution—it is not quite true to say that he crushed the political liberties of the nation. The number of those who were willing, or thought it worth while, to strike a blow in their defense was so infinitely small; the number of those who deemed the surrender of them a cheap price to pay for security and peace was so incomparably large; the acclamation with which nineteen twentieths of the people—numerically reckoned, as every thing has long been reckoned there—then or shortly after ratified all the Emperor's acts, and signed away their own individual freedoms and responsibilities, was so prompt and so universal—that he can hardly be accused of more than of lawlessness in interpreting the national desires, and skillful egotism in turning them to his own purposes. That he has suited the great mass of the nation more thoroughly—understood them more intimately—hit their fancies, mastered their interests, *done their work*, incomparably better than any of their previous rulers, admits, we think, of no doubt whatever. He undertook to do all their political business for them, on his own terms and in his own way; and they were too sick of their own blunders not to be thankful to him for the offer. This is a very different thing from crushing and keeping down the liberties of a struggling and aspiring people. As a matter of political as apart from personal morals, the question very much resolves itself into this: whether the wishes of the cultivated and educated few, or of those of the numerical majority, are to be deferred to in the establishing of the government and institu-

tions of a country? That nearly the whole *élite* of the French nation—those to whom politics was a liberal profession, those to whom political philosophy was an earnest and cherished study, those who think and who would fain write and speak on political questions—are opposed to the Emperor, and have been suppressed and reduced to virtual slavery by him, is indisputably true. And those whose creed it is—as it is ours—that the intelligence of a country and not its uneducated masses ought to govern and decide, will condemn him as guilty of the unpardonable sin. But this has never been the creed of Frenchmen since the great transformation of 1789—and yet only by the adherents and on the principles of this creed can the autocracy of Louis Napoleon, independent of its genesis, be held a usurpation or a tyranny. Equality and universal suffrage—two fatal errors—are the worshiped ideas of the Gallic mind; and these have consecrated and enthroned the Emperor. And actions must be judged mainly by the standard of ethics and belief in the nation which commits them—political actions more than any other. Moreover, holding the doctrine that, as a general law, the more educated classes of a nation ought to bear rule, and that the will of an autocrat and the will of a democracy are both injurious foundations for civil polity—we are bound to say, that if any experience could shake our conviction in the habitual soundness of this doctrine, it would be the conduct of the great body of the educated French politicians during the last forty-five years, both when in power, when in opposition, and when in temporary subjugation and abeyance. From the year 1815 till the year 1848, the whole of their parliamentary history was a brilliant and sparkling display of incapacity for either constitutional government or lofty statesmanship—an incapacity the more sad and incurable because it was moral rather than intellectual. Petty passions, fierce and yet small factions, insatiable desire for unchecked power, inability to compromise or share, notions of public morality low in home affairs, ungenerous in foreign questions, and almost always narrow, selfish, and unworthy—these nearly sickened and wore out the advocates of middle-class rule. If we look only at three subjects—but three very significant ones—we shall be obliged to confess, with surprise and mortification,

that the French *proletaire* and the Emperor, his nominee, seem capable of wiser instincts and nobler sentiments than either Orleanists, or Legitimists, or Republican statesmen—than either Guizot, Thiers, Chateaubriand, or Cavaignac. The men whom we have named, and nearly all whom they represent, could never either feel fairly toward Great Britain, or abstain from pandering to the hatred, envy, and suspicion of her, which lie so deep in the heart of the French nation; few of them could ever think or speak of Italian liberty without contempt and disgust; and none of them would have ventured even to conceive such a measure as the commercial treaty with England. Louis Napoleon has steadily kept friends with England, and can appreciate her; he has some sympathy with Italy, and has served her splendidly, in spite of the denunciations of “liberal” politicians; and he has inaugurated something like free-trade. And the masses have accepted his policy in the first case and the last, and heartily and disinterestedly applauded it in the second.

It seems doubtful whether even now he is not willing to give a larger measure of political freedom to his Chambers than either the people approve, or than the liberal politicians deserve, or are able to use well. The factious virulence of temper, and the absence of any wide or sound views of national policy, displayed in the more recent discussions in the Corps Législatif, were sources of bitter grief and disappointment to all friends of parliamentary institutions. The best-disposed monarch can scarcely be expected to concede enlarged privileges to deputies who use all that he does concede to attack the very foundations of his power; especially when he may be pardoned for the conviction that they are both less sagacious, less liberal, and less generous than himself. The writer before us draws a most graphic picture of the entire stagnation of all political life in France; nor does he profess to see any symptoms of its revival.

“The longer the search, and the more earnest the seeker, the deeper will be the disappointment and the sadness. Ten short years, and all is forgotten, or remembered only to be cursed and laughed at. The artisan who once listened with devotion to the public reading of the paper in his *atelier*, and who might have given lessons in politics to many a member



of the Chamber of Deputies, now cares no more about politics than the tool he handles. He has a vague sympathy for Italy, because he admires the man of the people, Garibaldi the pure, and because it is the French army which 'made' Italy. The *bourgeois* is frightened at the very word politics, and reads piously his semi-official paper, from which he tries to gather what the Emperor is going to do next. Of the upper classes, the great mass care only for telegrams from abroad, and announcements of the *Moniteur*, as influencing the quotations of the Exchange. Politics imply change and disturbance, hence risks and losses; they have been already the cause of much misery in the world, and above all in France. Let us guard ourselves against all further temptation. Besides, politics are a social "bore;" freedom a dangerous illusion, which is easily caught by the mob and turned against their betters. Rather the rule of one man than that of the masses."

It is possible that this political lethargy, as a temporary and transition-phase of French national life, may not be without its serviceable influence. It may give popular passions time to subside, factious enmities time to die away, wearied public feeling time to restore its elasticity, and arise refreshed by its slumber. It may give sounder notions of economy and government an opportunity to take root in the nation's mind by the close observation of an entirely new *régime*. The various parties who see what they have all lost by their insatiable and intolerant thirst for an undivided monopoly of power may possibly learn from their common catastrophe those lessons of moderation and of compromise without which all constitutional government is absolutely and forever hopeless. An era of stagnation, succeeding to an era of such aimless and ceaseless agitation, may afford the people the interval of rest necessary to recover its *tone*. The enormous development of material wealth and comfort may render peace more welcome, by rendering war more disturbing and more ruinous. The national character may undergo a permanent modification, which, without rendering it more estimable or more lofty, may render it less externally mischievous. But it is impossible for the most resolute optimist to conceal that this refreshing slumber and this contingent gain are being purchased at a price which, viewed from any moral stand-

point, must be held to be enormous. This price is threefold. In the first place, the whole soul of the nation is concentrated upon money-making, and upon money-making rather by speculation than by sober and plodding industry. The spirit of stock-jobbing—than which there is scarcely any devil more demoralizing—has seized upon all classes, and has been unscrupulously fostered by the Imperial *entourage*. "The almighty dollar" has grown to be almost as omnipotent, and quite as much worshiped, in France as in America. In the second place, the Imperial system has made it necessary to govern with inferior tools, and to raise only third-rate men to high place. The ablest, the proudest, and the purest minds of France naturally refused to serve under a rule so inaugurated and so directed. The cleverest statesmen and the most experienced administrators declined to obey a master whose selfish aims they clearly detected, but whose superior ability they did not recognize. Independent thinkers, with marked individualities, and strong convictions, and precise purposes, would not submit to become the mere clerks and instruments of an Emperor who consulted no one, deferred to no one, and thought out every thing for himself. Honorable politicians, with characters to lose, and names which they valued far above any Bonaparte, felt that it was impossible to join either the Court or the Government of a man who had no moral principles and no nobility of soul; who might drag them through any mire, and cover them with any shame; and who, if glory was to be gathered, would want it all for himself. The Emperor was, therefore, by the necessity of his position and his desires, driven to employ and surround himself with prefects and proconsuls who could help him little, and were certain to degrade him much, and with whom no great or noble men would choose to be mixed up. Hence the sad and injurious spectacle presented to the world of a *régime* establishing and maintaining its supremacy in one of the greatest nations of our day, from which yet every thing that is eminent in that nation for virtue, ability, or fame, stands resolutely and reprovably aloof.

In the third place, whatever profit the strength and lucrative sagacity of the Imperial rule may bring to France, has been purchased by a torpor of the national intellect almost amounting to paralysis.

Freedom is the very soul and essential condition of all mental activity and literary achievement. If thought and speech are fettered in any direction, they grow dead in all. If one field is prohibited, they retire from the rest. If debarred from the loftiest and most spirit-stirring subjects—and such are unquestionably those which deal with questions of government and social order—feebleness and stagnation spread over their efforts in all other lines. It is so now in France: there is little productiveness, and no greatness, in the literary life of the nation; and its degeneracy

is not more shown in its general sterility than in the character of the scanty progeny to which it does give birth. Moreover, great literary efforts, worthy intellectual achievements, can only spring from aspirations after some noble purpose or faith in some good cause; and both faith and aspiration seem alike dead in France. There are doubtless some who keep their light trimmed and their lamp burning, but they do so in the secrecy and silence of their own soul.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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## ICELAND AND ITS PHENOMENA.\*

OF old, Iceland was almost regarded in the light of a mythical island in unknown waters. Whether Pytheas, a Marseillais adventurer, mentioned by Strabo, really touched there or not, is a geographical puzzle; and whether Virgil by his *Ultima Thule* meant Iceland or the Shetland Isles, is as uncertain to us as it probably was to himself. Certain it is, that only within a period comparatively modern have the almost boundless lava-deserts and lofty snow-fields of this mysterious region become the dwelling-place of civilized men.

As to its physical constitution, Iceland is a huge accumulation of volcanic matter. It is a cold, solidified testimony to the fierce energies of internal fires. Like a gray or blackened cinder, it stretches its desolate mass upon the bosom of the ever-swelling seas. At first, the island seems

to have been nothing more than a volcanic cone, forced upward in defiance of the natural downward pressure of fathom upon fathom of ocean. Fire and water were here in continual strife—the fire furiously impelling its molten lavas toward the surface of the sea—the water unceasingly rolling its deluges upon the unsubdued fire beneath it. In the course of years mile after mile of lava was piled up, and the ever-added beds of scoriæ rose one upon another, like an immense vitrified fort, whose frowning battlements maintained themselves against all assaults of waves and tempests, icebergs and earthquakes. The accumulative processes went on, until a deeply founded, and now immovable, territory was established in mid-ocean, extending over some forty thousand square miles, and exceeding by about one fifth the area of Ireland. The fire has mastered the water; but the fiery product is still and forever surrounded by the tempestuous forces of its opponent.

To liken the exterior to some familiar object, we may say that it resembles a flat, ascending arch, having a crowning elevation of about seven hundred and fifty yards above the sea. To cause this elevation, the center of the former volcanic activity, there can be no doubt that many thousands of

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\* *The Oxonian in Iceland; or, Notes of Travel in that Island in the Summer of 1860, with Glances at Icelandic Folk-Lore and Sagas.* By the Rev. FREDERICK METCALFE, M.A. London: 1861.

*Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By CHARLES FORBES, Commander R. N. London: 1860.

*A Tour in Iceland in the Summer of 1861.* By E. T. HOLLAND, B.A. (One of the Chapters in *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: being Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* Second Series. London: 1862.)

volcanic craters must have burned and erupted for an unreckoned number of centuries. The deep and narrow fiords which indent the coast on all sides, and allow the sea to run up for miles toward the interior, were probably formed by numerous lava-streams, which originally radiated from a common submarine center, and were afterward, at various epochs, impelled upward to their present position. The interior of the island is little beside one vast lava-desert, partly varied with perennial ice-mountains. The latter, locally named *Yökulls*, or *Jökulls*,\* are the most interesting feature to the traveler, and will be presently referred to in particular. Lava and ice together occupy at least a tenth part of the whole island, and the districts so covered are now, and probably will continue to be, uninhabited. Neither blade of welcome grass, nor even hard and stunted bush, relieves the death-like solitude. The traveler ranges through a theater of great conflagrations, blasted with flames, scorched up with fiercest heats, and covered with cinder-like blocks that can neither yield nor hold fresh water. The coast is marked by many marshy districts, which in other countries would be shunned, but which are here occupied as the most eligible portions of the country. In these the Icelander fixes his home, erects a poor and unsightly house, and, if he is able to find some spots for pasture along the banks of the numerous rivers which run down from lake and ice-mountain into every fiord upon the coasts, begins a never-ending contest with the adverse circumstances of his dwelling-place. How strongly his lot contrasts with that of the inhabitants of sunny lands and fertile soils! Grain will scarcely ripen in his short and unsettled summer. Europe must send him his daily bread—if of the finer kind—from its warmer latitudes and corn-growing fields. The poor Icelander dwells upon the chosen seat of desolation; and in some years the Polar ice forms a belt round his island, especially on the northern and western coasts, and causes incessant rains, which spoil his harvest. Then famine will stare him in the face

\* A *Jökull* (otherwise *Jökul* or *Yökul*) signifies any spot covered with perennial ice. Hender-on says, "an ice-mountain;" but the *Jökulls* are often merely immense ice-fields, which, in their highest parts, do not rise to an elevation of more than a few hundred feet above the sea. Many of them are nearly flat, and extend for miles at about the same level.

even in the midst of summer, and all his carefully-provided stores of codfish must be exchanged for bare bread; and even one full meal of that in a whole week is said to be as much as the many can expect in ungenial seasons. But, strange to say, this natural wilderness and home of famine is becoming quite a popular visiting-place for tourists from the south. Its extreme contrast with the luxuries of civilized life, and with the abundant green fields and fruitful gardens of England and other parts of Europe, is of itself curiously attractive; and the strong impulse to travel in wild countries, and to shake off the fetters of rigid society and monotonous task-work, have stimulated several hardy explorers within the last two or three years not only to do their best in seeing Iceland, but also to print their notes and impressions for the benefit of less leisurely or less adventurous lovers of nature and antiquity. On the way, and on the [high seas, as we sail for Iceland, the Faroe Islands rise before us: and they are well worth a brief annotation as the ship passes by them. From summit to sea-level they are composed of basaltic formations, and of what is mineralogically named "trap," from the Swedish word for "stair." The first sight of such rock-masses from the sea is highly impressive; for they present a scene of wild grandeur and most fantastic outlines. The stupendous sea-cliffs tower up like masonry to heaven. Story after story rises sheer out of the ocean, one like ebony, another like iron, and another, again, like colored stones—all dominating over the deep, as though they were the buildings of giants, to which, indeed, the ancient Scalds compared them. In other parts, huge vertical basaltic columns, like immense organ-pipe, flank the long fiords, and overhang the waters with threatening walls. The superstition of the islanders conceived these to have been originally pine-forests, which King Olaf turned into stone.

If we land on the Faroes, it will be worth while to mark the houses of Thors-havn. They are all of wood, imported from Norway, the framework resting on walls of unhewn stone. A labyrinth, however, of crooked, forbidding, steep lanes, paved with slippery stones, obtusely and unpleasantly disposed, is not likely to induce us to prolong our explorations, unless we are bound, as Mr. Metcalfe was, for the ruined church of Kirkubö—the

prettiest scene in Faroe. We may as well at once reëmbark, and keep a sharp lookout for the first view of Iceland.

Yonder, above the fog-bank which blocks out the lower landscape, rises the highest mountain of that country, Oraefa Jökull, which is six thousand two hundred and forty-one Danish feet above the sea. The white crown of unsullied snow forms a startling contrast with the gray shadows of morning—the time at which we are viewing it with Mr. Metcalfe. Underneath it, and close by the shore, but at present invisible, rise certain cliffs, which are famous as the spot where Ingolf the Norwegian, landed when, in the year 874, he came to establish himself in the country. A little to the east of this lies a Jökull, whose glaciers, advancing and descending toward the sea, have covered the spot where once dwelt Hrollang, nephew of Rollo. Turn further west, and you behold another high mountain, called Myrdals Jökull, usually as white with ice and snow as another huge Jökull adjoining; but, at the time of this visit, it has exchanged its fine white garment for a melancholy covering of sackcloth and ashes, thrown over it by the terrific explosion of a neighboring volcano in the summer of 1861.

We sail into the vast bay of Faxe-Fiord, one horn of which is Snæfels Jökull. Beyond the other horn, for forty miles, stretch out the "Fire I-lands," one of which is famous from having been in former days the abode of that rare bird the great auk. This bird is now said to be extinct there, as well as nearly so elsewhere; and large sums have been offered, without success, for it or its eggs. After a somewhat difficult passage has been effected, the steamer casts anchor in the harbor of Reykiavik, the position of which any body may see in a map of Iceland, lying nearly at the south-western extremity; and of which, if no body sees it in reality, the loss, from all accounts, will not be serious. Keen horse-dealers and money-changers await and would ensnare the unwary tourist upon his landing, and you may receive such greeting as the following from any native to whom you may have obtained an introduction: "And what brings you to Iceland? You know it is the most difficult and expensive country in the world to travel in. No inns, no roads, no carriages, no any thing for the convenience of the trav-

pler. Nothing but bogs, rocks, and precipices; or lava, snow, and ice; or torrents and rivers." The natives can not understand a pleasure-tourist's object, and conceive he must either be a mineralogist or a madman, if he shows signs of exploring the interior.

The tourist must provide himself with every thing he is likely to require in a wild country so uninvitingly described as above. An Icelandic tent, very like that of a Bedouin, must be purchased, and horses and provisions according to number and need. If you want shelter, you can only count on the tent you take to cover you; if food, your baggage must contain it, or something like it, or your purse a weighty equivalent. As for exposure, skin overalls and macintosh must render you careless of rain. For guides, there are no regular professional ones in the island. Experienced Alpine peasants, like the guides of Chamouni and the most traveled parts of Switzerland, would be invaluable here.

We must not wonder if we are to see and do strange things and put up with strange fare in this island, for it is a land of paradoxes. Here the magnet forgets its affection for the pole, and here the seasons forget their ordinary characters, and summer is often only so in name. As many as nine suns have been seen in the winter-time without affording the usual warmth of one; and the favorite season for thunder and lightning is mid-winter. Here the fountain of to-day becomes the river of to-morrow, and the river of to-day dwindles on the morrow into a fountain. Islands rise out of its seas as if by sudden whim, and as suddenly disappear, and leave not a landmark above water. Above the land, various travelers have declared that small and apparently trifling clouds suddenly swoop down upon you like predatory vultures, in furious tempest. This, too, is an island where the natives gather their fuel (the wave-borne wood) from the sea, and take their cod from inland lakes. So strange is it, that if you find a stalactite, it is attributable to a fiery rather than a watery origin; and dark ducks, with white rings round their eyes, swim in the boiling Hvers. Add to these the last and not the least paradox, that here fire and ice are often close companions, and icicles and glaciers gather themselves into the very bosom of volcanic vents. In the midst of so many



contraries, be prepared to find your home-notions contradicted, and your home-habits totally out of place.

Of natural Icelandic curiosities those most generally known are the Geysers, or boiling springs. Let us start at once upon a visit to them, and trust to our good fortune to find them in action. Away we journey over a hard, dry, barren waste, down a furious and steep chasm, descended by many a free-born peasant-legislator of the country on his way to the old parliament. Now we find ourselves in a broad alley of perfectly level sward, running right and left past the bottom of a narrow natural staircase. It has been formed by the splitting of a vast field of lava, which covers the country, and which has been rent perpendicularly to the depth of about one hundred and eighty feet. The fissure thus created is perfectly straight for a length of about three miles. Keeping along the level sward, as if we trod the dry moat of some mighty fenced city, we are astonished to descry a river bursting with a lofty fall over what might represent the left-hand rampart. More strangely still, it seems to rush toward us, and to threaten to overwhelm us with a resistless flood. Yet, after bounding on for a few hundred yards between the rocky walls, it suddenly leads into a deep pool, and then, making a sharp turn to the left, dashes into a cataract, finally expanding into a broad river, and then sweeping on into a lake. Such is the famous and eccentric river Oxerá.

To secure immediate presence when the Geyser is in eruptive mood, tents must be pitched near to it; and our tent in particular shall be only about twenty yards away from it. True, so close an encampment to an unquiet neighbor brings it appropriate penalties. Night comes on, and men require repose, while the Geyser requires none. Evermore it boils and rumbles all the dark night long, over boils the water, and down it pours along the mound which in daylight appears to consist of stone cauliflowers, the petrified growth of ages of ebullition. At any time in the night this may take place, so that we must sleep with an eye as well as an ear open, and be ready to jump up at a moment's warning to see it exhibit its forces, as well as the gloom will permit. Not very refreshing this night's interrupted repose; and as soon as day

dawns we may as well be up and look inquiringly at the great boiler. The subterranean thunderings wax loud; but there is no lofty outburst as yet. There are frequent threats, but no fulfillment. The sound is like that of a heavy cannonade heard at a distance. Such ebullitions generally last from five to ten minutes, and then subside, unless a great eruption take place. After waiting the whole day in often-defeated expectation, at last, at eight o'clock in the evening, as we stand upon the very edge of the basin, several reports louder than usual are heard. Now the water immediately over the long natural pipe in the center of the basin suddenly rises to a height of three or four feet, and then at once sinks down again, but only to rise higher afterward than before. It continues alternately rising and sinking, as if thrown up by a succession of powerful jerks, until a thick column of water shoots up to a height of about twenty feet, and then, rising higher and higher, separates into several distinct jets. These keep falling back into the basin, from which they are instantly thrown up again, thus producing a very pleasing effect. At length, having reached a height of eighty or eighty-five feet, the water seems to remain stationary at that elevation for about one minute. Now it slowly subsides into its basin again, though not without several struggles. This eruption has lasted for five or six minutes, while we have been standing upon the very edge of the basin. We have done so with impunity, as the wind had sufficient force to carry the steam away from us while we stood upon the windward side.

This one is called, *par excellence*, the Great Geyser, and it has for many years attracted the chief attention of visitors. Geologists, chemists, and common men have gathered round this boiling crater, and have experimented and speculated upon the real causes of its extraordinary action. In the opinion of some, a subterranean caldron acts as a steam-boiler, and generates the vapor which issues at the surface of the earth. But in opposition to this theory, it has been shown that the lower part of the pipe or tube is often undisturbed by the violent commotions of some eruption in its upper portion, so that stones suspended near the bottom have not been cast up, while others placed near the surface have been thrown out to

a great height. The most approved theory is, that the mechanical force of the Geyser arises from the instantaneous generation of vapor, at an excessively high temperature, in the lower parts of the tube. The loud detonations preceding an eruption are probably caused by the sudden condensation of large vaporous bubbles, upon their meeting near the surface with a cooler stratum of water. These are abortive eruptions, unable to propagate themselves beyond the point of their origin, because of the low temperature of the column, and they are very frequent. The tube is the natural cylinder or steam-pipe in which the boiling process goes on. When the basin of the Geyser becomes dry, as it does immediately after an eruption, owing to the great heat evolved, the tube is almost entirely empty. Its side may be then seen to be very regularly formed, but contracted about a third of the way down, the whole depth being about sixty-three feet, and the diameter at the mouth a little more than eight feet. The heat stored up in this tube, which is the main source of the eruptive power, could, it is calculated, generate under ordinary atmospheric pressure a column of steam, of the height of nearly one thousand three hundred yards. The amount of heat in the tube regulates the eruption according to well-known laws. When the column rises, the top is no longer in equilibrium with the rapidly generating vapor below; and, in consequence of the large quantity of lateral heat evolved, the waters are forced upward, and overflow the basin. Then, in the proportion of the overflow, they diminish the pressure at the boiling-point below, when the excess of temperature above the boiling-point is at once applied to the generation of steam. This being generated, the column is forced higher, and, consequently, the pressure is lessened, thereby again developing more steam beneath, which, after a few convulsive efforts, overpowers the remaining body of water, and impels it upward with the well-known violence of steam. A succession of explosions is thus produced, while the state of the atmospheric pressure at the time will modify the ascents of the water. This latter is one cause of their irregular heights and duration, and generally limits them to five or six minutes. When in contact with the atmosphere, the water is cooler; and as a portion falls back into the basin, it sinks into the tube, which again gradually fills itself at the basin; and thus the eruption may be indefinitely repeated. In this explanation we have endeavored to give a brief popular view of the theory of Professor Bunsen. The tube will also enable us to conjecture the age of the Geyser. If we place a bunch of grass under a small fall, where the bulk of the ejected water drains away from the Geyser basin into the river, we shall find that in twenty-four hours it gathers a coating of silica of about the substance of a thin sheet of paper. This is the unit for calculation. Assume three hundred such sheets to make an inch in thickness, and then, the height of the tube being found to be seven hundred and sixty-two inches, we may infer its total age to be one thousand and twenty-six years. Such is the natural mode of numbering its years, and this may be negatively corroborated from history; for we find no notice of this striking natural phenomenon nine hundred and twenty-six years ago, that is, in the early days of Icelandic colonization, as we certainly should have done had it then existed. But the tube was then only three feet deep, while four hundred and twenty-six years afterward, when the tube must have become twenty-six feet deep, and its eruptions proportionably remarkable, mention is made of it; and from that time to the present it has gone on gathering flint and fame, ejecting water and attracting visitors.

Yet the height of the ascending column appears to diminish in the course of time. We read that in Olafsen and Paulson's time the water was carried to the height of nearly three hundred and sixty feet. When seen by Van Troil in 1772, it rose to ninety-two feet. In 1789, Sir John Stanley found the highest jet observed by his company to be ninety-six feet. In 1809, Hooker thought the jet rose to upwards of one hundred feet; and in 1810, Sir George Mackenzie stated ninety feet to have been about the extreme height. We may assume one hundred feet to have been the extreme height about this period, with an interval of thirty hours between the outbursts. In the year 1815, the jets averaged eighty feet in height, with intervals of six hours. Since that time violent eruptions have seldom occurred more frequently than once in thirty hours, and they seldom exceed seventy or eighty feet in height. In the year 1818 Dr. Henderson

published his *Journal of a Residence in Iceland*, and states that he ascertained (probably in the year 1814) the pipe of the Great Geyser to be twenty-eight feet in perpendicular depth, with a general diameter of from eight to ten feet. He witnessed an eruption, and describes the water as rushing out of the pipe with amazing velocity, and as projected by irregular jets into the atmosphere, and surrounded by immense volumes of steam. The first four or five jets were inconsiderable, and did not exceed fifteen or twenty feet in height. They were followed by one of about fifty feet, which was succeeded by two or three considerably lower ones. After these came the last, exceeding all the others in grandeur, and rising at least to the height of seventy feet. The great body of the column, which was at least ten feet in diameter, rose perpendicularly, but was divided into a number of curved branches, while several smaller spoutings were severed from it and projected obliquely. On the cessation of the eruption the water sank back immediately into the pipe, but rose again in a moment to about half a foot above the orifice, where it remained stationary. The temperature was at the time 183° of Fahrenheit, about twenty degrees less than at any period while the basin was filling—an obvious result of the cooling of the water during projection into the atmosphere.

Amusement may mostly be calculated upon by cooking joints or boiling eggs in another hot spring called "Stroker," that is, the Churn, which will churn any thing offered it; but the muddy state of the water caused by the turf or sods thrown in spoils the effect of the continuous jets. A turbid column darts into the air, perhaps for sixty or seventy feet, bearing up with it all the unwholesome food with which the throat of Stroker has been crammed. The masses thus injected by visitors act like the shutting of the safety-valve in a steam-engine, when the steam, not having a proper vent, collects rapidly, and suddenly drives out the encroaching waters, and shoots the obstructions into mid-air with the velocity of a missile from a gun. Often, indeed, the column is illuminated by a beautiful iris, which diminishes the ugliness of the muddy stream, and adds glory to the spectacle.

If it be asked, Whence comes all the water for these huge boiling fountains? we reply: From the drainage of the hills

around, which must occasion a considerable influx. The whole silicious deposit extends for nearly five miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth, at an elevation of about three hundred and eighty feet above the coast-line. The Geysers lie toward the northern extremity of this vast deposit, and perhaps others may be developed in the course of centuries. An old peasant informed Henderson, that at one time, in point of height, the jet or spring called the Old Stroker rivalled *the* Geyser; but that, immediately after an earthquake in 1789, it greatly diminished, and became entirely tranquil in the course of a few years. The same year Stroker that now is, which had not before attracted any particular attention, began to erupt, and throw up water and steam to an amazing height. This perfectly coincides with several observations made by Sir John Stanley, in his *Account of the Hot Springs of Iceland*, where he says: "One of the most remarkable of these springs threw out a great quantity of water, and from its continual noise we named it the Roaring Geyser. The eruptions of this fountain were incessant. The water darted out with fury every four or five minutes, and covered a great space of ground with the eruption it deposited. The jets were from thirty to forty feet in height. They were shivered into the finest particles of spray, and surrounded by great clouds of steam."

From boiling fountains we may appropriately turn to burning mountains. Of Icelandic volcanoes, perhaps the most widely known is Hekla, though by no means the most destructive. Let us, however, undertake its ascent with Mr. Holland, and describe its noteworthy features. Riding up the valley of a small clear stream from the nearest adjacent farmhouse, we soon arrive at the rising ground lying at the base of the mountain. Thence our way lies over hills of volcanic sand and scoriæ, up which our horses must toil with painful labor; but after a ride of two hours and a half we stop and dismount at the foot of a vast stream of rugged brown lava, which flowed from the crater of the volcano at its last eruption in 1845. Hence proceeding on foot, we climb the steep sides of the lava stream, now cooled down to the most fantastic shapes. Here a great crag has toppled over into some deep chasm, there a huge mass has been upheaved above that fiery stream which



has seethed and boiled around its base. Yonder lies every form and figure that a sculptor could design, or wild imagination conceive, all jumbled together in the most grotesque confusion, whilst every where myriads of forbidding spikes and shapeless irregularities bristle sharply and thickly. We must needs jump and scramble from fragment to fragment of this molten ruin, and our torn and battered boots show with what painful labor. Quitting these lava-spikes, we come to a tract covered with scoræ and slag, and soon afterward toil up a slope of volcanic sand and cinders, the looseness of which makes the walking most fatiguing.

At length we reach the first of the three peaks which constitute the summit of Hekla. Thence we look down into the crater—a true Tophet, and one of the mouths of hell in the ancient creed of Iceland—and we discern in it quantities of snow, near which steam-jets are smoking, and indicating the presence of active subterranean heat. We are now in full view of the cone, about which vapors are issuing at intervals from the black sand, whilst in the crater itself, some hundred fathoms below, are gaping ice-holes, and great masses of snow side by side with sulphureous steam-jets. The poet who used Hekla as an illustration of blowing hot and cold in one breath was true to nature; for, strangely enough, while one part of the cone is quite cold on the surface, steam is issuing from another part higher up, showing that the heat is local, and dependent upon the fiery character of the under-beds. This is proved by the experiment of an Icelanders at another place, who discovered that the heat began at two feet below the surface. Beneath that depth, he came to a violet-colored layer of soil of sulphureous odor, where the heat was greatest. Lower still it was found to be less and less, until at the depth of nearly eleven feet there was no heat at all. The depth of greatest heat at Kri-suvili was ascertained to be twelve feet beneath the surface, and below this the heat diminished. Very near the top of one of the peaks of Hekla, Mr. Metcalfe dug a hole one yard deep, and, upon inserting his thermometer, and covering the hole, the instrument showed a speedy rise from thirty degrees to eighty-nine and a half degrees Fahrenheit.

The last or easternmost peak is the highest, to reach which we must slide down

the snow which fills the intervening gorge. As we clamber up the opposite ridge, the precipitous edge of which is festooned with long icicles, and stands as a wall to a very deep iron-colored crater, steam is issuing in all directions. Soon we perceive on the very summit of this peak a massive mantle of smooth lava. In the adjacent crater, which is really a continuation of the other two, (Hekla being a linear volcano,) though appearing deeper, because the precipice is loftier, several very active steam columns are rising, and one is almost comparable to the stream of Stroger, at the Geysers. It is now seen how the mountain is cloven in twain, the rent being curvilinear. Out of this cleft, a volcanic stream has descended, and its forbidding brown color may be traced stretching downward into the fire-stricken desert below. The entire scenery around is almost unearthly. Cone upon cone, black and barren, succeed each other. Whether fire or frost has the better in the battle which the champion elements are fighting, is hard to say. Now, perhaps, one, and now the other. The thin streak of gray smoke curling upward in one direction may be regarded as the banner of fiery triumph planted there; for it marks the position of the volcano, Kötlugjá, whose roof of snow and ice has been either melted or hurled miles away by the recent eruption, until all the mountain is of a dreadful pitch color. To the south is a strip of water, which is one of Iceland's largest fiords. Now and then the eye may catch a glimmer of the cluster of towns, which lie on this side of the immense wilderness of ice and snow, called the Vatna Jökull, which is said to cover a space of three thousand square miles, that is, more than half of Yorkshire. Masses of mountains of every conceivable shape rise to the northward; while nearly south, and separated from the coast by an apparently narrow creek, lie the Westmann Islands, wonderfully sharp and distinct for the distance. But it is time to descend, and down we hasten over the snow-blocked ravine, and up the second peak, thus far retracing our latest steps. Soon we traverse deep sand-beds of great steepness, and then, recrossing the slag-stream, manage to regain our horses, which had been passed round nearly in a circle to meet us. Here the guide points out to the west a spot called Unburnt Island, which is an insulated grass-grown eleva-



tion surrounded by lava. Near it is the Heann, the site of a multitude of spiracles of steam rising from the rugged lava-waste. It is a surprising scene, and perhaps originated in subterraneous hot-springs rather than in latent lava; which must certainly have cooled since the last eruption of Hekla, twenty-five years before. And now, fetching a wide circuit, in order to avoid treacherous lava, we arrive at a manse by moonlight, after a very successful ascent.

Kötlugiá, which occupies a prominent place amongst the islands volcanoes, is situated about twenty miles inland from the south coast. Toward the south, in which direction a number of glaciers descend from it, lies a tract of about twenty square miles in extent, consisting entirely of ashes and other volcanic substances, deposited there during the eruption of the volcano, and forming a rude and terrible testimony to its eruptive force. As the volcano itself is almost entirely covered with ice, in which are deep and wide fissures, it does not seem to have been fully explored by any one, although some few ascents have been attempted. The crater or fissure is visible from a distance, and consists of an immense gap, surrounded by black and rugged rocks, which are probably composed of lava cooled by the ice. Two travelers, Olafsen and Paulson, attained to within a short distance of the chasm in 1756, but, becoming enveloped in snow and mist, were compelled to relinquish further attempts. In 1823, an Icelandic clergyman, John Austenan, got nearer to the fissure, and described it as quite inaccessible, his further progress having been hindered by enormous walls of basalt and obsidian, whilst other profound fissures radiate from the grand primary chasm.

The history of its eruptions and devastations is terribly impressive. The first eruption occurred in 894, and since that early date it has broken out no less than fourteen times — the intervals between each eruption having been very unequal, and varying from six to one hundred and sixty-four years, and even at one period, according to some accounts, three hundred and eleven years. Between the latest eruption of 1860, and the preceding one of 1823, occurred the last eruption of Hekla, namely, in 1845. Of the earlier eruptions of Kötlugiá, that of 1580 is remarkable as being the date of the formation of the hi-

deous chasm or crater above described. The eruption of 1825 was likewise dreadful. At daybreak it began to thunder in the Jökull, and at about eight o'clock in the evening floods of water and ice poured down upon the low country, flowing in waves and cascades for twenty miles, and carrying away hundreds of loads of hay. Such was the depth of the water in one part, that a large vessel might have sailed between the hay stacks, while flames, and showers of sand, and earthquakes added to the terrors of the scene.

A fortnight before the great earthquake of Lisbon, on the seventeenth of October, 1755, broke forth that eruption which is the most fatally famous of all for its gloomy grandeur, its duration, and its disastrous effects. Masses of ice, resembling small mountains in size, pushed one another forward, and bore vast pieces of solid rock on their surfaces. Sometimes the flames from the volcano rose so high that they were seen at a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. At other times the air was so filled with smoke and ashes, that the adjacent parishes were enveloped in total darkness. While the eruption continued with more or less violence, namely, to the ninth of November, copious outflows of hot water were poured fourth over the low country; and the masses of clay, ice, and solid rock hurled into the sea were so huge and numerous, that it is said the waves were charged with them to a distance of more than fifteen miles. In places where the depth was previously forty fathoms, the tops of newly deposited rocks were now seen towering above the waves. No less than fifty farms were laid waste by this devastation; and an old verse is still repeated which commemorates its horrors.

The last eruption gave premonitory symptoms on the eighth of May, 1860. A neighboring priest fortunately kept an interesting dairy of its displays and effects; and from this we learn that it was commenced by earthquakes at an early hour in the morning, and that in the day a rush of water took place from the volcano. On the ninth there was a cloud of smoke upon the mountain, accompanied by a fall of ashes, the water-flood still continuing. Similar and still increasing phenomena were witnessed day after day until the fifteenth, when frightful thunderings began, and were heard for three days. On the morning of the sixteenth the Jökull

was no longer white or gray, but as black as coal; and water and ice rolled down by various channels over the sands. Fresh snow succeeded during several days upon the heights, and the water-streams began to abate. On the twenty-fifth there were renewed earthquakes, and in the evening hail and snow and a fall of ashes. At night a thick cloud overhung all the valleys. The next day so thick a cloud enveloped the air that candles were lighted in the church. No smoke was to be seen over the *Giá* on the twenty-eighth, so that the people had a hope of the subsidence of the forces. This hope happily proved well founded; the waters now diminished, and travelers to the eastward were able to prosecute their journeys. Severe as this eruption was considered by itself, yet, compared with the greater previous ones, it was mild and innocuous. Much meadow-land was covered with sand, and some land entirely carried away. Nevertheless, one beneficial effect of this deluge was, that it carried out to sea two long spits of sand, forming a deep bay between them, which served for a haven.

Little or no lava appears to have been ejected during this and the preceding eruptions, and immense water-floods were their characteristic but singular phenomenon. Whence came these vast quantities of water? They are generally described as if they proceeded from the crater itself, like the usual lava, pumice, and ashes, much as if the volcano had for the time become a portentous geyser. It would seem as if these water-floods could only have been the result of the hidden melting by subterranean heat of the vast masses of ice and snow which cover the volcano. There had been ample time during the thirty-seven years which had elapsed since the preceding eruption for the accumulation of almost incalculable amounts of ice and snow, which would well account for the boiling tides pouring down for a space of three weeks. The old idea of the ejection of hot water from the crater is evidently unfounded. The effects of these water-deluges are well worth the more careful attention of British geologists who would rightly estimate the immense power which must have carried down disintegrated portions of the rocks and soils over which the deluges rushed, varying from the finest mud to the hugest rock-fragments, and even including gigantic icebergs. These deluges

have deposited the mud and sand and gravel over wide tracts of country, frequently in the form of conglomerates of stone and mud. Sandy wastes and wide marshes have been suddenly created; old rivers have been filled up, and new ones, as well as lakes, formed; many miles have been added to the coast-line; the rocky sides of valleys have been scratched, and grooved, and polished by the rock-laden floods; and the softer sides of mountains have been washed bodily away, while entire hills of gravel and loose material have been elsewhere unexpectedly deposited. It would be, indeed, a meritorious task to examine and depict the principal of these strange, sudden, and extended results of volcanic action on one island. Hardly any where else on the globe can the consequences of such mighty masses of fiery ejections and floods of melted snow be witnessed; and if we had space to describe the enormous outpourings of another Icelandic volcano, named *Skaptar Jökull*, we might show that the calculation of Professor Bischoff was not without reason, when he estimates that the bulk of fiery material cast out of this one volcano in 1783 was probably greater than the mass of *Mont Blanc*!

In various parts of this island rampart-like masses of lava or cinder attest the frequency and force of former volcanic action. Captain Forbes visited a sand and cinder cone crowned by a dark vitrified rampart of lava, which resembled an old embattled turret, of about six hundred feet in diameter. This is appropriately named *Elborg*, or "The Fortress of Fire." *Oræfa Jökull* is the highest mountain in Iceland, and was ascended by Mr. Paulson in 1794, and also last year by Mr. Holland. The ascent is a laborious one, and is detailed circumstantially by the latter gentleman, who was accompanied by another Englishman. The illustrations given by Mr. Holland, and by Henderson in his earlier volumes, enable us to picture to ourselves the character of this mountain as an immense gradually sloping eminence, covered with snow and ice, and terminating in a peaked dome. The extensive snow-slopes of the *Oræfa* sweep down from the *Knappur*, a lofty dome of snow-capped rocks, which, like the hoary watch-tower of some ancient castle, overlooks the vast expanse of the *Vatna Jökull*.

In the Orœfa Jökull, the lower division, which is spread over the low mountains that line the coast, is quite green; while the upper regions consist of the finest snow, and tower to the height of sixty-two hundred and forty feet above the horizon. Many of the Icelandic Jökulls lie in close proximity to large plains of volcanic sand; and hence the lower portions bordering on the plains are often dirtied by the black sand which is blown upon them over a large extent of surface. The color of the ice beneath remains unchanged, and generally shows itself here and there in white patches; while that portion which is dusted over assumes a dark gray rather than a decidedly black color. In such cases, wherever one can see far into the interior of these Jökulls, we find, as might be expected, that those parts which are nearest to the sand-plains are darker than those which are more remote. In almost every Jökull seen by Mr. Holland thus discolored, the white ice of the interior retained its natural whiteness, and was merely set in a border of a darker color. But the appearance of one of them, the Skeidará Jökull, was very different and very visible; part of it appeared quite black. Examining it at the spot where a tributary stream of the Skeidará rushed out of a dark cavern in the ice, he discovered that the sides and roof of this cavern were of the same jet-black hue as the surface of the Jökull. Breaking the ice with his riding-whip, it was found that the sand and grit were frozen *into* the ice, and were not merely lying upon its surface. Apparently the whole body was thus discolored; for the ice in the blocks which had become detached from the main mass, and had fallen upon the plain, seemed to be black throughout, and not simply coated with sand and grit.

For such a singular natural object as a black ice-mountain it would seem to be difficult to account, upon the theory that the black sand had blown through it as well as over it. The only probable solution of the problem is, that some volcanic eruption in the interior showered down an enormous quantity of sand and cinders on the snow before it became ice, and that the process of alternate melting and freezing which converts snow into ice, carried the sand into the very heart of the Jökull.

A careful examination shows that the

low Jökulls, which are icy plains, and cover vast extents of country, are not true glaciers, although the word is often so translated. The general character of the ice of the low Jökulls is that of *névé*, a term used in Switzerland to express snow which is becoming converted into ice by feeding the glaciers, but is not really ice. The number of *true* glaciers in Iceland is comparatively small, though generally thought to be very considerable. The visit of an Alpine traveler makes this apparent, and establishes the real condition of the Jökulls. In passing along the base of the Tindfjalla Jökull, Mr. Holland observed the lower glaciers to be much broken, and the bright colors of the ice shone out vividly in the sunlight. The scene was unusually beautiful for this island; for streams came tumbling over the rugged rocks in several pretty waterfalls. Two of these, not more than fifty yards apart, offered a fine contrast. The one was broken and feathered in many a spray-spangled fountain, whilst the other poured down in a broad, unbroken sheet of water. But, on the north-east side of the Jökull, the scenery was of a totally different character. Close before the travelers lay a perfectly flat shingle-plain of very large extent. Its shingle was as smooth and regular as that on the hills previously crossed, and the ground quite as barren. On the other side of this plain, and rising immediately from it, were numberless mountains, one overtopping the other, as far as the eye could reach. Every mountain seemed to wear a peculiar shape and character of its own, while all were jumbled together in perplexing confusion.

Having thus presented a selection of the more striking mountain and hill scenes in this remarkable island, let us inquire what lies underneath the ground, or upon it, in the shape of useful minerals. The endless masses of lava are, of course, unserviceable to man; but secreted amongst them, some rarer pieces of obsidian are found. Obsidian is a volcanic glass of peculiarly dark-bright appearance, and is sometimes called Icelandic agate, being a black representation of the more beautiful and richly-colored agates of other countries. One mountain is said to be chiefly composed of obsidian; and, when Henderson excavated a part of it, he found large shining beds of this perfectly black mineral near the top. More generally at-

tractive minerals are the zeolites, which are to be obtained from one or two localities in some abundance; but the most serviceable is the native sulphur, of which there are large deposits at Krisurik. Columns of sulphureous vapor sweep down from the centers of sublimation, the sulphureous gases are decomposed on meeting with the atmosphere, and the sulphur itself is precipitated in banks varying in purity and thickness according to their position and age. Captain Forbes visited these deposits, and describes the roaring of a huge natural caldron, twelve feet in diameter, burning and seething with boiling blue mud, spluttering up in occasional jets, and diffusing clouds of sulphureous vapor in every direction. In a commercial aspect, the sulphur is only prospectively important; and should our supplies from Sicily ever be cut off, no doubt this Icelandic mineral would find a ready sale. An English capitalist has already secured the proprietorship of many of these deposits. What is called in this island *Surturbrand*, has much interested and puzzled geologists, and afforded fuel to the natives. It is a species of black lignite, or coaly wood, which is deposited in one place in layers three or four inches

thick. Above this are layers of a brown-er matter, like burnt clay, and over all are deposits of loose slag and cinders. Various and opposite opinions have been entertained respecting its origin. One traveler thought it had been formed by an irruption of lava, which, by sweeping away whole woods, charred, burned, and smothered them at nearly the same time. Another conjectured that this mineral was nothing but ancient drift-wood, which became sealed down by subsequent depositions, and, by pressure and baking, became nearly converted into coal. There are, however, impressions of leaves in the laminæ of the *surturbrand*, while the drift-wood is quite bare of foliage. Again, it has been thought that at a remote period there was an enormous growth of vegetation in these regions, upon which a flow of clay or other matter was suddenly poured out; and that the gases being confined, this vegetable mass was in time chemically converted into lignite, but stopping short of coal, owing to imperfect carbonization. This, probably, is the true solution of the problem, and comports with the formation of lignites in Germany and elsewhere.

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From the National Review.

## H E N R Y   T A Y L O R ' S   N E W   D R A M A . \*

WE ought to have reviewed this poem in our last number, and at one time had intended to do so, but were withheld by the consideration, that we had nothing to say regarding it that was not eulogistic, and that unmixed eulogy, however sincere and well-deserved, is dull writing, and duller reading. But *St. Clement's Eve* is far too meritorious a production to be passed over without notice; and hitherto it has not received that attention from critics which its very unusual excellences

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\* *St. Clement's Eve: a Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR, author of *Philip von Artevelde*. Chapman & Hall. 1862.

ought to have secured. It will never attain the popularity of *Philip von Artevelde*, for it has no salient character of surpassing interest and matchless grandeur like his, nor are the events of which it treats at all parallel in importance or attractiveness. It is, too, both shorter and slighter in texture; and, compared even with the author's second drama, *Edwin the Fair*, it lacks both variety and stir. But it is far more free from defects and weak places than either; it bears the impress of a purer taste, more finished skill, and a mellowed and maturer mind. The workmanship, too, seems to us absolutely



faultless, and such as only a lifetime of conscientious and fastidious labor could have achieved. It bespeaks an artist who has never, even in moments of fatigue and relaxed exertion, allowed any slipshod or slovenly composition to pass from his pen. The mingled dignity and sweetness of the diction bespeak a student who has drank deep at the rich fountains of our earlier and nobler writers, and the harmony of the verse is almost monotonously perfect. The tone of sentiment and morals which pervades the poem is throughout pure and noble, though very simple; there are no perplexing questions, no subtle problems either of feeling or of thought; the passions dealt with are those of ordinary men in rude and violent ages; and the story derives its chief interest from that sad and touching conflict between woman's virtue and woman's love which is of all times, and which, though ever recurring, is ever new.

The subject seems to us meager and ill-chosen. The scene is laid in the reign of Charles VI. of France, at the early part of the fifteenth century, when the country was torn and devastated by the quarrels and private wars of the two great princes of the land, the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy; the one the brother, and the other the cousin, of the King. The monarch himself, eminently amiable, well-intentioned, and beloved, was powerless to restrain his nobles or protect his people, in consequence of the frequent attacks of insanity to which he was subject, and which neither physicians nor exorcists had been able to cure. A terrible picture of the state of the unhappy country under such a *régime* is drawn by a Hermit, who is introduced at the council-board during one of the lucid intervals enjoyed by the King, to deliver a message with which he says that God had charged him. The rough and fierce Duke of Burgundy bids him beware of giving offense. The Hermit replies:

"What God commands,  
How smacks it of offense? But dire offense  
There were if fear of man should choke God's  
word.

I heard and saw, and I am here to speak.  
Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,  
Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange,  
And wheresoe'r I set my foot, behold!  
The foot of war had been before, and there  
Did nothing grow; and in the fruitless fields,  
Whence ruffian hands had snatched the beasts  
of draught,

Women and children to the plow were yoked.  
The very sheep had learned the ways of war,  
And soon as from the citadel rang out  
The larum-peal, flocked to the city-gates.  
And tilth was none by day, for none durst  
forth;  
But, wronging the night-season, which God  
gave  
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest,  
Was labor and a spur. I journeyed on,  
And near a burning village in a wood  
Were huddled, 'neath a drift of blood-stained  
snow,  
The houseless villagers. I journeyed on,  
And as I passed a convent, at the gate  
Were famished peasants, hustling each the  
other,  
Half fed by famished nuns. I journeyed on,  
And 'twixt a hamlet and a church the road  
Was black with biers, for famine-fever raged.  
I journeyed on: a trumpet's brazen clang  
Died in the distance; at my side I heard  
A child's weak wail, that on its mother's  
breast  
Dropped its thin face, and died; then pealed to  
heaven  
The mother's funeral cry: 'My child is dead  
For lack of food; he hungered unto death.  
A soldier ate his food, and what was left  
He trampled in the mire. My child is dead!  
Hear me, O God! a soldier killed my child!  
See to the soldier's quittance—blood for blood!  
Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!  
The woman ceased; but voices in the air,  
Yea, and in me, a thousand voices cried,  
'Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!  
Then they too ceased, and sterner still the  
voice,  
Slow and sepulchral, that the word took up:  
'Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;  
Look thou to them that breed the men of  
blood,  
That breed and feed the murderers of the realm.  
Look thou to them that, hither and thither  
tost  
Between their quarrels and their pleasures,  
laugh  
At torments that they taste not; bid them learn  
That there are torments terribler than these,  
Whereof it is thy will that they shall taste,  
So they repent not, in the belly of Hell!'"

The most moving scenes and incidents of the story arise out of the rescue, by the chivalrous, cultivated, and seductive Duke of Orleans, from outrage and abduction of a young novice named Iolande, who was residing in the Convent of the Celestins, which the Duke himself had founded. A mutual affection springs up between the Duke and his *protégé*, and he has several interviews with her in the convent—she knowing him only as a knight who had befriended and saved her. In one of these he avows his love, and the

scene which ensues seems to us exquisitely natural and touching :

"THE DUKE.

O Iolande !

I love you—yet to say so is a sin ;  
And such a sin as only such a love  
And veriest inebriety of heart  
Can palliate or excuse. An earthly bond,  
Earthly, as it was woven of earthly aims  
By earthly hands, when I was but a child,  
Yet sacred, as it binds me to a wife—  
This earthly-sacred bond forbids my soul  
To seek the holier and the heavenlier peace  
It might have found with you.

IOLANDE.

Go back ! go back !

I knew not you were married ; back to your wife.

Leave me—forget me—God will give me strength ;

There yet is time, for I am innocent still,  
And I was happy yesterday. Go back.  
*Is your wife good ?*

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Yes, she is gentle, pure,  
Most loving, and much injured.

IOLANDE.

Oh ! go back,

And never wrong her more ; and never more  
Say you love me.

THE DUKE.

And yet in loving you,  
I love my wife not less, and virtue more.

IOLANDE.

Home to your wife, go home ;  
Your heart betrays itself and truth and me.  
You know not love, speaking of love for two.  
I knew not love till now, and love and shame  
Have flung themselves upon me both at once.  
One will be with me till my death, I know ;  
The other not an hour. Oh ! brave and true  
And loyal as you are, from deadly wrong  
You rescued me, now rescue me from shame ;  
For shame it is to hear you speak of love,  
And shame it is to answer you with tears  
That seem like softness ; but my trust is this,  
That in myself I trust not, nor in you—  
Save only if you trust yourself no more,  
And fly from sin."

It had been resolved, as a last hope of redeeming the King from the thralldom of those evil spirits who were supposed to cause his malady, to try the efficacy of a famous relic, the tears of St. Mary Magdalene sprinkled on the forehead of the

maniac by a spotless maiden, "whom no sin nor thought of sin had violated." Iolande, whose purity and spiritual enthusiasm had won her the respect of all, was fixed upon for this task ; and she, full of holy aspiration, and conscious of no wrong, deemed she might undertake it, and by prayer and religious preparation labored to fit herself for the signal privilege. But the spell failed—the King became madder than ever ; and both Iolande herself and her ghostly adviser, Robert the Hermit, attributed the failure to the influence of an earthly passion which had stained and dimmed the purity of her soul. She is in despair ; and the Duke of Orleans endeavors to comfort and reassure her, and declares that now in her sorrow he can not bear to leave her.

"I could have borne—

*I thought* I could have borne—to lose thee, love,  
Caught in a blaze of triumph and of joy  
That snatched thee from my sight ; but as thou art,  
Nor Earth nor Hell shall part us.

IOLANDE.

Earth and Hell !

It is for Heaven to part us. Earth and Hell  
Are closing round and pressing in upon us,  
That neither may escape the other's snare.  
My strength has left me. I am fallen, fallen !  
And know myself no more as once I was,  
A free and fearless ranger of the skies,  
Bathing in sunshine and in rainbow lights,  
And dreaming things divine. Earth hath me now ;  
My spirit is in chains ; and if I dream,  
'Tis of a darkness blacker than Earth knows,  
And of a bitterer bondage.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Look not back ;

'Tis that way darkness lies. God's will it was  
That thou shouldst faithfully strive, yet strive  
in vain,

To bring the afflicted succor. That is past. . . .  
Come forth then from the past ; come bravely forth,

And bid it get behind thee. We will fly  
To fields where Nature consecrates the joys  
Of liberty and love. With thee to rove  
Through field and pathless forest, or to lie  
By sunlit fountain or by garrulous brook,  
And pour love's hoarded treasures in thy lap,  
Bright as the fountain, endless as the stream,  
Wild as the forest glades—oh ! what were this  
But to foretaste the joys of Paradise,  
And by a sweet obliviousness forget  
That Earth hath unblest hours and dim abodes,  
Where Pain and Sorrow dwell.

IOLANDE.

Alas! alas!

'Twere to forget there is a God in heaven.

Prince, I have told thee I am weak through  
grief;

Weak, through the overthrow of faith and hope;

Weak, through the triumph of malignant  
powers;And weak—through what beside I will not  
say.

And here I stand before thee, a poor child,

Unutterably wretched and abased,

But knowing there is yet a further fall.

Oh! spare me! save me! make me not a prey!

For I am wounded almost unto death,

And can not fly.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Enough, O Iolande!

Thy spirit in its weakest hour is strong,

And rules us both; and where thy spirit rules

Is sanctity supreme; and Passion's self  
Is in thy presence purified and purged  
From earthly stain, and ministers to grace.  
No word nor wish shall henceforth violate  
That sacred precinct."

The drama is interspersed with lighter characters and gayer scenes, which are full of taste and playfulness, and relieve the gravity of the deeper portions. Such are Flos and her dream, the advice of the Duke's jester to a gay gallant of the Duke's court, and a short madrigal by the Duke's minstrel. But we are in no mood to quote these now. Mr. Taylor is evidently in the full zenith of his powers; and we can only hope that his next choice may fall upon a richer subject and more modern times.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## COLOSSAL VESTIGES AND RUINS.\*

INDEPENDENTLY of his reputation as an artist, Mr. Linton is already favorably known as the writer of a volume of practical knowledge, learning, and research, on *Ancient and Modern Colors*, and of descriptions, illustrated by his own pencil, of the *Scenery of Greece*. He has devoted himself in his more recent work to the *Colossal Vestiges* chiefly of ancient and distant nations; subjects in every way interesting, and now passed in review, in the convenient compass of about one hundred and fifty pages, with all the information which his acquirements both as a scholar and a traveler have enabled him to supply. Though never obtruded upon us, his various reading is something noticeable, and we should be unable to reconcile it with a life-long devotion to art, if we had not so often seen that there is no human limit to the results of a determined will. His present object is to bring be-

fore us the whole of the colossal structures—and especially monoliths and buildings containing stones of extraordinary magnitude—of which any vestiges or authentic records remain. Every quarter of the globe contributes to his list. "In Asia," as he reminds us, "the Indians, the Javanese, the Burmese, the Assyrians, Babylonians, Jews, and Greeks have left us evidence of such knowledge and skill, either in fact or in history. In Africa, the Egyptians have bequeathed imperishable monuments of their grand taste, skill, and mechanical power. In Europe, the Greeks and their colonists, the Etruscans, the Celts, and the Romans, with their early descendants, have severally recorded their energies in durable stone, whilst in America huge fortifications, temple-crowned pyramids, and statues have secured to its early inhabitants a claim to rank among the skillful and intelligent of the ancient world." It would be scarcely possible to open a more interesting field of investigation. "If there be any portion of a tourist's rambles more impressive than an-

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\* *Colossal Vestiges of the Older Nations*, with a Diagram. By WILLIAM LINTON, Corresponding Member of the Archæological Society of Athens, etc., etc. Longman & Co. 1862.



other"—and we do not confine this feeling, as Mr. Linton does, to the antiquary—"it is when he finds himself amidst the walled cities and tombs of nations whose history has passed away." "We look with a feeling of awe," says Dr. Wordsworth, "on a city which was in ruins in the time of Thucydides."

The first article in the volume is devoted to Stonehenge, upon the origin of which Mr. Linton offers no opinion of his own, but contents himself with laying before us the different guesses that attribute it, with almost equal plausibility, to the Phœnicians, Druids, Britons, Celts, Romans, and Danes. The most recent suggestion he seems to have forgotten. Its Druidical origin is rather a popular belief than a well-supported theory, and in an able article in the *Quarterly Review*\* we are taught to look for its founders amongst the Buddhists. We were certainly startled by this announcement, but the supposition is so ingeniously argued, and supported by so much information, that no one will refuse it his attentive consideration. By whomever Stonehenge may have been constructed, the writer of the article we have mentioned gives sufficient reason for believing that it did not exist till about the middle of the fifth century, and he dwells upon the fact that the Buddhist architecture in India (from 300 B.C. to 700 A.D.) is the only architecture similar to it in arrangement and form, the principal difference being that it is highly ornamented, while the Celtic is every where rude and plain. But at Sanchee, in India, there is a circle of roughly-squared upright stone posts joined by an architrave at the top, as at Stonehenge. If we admit, however, that there is weight in the argument founded upon this similarity of structure, we have still to learn how the believers in Buddhism came to be located in England in the fifth century. Here the connecting-link becomes very slender. It is argued that there was so much resemblance between the forms and ceremonies and monastic life of the Buddhists, and those which prevailed in the early centuries of Christianity, that the one seems to have been borrowed from the other, and that even though the imitation were confined to mere rites and discipline, it might have influenced their first rude architecture, and have extended through the continent of Western

Europe to England. The writer in the *Quarterly* goes somewhat further. He believes that the Celts were Buddhists before they became Christians, and that the worship itself thus existed in Britain.

We are afraid that, after all this ingenuity, the question remains as undecided as ever.

Of the more celebrated monoliths, the uprights at Stonehenge are the smallest. Yet it is in speaking of the mechanic power employed in their removal we are told "that modern philosophers, with all their boasted improvements in science and art, must behold it with wonder."\* We might do so if nothing more wonderful existed. But the most ancient people of whose history we have any record—and some of whom no record remains—have evidently possessed the same knowledge of mechanic power, and it is a knowledge which seems to be only compatible with an advanced stage of civilization.

"Evidence of great mechanical power," Mr. Linton well observes, "argues something like a fixed government over the masses, in order to command the means of exercising that power; it also indicates a degree of skill and intelligence incompatible with a barbarous state. . . . Besides, great occasions for energetic and unanimous exertion never arise among a people who are bound by no common interest but self-preservation against some new enemy. It is on this account that we are induced to claim a civilized character for those nations who have exhibited extraordinary power in the building of large edifices, or the moving of large weights." At whatever period of recorded time such power was necessary, it appears to have been exercised. "The lever, the lewis, the trochlea, and every engine employed by modern masons are recognized in all the oldest buildings of the east."† In addition to these, Mr. Layard's operations at Nineveh have shown how much may be done by the mere union of individual strength. By physical or mechanical power, and generally by both combined, the work in hand has always been accomplished: from the removal of the monolith of five thousand tons to form the Temple of Latona in the Delta, down to the launching of the Great Eastern at Blackwall. After passing through an interval of three

\* Smith's *Gaelic Antiquities*, as quoted by Mr. Linton.

† Professor Cockerell—*idem*.

\* For July, MDCCCLX.

or four thousand years to the Christian era, we find that about the year 500 the monolithic cupola (estimated at four hundred and eighty tons) was placed upon the cathedral at Ravenna. As recently as some five hundred years later—but the authority is doubtful—were built the Cyclopean walls that form part of the fortifications at Cusco, in Peru. The Lateran Obelisk, the largest that exists, and computed to weigh four hundred and forty-five tons, was removed to its present site in 1588. The monolithic pedestal at St. Petersburg (thirteen hundred and thirty-six tons) in 1776. The obelisk near Seringapatam (one hundred and ten tons) was erected in 1805. And in our own time the amount to be expended seems to be the only limit of engineering power. We have dwelt the more willingly on these particulars because we have a great objection to the exclamation of “Well, I never!” whatever may be the form in which it comes before us.

The only ancient structure that we can regard as marvelous is the Temple, already referred to, at Buto, in the Delta. Its walls are described by Herodotus as formed of a single stone, (a hollow cube of granite,) and over the walls was laid another stone, projecting six feet beyond them. The body of the building, exclusive of the roof, is estimated at five thousand tons; and sailors and war-prisoners were the locomotive powers employed for its removal from a computed distance of six hundred and fifty miles. From what we learn of the mode in which some of these immense masses of stone were moved, we may see that in all ages it was much the same. The obelisk of Semiramis was floated down the Euphrates on a raft supported by inflated skins; and as it was supposed to have weighed four thousand tons, the number of these skins “is almost inconceivable.” It was in a similar manner that Mr. Layard conveyed his colossal bulls down the Tigris. In the erection of the Vatican Obelisk at Rome there were employed eight hundred men, one hundred and forty horses, and forty-six cranes. The pedestal of Peter the Great was removed from the marsh, where it was found, to the barge that was to carry it to St. Petersburg, by means of levers, triangles, windlasses, and over movable rails, a distance of about forty miles, at the rate of about a quarter of a mile a day. The obelisk at Seringapatam had only to be

taken two miles from the quarry, which was done by the Hindus themselves, six hundred being employed at a time. It was carried on a kind of hurdle, consisting of blocks of timber supported upon wooden runners; and the way in which it was raised perpendicularly shows in how many forms the requisite power may be applied.\* In one country it is an inclined plane of earth; in another, hydraulic machinery or steam.

We have an account, from Sir John Herschel, of the simple and ingenious mode of cutting these large blocks of granite from the native rock. “The workman,” he informs us, “having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks on it a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clear fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upward of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method.”† Belzoni supposes that the ancient Egyptians adopted similar means, but probably applied mechanical power to the grove instead of fire.

“The skill and dexterity,” says Mr. Linton, “evinced by the ancient Egyptians and modern Indians in cutting stones from the quarry, may be instructively contrasted with the barbarous practice which at present obtains at Carrara, where the beautiful material is blown and shattered from its bed by gunpowder; three fourths of that which is detached by each explosion being the computed average loss sustained by this destructive process of eluding the exercise of labor and skill. In the

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\* *Vestiges*, p. 126. In very recently removing a block of granite in Wales, from the quarry to Penrhyn—both up hill and down—the force employed was forty horses and two hundred men. The weight of the block was thirty-five tons. It is intended to form part of the monument at Strathfieldsaye.

† Quoted from *The Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, p. 47.

time of the Romans this marble was quarried in the manner of the ancient Egyptians at Syene. No evidence of *progress* here!" On the contrary, such stupidity seems scarcely credible.

If we did not know from the author of the *Vestiges* himself that his work was planned, if not commenced, some twenty years since,\* we might suppose it to have been written with special reference to the proposed monument to the Prince Consort. He contrasts the obelisk as a work of art with the single columns erected for similar purposes by the Romans—the barbarizers of Greek architecture. "As parts of a building," he observes, "columns may be very beautiful; but as parts only. When set up alone, a column is out of place. . . . It is only a curiosity." And it is absurd to place a statue on its summit, where neither form nor features are distinguishable without the aid of a glass. "The obelisk" (on the contrary) "may be called a work of fine art, for it has proportion, propriety, and fitness to recommend it; and, though hitherto confined to Egyptian memories, from want of more general adoption as an artistic form, it can not but eventually become a world-wide trophy, as art advances, and a love of the beautiful, the τὸ καλόν, prevails. . . . A finely-proportioned obelisk is a most agreeable object to look at, tapering gracefully as it ascends, like the one on the Monte Citorio at Rome, and terminated at the exact point of just taste by a pyramidal apex—a model of symmetry and elegance."†

Even in face both of the cost and risk, we must confess that we are amongst those who regret its abandonment as the form of our national memorial. It was the Queen's first wish; and (expressed at such a moment) it must have been based upon some deep motive, connected possibly with the tastes and feelings of the Prince himself. For monumental purposes we can not conceive any thing worse than the proposed building. This seems to be felt by the projectors themselves, from their considering it necessary to "supplement" the Hall by a group of statuary on the opposite side of the road. We have great respect for those who compose the Commission, and whose sincere desire to do what is best it is impossible to doubt, but their suggestions are unsatisfactory in every way. The Hall can never be looked

at as a monument, and its cost will diminish the funds that were intended for a distinct and separate object. The nearest approach to the abandoned obelisk—though liable to some objections—would have been a tower of Gothic architecture as a shrine for the statue of the Prince, surmounted by a light and lofty spire.

Amongst his incidental notices, Mr. Linton refers to the now exploded error, in which we were all educated, as to the claims of the Romans to the invention of the arch. He gives sufficient authorities\* to show that the Greeks were well acquainted with its principle, though they did not obtrude it on the eye, "especially as their masonry was large and solid, and did not require its aid." It is also seen in some of the oldest buildings in Egypt. In addition to the testimony of Belzoni, Caillard, and Waddington, "the arch," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was in common use in the time of Amunoph, 3370 years ago—see the vaulted tomb at Thebes." The discovery by Mr. Richmond of arched or vaulted passages near one of the pools of Solomon at Jerusalem shows that its construction must have been known in Judæa a thousand years before the Christian era. That it was known to the ancient Assyrians we have the authority of Bonomi and of Layard. But in reviewing these authorities, and in answering the question, "Why, if the Egyptians knew the construction of the arch, did they not use it in their temples?" we are reminded† that "they could effect their object by more simple means. One bold block . . . from column to column effected as much as half a score of little stones could have done in the shape of an arch. Beside, the simple and massive styles of architecture in their temples, as well as in those of Greece, necessarily precluded that variety of forms which the introduction of the arch must have created. Straight lines and broad surfaces are elements of a severe and grand style of architectural art, which contrasting curves and semi-circles, as leading forms, would inevitably vitiate."

The antiquities of Central America are dwelt upon with the consideration they deserve. If we knew something more than their mere existence—and this is about all that we know of them at present—what a difficulty in ethnology would be solved! The ruins in Peru have their his-

\* Note, p. 115.

† *Vestiges*, p. 122.

\* *Ib.*, p. 56 et seq.

† *Ib.*, p. 60.

tory, however imperfect; but the only record of those in Mexico, or in Central America, and Yucatan, is that "a nation has passed away—powerful, populous, and well advanced in refinements, as attested by their monuments—but it has perished without a name. It has died and made no sign."\* Even the best authorities we possess are not agreed within two thousand years as to the probable date at which these nations could have existed. And yet what works of grandeur—impressive in their magnificence and extent as the ruins of Thebes†—they have left as objects of wonder and admiration to a race whose own history, if it were not for the discovery of printing, might in like manner pass away! The press is the great obstacle to our conception of a moralizing New-Zealander on the ruins of Westminster Bridge. Of those of Central America it is supposed that we have yet much to learn. "There is an immense tract of territory (we are told) between the British settlement on the south-east coast of the Yucatan peninsula, in the Bay of Honduras, and the district of Chiapas to the north and in the Gulf of Mexico, which has not yet been explored."\* It is believed that still

"In distant wilds, beneath the deep morass  
Some ancient city's marble walks may pass;  
And, hid through buried ages from the sky,  
Temples and tombs, and art and genius lie;"

and it is to be regretted that they must be looked for in a country that can only be visited with difficulty and danger.

The "diagram" with which Mr. Linton finishes his volume includes etchings of obelisks, columns, quarried blocks, the temple of Latona, and the dome at Ravenna, with others of the most remarkable of the monoliths he has described; masses which vary in computed weight from thirty tons to five thousand. They are "drawn to a scale;" and at the foot of several of them—to aid our conceptions of magnitude—is placed a less than "miniature presentiment" of the human figure. As a frontispiece there is an effective etching of Stonehenge.

In truth, we have rarely seen so much that may interest and inform compressed into so small a compass, or more agreeably brought before us. The work is in every way acceptable.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## HAUNTING EYES.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

### PART I.

#### THE SMUGGLER OF ST. ALBAN'S COVE.

"I do not like your wandering about those hills alone, Camilla," said an elderly lady, who was standing on the steps that led to the front-door of a pretty villa which lay, as it were, buried among trees and flowering shrubs, although within a short distance of the sea. "I am afraid of your meeting with some accident among

the rocks, which they tell me are very steep and rugged in many places. Remember you are a stranger here, and do not know the locality at all. You had better put off your exploring expeditions until your brother arrives. The holidays at Harrow will soon commence now."

This exhortation was addressed to a very pretty girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, who, parasol in hand—for "sun-shade" was a name that had not been

\* Quoted from Prescott, p. 88.

† Catherwood's *Antiquities*.

\* Stephens. *Incidents of Travel in Central America*.



introduced in those days—had stopped on the gravel-walk, or carriage-road, at the foot of the steps to listen to what her mother was saying.

“I am not going to undertake any exploring expedition, mamma, but merely to breathe a little fresh air on the hill yonder. The sun has not set yet; there will be no difficulty in finding the well-frequented path, which the gardener tells me is perfectly safe—‘plain sailing,’ he calls it. I will only just take a peep of the sea, and the line of coast, and then return through the village.”

“Well, be sure that you are at home before dusk, and don’t go too near the brow of the hill, for the short, stunted, brown grass is generally very slippery, and it would be no joke to fall over the rocks and be dashed to pieces.”

The young lady laughed, and set off on her solitary stroll; and she was soon mounting the hill at the place the gardener had indicated to her. The ascent might have been rather laborious to an old or infirm person, but did not at all fatigue the young and active Camilla. *The path* was easily found, and she traversed it with light steps, and with that sense of enjoyment with which the healthy inhale the pure mountain-air. It is a bad sign when the enfeebled frame shivers in this invigorating breeze, and would fain shrink down into the shelter of even a close and airless room.

Camilla walked on briskly; the entire solitude delighted her, for she did not meet a human being, nor indeed behold a living creature. At length she came to a spot where two paths branched off in different directions. Which of them was she to take? The gardener had told her that one of them led down to the beach, a little farther on, by a good zigzag track, or rather road among the rocks, from the top of which she would see the little bay beneath, the sands, the jutting rocks of the coast beyond, and the wide expanse of sea, filling up the picture as far as the eye could reach. The other path the gardener had told her also led to the upper margin of the rocks and to the shore below, but the descent was much more difficult, and there was no regular pathway.

Camilla stood with the two lines meeting close before her. Which was she to follow? She tried but in vain to remember the directions given her by the gardener. “Was I to take the right path or

the left?” she asked herself, but there was no answer in her memory. She stood in much perplexity for a little time, and then quieting herself with the reflection that she would only go as far as the rocks, and need not attempt the descent unless she perceived it to be very easy, she took—as so many do in life—the wrong path, turning, in fatal ignorance, from the right one.

The path she was traversing certainly could not be called “a good one;” it was very rough, and the young lady picked her way with some difficulty; but she was approaching the rocks, the sea was in view, and, comforting herself with the thought that the gardener’s notion of a nice path might be very different from her own, she toiled on until she reached the very verge of the hill, which seemed to end abruptly in a massive wall of rock, stretching down to the shore beneath. Below lay the smooth, hard sand, looking like a sloping pavement of yellow marble inlaid with diamond sparks, up which the deep blue waves were rolling with a hollow, murmuring sound that, low as it was, she could distinctly hear. Beyond was the waste of waters, dancing and glittering in the setting sun, whose still glorious though fading rays tinted with purple the jagged line of rocks that formed headland beyond headland until a bend in the coast hid them from sight.

Camilla, in breathless admiration—breathless from the effects of her toilsome walk—stood and gazed upon the splendid view before her. She was a great admirer of the beauties of nature, and, moreover, she was apt to be guided by impulse. This is very excusable—indeed, it is rather a pleasing fault in a young person, but it is one which ought to be conquered as time rolls on, for experience and reflection should go hand in hand.

She looked down over the giddy precipice, but doing this caused no sensation of vertigo, and as she perceived a sort of path winding down among the rocks she determined to try it, and forthwith began to scramble downwards. At first she rather enjoyed the novelty of this unsophisticated mode of descent, but after a little time finding it very difficult, and fearing it might be equally dangerous, she sat down on a ledge of smooth rock to consider whether she had better clamber up again at once or continue to descend, and then look for some easier way to the

top of the hill, for she now felt assured that she had mistaken the gardener's directions.

"Surely," she thought, "there must be some road down to the beach by which I might get safely up the hill, and as I have gone so far I had better clamber down to the sands and look for it."

Screwing up her courage she recommenced the descent, and at length achieved it after sundry falls and a good deal of compulsory sliding, during which she found it no easy matter to keep her balance, and reached the bright sands at the foot of the rocks with only one or two slight bruises, torn gloves, and a broken parasol. She immediately determined on going round the little rocky promontory that partially shut in, on one side, the pretty bay she had admired from above. The rocks did not stretch very far down on the beach, and Camilla soon, therefore, made her way to the other side of them, and then hastened down close to the sea-side to watch the waves rolling gracefully up, now lazily retreating, and then, as if gathering fresh strength, swelling into foaming billows and dashing the white spray over the glittering sand. Camilla had a habit of rhyming when much pleased or struck with any object, and as she stood there alone, gazing in silence on the most magnificent of God's creations, her thoughts formed themselves into the following lines:

"Thou'rt hurrying past, thou'rt hurrying past,  
Thou, Ocean, with thy waves of foam;  
Ah! whither, restless sea, so fast  
Does thy swift current roam?"

"Still dashing on, still dashing on,  
Thy billows speed their endless way;  
Now they are here, now they are gone,  
Old Ocean, whither, say?"

"Speed they the trusting bark to bear  
In safety to its distant strand,  
Wafting the wanderer to some fair,  
Some long-sought distant land?"

"Or speed they on destruction's way,  
Where the dark tempest raves afar,  
To make the shattered wreck their prey,  
On which the wild waves war?"

"The struggling mariner to sweep  
In their cold grasp from life and light?  
Are such thy pastimes, treacherous deep?  
And thou can'st smile so bright!"

"Ay, bright as yonder tranquil sky  
Seems thy blue, sparkling, liquid plain,  
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Yet yawning graves within thee lie,  
O faithless, fearful main!

"What wonders all unknown to man  
Within thy watery world may be!  
To search thy depths *he* never can,  
These none but God may see.

"Thou speak'st—thine ancient voice I hear—  
That voice which ages have not broke;  
Tell they deep tones of hope or fear?  
I know not what they spoke.

"Thou mock'st the creatures God has framed  
In his own image, mighty sea!  
Scorn on, thou conqueror, yet untamed—  
Scorn on, then, proud and free!

"Thou may'st be proud, for thou, but thou,  
Of all earth's circle holds, alone  
Didst never at Time's bidding bow,  
Or his vast empire own.

"But there are limits to thy power,  
O thou, whom Time has vainly fought—  
For thee, e'en thee, there comes an hour  
With desolation fraught.

"An hour when thy long reign shall pass,  
Thy mighty waters swept away  
Into some dark chaotic mass,  
By Him thou must obey.

"Ay, thou—and thy stern, ruthless foe,  
Together crushed, shall be no more,  
The race of man, ye shall not—no—  
Forever triumph o'er.

"When Time and thou extinct shall be,  
Man shall from death to life arise—  
He only claims eternity,  
Of all beneath the skies."

Camilla was still musing, with her gaze bent on the sea, and listening to its ceaseless sound, when she was startled from her dreamy mood by a voice close to her ear, demanding in no very gentle accents what she was doing there.

Exceedingly surprised she turned quickly round, and recoiled until the waves almost touched her ankles, in her sudden terror at the extraordinary pair of eyes that were absolutely glaring at her. She might have seen that they belonged to a young man of middle height, who had on a rough pea-jacket and looked like a sailor; but the eyes so overpowered her that she remarked nothing except that it was one of the male sex who had accosted her. She had not observed any one on the beach, nor had she heard an approaching step. How came he there?



"Speak!" said the voice again. "Have you come here as a spy?"

"N—n—no!" stammered the girl, with her own eyes immovably fixed on the unearthly-looking orbs before her. They seemed to exert a strange fascination over her. Fear was the uppermost feeling in her mind, yet wonder almost equaled it. She could not have imagined such eyes in in any human head—they were of the deepest black, intensely expressive, looking, as it were, into the very inmost soul. The blazing eyes were gazing sternly, nay fiercely at her, and beneath that terrific gaze she trembled like an aspen-leaf.

"Don't stand in the water, young lady," said the man in a milder tone, as he perceived how frightened she was; "the tide is coming in fast; you did not come here to drown yourself, did you? But what *did* bring you here?"

"I was taking a walk on the hill up there, and the sands looked so beautiful that I came down to them. I thought there was nobody on the beach."

"Oh! then you have run the risk of breaking your neck for the sake of a solitary stroll," said the man, with a smile that entirely changed the character of his face, and even of his luminous eyes. "Are you sure you were not sent down here by one of these land-sharks, to see what was going on?" he added, looking again in the most penetrating manner at her.

"I don't know what you mean by 'land-sharks,' and nobody sent me here; I am sorry I came."

"It would have been better if you had not, we are apt to deal roughly with intruders."

Camilla turned as pale as death, and felt quite faint. She clasped her hands, and looked imploringly at the man, while she said:

"I am a stranger in the neighborhood, and did not know I was doing wrong in coming here. I will go away directly, and never come back."

Again the man's features, and even his wild eyes, softened, but he was not done questioning her.

"Who did you see on the hill?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! Are you sure? Speak the truth, if you wish to get away safely. Were there no men dressed like sailors loitering about? Did you see no officers?"

"I did not see a living creature."

"I observed you scrambling down among the rocks—there must have been some reason for your choosing that difficult way?"

"I took it by mistake, I suppose. Our gardener told me there was a way down to the beach, and I fancied that was the one he meant."

"Well, you will never be able to climb up the way you managed to get down, and the sea is now dashing against the foot of the rocks where the best path is; and if you don't look sharp you won't be able to get up the hill at all, for in a short time there won't be a yard of dry sand on the bay, it will only be fit for mermaids."

"Good heavens!" cried the terrified girl; "what will become of me?"

At that moment an enormous billow came roaring up, and, seizing Camilla by the waist, the young man swung her to a little distance farther up the beach.

She screamed.

"Oh! don't be afraid of me, miss; you did not want to get a ducking, did you? That wave would have gone over your head. But you must not stand here any longer; you must make as much haste as you can to reach the cave before the sea overtakes you. It won't spare you, I promise you. Come, let me help you a bit. Take my arm; though I am not an officer, or a gentleman now, I'm not a thief or an assassin."

Camilla was afraid of offending him—afraid, too, of being drowned, as the waves were now rolling rapidly up, and the whistling of the wind and the sea-bird's cry announced a coming storm.

They crossed the beach in profound silence, and with hurried steps, until they reached the rocks at the land-side of the bay.

"Well, you are safe for the present," said he of the blazing eyes. "But never again linger on the sands of St. Alban's Cove when the tide is coming in. After the sea passes yon sharp rock, out there, it rushes up the little bay as fast as lightning. Look! you can not pass back the way you came round; and on the other side——" He broke off abruptly and walked a little way off, leaving the girl standing alone, and certainly in no very happy frame of mind. Heartily did she wish herself back among the roses and the honeysuckles in their pretty garden, or strolling through the quiet lanes with their green hedge-rows on either side.

"What will become of me?" she again ejaculated, as she looked about her in the utmost dismay. The rock was quite perpendicular at this place; there was not footing on it for a dog, or a goat, much less for a human being, and the sea would evidently fill up the bay ere long, cutting off all escape by the beach. What was she to do?

The question was solved for her by her late not very welcome companion, who soon rejoined her with the disagreeable intelligence that all egress from the bay was closed on the right side as well as on the left, for the waves were now breaking against the rocks on both sides.

"You must come into the cave, young lady; there is nothing else to be done."

He led the way, and she mechanically followed him, until they came, at a short distance off, to an opening in the massive rock. It was like a rude Gothic archway, the work of nature, not of art.

"Have you never heard of St. Alban's Cave, miss? They say it was the hiding-place, during a period of religious persecution, of a very holy man, and that gave it the name of *St. Alban's Cave*; but since then its saint-like character has disappeared, for it has been the scene more than once of violence, and even of murder. It does not bear a very holy reputation *now*," he added, with a laugh, that seemed quite satanic to the excited and terror-stricken girl.

He motioned to her to enter, but she hesitated, and then drew back as she repeated to herself in the faintest of all possible accents: "Murder!" The man's ears were evidently as quick as his dark eyes were keen, for he immediately echoed her whispered exclamation.

"Murder! Yes, murder; and perhaps there may be murder here this very night."

Camilla groaned and sank involuntarily on her knees.

"Oh! do not murder me—do not murder me! Let me go away safely, and my father will give you any reward you may ask. Oh! have pity on me!"

Again the sweet smile, so in contrast to the ferocity of his eyes, stole over the man's mouth, and he said in a voice as gentle as the softest murmur of the summer wind:

"Nay—never fear, young lady. Ralph Woodley is not the man to murder a woman, or to do her any harm. You are

quite safe with me. If I even meant you ill, there is that in your face which would act like a talisman on me." He turned away for a moment, as if in strong emotion, and pressed his hand on his brow. Camilla rose from her knees, and stood looking at him with surprise and interest. Her fear was almost gone. "Yes," he said, recovering himself, "you are like, very like, one who—one who is now up yonder," and he pointed toward the heavens above. "It is years now since my sweet Alice died, but I can't forget her; she was so good and so beautiful. She was a clergymen's daughter. I was not then what I am now; and, though you may think it strange, Alice cared as much for me as I did for her. If *she* had lived things would have gone very differently with me; but she died, and I—no matter—I had much to bear with in many ways—injustice, unkindness, unnecessary hardships—and I became wild and reckless and well-nigh mad. I have seen too much of the dark side of fate, and now what am I? A smuggler and an outlaw, young lady, and a word from your mouth might cost me my life."

"I would never say that word, believe me," cried Camilla eagerly.

"You might say it inadvertently. But come, you *must* take refuge in the cave, for the sea will be up here presently."

Camilla, entering through the sort of Gothic porch, found herself in a wide cave, or space, in the rock, the flooring of which, so to speak, was of dry sand, while the vaulted roof rose high above. There was no appearance of any furniture, however rude, nor of any cooking utensils in this cavern—no accommodation of any sort, except two or three jutting rocks, which, low and flat, might have served as seats. It was a chill, cheerless place, and the unwilling visitor asked if she would have to remain there until the tide turned.

"No, that you won't," said the young man, "for the sea flows in here too; but we have an inner chamber, generally pretty dry." And, crossing the cavern, he pushed in some peculiar manner against the apparently solid rock, and a large upright stone moved back, disclosing another cave, which at first seemed to Camilla quite dark, but in which, on a second glance, she perceived a glimmering light.

"There is a step," said her companion; "let me help you."

Standing on the threshold of this inner

aperture, Camilla saw that the glimmering light proceeded from a horn-lantern hung up in a corner; she also saw some rough cloaks lying about, and some oars; there were a few wooden stools and a deal table, with sundry pewter mugs, and a flask in basket-work on it. Looking more narrowly round she espied in one corner a heap of pistols, cutlasses, and other weapons, whereupon the thought of murder came strongly upon her again, and again she implored the smuggler not to kill her.

"No harm will happen to you," replied the young man, while his eyes shone like two stars in that obscure cavern, "if you will solemnly promise never to disclose what you have seen here. There is a way by which you can get out upon the hill, and you will reach your home safely, if you will take an oath never to betray us. My comrades will be here shortly, and the daylight won't last much longer, therefore the sooner you go the better. But first you must swear not to answer any question respecting the cave; indeed, not to say that you have been in it. Nobody knows of this stronghold, take care that you do not betray us; and if you meet any sailors or naval officers on the hill, or any where, and they question you, you must deny having seen me and spoken to me. Life and property depend upon your silence. There will be terrible work to-night if you drop a hint of what you have seen down here, little as that has been; nay, more, if you value your own life you must be silent as the grave, for if you betray us, wherever you may be the smugglers' revenge will overtake you, and that revenge will be *death*!"

The trembling girl took the oath prescribed to her. Ralph Woodley had thought it expedient to frighten her, for he did not know how far her discretion was to be relied upon, and secrecy was important that evening to him and his companions. Of course, the death of which he warned her was only a threat to insure her silence.

"And now," said the man, "I must blindfold you, for mortal eye must not behold the mysteries of St. Alban's Cave."

Camilla was very unwilling to be blindfolded, but Ralph was resolute, and the will of the stronger triumphed. Her pocket-handkerchief was tied tightly over her eyes, and then she was half-assisted, half-lifted up what seemed to be very steep steps, and she heard something like

the turning of a key in a rusty lock. Presently something just above her was moved, and then there came a rush of fresh air in her face.

"Stop one moment where you are," said the conductor, "and don't move an inch till I am ready to help you."

She stood still as directed, and in less than a minute she found herself lifted through some aperture, and placed on her feet on ground certainly not so hard as rock.

"This way," said the young man, leading her carefully upwards; "it is all right."

At length he stopped, and removing the bandage from her eyes, he said:

"There, now you are free and in safety, and can go in peace to your happy home."

"Thank you a thousand times, my kind preserver!" cried the warm hearted girl. "Oh! how much I am indebted to you! I wish that my father could do any thing for you. I wish you would come and see us at Rose Villa."

The smuggler shook his head.

"Ah! no, young lady, for me there are but the hoarse wild waves, or a prison's gloomy walls; but never mind, the dreariest life must have an end, and it is not all dreary with me either, for I have plenty of excitement at times. God bless you, miss; it will be a pleasant thought to me, in many a rough hour, that I have been the means of saving your life, for had I not almost forced you up the cove you must have been drowned. It is well for you that I was on the watch this evening. May I make bold to ask your name!"

"Camilla Egerton is my name, and my father has taken Rose Villa, near the village of —, for a year, on account of my mother's health. Do come to see us, and let papa and mamma add their thanks to mine. You won't? Then promise me that if ever you get into trouble you will apply to us. My uncle, Sir Philip Egerton, has a good deal of influence, and it will be all at your command if you should ever require it."

Camilla had only a few shillings in her purse, and she felt that if there had been as many pounds in her pocket, she could not have taken the liberty of offering money to such a man as her preserver. She drew a handsome ring from her finger, and presenting it to him, she said:

"Will you do me the favor to accept

this trifle, as a little souvenir of one to whom you have done such a very great service? And believe that to the last hour of my life I shall remember you with deep gratitude."

Her voice faltered with emotion, and tears were standing in her eyes.

The smuggler took the ring with a courteous bow and pressed it to his lips. "Thank you, thank you!" he exclaimed; "I shall keep this along with my only treasure, a lock of my poor Alice's soft fair hair. But I must not detain you longer here."

He then gave her directions how to find her way up the hill; until she reached a path that led down the rocks to the bay, on the opposite side to that by which she had descended, and after again enjoining silence as to himself and the cave, he said:

"Will you shake hands with such a fellow as Ralph the Smuggler?"

She instantly held out her hand, and they shook hands cordially but in silence; one more glance of his wonderful eyes he bent upon her, and then, dropping down the rock, he disappeared in some hollow which she had not seen when coming up from the cave, as she was then blindfolded.

Camilla stood for a few moments gazing downward; perhaps she expected to see the figure of the handsome smuggler emerge again upon the open hill-side, but it had entirely disappeared, and the gathering gloom of the skies above reminded her that she must at once make the best of her way home. For some time this was a scrambling process, but at last she reached the proper path, with the sharp turns which Ralph had described to her. Feeling very much fatigued and quite out of breath, she determined to rest for a short while, and accordingly sat down on a low bank that skirted one side of the path. There was not a sound to be heard but the rising wind moaning around, and she congratulated herself on having encountered nobody.

"How quiet it is here!" she exclaimed aloud to herself; but the words were no sooner out of her mouth than *the* quiet was unpleasantly invaded by the appearance of a man in a sailor's garb, who popped suddenly round a sharp turning, a little way above where she was sitting.

"Holloa! who's this?" cried the sailor.

"How did you come here, young woman?"

"I came up the hill," she answered, rising to pursue her way.

"Stop, stop, not so fast. Which way did you come up the hill?"

Camilla got angry at being catechised in this abrupt manner by a person who seemed only a common sailor, and she replied:

"I don't know that it can signify to you which way I came, and I don't choose to stop here."

The sailor planted himself in her path, and, laughing, held out his spy-glass, so as to prevent her passing him.

"But you *must* answer, my pretty miss. There are some rascally smugglers lurking about, and we are on the look-out for them. Did you meet any body on the hill-side?"

"No, nobody."

"Were you down at the cove?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you see any men about there?"

"No, I did not see any men."

That is quite true, thought Camilla, for I did not see *men*.

"When you were on the beach did you look into the cave—St. Alban's Cave?"

"I did not."

I did not *look* in, thought Camilla, I was taken in.

The man plied her with questions, but she parried them all, and he got nothing out of her to commit her friend of the cave, so bidding her good evening, he allowed her to move on, which she did with redoubled speed. She had ascended a good way, and was hoping to get home without encountering any one else, when she unexpectedly found an obstacle in her path—it was a fissure, or rent in the ground, extending across the narrow road, a little way down the steep declivity which lay on one side, while on the upper side, just there, were some rugged rocks and stones piled one above the other. Across this chasm was only a thin and very narrow plank, and it appeared as if some one had mischievously pushed it out of its place, for it rested on the very brink of the opening on the opposite side to that on which she was standing.

How should she get over? She felt certain that the plank, poised as it was, would not bear her weight, and as to



springing over, the chasm was too wide for that.

"I shall have to scramble down one side and clamber up the other, and if I break my leg in doing so, I shall have to lie in that hole all night!"

It was no pleasant prospect; and poor Camilla, tired, anxious, and nervous, leaned against the rocky bank, and burst into tears. She was still crying piteously, when she heard footsteps approaching—and heard them with joy rather than dread, for she thought that even one of "the land-sharks" who infested the hill that evening might have the charity to assist her in her dilemma.

She was right. The footsteps were now keeping time to a sprightly and fashionable opera air, which a melodious voice was humming; and the owner of the voice soon came in full view. He was a young naval officer, with an exceedingly pleasant, open countenance. The new comer seemed much amazed on beholding her; and observing the tears still rolling down her cheek, he asked if she had met with an accident, or if any one had been annoying her, adding his surprise at meeting a lady alone in that wild part of the hill, and when it would so soon be dark.

She replied that she was a stranger in the neighborhood, and had lost her way, and that she did not know how she was to get across the chasm in the road.

The young officer gallantly assured the beautiful girl that if she would trust to him he would insure her crossing it in safety. Stooping down, he pulled the plank farther over, so as to make it a safer bridge; then crossing it himself, and treading it rather heavily to ascertain if it were secure, he speedily came to the rescue.

"There should be three planks across this place," he said; "but I suppose those smugglers—of whom there is a bad lot here at present—have carried away the other two, in hopes that when it grows dark some of our men may fall in and break their legs. You must give me your hand, and let me lead you over this frail bridge."

He took her hand, with its torn glove, and led her carefully across the narrow plank, which vibrated under their feet. Camilla thanked him, bade him good evening, and was walking on, when he followed her, requesting permission to escort her toward the village, as it was unsafe for her to traverse the hill alone, when there

were probably some daring outlaws lurking about it.

"My name," he said, "is Howard; the family at the Vicarage know me very well, and I think I met your father at dinner there the other day. From your likeness to Colonel Egerton, I think I must have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Egerton?"

Camilla acknowledged her name, and felt much relieved to find that her new companion was Lieutenant Howard, R.N., whom her father had mentioned as a very gentlemanly, nice young man. Mr. Howard, as well as the preventive-service man, questioned her respecting her descent to the sands, who she saw down there, and her ascent up the rocks; and she found it more difficult to avoid betraying her smuggler friend to the officer than to the common sailor; the truth was on the very point of oozing out, when she remembered her oath, and the penalty of breaking it, and exclaimed, impatiently:

"If you are going to do nothing but put me through a catechism all the time you favor me with your company, I must beg you rather to take the Church Catechism, and ask me: 'What is your name?' I will answer: 'Camilla.' 'Who gave you this name?' 'My godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism,' etc., etc. You will find that I am quite *au fait* at it. I know that I am 'to hurt nobody by word or deed,' and that I am 'to keep my tongue from lying and slandering,' and that is what you don't seem inclined to let me do," she added, laughingly.

"Well," said the young officer, laughing too, "I will try you in the Church Catechism: 'What is thy duty toward thy neighbor?'"

"My duty toward my neighbor is to love him as myself, and to do to all men——"

"Nay, stop there, mademoiselle: I don't care about all men, or any men; I only want you to do your duty toward your neighbor—that is my humble self, you know. I am your only neighbor at present."

Mr. Howard forgot the smugglers, and he and Camilla carried on a brisk flirtation, which, certes, beguiled the length of the walk. But even pleasant flirtations must have an end—few things sooner—and they had now reached the path that led down to the village. The sight of the spire of the village church recalled Camilla

to some sense of discretion, and she begged her lively guide not to take the trouble of going any farther with her.

"I have only to get down to that little white gate, I know," she said, "and I shall be close to the village, and not far from home."

With many thanks on her side, and complimentary speeches on his, the young people parted; but not until Camilla had besought him not rashly to seek any encounter with the smugglers, and to take care of himself, and he had asked permission to call at Rose Villa to inquire how she was after her fatigue that evening.

Her spirits flagged the moment he left her; she could scarcely crawl down the rest of the way; and when she had passed through the white gate she sank down exhausted on the trunk of a tree, which lay by the roadside. It was getting dark, and she tried to rise, but found herself quite unable to drag her wearied limbs any farther. She sat on there, her head aching, her bruises smarting, her whole frame worn out.

"Some one will surely pass," she kept repeating to herself, "and then I can beg him or her to go to the little inn and order the only Bath chair in the village for me. I never *can* walk home."

Some one did at length pass, and it happened to be the district surgeon returning from his evening rounds. He was in his gig, with a boy along side of him who served as page and errand-boy, and very often groom to boot. Mr. Dennis stopped his gig, and having discovered that the weary wayfarer was Miss Egerton, he made the lad get down, and begged her to let him drive her home—a proposition which she was only too thankful to accept.

On arriving at Rose Villa, Mrs. Egerton, who had been much alarmed at her daughter's long absence, began to find fault with her, and to overwhelm her with questions as to where she had been and what had detained her. But Mr. Dennis interposed in her behalf, and pronouncing her to be quite feverish and unwell, exhorted Mrs. Egerton to get the poor girl to bed without any delay, to give her some tea, and leave her in perfect quiet to sleep off her fatigue if she could. His directions were faithfully carried out, and Camilla thus happily escaped the cross-questioning which she would otherwise have had to sustain.

The next day, and the day after that, she was too ill to get up, and Mr. Howard called in vain. But youth soon throws off indisposition, and in the course of a week she was herself again. Her brother from Harrow had arrived, and her father, who had been absent from home for a few days, had also returned; and Mrs. Egerton had by that time lost all curiosity about her daughter's adventures on the hill, or at St. Alban's Cove, if she had met with any.

But Camilla herself could not forget them. One of her "friends," as she called them in her own mind, she met often again. Mr. Howard was a frequent visitor at Rose Villa, and scarcely a day passed without her seeing him somewhere; but the smuggler, the man whose eyes haunted her day and night, where was he? Had he escaped his pursuers that eventful evening? Had he fallen since in some bloody fray? Or was he tossing about in freedom on "the hoarse wild waves"? She felt so painfully anxious to know how Ralph had fared *that* night, that at length she mustered courage to ask young Howard if they had caught the smugglers, or if these outlaws had escaped. And it was with much secret joy that she heard of their escape.

"It was very cleverly managed," said Howard. "Their leader is one of the boldest fellows that ever lived. A fine fellow, I am told; it is a great pity that he has taken up the contraband trade. Such a man would have been invaluable had he continued in the service."

"Was he ever in the navy?" asked Camilla, who could not restrain her curiosity respecting her friend of the cove.

"Yes, indeed, poor fellow, he was, and a fine, dashing young officer, I have heard; but he was unlucky in one of his captains, who was a most overbearing, bad-tempered man; they could not get on at all together; at length there was an open quarrel. The young lieutenant felt convinced that he would be brought to a court-martial, and through the malignant hatred of his captain, who was rich and had very influential friends, that he would be dismissed the service, so he threw up his commission and retired from the navy. His father was greatly annoyed at this, and a cunning stepmother inflamed the old gentleman's anger so much that he refused to receive his son, or to do any thing more for him. The young man was thrown



upon the wide world without a sixpence, and, unfortunately, he went to the bad. I only had a glimpse of him once, but I am sure I shall never forget him, for I never beheld *such* eyes. If you can fancy two large black diamonds, you might form some faint idea of them."

The eyes alluded to were at that moment before her mind's eye in all their brilliancy and magnetic attraction, but she suppressed the answer that had almost risen to her lips, and asked if Mr. Howard knew whither the smugglers had gone.

"No," he said; "nobody knew their destination, except, perhaps, their accomplices on shore, for doubtless they must be

in league with some person or persons. If we had any clue to their movements," he continued, "we would soon catch them. But they won't always elude us. Swift little craft as the Waterwitch is, we will take her some of these days."

Camilla devoutly hoped in her own heart that they never might take her, but she did not audibly express this wish.

"Shall I ever see those wonderful eyes—shall I ever meet *him* again?" she asked in her own mind, "and when and where?"

Little then did she imagine when and where she was to see the smuggler of St. Alban's Cove, Ralph Woodley, again!

## W O N D R O U S   A U T U M N - T I M E .

O RULER of the waning year!  
How calm, while summer lingers here,  
Is thine enchanted sleep—  
When murmuring woods are full of songs,  
And all green leaves are whispering tongues,  
And fields grow rich and deep.

Till wakened by the shrilling sound  
Of the sharp scythe along the ground,  
Through Nature's flowering heart;  
Or shouts of jocund harvest-home,  
That down the echoing valleys come,  
From laughing hills apart.

How calm a splendor ever lies  
Within thy royal waking eyes,  
O wondrous Autumn-time!  
Like the glory round a good man's head,  
When angels light about his bed,  
And waken thoughts sublime.

And who could dream yon soft sweet light  
Were herald of the year's dark night,  
And north winds stormy breath—  
That all these tints of red and gold,  
Burning through every starry fold,  
Were signs of Nature's death!

Ah, me! thy coming stirs the sense,  
At every portal calling thence  
The troops of awe and fear.  
We think perforce of days gone by,  
And days that all as swiftly fly—  
Knowing *thine* errand here.

We can not with the swallow flee,  
And shun the gloomy days that be  
So full of winter snow:  
We pass into *our* Orient land  
Across dark seas, where some bright hand  
Calls from the deeps below.

Thou art the gloomy spirit of all  
The wondrous years that rise and fall  
Within the glass of Time.  
Thou wert in fair Creation's bound,  
When first the child-like Earth swung round  
Exulting in her prime.

Born when the black pine crowned the hills,  
And violets pierced the soil that fills  
The elm-tree's rugged spurs:  
When wore the thorn her snow-white crown,  
And chestnut spires fell softly down  
Among the golden furze.

Still thy dread pinions, as of old,  
The sylvan hills and vales enfold  
O'er all the spreading land;  
And earth's sweet face, once bright and mild  
As the fair forehead of a child,  
Is seared as with a brand;

And still Man's conscious spirit feels,  
While far and wide the east wind peals,  
'Tis God's almighty breath;  
(While as in prayer all heaven is bowed)  
O'er hill and valley blowing loud,  
The Autumn-blast of Death.

WESTBY GIBSON.

From the British Quarterly.

## ILLUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS.\*

THERE is no form of belief so deeply rooted in man's nature, so widely spread over his entire history in time and space, so apparently necessary to his very being, as a conviction of the existence of an unknown and invisible world, capable of signaling its presence by becoming at certain times visible and palpable. There is probably no people who have not traditions of this nature—no form of religion untinctured with some such belief. "The savage who dreams of the great Spirit, and boundless hunting-grounds of another life; the man of the middle ages who knelt at the entrance of the purgatory of St. Patrick; the Arab who wanders amid the enchanted palaces of the *Thousand and One Nights*; the Hindu absorbed in the incarnations of Brama; the inhabitant of the civilized world, who in public believes in nothing, and consults the pythoness or fortune-teller in secret, or seeks for revelations of the future in magnetism; all obey the same law of necessity—that of believing in something."

All history speaks of this, from the earliest times of which we have any record. The writer of the article *Mythology*, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, indeed speaks of a time when fable did not, in fact could not, according to his views, exist. "Accordingly we find that both the Chinese and Egyptians, the two most ancient nations whose annals have reached our times, were altogether unacquainted with fabulous details, in the most early and least improved periods of their respective monarchies." Whence he somewhat hastily concludes that "all was genuine unsophisticated truth." If this were so, we should hesitate to call such a condition a *least improved* one.

How much of the ancient Greek mytho-

logy was poetry, and how much may be considered to have embodied the belief of the people, can not of course be decided. Comprehensive enough it certainly was, providing spirits for all possible contingencies. Beside the endless train of gods and goddesses, demigods and heroes, of nymphs and satyrs, every grove and tree had their dryads and hamadryads, every mountain its orcaides. The seas swarmed with nereids and oceanides, and every fountain had its naiad. Cities, streets, and households, all had their tutelary deities, their penates and their lares. These last-mentioned spirits are especially interesting, inasmuch as they embody a favorite belief in all ages and amongst all people, that the spirits of the departed are permitted to linger amongst the scenes where they dwelt in life, for purposes good or evil, according to their former nature, but most frequently for protection. All these, from Jupiter downwards, were visible on occasions to their believers—as visible as the fairies of later times.

It would appear that the early fathers of the Church in some measure believed in the existence of these spirits which they considered to be devils—

"Powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,"

but now cast out, and wandering through the earth, deluding men and inducing them

"Devils to adore for deities:  
Then were they known to man by various names  
And various idols through the heathen world."\*

Although paganism has long ceased to be the belief of civilized nations, having

\* *Paradise Lost*.

"The Romish Church also adopted the pagan belief in apparitions, and as the latter had supported the argument in favor of the existence of the gods by the fiction of their occasional manifestation in a visible form, so the former endeavored to sustain its dogmas by fables of the apparition, from time to time, of its saints."—*Fiends, Ghosts, etc.*, p. 51.

\* *Des Hallucinations; ou, Histoire Raisonnée des Apparitions, des Visions, des Songes, de l'Extase, du Magnétisme, et du Somnambulisme.* Par A. BRIERRE DE BOISMONT. Paris.

*Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites; including an Account of the Origin and Nature of Belief in the Supernatural.* By JOHN NETTEN RADCLIFFE. London.

fled before the power of Christianity, yet many of its superstitions have descended even to our own times, intermingled with the religion which was supposed to have superseded them. Of this mixture many singular instances are met with in the *cultus* of some northern European nations, to quote which would lead us too far from our subject.\* But the nymphs, satyrs, dryads, etc., of old times, are by no means indistinctly represented in more modern ones, by the fairies, elves, sprites, brownies, kelpies, and hobgoblins generally, which not long ago were matter of all but universal belief. The *Robin Goodfellow* in England, the *Brownie* in Scotland, the *Leprochaune* in Ireland, the *Kobold* in Germany, the *Nis* in Denmark, the *Tont* in Sweden, the *Lutin* or *Gobelin* in France, are all one and the same object of belief, having a representative in almost every known country; to disbelieve in the existence of which would be to discredit and deny the positive sensory evidence of thousands, who are perfectly familiar with all his works and ways, as well as his personal appearance, habits, and customs!

We of the Anglo-Saxon race in the nineteenth century are wiser, and chiefly believe, as M. Boismont insinuates, in nothing. Yet there are millions who believe in direct communion with the spirit-world on even the most trivial occasions; who listen with awe to the rappings from invisible knuckles; who ponder with something akin to reverence over the weary platitudes, scrawled in wretched prose or doggerel verse by spirit hands, supposed to belong to the mighty dead; who become by hundreds the inhabitants of lunatic asylums at the apparition of child-like spirits' hands. Even amongst those who are enlightened enough to recognize all this as deception and imposture, how comparatively few there are who, after summing up their disbelief in all spiritual communications, will not add somewhat

\* One instance amongst our own islands may be mentioned. It is quoted from Mr. Radcliffe's interesting work, p. 59: "Off the north west coast of Ireland are situated the islands of Inniskea, containing a population of about four hundred souls. Nominally, the inhabitants are Christians, and under Roman Catholic tuition; in reality, they observe the ancient forms of Irish clan government, and are idolaters, worshiping rocks and stones. Their chief god is a stone-idol termed *Nee-Vougi*, which has been preserved from time immemorial. . . . It is invoked, among other things, to dash helpless ships upon the coast, and to calm the sea, in order that the fishing may be successful."

thoughtfully: "And yet I remember ——," and proceed to relate some strange event either in their own lives, or as having occurred within the sphere of their immediate acquaintance, supported by credible witnesses; some appearance, some sound, some warning sensation or emotion, not explicable, according to their view, by natural causes.

We are not about to enter into, nor offer any opinion upon, the broad question concerning the possibility of direct intercourse between ourselves in these days, and the spiritual world, in which so many piously believe. We do not propose even to discuss the entire theory of belief in the supernatural. Our object at present is simply to open out and investigate a curious chapter in mental history—that relating to Illusions and Hallucinations; a due and candid consideration of which will indicate clearly the source of many of the so-called apparitions which have become matters of history, as well as of constant social discussion. Singular phenomena indeed it will present to us; to see what no other eye can see; to hear what no other can hear; to be convinced of the reality of sensations that appear to others incredible; surely these things are worthy of careful investigation. With this in view we propose, after defining our terms, to bring forward some of the most carefully selected examples, and from a consideration of them to endeavor to arrive at their causes and nature.

Without attempting to be too philosophically accurate in definition, we understand by Illusion, *a false appreciation of a real sensation*; by Hallucination, *a projection externally of an inward conception*, in other words, *a subjective sensation*. The one is a mental or cerebral production purely, having no external object for its foundation, the other is an error of reasoning or judgment, exercised upon some actual entity. Thus the timid man who sees in a tree or guide-post some robber or some supernatural being; the superstitious man who sees an army, or a legion of angels in the clouds; the maniac who sees in his friends only demons and specters; all these are suffering from Illusions: whilst he who sees visions which no one around him can see; who holds conversations with the invisible living or dead, or with good and evil spirits; he who, in short, states and believes himself to be surrounded by beings,

objects, or influences which have no external sign whatever; he suffers under what we term Hallucinations. We shall be chiefly occupied with the latter order of phenomena at present; but will first, by way of illustration, give one or two familiar examples of the former.

Illusions may arise either from disorder of the senses, or from an error of judgment upon data correctly derived from their evidence. Thus a person may see double, or see only the half of an object; or he may see that object distorted, or variously colored, or modified in an infinity of ways—a most prolific source of ghost seeing. This chiefly occurs under the influence of a predominant train of thought, an absorbing emotion, or an excited state of the imagination. One illustration will serve as the type of the whole; it is related by Dr. Ferriar in his *Theory of Apparitions*:

“A gentleman was benighted, whilst traveling alone, in a remote part of the Highlands of Scotland, and was compelled to ask shelter for the evening at a small lonesome hut. When he was to be conducted to his bed-room, the landlady observed with mysterious reluctance, that he would find the window very secure. On examination, he found that part of the wall had been broken down to enlarge the opening. After some inquiry, he was told that a peddler, who had lodged in the same room a short time before, had committed suicide, and was found hanging behind the door in the morning. According to the superstition of the country, it was deemed improper to remove the body by the door of the house, and to convey it through the window was impossible, without removing part of the wall. Some hints were dropped that the room had been subsequently haunted by the poor man's spirit. My friend laid his arms, properly prepared against intrusion of any kind, by his bedside, and retired to rest, not without some degree of apprehension. He was visited in a dream by a frightful apparition, and awakening in agony, found himself sitting up in bed, with a pistol grasped in his right hand. On casting a fearful glance round the room, he discovered, by the moonlight, a corpse dressed in a shroud, reared against the wall, close to the window. With much difficulty he summoned up resolution to approach the dismal object, the features of which, and the minutest parts of its funeral apparel, he perceived distinctly. He had passed one hand over it, felt nothing, and staggered back to bed. After a long interval, and much reasoning with himself, he renewed his investigation, and at length discovered that the object of his terror was produced by the moonbeams forming a long bright image through the broken window, on which his fancy, impressed by his dream, had pictured, with mischievous accuracy, the lineaments of a body

prepared for interment. Powerful associations of terror, in this instance, had excited the recollected images with uncommon force and effect.”\*

Illusions of the senses are common in our appreciation of form, distance, color, and motion, and also from a lack of comprehension of the physical powers of nature, in the production of images of distant objects. A stick in water appears bent or broken; the square tower at a distance looks round; distant objects appear to move, when we ourselves only are in motion; the heavenly bodies appear to revolve round the earth. All our readers will also be familiar with the Specter of the Brocken, the Fata Morgana, and the Mirage; all of which were long supposed to have a supernatural origin, until they were shown to be due to the ordinary laws of light and atmospheric influences. All these illusions are easily rectified by the judgment, and are transitory in the sane mind. Amongst the insane, mistakes of one person for another, and illusions of the most varied and perverse character, are amongst the most constant and durable symptoms of the mental disorder. The illusions that accompany many bodily disorders are so mixed up with hallucinations, that they need no separate consideration.

Of Hallucinations, there are many kinds: there are some that are voluntarily producible, and some that occur involuntarily and obtrusively; there are some that are compatible with reason, and others that either originally are, or by persistence become, incompatible with it. Of those that are compatible with reason, some are rectified by the understanding, some are not. Some occur in a state of apparently perfect health; others are attendant upon various deranged conditions of the mental or bodily functions; and some of the most distinctive are produced by the action of certain narcotic agents. We shall illustrate all these by a few examples.

Of the simplest and most familiar kind of hallucinations are those optical spectra producible at will by every one. If the eye is fixed for some time upon a bright object, as a strongly-lighted window, the image of that object in varying colors is visible for a long time afterward on turning the eye toward a dark place. This is, however, purely a physical phenomenon;

\* Ferriar, *Op. cit.*, p. 24.



we are here more especially concerned with those produced by a vivid effort of imagination, without the immediate intervention of any object. Dr. Wigan relates the history of one of our English painters, who only required one sitting from his subject to form a perfect portrait. His own account of the subsequent process was as follows :

"When a model was presented, I looked at it attentively for half an hour, sketching occasionally on the canvas. I had no need of a longer sitting. I put aside the drawing, and passed to another person. When I wished to continue the first portrait, I took the subject of it into my mind, I put him in the chair, *where I perceived him as distinctly as if he had been there in reality*; I may even add, with form and color more defined and lively than in the original. I contemplated, from time to time, the imaginary figure, and set myself to paint; I suspended my work to examine the *pose*, exactly as if the original had been before me; *every time that I cast my eye on the chair, I saw the man.*"

It would seem, however, from this and many other instances that might be quoted, that this vivid exercise of the imagination is not to be long continued with impunity.\* By degrees this painter began to lose the distinction between the real and the imaginary figures, and ultimately his mind became altogether confused and overthrown. He passed thirty years of his after-life in an asylum, of which period he retained little or no remembrance.†

\* The same author relates the case of an intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of placing before him at will his own image. He often laughed at the *eidolon*, which also seemed to laugh. This was for some time a diversion, but the result was deplorable. He became persuaded by degrees that he was haunted by his "*double*." This other self discussed obstinately with him, and to his great mortification often worsted him in argument. At length, wearied with *ennui* and annoyance, he resolved not to enter upon another year. He arranged all his affairs with the utmost method, awaited, pistol in hand, the night of the thirty-first of December, and when the clock struck midnight, shot himself.—*Duality of the Mind*, p. 126.

Goethe also positively asserts (*Gesammt. Werk.*, t. xxvi. p. 83) "that on one occasion he saw distinctly his own '*double*.'"

† During this seclusion in Bethlehem Hospital, he was known as Blake the Seer, from the constancy of his visions of the illustrious dead. He firmly believed in the reality of his visions; he conversed with Michael Angelo and Moses; he dined with Semiramis; there was nothing of the charlatan in his aspect—he was simply convinced. He constituted himself the painter of specters; with his apparatus prepared, he was always ready to take the por-

After this he resumed his art for a short time, with the same skill as before; but it was found again too exciting, and he relinquished it, after which he shortly died. It is related by Langlois, an intimate friend of Talma, that this great actor informed him that when he entered on the stage, he had the power, by force of will, to make his brilliant auditory to disappear, and to substitute skeletons for them. When his imagination had thus filled the saloon with these singular spectators, the emotion which they, his own creation, excited within him, gave to his personations such force as to produce the most striking results.

Goethe gives a singular account of his own faculty for producing voluntary hallucinations on a giving theme: "When I close the eyes, on lowering the head, I imagine that I see a flower in the middle of my visual organ; this flower does not for a moment preserve its form; it is quickly decomposed, and from its interior are born other flowers with colored or sometimes green petals; these are not natural flowers, but fantastic, nevertheless regular figures, such as the roses of sculptors. It was impossible for me to regard this creation fixedly, but it continued as long as I wished, without increase or diminution. Even when I figured to myself a disk charged with various colors, I saw continually born from the center toward the circumference, new forms comparable to those that I could see in a kaleidoscope."\* In this the result of Goethe's favorite object of research may clearly be traced.

Hallucinations that are voluntarily produced, are not always dismissible at pleasure. Abercrombie† relates the history of a man, sound apparently in mind and body, in the prime of life, who was continually besieged with hallucinations. So marked was this tendency, that if he met a friend in the street, he was never at first certain whether it was a real person or a phantom. After much attention he could observe a difference between the two, but

traits of his spiritual visitors, whom he did not invoke, but who came to him expressly to ask that favor. Edward III. was one of his most constant visitors; as also Marc Antony and Richard III. All these he recognized by intuition as soon as they appeared; and granting the truth of his assumption, his conversations with them were distinguished by great accuracy and shrewdness.

\* Quoted by Müller in his *Manual of Physiology*, from Goethe's personal account.

† *Inquiry concerning the Intellectual Powers.*



he had generally to correct his visual impressions by the senses of touch or sound. He had the faculty of producing these hallucinations at will, either of persons or scenes, but when once produced he could not bid them depart when he would; and he could never tell how long they would remain. Another member of his family had the same peculiarity in a less marked degree.

But more important and more remarkable than these voluntary hallucinations, are those which occur without and against the will of the sufferer, and apparently without any connection with any previous excitement of the imagination, at least as directed to any such subject. These are the veritable specters with which many persons of sane mind in other particulars have conceived themselves to be haunted. The creation of the brain by automatic action has become a something external, so vivid and so distinct, that the results have not unfrequently been tragic in the extreme. One of the most authentic, and at the same time most graphically described of these cases, is one related by Sir Walter Scott, as having occurred to a gentleman, high in judicial station, high in general estimation, of great mental powers, and of sound judgment. The relator derived his information directly from the medical attendant of this gentleman—an authority whose “rank in his profession, as well as his attainments in science and philosophy, gave him an undisputed claim to the most implicit credit.” He describes a long attendance upon him, fruitless in its results so far as relief to a complicated train of depressing symptoms was concerned; with his many ineffectual attempts to elicit from his patient the hidden source of his mental sufferings, which evidently formed a considerable part of his ailment. At length, after a strong appeal to his reason, the patient, with much reluctance, gave an explanation:

“You can not, my dear friend, be more conscious than I that I am dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes me; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and the manner in which it acts upon me; nor if you did, I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it. . . . My case is not a singular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of *Le Sage*. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duc d’Olivarez is there stated to have died!’ ‘Of the idea (answered the physician) that he was

haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence.’ ‘I (said the sick man) am in that very case, and so painful and abhorrent is the presence of the persecuting vision, that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my morbid imagination, and I am sensible that I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease.’”

The struggle which this gentleman had with his disease was most painful. It commenced by the apparition of a black cat, which appeared and disappeared so strangely, that at last he came to the conclusion that it was no “household cat, but a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in his own deranged visual organs or depraved imagination.” This vanished, and was succeeded by the figure of a gentleman-usher in full court costume, who went before him into every company as if to announce him. But this figure in turn disappeared, and gave place to another, “horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself, the apparition of a *skeleton*.”

“Alone or in company (said the unfortunate man) the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination and deranged organs of sight. What avail such reflections while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom, representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? . . . I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me.’”

Amongst other methods tried to reassure him, the physician on one occasion placed himself between the curtains of the bed, in the precise spot where the phantom appeared to be; but this was all unavailing. The unfortunate patient saw the “skull peering” above his shoulder. He resorted to many other methods, all equally unsuccessful; the patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and finally “died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; . . . and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last

illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life.”\*

Hallucinations of similar nature, though of milder character, and attended by less tragical consequences, are sufficiently common. We have ourselves met with several instances related to us by the subjects of them as mere curiosities. One elderly gentleman informed us that when slightly indisposed, he very frequently saw the figures of three girls, dancing or still, of small size, a little behind and to the right of him. The figures were always in the same relative position to him and to each other. Being much addicted to carving in ivory, we asked him whether these figures had any relation to any of his works in that department, but he could not trace any connection. A lady, in whose powers of observation and veracity we should place the utmost confidence, told us that whilst lying awake one evening, after a slight but debilitating illness, she saw the figures of two children moving gently about the floor. As she knew that none could be there, she said to herself, “This is what is called an illusion;” and after looking at them some little time, turned away her head to see if they moved with her. They did not do so; and on looking again, they were gone. Another lady suffering from an old standing disease, but in perfect possession of faculties of more than average acuteness, often described to us the appearance of a man who used to stand in the doorway of her room. His first appearance rather alarmed her, but by reasoning upon it, she overcame her fear, and got perfectly accustomed to it. On inquiry how she ultimately treated the apparition, she said her usual way was to turn away and fall asleep. In these two last-mentioned instances, the apparitions were in no particular to be distinguished from real objects, considered as objects of sense; it was only when reason intervened that they were recognized as phantoms of a heated brain. Had there in either case been less power of thought, there would have been the foundation for a most authentic ghost-story, especially if in the chapter of accidents any sinister event had followed any of these appearances. Many

other instances might be adduced, but these are sufficient for the illustration of the milder yet defined form of ocular hallucination. It may be added that young children are very subject to hallucinations of this kind, when closing their eyes before going to sleep after any excitement. They not unfrequently complain that “*things* come to them,” when they attempt to go to sleep; the *things* having some relation or resemblance to the objects that have most impressed them before.

The celebrated academician, Nicolai of Berlin, has left a most interesting and instructive account of the hallucinations with which he was troubled for about two months. After some months of anxiety and indisposition consequent upon it, and immediately succeeding to a quarrel, he perceived about ten yards from him the figure of a corpse. This continued about eight minutes, and reappeared in the afternoon; about two hours after which he perceived several other figures which had no relation to the first. When the first emotion was passed (he states) he contemplated the phantoms, recognizing them for what they were in reality, examining them with great care, and attempting to trace by what association of ideas they had presented themselves to his imagination. He could not, however, find their connection with any of his thoughts or occupations. On the next day the figure of the corpse disappeared, but was replaced by a great number of other figures, representing sometimes friends, but generally strangers. His intimate associates but rarely appeared in the assembly, which was chiefly composed of persons living at a distance. “I tried (he continues) to reproduce at will the persons of my acquaintance by an intense objectivity of their image; but although I saw distinctly in my mind two or three of them, I could not succeed in causing the interior image to become exterior.” These visions appeared to be as clear and distinct in solitude as in company, by day as well as by night, at home and abroad. Sometimes when the eyes were shut they disappeared, but not always. In general the figures, which were of both sexes, seemed to pay very little attention to each other, but walked about with a busy air, as if in a market. The remainder of the history we give in his own form:

\* *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

"About four weeks afterward, the number of these apparitions increased; I began to hear them speak; sometimes they spoke to each other, generally to me. Their discourse was agreeable and short. Occasionally I took them for sensible and tender friends, who strove to soften my grief.

"Although my mind and body were, at this period, in a sound state, and the specters had become so familiar to me that they did not cause me the least annoyance, I sought by suitable means to rid myself of them. An application of leeches was made to my head one morning at eleven o'clock. The surgeon was alone with me; during the operation, the room was filled with human figures of every kind; this hallucination continued without interruption until half past four, when I perceived that the motion of the phantoms became slower. Soon afterward they began to grow pale, and at seven o'clock they had all a whitish appearance; their movements were slow, but their forms still distinct. By degrees they became vaporous, and appeared to mix with the air, although some of their parts remained very visible for some time. About eight o'clock they were all gone; since which time I have seen nothing of them, although I have thought more than once they were about to appear."\*

In Dr. Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*, he concludes that "apparitions are nothing more than morbid symptoms, which are indicative of intense excitement of the renovated feelings of the mind." Many of the instances quoted would appear to controvert this view, since the phantoms were by no means invariably *remembrances*; in fact, more frequently they were new and strange appearances. The celebrated physiologist, Bostock, also opposes this opinion from his own experience. After a feverish illness, he had certain figures before his eyes continually, "upon which, (he says,) as I was free from delirium, and as they were visible for about three days and nights with little intermission, I was able to make my observations. There were two circumstances which appeared to me very remarkable; first, that the spectral appearances always followed the motion of the eyes;†

\* *Memoir on the Appearance of Specters or Phantoms occasioned by Disease; with Physiological Remarks.* Read by Nicolai to the Royal Society of Berlin, on the twenty-eighth of February, 1799. Translated in *Nicholson's Journal*, vol. vi. p. 161.

† This is by no means always the case. The appearance is often seen only in one position in the room, or even in one particular apartment; and the turning away of the head, or leaving the room, is sufficient to cause its disappearance. It is certain that were the production of these spectral appearances well understood, their moving with the eye,

and, secondly, that the objects which were the best defined, and remained the longest visible, were such as I had no recollection of having previously seen. For about twenty-four hours I had constantly before me a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as those of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, I still retain the most lively impression; yet neither at the time nor since have I been able to discover any person whom I had previously seen that resembled it. . . . During one part of the disease, after the disappearance of this stationary phantom, I had a very singular and amusing imagery presented to me. It appeared as if a number of objects, principally human figures and faces, on a small scale, were placed before me, and gradually removed, like a succession of medallions. They were all of the same size, and appeared to be all situated at the same distance from the face. After one had been seen for a few minutes, it became fainter, and then another, which was more vivid, seemed to be laid upon it, or substituted in its place, which in its turn was superseded by a new appearance. During all this succession of scenery I do not recollect that in a single instance I saw any object with which I had been previously acquainted; nor, as far as I am aware, were the representations of any of those objects with which my mind was most occupied at other times presented to me; they appeared to be invariably new creations, or at least new combinations, of which I could not trace the original materials."\*

The preceding instances relate to cases in which the abnormal impression of the vision was rectified by the understanding, and the apparition recognized for what it really was, namely, a visual hallucination. In many instances, however, the impressions so produced are not thus rectified; and the subject of them rests in the belief that a true and supernatural apparition has been seen by him. This results from a variety of causes, such as a credulous or superstitious character, a strong predisposition to the marvelous, or a defect of

or otherwise, would be an important guide to the determination of the precise seat of the hallucination, that is, as to whether it was due to the organ of vision itself, or more deeply seated in the brain.

\* Bostock's *System of Physiology*. Appendix to Chap. xvi. on Ideas and Perceptions. Third edition, p. 761.

analytic power; or, on the other hand, from the coincidence in point of time, or other relations, between such apparition and certain events which it is supposed to have foreshadowed or indicated. Instances of this nature are commonly related of many illustrious and historical characters; amongst others, of Napoleon Bonaparte, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Castlereagh, Bernadotte, Malebranche, Descartes, Byron, Dr. Johnson, Benvenuto Cellini, Luther, Loyola, Pascal, and a crowd of others. From numbers of the ancients so visited we might perhaps select Brutus, Dion, Æneas, and, with some reservation, Socrates. We can only briefly notice a few of these.

General Rapp relates that one night, going unannounced into Napoleon's tent, he found him in so profound a reverie that his entrance was unnoticed. After some time, the Emperor turned round, and, without any preamble, seizing Rapp by the arm, he said, pointing up into the sky: "Do you see that?" The General answered nothing, but on the question being repeated, he said he saw nothing. "What! (replied the Emperor,) you can not see it? It is my star; it is shining there before you. It has never abandoned me; I see it on all great occasions; it orders me to go forward; it is a constant sign of good fortune." The genealogy of this anecdote is given by M. Boismont. He learnt it from Amédée Thierry, whose informant was M. Passy, to whom Rapp himself had told it—

*Valeat quantum.* Of Cromwell, Dendy relates that on one occasion he was laid on his bed, very much fatigued, when the curtains were drawn aside, and a woman of gigantic stature appeared to him, and prophesied of his future greatness.\* On what authority this anecdote rests we have no information; probably it is scarcely even as direct as the last.

About and before the time of the Reformation, the belief in diabolical agency, and the constant and often visible interference of evil spirits in human affairs, was universal. "The devil and his legions were every where and in every thing; diabolic agency was supposed to be unremitting and universal. . . . Satan's invisible world was displayed with a topographical minuteness of detail which could scarcely have proved agreeable to that great personage. The nature, history,

and rank of devils were curiously inquired into, and the points of precedence in the infernal hierarchy settled to a nicety; the various forms assumed by them in the course of their operations upon earth were fully described; the different tests by which their presence might be detected were given with something like scientific precision; and what is still more extraordinary, the number of these fallen spirits was determined to a fraction. . . . At this period, accordingly, the belief in apparitions was universal, and people would have sooner doubted their own existence or identity than ventured to call in question the most grotesque fooleries which the human fancy ever imagined."\* To these superstitions it would appear that the great reformer Luther was by no means superior. He often writes of verbal contests with the Evil One, in which he generally had the best of it; and on one occasion, "when the Tempter had intruded himself rather unseasonably, and had chosen to assume 'a glorious form of our Savior Christ,' the reformer, who at first expected a revelation, lost all temper as soon as he discovered the real character of his visitant, and exclaimed fiercely, 'Away, thou confounded devil; I know no other Christ than he that was crucified, and who, in his word, is pictured and preached unto me;' whereupon (he adds) the image vanished, which "was *the very devil himself*."† Some writers will have all these histories to be merely parables and myths; but there are some expressions in his writings which by no means admit of this interpretation. Amongst others, one passage in his treatise *De Missâ Privatâ* is very insignificant. "Now who will explain to me (he says) how it happens that certain men are found dead in their beds? It is Satan who strangles them. Emser, Æcolampadius, and others who resemble them, have thus perished under the talons of Satan."

An analytic examination of the hallucinations of Loyola and Pascal would be interesting as supplementary to those of Luther. We should find, did our limits permit us to enter fully into the investigation, that the one fundamental law at the root of all these phenomena is this—that *whilst it is the particular physiological or mental state of an individual that determines the occurrence of hallucinations, it*

\* Walter Cooper Dendy, on the *Philosophy of Mystery*, p. 41.

\* *Ency Britt.*, vol. iii. p. 312.

† *Ib.*, vol. iii. p. 312.?



is the predominant belief or superstition of the period at which they occur that determines their special character and type. On this point M. Boismont remarks :

"These hallucinations were, if one may so express it, in the body social, not in individuals. The character of *generality* that we observe in the aberrations of the middle ages, was due, doubtless, to the fact that *beliefs* had absorbed *the man*; whilst free will must necessarily cause individuality to predominate. Thus, in our own times, when personality has attained its highest development, epidemic aberrations have almost entirely disappeared, and have been replaced by others peculiar to each individual."\*

The other senses are also susceptible of hallucinations in the same manner as the visual. They are, however, of less *general* interest than those of the eye, chiefly for this reason, that they are most frequently associated, when at all well marked, with decided aberration of intellect. The insane murderer and suicide have often heard voices urging them to the deed. One of the most frequent sensory symptoms of insanity is the hearing of voices plotting mischief against the sufferer, using abusive or profane language, or threatening all manner of present and future evils. But as the great extent of our subject has compelled us to limit our consideration to only a small section, we have confined our attention chiefly to those hallucinations which appear to be compatible with a sound exercise of the intellect in all other particulars. Hallucinations of the ear frequently occur combined with those of the eye, as in the case of Nicolai, already quoted; but when pure, they are most frequently associated with some form of insanity. There is one instance, however, relating to one of the most celebrated persons of history, which may be briefly alluded to.

Socrates, in his many discourses, and also in his defense before his judges, was in the constant habit of making reference to some influence or impulse, which he styled "divine or spiritual," in such terms as would appear to imply, if adopted literally, that he was the subject of pure hallucinations of the ear. He often spoke of being under the influence of the god ο θεος, and of being under the direction of some sign or voice, which he indifferently styled το δαιμονιον, or το 'δαιμονιον

σημειον, or the φωνη—a voice which he said was in the habit of checking or restraining him when about to do any thing contrary to the will of *the god*, or his protecting spirit, but which never urged him to do, or suggested to him any thing. He *acted* under the impulse of the god; but he *refrained* from action when the voice was heard. Thus in his defense, being reproached with his peculiar manner of life, he replied that he had pursued the course of life which they reprobated, influenced by "the god," through the medium of dreams, oracles, etc.; and that he had *refrained* from preparing any defense, because the voice prevented him. This influence has been popularly known as the "DEMON OF SOCRATES." Many of the passages in which he makes allusion to it are very singular, and are either most highly figurative, or prove that he was subject to hallucinations such as have been mentioned. Many theories have been propounded for the interpretation of these passages. Some say that Socrates used these expressions figuratively for the motions of conscience; some, that they were merely intended to increase his influence over his followers—a dishonesty totally at variance with his entire pure and virtuous life. Others again thought that he was simply subject to hallucinations, although in the perfect possession of his reason. It remained for the nineteenth century, aided by the ingenuity of a French *savant*, M. Lelut, to discover that Socrates was a madman, because hallucinated.\* We give our readers the choice amongst these opinions, merely quoting a few of his last words, which may throw some light upon the whole. In his last conversation with Crito, trying to persuade him how much better it was that he should die then and thus, he rehearsed all his previous arguments, in such words as he supposes addressed to him by by a personified law; and then adds: "*These things, my dear friend Crito, be assured I hear, as the votaries of Cybele seem to hear the flutes. And the sound of these words booms in my ear, and makes me incapable of hearing any thing else.*"

Jerome Cardan firmly believed himself

\* We give M. Lelut's own words: "Reste une troisième et dernière opinion, . . . et cette opinion, qui consiste à dire que Socrate était un théosophe, un visionnaire, et pour dire le mot, Un Fou—cette opinion est la seule vraie."—*Le Démon de Socrate*. Par L. F. Lelut. Paris, 1856.

\* *Des Hallucinations*, etc., p. 500.

to be under the protection of a familiar spirit, under whose direction he did many important acts. He was subject to hallucinations of several of the senses; some of them voluntary, as on one occasion he writes: *Video quæ volo, oculis, non vi mentis*.\* Bodin gives an account of some hallucinations of the sense of touch, occurring in a person of his acquaintance, the general tenor of which bears a striking analogy to the supposed hallucinations of Socrates, inasmuch as the intimations appear to have been always warnings, and never incentives, to action. Although the principal part of the phenomena related to the sense of touch, yet sight and hearing were occasionally involved. In the beginning he heard rappings at his door; after which time, whenever he was about to do any thing dangerous or improper, he felt a touch on the right ear; and if what he was about was likely to tend to his advantage, the touch was on the left ear. The same intimations were given of the approach of any good or evil influence. On one occasion he saw on his bed the figure of a child of marvelous beauty, clothed in white and purple, soon after which he had a great deliverance from some imminent danger.† Guy Patin shrewdly suspects that all this is but a history of Bodin's own experiences.

Whilst alluding to hallucinations of the touch, we should not omit to notice an account which Berbiguière gives of his sufferings from the persecutions of the goblins, (*les farfadets*.) He details their torments in three volumes, so replete with wit, good sense in other respects, and

sound argument, that we should be tempted to believe the whole matter to be a solemn and elaborate joke, had it not been perfectly notorious that he did believe himself to be ever seeing and feeling the presence of pigmy persecutors. They were perpetually coming and going over his body, and leaning upon him, to fatigue him and cause him to sit down. This went on night and day, and their weight was such as almost to stifle him. He was in the habit of catching them, and fixing them with pins to the mattress, or putting them into bottles. He saw them doing every thing that was to be done, presiding over the organic processes of nature,\* ringing the bells, lighting the lamps; in short, nothing transpired without *les farfadets*. And yet, apart, from these delusions, Berbiguière was universally known as an amiable, intelligent, and judicious man.†

\* With regard to their occupations, he described them in a very prosaic parody on Pope's lines on the fairies:

"Some in the fields of purest ether play,  
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;  
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,  
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;  
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light,  
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain;  
Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide."  
*Rape of the Lock*, ch. i.

† *Les Farfadets, ou tous les Démones ne sont pas de l'autre monde*. Par Berbiguière de Terre-Neuve de Thym. Paris, 1821.

\* Cardan. *De Rerum Varietate*, tom. viii. p. 410.

† J. Bodin, *De la Démonomanie des Sorciers*, p. 11, et seq.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the Book of Days.

## R I C H A R D C Œ U R - D E - L I O N .

THE outlines of the history of Richard I. are tolerably well known to all readers. After a very turbulent youth during the reign of his father, Henry II., Richard succeeded to the throne of England on the sixth of July, 1189, though he was only crowned on Sunday, the third of September following, when his reign is considered as beginning. On the eleventh of December he started for the Holy Land, and spent nearly two years on the way, engaged in a variety of adventures in the Mediterranean. At length he joined the King of France in Syria, and they took the city of Acre on the twelfth of July, 1192; but the two kings soon quarreled, and Philip returned home, while Richard remained, performing marvelous exploits against the Saracens, until the latter end of September, when the King of England made a truce with Saladin, and embarked on his return to his own dominions. He was wrecked near Aquileia, and fell into the hands of his enemy, the Duke of Austria, who sent him prisoner to the Emperor; and the latter, as we all know, kept him in close confinement until the beginning of February, 1194, when Richard's subjects paid an immense ransom for his release. The remainder of his reign was occupied chiefly in profitless wars with France; and at last, on the sixth of April, 1199, this brilliant hero perished in a paltry squabble with a continental feudatory, who, having found a treasure in his own lands, refused to give more than half of it to his suzerain, who claimed the whole.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion had spent no more than a few months in his own kingdom, and he had never been anything but a burden to his subjects; yet, for some cause or other, perhaps partly from comparison with his still more worthless brother John, the strange brilliance of his exploits, and particularly his efforts to wrest the Holy Land from the infidels, his tyranny and vices have been thrown into oblivion, and he takes the place of an im-

aginary hero rather than of an ordinary king. He furnishes us with the example of a king whose whole history actually became a romance within half a century after his death. The romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion is supposed to have been composed in French, or Anglo-Norman, toward the middle of the thirteenth century, and a version of it in English verse was composed about the end of the same century, or at the beginning of the fourteenth. From this time we frequently find, even in the sober chroniclers, the incidents of the romance confounded with those of history.

This romance furnishes us with a curious instance of the ease with which history becomes perverted in popular tradition. Richard is here a mythic personage, even supernatural by his mother's side; for his father, King Henry, is represented as marrying a sort of elf-woman, daughter of the King of Antioch, (of course an infidel prince,) by whom he has three children, named Richard, John, and Topias, the latter a daughter. As was usual with such beings, the lady was unable to remain at the performance of Christian worship; and one day, when she was obliged to be present at the sacrament, she fled away through the roof of the church, taking with her her youngest son and her daughter, but John was dropped, and broke his thigh by the fall. Richard, the eldest son, was no sooner crowned, than he proclaimed a tournament, where he jousting with his knights in three disguises, in order to discover who was the most worthy, and he selected two, named Sir Thomas Multon and Sir Fulk Doyly, as his companions, and engaged them to go with him in the guise of palmers to see the Holy Land, preparatory to his intended crusade. After wandering through the principal countries of the East, they returned overland, still in their disguise, and one day, on their way, they put up at a tavern, and cooked themselves a goose for their dinner. When they had dined, and "had well

drunken," which appears to have been their habit, a minstrel presented himself, and offered them minstrelsy. Richard, as we know, was himself a poet and loved minstrelsy; but on this occasion, perhaps through the effect of the drinking, the King treated the minstrel with rudeness, and turned him away. The latter was an Englishman, and knew King Richard and his two knights, and, in revenge, he went to the King of Almayn, (Germany,) who is here named Modard, and informed him who the three strangers were. Modard immediately seized them and threw them into a loathsome prison. The son of the King of Almayn, who was an insolent fellow, and thought himself the strongest man in the world, insulted the King of England, and challenged him to fight with fists, and Richard struck him down dead with the first blow. The King, enraged at the loss of his son and the heir to his kingdom, condemned his prisoner to be put to death, but Richard was saved by the King's daughter, the Princess Margery, with whom he formed an illicit intercourse. King Modard discovered by accident the disgrace done to him in the person of his daughter, and was more firm than ever in his resolution to put the King of England to death; and a powerful and ferocious lion which the King possessed was chosen as the executioner, was kept three days and nights without food to render him more savage, and was then turned into the chamber where Richard was confined. Richard fearlessly encountered the lion, thrust his arm down his throat, tore out his heart, and killed him on the spot. Not content with this exploit, he took the lion's heart into the hall where King Modard and his courtiers were seated at table, and dipping it in the salt, ate it raw, "without bread!" Modard, in astonishment, gave him the nickname of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, or Richard Lion's-heart:

"I wis, as I undyrstande can,  
This is a devyl, and no man,  
That has my stronge lyoun slawe,  
The harte out of hys body drawe,  
And has it eeten with good wylle!  
He may be callyd, be ryght skylle,  
King icrystenyd off most renoun,  
Stronge Rycharde Coer-de-Lyoun."

Modard now voluntarily allows Richard to be ransomed, and the latter returns to England, where he immediately prepares for the crusade, which occupies the greater

part of the romance, in the course of which Richard not only kills innumerable Saracens with his own hand, but he cooks, eats, and relishes them.

Such is a very brief outline of the earlier part of the romantic history of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which was extremely popular through the middle ages of England, and exercised a wide influence on the popular notions of history. We know well that Richard's nickname, if we may so call it, of Cœur-de-Lion, was intended merely to express his characteristic bravery, and that it meant simply the Lion-hearted; but the old legendary explanation continued to be received even as late as the time of Shakspeare, and still more recently. In the second act of *King John*, the Dauphin Louis speaks of

"Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart;"

and the bastard Faulconbridge describes King Richard as one

"Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's."  
*King John*, Act i. Sc. 1.

But perhaps of all the romantic incidents of Richard's life, the one which has remained most strongly impressed upon people's mind, is that of the discovery of his place of confinement by his favorite minstrel Blondel. The story has been very differently told, and has been altogether discredited by some, while other historians have looked upon it as authentic. We are enabled to give, from a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the British Museum, (mss. Addit. No. 7103,) the earliest version of this story which has yet been published. We translate from the old French:

"We will now," this narrative proceeds, "go on to tell you more of King Richard, whom the Duke of Austria held in his prison; and nobody knew what had become of him, except the Duke and his counselors. Now it happened that the King had bred up from his childhood a minstrel, who was named Blondel; and it came into his mind that he would seek his lord through all lands until he obtained intelligence of him. Accordingly, he went on his way, and wandered so long



through strange countries that he had employed full a year and a half, and still could obtain no satisfactory news of the King. And he continued his search so long, that as chance would have it, he entered Austria, and went straight to the castle where the King was in prison, and he took his lodgings at the house of a widow woman. And he asked her whose castle that was, which was so strong and fair, and well placed.\* His hostess replied that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. 'Ah! fair hostess,' said Blondel, 'tell me now, for love, is there no prisoner within this castle?' 'Truly,' said the good dame, 'yes, there has been one this four years, but we can not by any means know who he is. And I can tell you for truth that they keep him close and watchfully; and we firmly believe that he is of gentle blood and a great lord.' And when the good Blondel heard these words he was marvelously glad; and it seemed to him in his heart that he had found what he sought; but he was careful not to let his hostess perceive his joy. That night he was much at his ease, and slept till day; and when he heard the watch proclaim the day with his horn, he rose and went straight to the church to pray God to help him. And then he returned to the castle, and addressed himself to the castellan within, and told him that he was a minstrel, and would very gladly stay with him if he would. The castellan was a young and joyous knight, and said that he would retain him willingly. Then was Blondel very joyful, and went and fetched his viol and his instruments, and served the castellan so long that he was a great favorite with him, and was much in favor in the castle and household. Thus he remained at the castle all the winter, but without getting to know who the prisoner was. And it happened that he went one day at Easter all alone in the garden which was near the tower, and looked about, and thought if by any accident he might see the prison. And while he was in this thought, the King looked through a loophole, and saw Blondel, who had been his minstrel, and considered how he should make himself known to him. And he be-  
thought himself of a song which they had

made between them two, and which nobody in that country knew except them, and he began to sing the first verse loud and clear, for he sang right well. And when Blondel heard it, he then knew for certain that it was his lord; and he had in his heart the greatest joy that ever he had in his life. And immediately he left the garden, and went to his chamber where he lay, and took his viol and began to play a note; and in playing he rejoiced for his lord whom he had found. Thus Blondel remained from that time till Pentecost, and kept his secret so well that nobody suspected him. And then came Blondel to the castellan and said to him: 'For God's sake! dear sir, if it pleased you, I would willingly return to my country, for it is a long time since I have had any intelligence thence.' 'Blondel, dear brother, that you will not do, if you will believe me; but continue to dwell here, and I will do you much good.' 'In faith,' said Blondel, 'I will remain on no terms.' When the castellan saw that he could not retain him, he gave him leave with great reluctance. So Blondel went his way, and journeyed till he came to England, and told King Richard's friends and barons that he had found his lord the King, and told them where he was."

Richard was slain by a *quarrel* from a crossbow, shot by Bertram de Gordon from the castle of Chalun, in Aquitaine, which the King was besieging in order to put down a rebellion. He "was buried at Fontevrault, at his father's feet, whom he confessed he had betrayed. His heart was buried in Rouen, in testimony of the love he had ever borne unto that city, for the steadfast love he always found in the citizens thereof, and his bowels at the aforesaid Chalun."—*Stow*.

The visitor of the cathedral of Rouen sees a recumbent full-length statue of the lion-hearted King. An English gentleman informs us, in the work quoted below, that, on his visiting the Museum of Antiquities at Rouen, in 1857, he "observed a small portion of dust, having a label attached, marking it to be the dust of the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion from the cathedral."\*

That lion-heart now transformed into "a little dust," exposed in a paper with a label, in a Museum, for the gratification of the curious!

\* This is the old castle of Durnstein, on the north bank of the Danube, a few miles above Vienna. It is now in ruins, on which we gazed with intense interest in passing down the Danube a few summers ago.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

\* *Notes and Queries*, March 30th, 1861.

The case, however, is not unexampled. In the last century, a stone coffin was dug up in front of the mansion-house of Eccles, in Berwickshire. "As it had been buried above two hundred years, every part of the body was reduced to ashes. As the inside of the stone was pretty smooth, and the whole portrait of the person visible, (though in ashes,) Sir John Paterson

had the curiosity to collect the whole, and (wonderful to tell!) it did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half."\*

NOTE.—Washington Irving says of this old castle of Durnstein: "We passed some time exploring the ruins. The castle stands upon the summit of a rocky hight among stern mountains. The Danube winds below it. The scenery is grand and melancholy, and the story of the Lion-hearted Richard has given a peculiarly romantic interest to the place."

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

[THE Editor of the *University Magazine* submits the following very remarkable statement, with every detail of which he has been for some years acquainted, upon the ground that it affords the most authentic and ample relation of a series of marvelous phenomena, in no wise connected with what is technically termed "spiritualism," which he has any where met with. All the persons—and there are many of them living—upon whose separate evidence some parts, and upon whose united testimony others, of this most singular recital depend, are, in their several walks of life, respectable, and such as would in any matter of judicial investigation be deemed wholly unexceptionable witnesses. There is not an incident here recorded which would not have been distinctly deposed to on oath had any necessity existed, by the persons who severally, and some of them in great fear, related their own distinct experiences. The Editor begs most pointedly to meet *in limine* the suspicion, that he is elaborating a trick, or vouching for another ghost of Mrs. Veal. As a mere story the narrative is valueless: its sole claim to attention is its absolute truth. For the good faith of its relator he pledges his own and the character of this Magazine. With the Editor's concurrence, the name of the watering-place, and some special circumstances in no essential way bearing upon the peculiar character of the story, but which might have indicated the locality, and possibly annoyed persons in-

terested in house property there, have been suppressed by the narrator. Not the slightest liberty has been taken with the narrative, which is presented precisely in the terms in which the writer of it, who employs throughout the first person, would, if need were, fix it in the form of an affidavit.]

WITHIN the last eight years—the precise date I purposely omit—I was ordered by my physician, my health being in an unsatisfactory state, to change my residence to one upon the sea-coast; and, accordingly, I took a house for a year in a fashionable watering-place, at a moderate distance from the city in which I had previously resided, and connected with it by a railway.

Winter was setting in when my removal thither was decided upon; but there was nothing whatever dismal or depressing in the change. The house I had taken was to all appearance, and in point of convenience, too, quite a modern one. It formed one in a cheerful row, with small gardens in front, facing the sea, and commanding sea air and sea views in perfection. In the rear it had coach-house and stable, and between them and the house a considerable grass-plot, with some flower-beds, interposed.

Our family consisted of my wife and myself, with three children, the eldest

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\* *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1794, vol. xi p. 239.

about nine years old, she and the next in age being girls ; and the youngest, between six and seven, a boy. To these were added six servants, whom, although for certain reasons I decline giving their real names, I shall indicate, for the sake of clearness, by arbitrary ones. There was a nurse, Mrs. Southerland ; a nursery-maid, Ellen Page ; the cook, Mrs. Greenwood ; and the housemaid, Ellen Faith ; a butler, whom I shall call Smith, and his son, James, about two-and-twenty.

We came out to take possession at about seven o'clock in the evening ; every thing was comfortable and cheery ; good fires lighted, the rooms neat and airy, and a general air of preparation and comfort, highly conducive to good spirits and pleasant anticipations.

The sitting-rooms were large and cheerful, and they and the bed-rooms more than ordinarily lofty, the kitchen and servants' rooms, on the same level, were well and comfortably furnished, and had, like the rest of the house, an air of recent painting and fitting up, and a completely modern character, which imparted a very cheerful air of cleanliness and convenience.

There had been just enough of the fuss of settling agreeably to occupy us, and to give a pleasant turn to our thoughts after we had retired to our rooms. Being an invalid, I had a small bed to myself—resigning the four-poster to my wife. The candle was extinguished, but a night-light was burning. I was coming up stairs, and she, already in bed, had just dismissed her maid, when we were both startled by a wild scream from her room ; I found her in a state of the extremest agitation and terror. She insisted that she had seen an unnaturally tall figure come beside her bed and stand there. The light was too faint to enable her to define any thing respecting this apparition, beyond the fact of her having most distinctly seen such a shape, colorless from the insufficiency of the light to disclose more than its dark outline.

We both endeavored to reassure her. The room once more looked so cheerful in the candle-light, that we were quite uninfluenced by the contagion of her terrors. The movements and voices of the servants down-stairs still getting things into their places and completing our comfortable arrangements, had also their effect in steeling us against any such influence, and we set the whole thing down as a dream, or an imperfectly-seen outline of the bed-cur-

tains. When, however, we were alone, my wife reiterated, still in great agitation, her clear assertion that she had most positively seen, being at the time as completely awake as ever she was, precisely what she had described to us. And in this conviction she continued perfectly firm.

A day or two after this, it came out that our servants were under an apprehension that, somehow or other, thieves had established a secret mode of access to the lower part of the house. The butler, Smith, had seen an ill-looking woman in his room on the first night of our arrival ; and he and other servants constantly saw, for many days subsequently, glimpses of a retreating figure, which corresponded with that so seen by him, passing through a passage which led to a back-area in which were some coal-vaults.

This figure was seen always in the act of retreating, its back turned, generally getting round the corner of the passage into the area, in a stealthy and hurried way, and, when closely followed, imperfectly seen again entering one of the coal-vaults, and when pursued into it, no where to be found.

The idea of any thing supernatural in the matter had, strange to say, not yet entered the mind of any one of the servants. They had heard some stories of smugglers having secret passages into houses, and using their means of access for purposes of pillage, or with a view to frighten superstitious people out of houses which they needed for their own objects, and a suspicion of similar practices here, caused them extreme uneasiness. The apparent anxiety also manifested by this retreating figure to escape observation, and her always appearing to make her egress at the same point, favored this romantic hypothesis. The men, however, made a most careful examination of the back-area, and of the coal-vaults, with a view to discover some mode of egress, but entirely without success. On the contrary, the result was, so far as it went, subversive of the theory ; solid masonry met them on every hand.

I called the man, Smith, up, to hear from his own lips the particulars of what he had seen ; and certainly his report was very curious. I give it as literally as my memory enables me :

His son slept in the same room, and was sound asleep ; but he lay awake, as men sometimes will on a change of bed, and

having many things on his mind. He was lying with his face toward the wall, but observing a light and some little stir in the room, he turned round in his bed, and saw the figure of a woman, squalid, and ragged in dress; her figure rather low and broad; as well as I recollect, she had something—either a cloak or shawl—on, and wore a bonnet. Her back was turned, and she appeared to be searching or rummaging for something on the floor, and without appearing to observe him, she turned in doing so toward him. The light, which was more like the intense glow of a coal, as he described it, being of a deep red color, proceeded from the hollow of her hand, which she held beside her head, and he saw her perfectly distinctly. She appeared middle-aged, was deeply pitted with the small-pox, and blind of one eye. His phrase in describing her general appearance was, that she was “a miserable, poor-looking creature.”

He was under the impression that she must be the woman who had been left by the proprietor in charge of the house, and who had that evening, after having given up the keys, remained for some little time with the female servants. He coughed, therefore, to apprise her of his presence, and turned again toward the wall. When he again looked round she and the light were gone; and odd as was her method of lighting herself in her search, the circumstances excited neither uneasiness nor curiosity in his mind, until he discovered next morning that the woman in question had left the house long before he had gone to his bed.

I examined the man very closely as to the appearance of the person who had visited him, and the result was what I have described. It struck me as an odd thing, that even then, considering how prone to superstition persons in his rank of life usually are, he did not seem to suspect any thing supernatural in the occurrence; and, on the contrary, was thoroughly persuaded that his visitant was a living person, who had got into the house by some hidden entrance.

On Sunday, on his return from his place of worship, he told me that, when the service was ended, and the congregation making their way slowly out, he saw the very woman in the crowd, and kept his eye upon her for several minutes, but such was the crush, that all his efforts to reach her were unavailing, and when he got into the open street she was gone. He was

quite positive as to his having distinctly seen her, however, for several minutes, and scouted the possibility of any mistake as to identity; and fully impressed with the substantial and living reality of his visitant, he was very much provoked at her having escaped him. He made inquiries also in the neighborhood, but could procure no information, nor hear of any other persons having seen any woman corresponding with his description.

The cook and housemaid occupied a bed-room on the kitchen-floor. It had whitewashed walls, and they were actually terrified by the appearance of a shadow of a woman passing and repassing across the side-wall opposite to their beds. They suspected that this had been going on much longer than they were aware, for its presence was discovered by a sort of accident, its movements happening to take a direction in distinct contrariety to theirs.

This shadow always moved upon one particular wall, returning after short intervals, and causing them extreme terror. They placed the candle, as the most obvious specific, so close to the infested wall, that the flame all but touched it; and believed for some time that they had effectually got rid of this annoyance; but one night, notwithstanding this arrangement of the light, the shadow returned, passing and repassing, as heretofore, upon the same wall, although their only candle was burning within an inch of it, and it was obvious that no substance capable of casting such a shadow could have interposed; and, indeed, as they described it, the shadow seemed to have no sort of relation to the position of the light, and appeared, as I have said, in manifest defiance of the laws of optics.

I ought to mention that the housemaid was a particularly fearless sort of person, as well as a very honest one; and her companion, the cook, a scrupulously religious woman, and both agreed in every particular in their relation of what occurred.

Meanwhile, the nursery was not without its annoyances, though as yet of a comparatively trivial kind. Sometimes, at night, the handle of the door was turned hurriedly as if by a person trying to come in, and at others a knocking was made at it. These sounds occurred after the children had settled to sleep, and while the nurse still remained awake. Whenever she called to know “who is there,” the sounds ceased; but several times, and particularly



at first, she was under the impression that they were caused by her mistress, who had come to see the children, and thus impressed she had got up and opened the door, expecting to see her, but discovering only darkness, and receiving no answer to her inquiries.

With respect to this nurse, I must mention that I believe no more perfectly trustworthy servant was ever employed in her capacity; and, in addition to her integrity, she was remarkably gifted with sound common-sense.

One morning, I think about three or four weeks after our arrival, I was sitting at the parlor-window which looked to the front, when I saw the little iron door which admitted into the small garden that lay between the window where I was sitting and the public road, pushed open by a woman who so exactly answered the description given by Smith of the woman who had visited his room on the night of his arrival as instantaneously to impress me with the conviction that she must be the identical person. She was a square, short woman, dressed in soiled and tattered clothes, scarred and pitted with small-pox, and blind of an eye. She stepped hurriedly into the little inclosure, and peered from a distance of a few yards into the room where I was sitting. I felt that now was the moment to clear the matter up; but there was something stealthy in the manner and look of the woman which convinced me that I must not appear to notice her until her retreat was fairly cut off. Unfortunately, I was suffering from a lame foot, and could not reach the bell as quickly as I wished. I made all the haste I could, and rang violently to bring up the servant Smith. In the short interval that intervened, I observed the woman from the window, who having in a leisurely way, and with a kind of scrutiny, looked along the front windows of the house, passed quickly out again, closing the gate after her, and followed a lady who was walking along the footpath at a quick pace, as if with the intention of begging from her. The moment the man entered I told him: "The blind woman you described to me has this instant followed a lady in that direction, try to overtake her." He was, if possible, more eager than I in the chase, but returned in a short time after a vain pursuit, very hot, and utterly disappointed.

And, thereafter, we saw her face no more.

All this time, and up to the period of our leaving the house, which was not for two or three months later, there occurred at intervals the only phenomenon in the entire series having any resemblance to what we hear described of "Spiritualism." This was a knocking, like a soft hammering with a wooden mallet, as it seemed in the timbers between the bed-room ceilings and the roof. It had this special peculiarity, that it was always rhythmical, and I think, invariably, the emphasis upon the last stroke. It would sound rapidly "one, two, three, *four*—one, two, three, *four*," or "one, two, *three*—one, two, *three*," and sometimes "one, *two*—one, *two*," etc., and this, with intervals and resumptions, monotonously for hours at a time.

At first this caused my wife, who was a good deal confined to her bed, much annoyance; and we sent to our neighbors to inquire if any hammering or carpentering was going on in their houses, but were informed that nothing of the sort was taking place. I have myself heard it frequently, always in the same inaccessible part of the house, and with the same monotonous emphasis. One odd thing about it was, that on my wife's calling out, as she used to do when it became more than usually troublesome, "Stop that noise," it was invariably arrested for a longer or shorter time.

Of course none of these occurrences were ever mentioned in hearing of the children. They would have been, no doubt, like most children, greatly terrified had they heard any thing of the matter, and known that their elders were unable to account for what was passing; and their fears would have made them wretched and troublesome.

They used to play for some hours every day in the back-garden—the house forming one end of this oblong inclosure, the stable and coach-house the other, and two parallel walls of considerable height the sides. Here, as it afforded a perfectly safe play-ground, they were frequently left quite to themselves; and in talking over their days' adventures, as children will, they happened to mention a woman, or rather the woman, for they had long grown familiar with her appearance, whom they used to see in the garden while they were at play. They assumed

that she came in and went out at the stable-door, but they never actually saw her enter or depart. They merely saw a figure—that of a very poor woman, soiled and ragged—near the stable-wall, stooping over the ground, and apparently grubbing in the loose clay in search of something. She did not disturb, or appear to observe them; and they left her in undisturbed possession of her nook of ground. When seen it was always in the same spot, and similarly occupied; and the description they gave of her general appearance—for they never saw her face—corresponded with that of the one-eyed woman whom Smith, and subsequently, as it seemed, I had seen.

The other man, James, who looked after a mare which I had purchased for the purpose of riding exercise, had, like every one else in the house, his little trouble to report, though it was not much. The stall in which, as the most comfortable, it was decided to place her, she peremptorily declined to enter. Though a very docile and gentle little animal, there was no getting her into it. She would snort and rear, and, in fact, do or suffer any thing rather than set her hoof in it. He was fain, therefore, to place her in another. And on several occasions he found her there, exhibiting all the equine symptoms of extreme fear. Like the rest of us, however, this man was not troubled in the particular case with any superstitious qualms. The mare had evidently been frightened; and he was puzzled to find out how, or by whom, for the stable was well-secured, and had, I am nearly certain, a lock-up yard outside.

One morning I was greeted with the intelligence that robbers had certainly got into the house in the night; and that one of them had actually been seen in the nursery. The witness, I found, was my eldest child, then, as I have said, about nine years of age. Having awoke in the night, and lain awake for some time in her bed, she heard the handle of the door turn, and a person whom she distinctly saw—for it was a light night, and the window-shutters unclosed—but whom she had never seen before, stepped in on tiptoe, and with an appearance of great caution. He was a rather small man, with a very red face; he wore an oddly-cut frock-coat, the collar of which stood up, and trowsers, rough and wide, like those of a sailor, turned up at the ankles, and either short

boots or clumsy shoes, covered with mud. This man listened beside the nurse's bed, which stood next the door, as if to satisfy himself that she was sleeping soundly; and having done so for some seconds, he began to move cautiously in a diagonal line, across the room to the chimney-piece, where he stood for a while, and so resumed his tiptoe walk, skirting the wall, until he reached a chest of drawers, some of which were open, and into which he looked, and began to rummage in a hurried way, as the child supposed, making search for something worth taking away. He then passed on to the window, where was a dressing-table, at which he also stopped, turning over the things upon it, and standing for some time at the window as if looking out, and then resuming his walk by the side-wall opposite to that by which he had moved up to the window, he returned in the same way toward the nurse's bed, so as to reach it at the foot. With its side to the end-wall, in which was the door, was placed the little bed in which lay my eldest child, who watched his proceedings with the extremest terror. As he drew near she instinctively moved herself in the bed, with her head and shoulders to the wall, drawing up her feet; but he passed by without appearing to observe, or, at least, to care for her presence. Immediately after the nurse turned in her bed as if about to waken; and when the child, who had drawn the clothes about her head, again ventured to peep out, the man was gone.

The child had no idea of her having seen any thing more formidable than a thief. With the prowling, cautious, and noiseless manner of proceeding common to such marauders, the air and movements of the man whom she had seen entirely corresponded. And on hearing her perfectly distinct and consistent account, I could myself arrive at no other conclusion than that a stranger had actually got into the house. I had, therefore, in the first instance, a most careful examination made to discover any traces of an entrance having been made by any window into the house. The doors had been found barred and locked as usual; but no sign of any thing of the sort was discernible. I then had the various articles—plate, wearing apparel, books, etc., counted; and after having conned over and reckoned up every thing, it became

quite clear that nothing whatever had been removed from the house, nor was there the slightest indication of any thing having been so much as disturbed there. I must here state that this child was remarkably clear, intelligent, and observant; and that her description of the man, and of all that had occurred, was most exact, and as detailed as the want of perfect light rendered possible.

I felt assured that an entrance had actually been effected into the house, though for what purpose was not easily to be conjectured. The man, Smith, was equally confident upon this point; and his theory was that the object was simply to frighten us out of the house by making us believe it haunted; and he was more than ever anxious and on the alert to discover the conspirators. It often since appeared to me odd—every year, indeed, more odd, as this cumulative case of the marvelous becomes to my mind more and more inexplicable—that underlying my sense of mystery and puzzle, was all along the quiet assumption that all these occurrences were one way or another referable to natural causes. I could not account for them, indeed, myself; but during the whole period I inhabited that house, I never once felt, though much alone, and often up very late at night, any of those tremors and thrills which every one has at times experienced when situation and the hour are favorable. Except the cook and housemaid, who were plagued with the shadow I mentioned crossing and re-crossing upon the bedroom-wall, we all, without exception, experienced the same strange sense of security, and regarded these phenomena rather with a perplexed sort of interest and curiosity, than with any more unpleasant sensations.

The knockings which I have mentioned at the nursery-door, preceded generally by the sound of a step on the lobby, meanwhile continued. At that time (for my wife, like myself, was an invalid) two eminent physicians, who came out occasionally by rail, were attending us. These gentlemen were at first only amused, but ultimately interested, and very much puzzled by the occurrences which we described. One of them, at last, recommended that a candle should be kept burning upon the lobby. It was in fact a recurrence to an old woman's recipe against ghosts—of course it might be serviceable, too, against impostors; at all events, seeming, as I have

said, very much interested and puzzled, he advised it, and it was tried. We fancied that it was successful; for there was an interval of quiet for, I think, three or four nights. But after that, the noises—the footsteps on the lobby—the knocking at the door, and the turning of the handle recommenced in full force, notwithstanding the light upon the table outside; and these particular phenomena became only more perplexing than ever.

The alarm of robbers and smugglers gradually subsided after a week or two; but we were again to hear news from the nursery. Our second little girl, then between seven and eight years of age, saw in the night-time—she alone being awake—a young woman, with black, or very dark hair, which hung loose, and with a black cloak on, standing near the middle of the floor, opposite the hearth-stone, and fronting the foot of her bed. She appeared quite unobservant of the children and nurse sleeping in the room. She was very pale, and looked, the child said, both "sorry and frightened," and with something very peculiar and terrible about her eyes, which made the child conclude that she was dead. She was looking, not at, but in the direction of the child's bed, and there was a dark streak across her throat, like a scar with blood upon it. This figure was not motionless; but once or twice turned slowly, and without appearing to be conscious of the presence of the child, or the other occupants of the room, like a person in vacancy or abstraction. There was on this occasion a night-light burning in the chamber; and the child saw, or thought she saw, all these particulars with the most perfect distinctness. She got her head under the bed-clothes; and although a good many years have passed since then, she cannot recall the spectacle without feelings of peculiar horror.

One day, when the children were playing in the back garden, I asked them to point out to me the spot where they were accustomed to see the woman who occasionally showed herself as I have described, near the stable-wall. There was no division of opinion as to this precise point, which they indicated in the most distinct and confident way. I suggested that, perhaps, some thing might be hidden there in the ground; and advised them digging a hole there with their little spades, to try for it. Accordingly, to work they went, and by my return in the

evening they had grubbed up a piece of a jaw-bone, with several teeth in it. The bone was very much decayed, and ready to crumble to pieces, but the teeth were quite sound. I could not tell whether they were human grinders; but I showed the fossil to one of the physicians I have mentioned, who came out the next evening, and he pronounced them human teeth. The same conclusion was come to a day or two later by the other medical man. It appears to me now, on reviewing the whole matter, almost unaccountable that with such evidence before me, I should not have got in a laborer, and had the spot effectually dug and searched. I can only say, that so it was. I was quite satisfied of the moral truth of every word that had been related to me, and which I have here set down with scrupulous accuracy. But I experienced an apathy, for which neither then nor afterwards did I quite know how to account. I had a vague, but immovable impression that the whole affair was referable to natural agencies. It was not until some time after we had left the house, which, by the by, we afterward found had had the reputation of being haunted before we had come to live in it, that on reconsideration I discovered the serious difficulty of accounting satisfactorily for all that had occurred upon ordinary principles. A great deal we might arbitrarily set down to imagination. But even in so doing there was, *in limine*, the oddity, not to say improbability, of so many different persons having nearly simultaneously suffered from different spectral and other illusions during the short period for which we had occupied that house, who never before, nor, so far as we learned, afterward were troubled by any fears or fancies of the sort. There were other things, too, not to be so accounted for. The odd knockings in the roof I frequently heard myself.

There were also, which I before forgot to mention, in the daytime, rappings at the doors of the sitting-rooms, which constantly deceived us; and it was not till our "come in" was unanswered, and the hall or passage outside the door was discovered to be empty, that we learned that whatever else caused them, human hands did not. All the persons who reported having seen the different persons or appearances here described by me, were just as confident of having literally and distinctly seen them, as I was of having seen

the hard-featured woman with the blind eye, so remarkably corresponding with Smith's description.

About a week after the discovery of the teeth, which were found, I think, about two feet under the ground, a friend, much advanced in years, and who remembered the town in which we had now taken up our abode, for a very long time, happened to pay us a visit. He good-humoredly pooh-poohed the whole thing; but at the same time was evidently curious about it. "We might construct a sort of story," said I, (I am giving, of course, the substance and purport, not the exact words, of our dialogue,) "and assign to each of the three figures who appeared their respective parts in some dreadful tragedy enacted in this house. The male figure represents the murderer; the ill-looking, one-eyed woman his accomplice, who, we will suppose, buried the body where she is now so often seen grubbing in the earth, and where the human teeth and jaw-bone have so lately been disinterred; and the young woman with disheveled tresses, and black cloak, and the bloody scar across her throat, their victim. A difficulty, however, which I cannot get over, exists in the cheerfulness, the great publicity, and the evident very recent date of the house." "Why, as to that," said he, "the house is *not* modern; it and those beside it formed an old government store, altered and fitted up recently as you see. I remember it well in my young days, fifty years ago, before the town had grown out in this direction, and a more entirely lonely spot, or one more fitted for the commission of a secret crime, could not have been imagined."

I have nothing to add, for very soon after this my physician pronounced a longer stay unnecessary for my health, and we took our departure for another place of abode. I may add, that although I have resided for considerable periods in many other houses, I never experienced any annoyances of a similar kind elsewhere; neither have I made (stupid dog! you will say) any inquiries respecting either the antecedents or subsequent history of the house in which we made so disturbed a sojourn. I was content with what I knew, and have here related as clearly as I could, and I think it a very pretty puzzle as it stands.

[Thus ends the statement, which we



abandon to the ingenuity of our readers, having ourselves no satisfactory explanation to suggest; and simply repeating the assurance with which we prefaced it,

namely, that we can vouch for the perfect good faith and the accuracy of the narrator.—E. D. U. M.]

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From the St. James's Magazine.

## L A D Y     D I P L O M A T I S T S .

CARDINAL MAZARIN, who, as every body knows, frequently employed women to carry out his political plans, once made the remark, "*Les femmes sont dignes de regir un royaume*;" and, in truth, women have at times ruled like men, holding the reins of government with a safe, firm hand; and just history will not deny them great thoughts or great deeds. The reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Maria Theresa, and Catharine II., are among the most brilliant in the history of their countries; but they are exceptions to the rule. Woman is not made to govern—she is incompetent to carry out strict justice; and the reigns of women are generally marked by precipitation, a tendency for arbitrary undertakings, and more especially a martial spirit. The heart is woven up in politics, with all its impulses and susceptibilities, which calculate less than they crave; and hence originates the rule of favorites, who are summoned to their influential posts by a woman's feeble heart, rather than their own talents and merits. On one of these reefs the reigns of nearly all women—the most eminent not excepted—have been stranded; and however brilliant they have been for the moment, the after-pangs have soon been felt. Such were the reigns of the Spanish Isabella, Margaret of Denmark, Queens Elizabeth and Anne, the Empress Maria Theresa, and the Russian empresses; and however fine their reigns may have been for a season, we seek in vain among the majority of them for deeds and institutions which the verdict of later history has declared to be valuable. In an aristocratic republic—as England of to-day has been not unfairly called—the crown can be placed without

hesitation on a woman's head, because among us the Sovereign can not personally interfere in the government; and the reign of Queen Victoria furnishes a proof that a woman is more easily enabled to recognize the fulfillment of her regent duties in the fulfillment of her family duties, than is a man, whose desire it always is to prove his personal influence in public affairs, to a greater or less extent. The reign of our Queen, therefore, though so justly applauded, must not at all be cited as a proof that women are competent to govern, because the sole task of an English sovereign, in the present development of political relations, is to abstain from governing.

We have no intention, in these remarks, to offend the fairer sex; and we wish them, as compensation for their inability to govern, all the greater influence in their family over their husband, so soon as the latter has put on his dressing-gown. They will still be able to prove to the stronger sex, who are called upon to govern, that they are subject to their beauteous eyes, and frequently compelled to carry out their wishes, even beyond the family circle. If women were granted a place in the political affairs of the State by the side of their husbands, or if too great scope were allowed even to their radiant influence, they would only become estranged from their family, and thus an incurable wound would be dealt to the social, as well as the political order of things. This lesson history has often taught us with her warning voice. We can not have a more striking proof of our assertion than the case of France. In that country, women have always sought to

exert an influence beyond the family circle; and a still current proverb says, that in France they are the real men. In what other European country, however, has the social basis of political and social order been so shaken as in France? And hence pious and sensible women have ever recognized that it is not their business to be active in politics. A striking instance of this will be found in Macaulay's *History* when he describes Princess Mary's behavior, on being informed that she was heiress to the British crown. By her directions the Prince of Orange was appointed co-regent, and she always kept her promise, that he should be the actual monarch.

The case is different, however, when we turn to another official character, which women, according to the almost universal opinion of authorities on the law of nations, are allowed to assume—namely, the ambassadorial. Up to a short time ago, it was an undeniable principle that the appointment of an envoy was entirely independent of sex. Moser, in his work *L'Ambassadrice et ses Droits*, declared that it was an exploded idea that only men were suited for diplomatic missions; and, on the contrary, history teaches that those political affairs in which women played a part, were most cleverly arranged; and hence this writer stepped forward as champion for woman's rights in this respect. Many other writers have advocated the same claim; and the legal ground upon which they base it is practice. It has been from the earliest times the custom among European sovereigns to employ women on diplomatic missions, so that in this way a law of usage has sprung up, and no prince has the right to refuse recognition to an ambassadress, should she be sent to his court. Let us now investigate the real nature of this practice.

The oldest instance of a woman being invested with an ambassadorial character, is the mission in 1525, of Princess Marguerite of France, widow of the Duc d'Alençon, to Madrid, in order to obtain the liberation of her brother, Francis I., from the Emperor Charles V. The King's mother, who held the regency during his absence, certainly sent her daughter with express commissions, intended to produce the desired result, but she did not invest her with the slightest official character. Of an even earlier date is the diplomatic mission of Margaret, daughter

of Emperor Maximilian I., who, in the year 1508, when she was widow of Duke Philibert of Savoy, concluded the well-known league of Cambray. She carried on the negotiations, not only in the name of her imperial father, but also in that of King Ferdinand of Spain; while Cardinal Amboise negotiated for the King of France and the Pope. Margaret, by her cleverness, succeeded in arranging this treaty, which was so injurious to Venice. A few years later, in 1529, a peace was made at Cambray, which is known in history by the name of the "Ladies' Peace," because two ladies were the negotiators—the mother of Francis I., and the aunt and governess of Charles V. The following details about this peace, which was so injurious to Francis I., are interesting. The two ladies, Louise of Savoy and Margaret of Burgundy, lived in two adjoining houses, between which they had a door of communication made, so as to enjoy each other's society uninterruptedly. Louise possessed her son's confidence as fully as Margaret did her nephew's; and both had managed the business of the State during a lengthened period for their pupils. It would be difficult to understand the treaty upon which the two ladies agreed at Cambray, if we were not aware that Francis I. was disposed to make any sacrifice for the sake of liberating his two sons, who were kept prisoners at Madrid by the Emperor. Several other instances of diplomatic action on the part of princesses at that period may be cited; thus Wicquefort, in his well-known work *L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions*, alludes to the diplomatic missions of Eleanor, Queen of France, and Maria, Queen of Hungary, who, in 1537, concluded at Bonnecy a three months' armistice in the names of Charles V. and Francis I. Still, Moser draws attention to the fact that princesses must not be regarded as envoys, because they never received ambassadorial letters of credit, but merely ordinary full powers for the purpose of their negotiation. Later writers have, therefore, based their claim for the right of ladies being appointed envoys, upon two other instances: they are the notorious Aurora, Countess von Königsmark, whom Augustus the Strong sent to Charles XII. of Sweden; and an ambassadress of Louis XIV., la Maréchale de Guebriant.

Marie Aurora von Königsmark was born in 1666, at the Agathenburg, near

Stade. This lady, who was renowned for her beauty and her wit, lived for several years on the most intimate terms with King Augustus, and was afterward nominated Abbess of the princely imperial foundation of Quedlinburg. While living at her abbey, Augustus was hard pressed by the King of Sweden, and was without means to oppose him, and unable to pay the small body of troops that he still possessed. On hearing of the sore straits of the man whom she still loved, the Countess Königsmark hastened to Dresden, in order to arouse the King, and remind him of the duties of his lofty position, which he forgot in rioting and dissipation of every description. She spoke about the old glory and renown of his name enthusiastically, as a woman can speak to her lover; but the King had lost all his energy, and could not be induced to take any bold or decided step. The lovely lady, therefore, resolved to go herself to Charles XII., whose pride and arrogance were so painful to her Augustus. She received a secret mission to the Swedish King, who, however, refused to receive her; he hated women, and was rather pleased at venting this hatred on the loveliest and most amiable of his contemporaries. After great difficulty, the Countess contrived to catch the King in camp. She got out of her carriage and delivered an address; but the King did not reply to it, and merely bowed and rode on. At length the Minister, Count Piper, obtained permission to invite the Countess to a court banquet; but the lady, as an imperial princess, demanded a special seat at table. Charles ordered that she should be placed below all the other ladies; and when Count Piper, in his surprise, asked the reason, the King replied that, as an ex-mistress, she had no claim to a better seat. All the Minister's representations were fruitless; and Aurora did not appear at the banquet. Her mission had failed, and she returned to her convent. She revenged herself on the King by a biting pasquinade, which in all probability he never saw. The question now arises whether this beautiful and really gifted woman is to be regarded as an ambassadress in the strict sense. The most important thing to establish the ambassadorial character is the letter which accredits the envoy to the foreign sovereign. But Aurora had no such letter. Real, in his *Science du Gouvernement*, and Vol-

taire, in his *History of Charles XII.*, draw special attention to this fact; and Wicquefort indirectly allows it, by stating that there was never more than one real ambassadress, la Maréchale de Guebriant.

When King Ladislaus IV., of Poland, lost his first wife, Cecilia Renata, of Austria, in March, 1644, he selected a new consort soon after, in the daughter of the deceased Duke of Mantua, Marie de Gonzaga, Duchesse de Nevers. The marriage contract was signed by Louis XIV., at Fontainebleau, on September 26th, 1645; and on November 6th in the same year the marriage took place in the palace of the Palais Royal, at which the King of Poland was represented by his envoy. On her journey to Poland, Louis gave her as companion la Maréchale de Guebriant, whom he also expressly appointed his ambassadress to King Ladislaus. In the letters of credit she received, (so Flassan tells us, in his *Histoire Diplomatique de France*,) she was called by the King "*Ambassadrice extraordinaire et Surintendante de la conduite de la Reine de Pologne*." She was by birth Renata von Beck, and widow of Marshal Guebriant, who was killed at Rotweil, in 1643. All writers are agreed in speaking highly of her skill and great cleverness in diplomatic negotiations; and on this mission she had ample opportunities for employing both these qualities. The princess whom she accompanied was considered one of the loveliest ladies of her age, and had not always held aloof from gallant adventures. These had been represented to the King with great exaggerations; and calumnies of every description had brought him to such a state, that, when the princess entered the Polish territory, he most decidedly refused to consummate the marriage with her. He put forward, as his excuse, his constantly increasing debility, and insisted upon her returning to France. On this occasion Madame de Guebriant displayed her undoubted diplomatic abilities; she managed to overcome all the difficulties prepared for her at the Polish court; and at length imbued the King with so stanch a conviction of the virtue of his future consort, that he no longer objected to marry her, whatever attempts might be made in influential quarters to induce him to adhere to his first intention. On this occasion, the ambassadress gained the Polish King's favor to such a degree, that he gave orders for her to be treated at his court

with the same honors which had been paid to the Austrian Archduchess, the sister of the King of Tuscany, when she brought her daughter, the King's first consort, to the Polish court. Madame de Guebriant insisted on those honors being fully paid to her; and even claimed precedence of King Charles, the King's brother. From this arose a squabble, which, however, was decided by Ladislaus in favor of Madame de Guebriant. On her journey through Poland, she had also claimed and received, in the provinces which she passed through, all the honorary distinctions to which an envoy can lay claim.

Louis XIV. very frequently employed ladies in matters connected with his foreign policy, and in this way he succeeded in exercising a marked influence upon the conduct of our Charles II. In order to get this King into the net which French intrigues had laid for him, he sent over the crafty, dissolute Louise de Querouailles, or Madam Carwell, as she was called in the popular language of the day. Louis, however, did not give the lady the official character of an envoy; but her mission was purely confidential, and so confidential indeed, that Madame de Querouailles speedily became the King's mistress, and in this quality exercised such influence over him, that she drove away all her rivals, whose number was not trifling. In this way, however, she succeeded in obtaining an authority which perfectly answered the expectations which the King of France formed from her charms and cleverness.

The following is an interesting example of the diplomatic ability of an Oriental princess. In 1460, Sultan Mahomed marched with a powerful army against David, the last Comnenus of the kingdom of Trebizonde, who was allied with Ursun, Prince of the Turcomans. He first intended to attack Ursun, but Sarah Chatun, mother of this prince, managed to form a treaty with the Sultan, by which she secured her son's kingdom, but betrayed his ally. She then conducted Mahomed by secret roads, where no resistance was offered him, by her management, into the heart of David's territory. Unprepared as he was, the latter could offer no resistance, and Mahomed at once took possession of the capital. Out of the treasures which he found here, Sarah Chatun received a noble reward in gold and jewels for the services which she had rendered him; and thus the old and venerable kingdom

of Trebizonde was overthrown by the faithless intrigues and crafty diplomatic arts of this princess.

We are bound to mention here the Chevalier d'Eon, that mysterious being, who attracted universal attention in the second half of the last century. Every body supposed him to be a woman; and yet he had served as soldier and diplomatist with great distinction. When very young, he entered the army, and displayed much bravery in several engagements; but he soon turned to a diplomatic career, and was first attached to the French embassy at St. Petersburg. At a later date, he was sent as private agent of the King to London, and so gained his good-will by the talent with which he carried out the difficult task intrusted to him, that he received the cross of St. Louis, and was appointed secretary of the legation in London. At that time he was generally supposed to be a woman; the nobility made heavy wagers about his sex, but the Chevalier maintained a discreet silence on the subject. He published his *Memoirs* about this time; and the French Government accused him of distorting facts, and of acting indiscreetly in making other facts known, and hence he was dismissed from his post. In consideration of his former services, Louis XVI. gave him a pension of twelve thousand francs, under the condition, however, that he must appear in public in female clothing. The Chevalier returned to Paris, where he went about in that costume, with the cross of St. Louis on his breast; and when he afterward returned to London, he retained the same attire. He died in London, in the year 1810, and his death seems to have solved the doubts about his sex; at any rate, he is called a man on his tombstone, the inscription on which is, or was: "Charles Genevieve Louis Auguste Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont, né le 16 Octobre, 1727, mort le 21 Mai, 1810."

From all these facts, we may fairly arrive at the conclusion that the Maréchale de Guebriant is the only real ambassadress about whom we can feel certain; the other diplomatic ladies whom we have mentioned (of course we leave out of the question those who had but an indirect influence in political affairs) only performed the business of an envoy, but did not possess his official character. Real certainly mentions a Persian ambassadress, but from his general remarks we can not discover whether



the lady has really a claim to this character; and when we take into account the *status* which Islamism grants to woman, it is doubtful. The doctrine, therefore, put forward by writers on the law of nations, that the choice of an envoy is entirely independent of the sex, stands, as we see, on a very weak foundation. According to the principle that one swallow does not make a summer, the mission of Madame de Guebriant must be regarded as what it really is—an historical curiosity, but not as a rule. Hence, to our great regret, we are bound to deny our lady readers any right to be ambassadresses—at least, in the sense in which we have hitherto employed the term. On the other hand, we most heartily wish that some of them may become ambassadresses in the other sense, namely, as wife of an ambassador. In order to leave them in no doubt as to the privileges and advantages accruing to them in that quality, we will now proceed to discuss the claims of an envoy's wife.

These privileges were the subject of the liveliest discussion among the publicists of the eighteenth century. Moser, the real founder of the science of the law of nations, (Hugo Grotius, who is usually considered so, derived his materials from the habits of the old Greeks and Romans, rather than those of his contemporaries,) produced a valuable work under the title of *L'Ambassadrice et ses Droits*; and other writers have paid similar attention to the ladies. Authors of the following century were less gallant. We find in their works scarce any notice of the privileges of an envoy's wife. This neglect is partly due to the alterations that have taken place in diplomatic relations. Up to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the great Powers, with the exception of Prussia, sent only envoys of the first-class, and the wives of such functionaries are those who have preëminent claims to dignities and privileges. Since this congress, however, all the great Powers, up to a few years back, only employed envoys of the second class, whose wives possess far inferior privileges. The present Emperor of the French was the first to restore first-class envoys, and the other great Powers, excepting Prussia, as well as Spain and the Porte, have followed his example. Since this change, the rights of ambassadors' wives have been again discussed; and only a few months ago the

Russian newspapers produced a decree of the Austrian Minister of War, according to which all guards, inside and outside the capital, must turn out and present arms to the wives of foreign envoys, when they were going to court. It is said that this was ordered at the request of the Duc de Graumont, the French envoy, who stated that this was always done in Paris.

Prior to the introduction of permanent embassies, envoys' wives were unknown. This institution was first developed in the sixteenth century; because it was not till that period that the system of the political balance of power sprang up, which brought the Princes and States of Europe into closer contact. The magnificent discoveries of that age, the impulse given to commerce, and various other circumstances, led to the encouragement of this system, which could be only maintained by the introduction of permanent embassies. Since then it has become the custom for envoys to take their wives with them to foreign courts, which was not the fashion with the old envoys extraordinary. In ancient times, as Tacitus informs us in his *Annals*, it was considered prejudicial for envoys to be accompanied by their wives. Even in the year 1638, this custom does not appear to have become general; for we read that the French envoy at the Hague said, laughingly, when the Spanish envoy arrived there with his wife: "*Que c'était une ambassade hermaphrodite.*" Still, this custom had been introduced at a much earlier period, and the basis laid for that official character of an envoy's wife, which has become for her the source of such valuable privileges. This occurred at Rome during the reign of Pope Sixtus V.

Count Olivarez was at that period the Spanish envoy at Rome. His wife, who accompanied him, lived, at first, in great retirement; but after her confinement, the envoy asked the Pope to do her the favor of giving her his blessing, and permitting her to kiss his foot—a distinction generally granted to ladies of princely birth alone, on their first leaving the house. Sixtus V., however, gave his assent, because he was desirous to gain the Spanish envoy over; and in the solemn audience granted to the Countess Olivarez for the purpose, the Pope addressed her as "*Signora Ambasciatrice.*" This was an unheard-of thing in Rome, and threw all

the noble society into a state of excitement; but the immediate result was that the Countess was every where addressed by the new title. This fashion soon became general, and hence comes the official title of "Ambassadrice," granted to the wives of envoys at all European courts. This official title, however, was the basis of the official character which people began to invest these ladies with. The envoys of the first class, namely, immediately represent the person of their sovereign, and publicists declare that the ambassadress shares in her husband's "*caractère représentant*." From this fact we may explain the comprehensive ceremonial privileges conceded to an envoy's wife; while the claims of the wives of envoys of the second, third, and fourth classes (of whom it is customary to say that they do not represent their sovereign in person, but merely in business) are explained by the fact that they are regarded as belonging to the ambassador's suite. The law of nations grants them all the privileges conceded to this suite, in which are counted, in addition to the envoy's children, the secretaries, *attachés*, and the chaplain to the embassy.

As regards the ceremonial claims of the ambassadress, they attained their highest development at the French court, under Louis XIV. The official character of an ambassadress was scarcely allowed at the court of the German Emperor, and, in fact, there were great variations at the European courts in the nature of the distinctions granted to her. So much, however, may be established, that an ambassadress has a right to a solemn and official audience on arrival and departure, which is generally accompanied with the same pomp as is employed for her husband. It has been stated that in former times it was a very general rule for these ladies to be permitted to sit down in the social circles of emperors and queens; but this statement is not quite correct, for this privilege was expressly refused at the English court, and that of the German Emperor. Moser gives a detailed account of the solemnities usual at the several European courts. At the French court the ambassadress was fetched by the *Introducteur des Ambassadeurs* "in a royal coach, for an audience with the Queen," in whose apartments she met the King, who kissed her on the forehead. As she entered the palace, all the sentries presented arms, and

she was led to the Hall of the Ambassadors, where she met a lady in waiting, who placed herself on her *left hand*, and accompanied her to the Queen's apartments. As the ambassadress entered, the Queen rose; the former made a feint to kneel, but the Queen prevented her, and kissed her on the forehead. She then was handed a tabouret, on which to sit among the duchesses present. The solemnities at the leave-taking audience were the same; and after these audiences there was usually a banquet. In the same way the ambassadors paid solemn visits to the royal princesses, and very frequently to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The same solemnities took place at these audiences at the court of Spain; and Louis XIV. expressly obtained from this court reciprocity in the ceremony to be observed with his ambassadress. A perfectly similar ceremony was also observed at the English court, with this difference, that the ambassadress was not allowed to sit down, but, on the other hand, she was fetched by a royal yacht so soon as she came in sight of the British coast. At the Russian court, official audiences for ambassadresses do not appear to have been introduced until 1762. These ceremonial privileges were very strictly kept up at the Papal court. When a foreign envoy had his audience on arriving, the Pope sent his wife his greeting and blessing, and soon after she was granted a solemn audience, at which three sofa cushions were given her for a seat. The details of this ceremony were arranged most carefully, and indeed the Papal See displayed the strictest accuracy in all such official matters, which it inherited from the Byzantine court, so notorious for its exaggerated and clumsy grandeur.

The ceremonial claims of ambassadresses were finally regulated at the Congress of Westphalia, and Moser writes on the subject: "The ambassadresses displayed themselves at this great meeting in all their splendor, and on this occasion brought forward several claims, which were afterward converted into a rule." These claims referred chiefly to the ceremonies which the ambassadresses wished to see observed in their mutual intercourse; and owing to the length of the Congress, disputes on points of etiquette broke out, which must at times have been very welcome, when we reflect on the

dearth of amusement supplied by the cities of Münster and Osnabrück. On this occasion, a fashion which has since been maintained at several courts, was introduced, of observing, on the arrival of an ambassadress, exactly the same ceremonial as on the arrival of an envoy. The latter received the first visit from his colleagues, according to their rank, either in person, or by a card. Each came as quickly as he could, and no particular succession was observed. The precedence of the European sovereigns had not yet been finally settled, and so it often happened that when an envoy fancied that a visit paid to another ought to have been paid to him, the most obstinate disputes began, which often terminated by producing a war between the countries which the quarrelers represented. We need only turn to Wicquefort, or Callière's *De la Manière de Négocier avec les Souverains*, to form an idea of the countless disputes of this nature, which frequently led to the most piquant scenes. The Popes, especially Julius II., tried at times to stop this source of squabbling, by drawing up a table of precedence for European sovereigns; but it was not recognized. The first rank was granted, without opposition, to the envoy of the German Emperor; but France, Spain, England, and at a later date, even Sweden, contended for the second place.

These disputes of the envoys were taken up at the Congress of Westphalia by their wives, who carried them on much more violently and recklessly than their husbands did. There was abundant opportunity for this, because the rule was strictly adhered to that every newly-arrived lady should return the visits of her female companions, exactly in the same rotation as they had been paid to her. Moreover, as every envoy has brought his wife to Münster, there was ample scope for squabbles for precedence in this little town, where they were shut up so long. Moser gives us a long list of examples of this nature; and the wife of Servien, the French envoy, seems to have distinguished herself most by her quarrelsome temper. On her journey to Münster she had had a dispute at the Hague with the Princess of Orange about the first visit, and she carried on the same game at the Congress of Westphalia. Thus, for instance, this lady and the Countess Sannazar, ambassadress from Mantua, had a

tremendous quarrel, because the latter paid the first visit to Madame Brun, the Spanish envoy's wife. Her husband had a similar quarrel with the Hanseatic envoy, because the latter also paid the first visit to the Spanish ambassador. In consequence of these quarrels, banquets at this Congress often terminated with sanguinary conflicts among the servants; and similar quarrels occurred at the Congress of Nimeguen. Moser tells us of one between the French and the Spanish ambassadors, because the latter received the first visit from the wife of the Swedish envoy, when she appeared in public after her confinement. Even the envoys themselves were not always so gallant as to avoid squabbles with the ladies about precedence. M. de Brenne records such a case as occurring between the French ambassador and the English ambassadress, on the occasion of the marriage of Charles I. with the French Prince Henrietta. The envoy was not willing to allow his colleague's wife an envied seat in the King's coach upon the departure of the newly-married couple; but when his appeal to the monarch had no result, he expressed himself satisfied. In the previous century, a Prussian envoy behaved with even less gallantry to a Danish ambassadress. She claimed precedence, but he most unceremoniously thrust her back.

The Congress of Vienna deprived ambassadresses of the chance of quarreling with one another, or with the envoys. The regulations drawn up on March 19th, 1815, decided that ambassadors at the different courts should rank according to the date on which their arrival was officially announced to the court. By this most simple arrangement, which now holds good at every court in Europe, the old disputes for precedence among the envoys are abolished, and nothing is left to the ambassadresses but to yield to the new order of things. Formerly the pretensions of envoys and their wives to precedence over persons of a non-ambassadorial character, were very far-fetched; and at times it happened that they claimed precedence of the princes and princesses of the court to which they were accredited. Imperial and royal envoys at times considered themselves superior to the princes and electors to whom they were sent; they even expected cardinals to yield to them; and Moser tells us of a



quarrel of this nature between Cardinal Grimani and a Spanish ambassadress, in 1702, which led to a terrible fight between their servants in the streets of Rome. A Papal decree, however, expressly claimed, in 1750, precedence for cardinals. Such cases, after all, are isolated, and the ambassadresses, as a rule, only demanded to be ranked immediately after princesses of the blood. At the Roman court they had carried on for many years a quarrel for precedence with the princesses of the Houses of Colonna and Ursini. It commenced in the time of the first ambassadress, Countess Olivarez, and cropped out again every now and then. Similar disputes between ambassadresses and ladies belonging to the nobility took place repeatedly in these countries; and Wicquefort tells us of one between Countess Lilienroth, wife of the Swedish envoy, and a Countess Horn, which led to a sharp exchange of notes between her husband and the States-General. There are no established rules as to the rank of envoys and their wives, although various formal treaties have been made on the subject between different states. As a rule, considerable difficulty arises as to the position of ambassadresses to the minister of foreign affairs and their wives. At the French court there used to be entire equality; but nowadays these ministers appear to have precedence of ambassadors at nearly every court. The rank of ambassadresses is most certainly determined in our country, where they rank after the viscountesses, although they take precedence of those ministers who are not members of the nobility.

We will shortly allude to a few ceremonial claims of ambassadresses. They, for instance, are allowed to go to court with six horses and outriders, and to bear the title of Excellency; and at the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. they had the right of driving into the Louvre in their coaches. The Venetian ambassadress at the French court enjoyed the special privilege that, when she was confined, the King was godfather to the child, held it at the font, and made it handsome presents. Valuable presents were also frequently made to these ladies by the sovereigns. At the Papal court, these consisted mostly of relics, or an *agnus Dei*—presents which, at that day, had a far greater value in the eyes of ladies than they would have at present. Ceremonial claims of so pro-

minent a character were, as we stated, not conceded to the wives of envoys of a lower rank; still, they were treated very courteously, and the wives of secretaries of legation, even, were never denied admission to court. Admission to court, however, has been denied even to ambassadresses, for irregular conduct, and the same has occurred in consequence of disputes; as, for instance, in 1782, in the case of the wife of the Austrian envoy at Stockholm. This lady had refused to kiss the Queen's hand upon introduction, unless the latter consented to kiss her cheek, and she was, consequently, not presented at court. At a later date, the ambassadress attended a ball at the city-hall, at which the royal family were also present; and the master of the ceremonies intimated to her that, as she had not been presented, she could not remain in the society of the royal family. The imperial court regarded this in the light of an insult; the ambassador was recalled, and his post remained vacant till 1788. The question has been frequently asked, whether ambassadresses, when belonging to a different creed from that of their husbands, have a right to a special form of worship, and this question may be of practical importance in countries like Spain, Turkey, etc. This privilege is almost universally conceded, by writers on the subject, to ambassadresses, on account of their *caractère représentant*, but it is as unanimously refused to the wives of other envoys, with some show of reason. The privileges of the latter are merely based on the circumstance that they form part of the suite of the envoy, their husband; and only the envoy himself has, according to the law of nations, a claim to his own private religious service, in the case that his co-religionists are not allowed to perform public or private worship in the same city.

Other envoys' wives are equally privileged with the ambassadress in this immunity and exemption from the legislature of the power to which their husband is accredited, but there have been a few cases in which this privilege has been broken through. Thus, in the last century, the wife of the Spanish envoy, at the court of Savoy, was arrested for debt, but as soon as the Duke obtained cognizance of the fact, he ordered her liberation, and apologized to the King of Spain in a letter written with his own hand. In



the same way the wife of the imperial envoy, Count Plettenberg, was insulted, in 1737, by the troops of the Archbishop of Cologne, at the siege of Nordhausen Castle; the Emperor took up the matter very warmly, and wrote very urgent letters both to the Archbishop and to his allies, the electors of Brandenburg and the Palatinate, in which he ordered them to respect the law of nations. We have already alluded to the quarrel for precedence between the Swedish ambassadress, Countess Lilienroth, and the Countess Horn; in the squabble, the Countess Lilienroth felt herself insulted because the other lady said to her, "*Madame, vous êtes une impertinente*;" and her husband made a heavy complaint to the States-General thereupon. At a later date, she imagined herself insulted by a young lawyer, who spoke to her while she was leaning out of window one evening; but as he had not employed insolent language, the States-General saw no reason to give the ambassador the satisfaction which he demanded; whereupon the latter asked for his passport, and went off to his native land. Lucky is the envoy who has not a wife so jealous of her privileges as the Countess Lilienroth, and who appears to have caused her poor husband incessant trouble.

An occurrence, which might have had serious consequences, took place at Vienna in 1730, with the wife of the Prussian envoy, Von Brandt. She was driving, with her daughter, past a religious procession, and the mob, excited by a priest, insisted on the two ladies getting out, and, on their refusal, they were forcibly dragged forth by two men. The Austrian Government had the latter at once thrown into prison, and they afterward asked pardon of the envoy on their knees, and in chains; but the priest escaped without any punishment, because the Government declared that it had no jurisdiction over him. As undoubted as the inviolability of ambassadors' wives is their freedom from the jurisdiction of the foreign state; and these, as well as all other privileges, remain equally valid after their husbands' death. The practice of the several courts

has always been the same in this respect, although some writers have now and then made the arbitrary assertion that, by the death of an envoy, his widow at once returns to private life. This idea originates from a confusion between the functions of the embassy and its privileges; the former certainly cease through the demise of the envoy, but not the latter. Should these cease and determine before the return of the ambassador and his suite to their native country, it only takes place at the expiration of a certain period, which is either decided by the laws, or peremptorily settled by the foreign sovereign. These principles are applicable to the wives of all envoys, and especially to ambassadresses, who, as we have seen, possess a more independent title to their privileges than the mere fact of belonging to their husbands' suite. Moser has written a special treatise on the subject, "How long an ambassador's widow enjoys the privileges of her deceased husband;" and one of the cases which he quotes is interesting. The wife of a foreign envoy at the Viennese court remained there when a widow. No time was settled during which she must return home, or lose her privileges and be regarded as a private person, and hence, when she died, a few years after, she still held the ambassadorial privileges, which had never been recalled during her lifetime. Upon her death, the question was raised whether these privileges were applicable to her will, and the Imperial Court of Exchequer gave an opinion to the contrary effect. Moser attacks this judgment, and declares that the court was incompetent to decide the question, because the lady was not subject to its jurisdiction during her lifetime.

As a rule, a period is allowed in most countries for the duration of the ambassadorial privileges of the widow of an envoy—generally one year; and the same is the case if the ambassadress should remain in the foreign capital, after her husband's recall, or with him. After the expiration of this time, the ambassador's wife becomes a private person, just in the same way as if she had returned home immediately upon her husband's recall.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF A BY-GONE GENERATION.

BY A MAN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY.

CABANIS—who was much more than a physician—who was a scholar, a traveled man, a man of the world, and a philosopher—who was the friend and physician of Condorcet, and the friend and physician of a much greater man, Mirabeau—tells us that medicine is the first of all arts, the profession of physic one of the first of professions; and we are not at all disposed to disagree with him. Physicians, I take shame to myself in declaring, are a far more learned and liberal body in general than lawyers, to whom I have the honor of belonging. They are better and more fully read than men of law, though not so agile minded, so fluent and forcible in conversation, or so thoroughly ready of fence in general society. But taken as a profession, they write better than lawyers, and have generally broader views and larger and more solid attainments than the men of the wig and gown. The disputants of the forum wrangle, not for truth, but for victory and a verdict; whereas physicians and first-rate surgeons, who ordinarily also study medicine, in the universities or otherwise, have generally higher aims. Their special studies do not give them greater intelligence, certainly, but more elevate their mind, developing nobler, more generous, and more philanthropic feelings. Among all the learned and intellectual callings, there is not, excepting the profession of a clergyman or a priest, one which exercises so great an amount of influence for universal good as the physician or surgeon. How much pain does he alleviate! How many sorrows does he soothe! In the houses of the wealthy and high-born both can do much good by earnest counsel and advice, as well as by assiduous professional attention, but it is in the houses of the poor and lowly, or in ministering to their sufferings at their own mansions, that physician or surgeon can do a world of unseen and kindly service. I have now, man and boy, been acquainted with London for a period of nearly forty years, having first made my *début* in this metropolis when I had scarcely attained my eighteenth year; and I can safely say, from that period to the present time there has not been an eminent surgeon or physician of my acquaintance who was not always ready to give gratuitously his best advice to the poor and needy, or to those who, not absolutely paupers, were in straightened or embarrassed circumstances. In my youthful days it was a notorious thing that Abernethy and Astley Cooper used to do the most kind and generous things to poor sufferers who were not able to fee them, sufferers who could not bring themselves to go into a hospital; and there always have been, to the credit of human nature, physicians as benevolent and liberal-minded as these eminent surgeons. Jean Jacques Rousseau, who needed as often the assistance of the surgeon and physician as other improvident men of genius, declared that “*par tous les pays, ce sont les hommes, les plus véritablement utiles et savants;*” and De Balzac, probably the best painter of manners of our day, has given us, in his *Médecin de Campagne*, an admirable description of the real benevolence and kindness of the country physician, who is surgeon, counselor, friend, and family adviser at one and the same time. The surgeon and the physician, in truth, whether in town or country, whether in England or France, whether in America or the East-Indies, is obliged not only to possess prudence, vigilance, patience, and discretion in his art, but he feels himself obliged, and in duty bound, to render all his professional attainments, all his strength as a man, and all his skill as a physician, subsidiary to the cure of his suffering patients. Men trained from early life to act in this manner, feel that

high human duties are incident to their position and profession, and they generally fulfill what Dr. Whewell calls the obligations of their station. Physicians and surgeons of the highest character, so far as my experience extends, have for their patients a kind of paternal affection and interest. They feel for them when brought before their thoughts as men and women under the infliction of pain or suffering, of organic disease, or of slow and lingering illness. There is, to my belief, prevailing in the higher walks of the medical and surgical profession an impulse of compassion, which mellows by time into benevolent regard, for suffering humanity, and which prompts the accomplished physician to render his good offices to rich or poor with equal zeal and alacrity. This, as far as I have noted, is one of the operative moral principles of the profession, and it is one which is commended, loved, and sympathized with by the public at large. We all admire and relish the cleverness, the address, and the eloquence of British lawyers; but we more than admire, we venerate, we revere and hallow the humanity, benevolence, and kindly feeling of our physicians and surgeons. It has been my fate during a pretty active life to have been mixed up a good deal with medical and surgical practitioners; and I will now shortly proceed to give my impressions of the most eminent among those whom I knew in by-gone times in London.

The first surgeon I ever consulted in this great capital was a man then world-renowned, and not yet forgotten, though he has been more than thirty years numbered with the dead. This was the celebrated John Abernethy, who was then in the zenith of his fame. I lived, at the period I speak of, in Queen-square, Westminster, and there were residing near to me two very eminent surgeons—one, the late Anthony White, who lived in Parliament-street; and the other, Astley Cooper, who dwelt almost within a stone's throw of me in New-street, Spring-gardens. But I had heard so much in my childhood of the shrewdness and sagacity of Abernethy, and of his genius and originality in his profession, that I resolved to consult him in preference to all others.

In those early days of youth I did not rise so early as I do now, and then also devoted considerably more time to the toilet; so that when I was fairly out of my lodgings in quest of Abernethy, it was a quar-

ter-past eleven o'clock of a dark and damp November morning. Winding my way across the park, through the Horse-Guards, and over Scotland-yard, I debouched into Craven-street, turned into the Strand, and crossing Southampton-street and Covent-garden market, found myself in Holborn. Traversing Hand-court to the left, a locality in which two excellent taverns then existed, much frequented by barristers and students of the Inns of Court, I ultimately found myself in Bedford-row, a spacious street, in which, at the time I am speaking of, one judge, two Queen's counsel, one sergeant-at-law, three barristers, and three medical men of eminence, resided. It was not without a kind of nervous tremor I approached number fourteen, the house in which the Professor of Anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons, and the Surgeon of Bartholomew's Hospital, then lived. The hall-door, if I remember rightly, was a remarkable one, made of bright mahogany, and it was rendered more conspicuous by a peculiar flat porch or portico which surmounted it. As I knocked and rang there was a carriage at the door, which, from the appearance of the horses and coachman, I rightly judged to be the eminent surgeon's.

To my inquiry whether Mr. Abernethy was at home, the servant replied in the affirmative, adding that he was soon going out. "I will not detain him many minutes," was my rejoinder; and tipping the footman a shilling, he showed me at once into the front-parlor. There stood, with his back to a blazing fire, a bluff, burly, fresh-looking man, of about fifty-eight or sixty, wearing a blue coat with gilt buttons, a buff vest, loose Oxford gray trousers, in the breeches pockets of which both his hands for the moment reposed. He looked hale and healthy, had a clear gray eye, and a ruddy complexion. "Well, sir," said the surgeon, with a slight inclination of the head, pointing simultaneously to the clock over his head, which marked twenty minutes to one, "you come very late, indeed; for at one o'clock I must be—at least, I ought to be—at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. But never mind; take a chair, and tell me as shortly as you can what is the matter with you." "Sir," I replied, "as you are standing, I prefer to stand also, and will thus tell you my symptoms." "Ah!" said the surgeon, opening his waistcoat rather roughly, and disclosing an inner flannel one, into which he

thrust his three fingers, "it is a relief to me to stand; but sit or stand, as you please, only be short—do be short, like a good fellow." "Sir!" I replied, "if you have not time to hear my symptoms, I will come another day—to-morrow, or the day after." "No, no; go on now, at once."

I had not spoken for more than a minute and a half when Abernethy brusquely interrupted me, saying: "You are exceedingly fluent, have words at will; but come—do come, there's a good fellow!—to the point." "Mr. Abernethy," said I, quietly but firmly, "you are a physician, not a prophet; and I am willing to persuade myself to believe, notwithstanding all I have heard and read of you, a reasonable being and a sagacious surgeon. If you can by intuition, by conjecture, by divination, by some species of medical magic, and without deduction of reason, know what is the matter with me without hearing my symptoms and sensations from my own lips, I will hold my peace; but if you have not these preternatural gifts, it would be but reasonable, proper, and commonly polite to hear me; and hear me you must, or I will bid you good morning." Suiting the action to the word, I took up my hat, intending, if he were obstinate, to retreat at once. "No, dash it! no, my young friend, (my learned friend I dare say I ought to have called you, for you are a student for the bar, or ought to be,) go on, tell me all you wish, and I promise not to interrupt you again." It was now ten minutes to one o'clock, so that full ten minutes had been lost in this preliminary wrangle. But plunging at once *in medias res*, I unfolded all my symptoms, and had concluded all I had to say just as the clock struck one."

"Clearly and cleverly too," said Abernethy, "you have stated your case, and there has only been one word too much in all you have said. I ought, however, not to be now here, but at Bartholomew's. But never mind. Let me feel your pulse," (he felt it,) "and now let me see your tongue. The pulse," he said, "is slow, but strong, but the tongue shows nervous and stomachic derangement. And now, as I have listened to you patiently and without interruption, do you in turn listen to me." Placing himself with his back to the fire, he addressed himself to all I had stated, going with great clearness through my symptoms, and expressing his convic-

tion that I did not labor under the complaint I had supposed, and should be thoroughly well, with ordinary care, in ten days or a fortnight. "You will take every night," he said, "a spoonful of the electuary I order; drink as little as possible till you have finished your breakfast or dinner, which means drink not but after your meals, and let me see you again in about a week." The honorarium was between my fingers, wrapped up in white paper, and I handed it toward him. "Well," he said, "that is neither here nor there, for I have seen you at hospital-time, and you can give me the fee this day week." "No," said I, "Mr. Abernethy; if you don't take it now you will not see me this day week." "Well," he said, "be it so; but come this day week an hour or two earlier than you did to-day. You youngsters," he proceeded, "spoil your health, and make yourselves doughy and delicate, by remaining too long of mornings under the blankets. You ought to be up at six or seven, though I dare say you lie soaking in bed till ten or eleven, or mayhap breakfast between the sheets." Again tendering the fee, Abernethy thrust it into his pocket, and I took my leave. Within a week I again made my appearance at Bedford-row, fully ten minutes before ten A.M. Of this I had full assurance from two circumstances—the first was, that the well-known face of old Justice Burrough, then one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, who lived next door to Abernethy, and commonly called "Jackey Burrough," appeared over the window-blind of his domicile, and he had not yet departed from home, for court; and the second was, that I took out my watch to assure myself how wonderfully matutinal I had become. A public clock chimed ten. "Ah!" said Abernethy, as I was ushered into the room, "I see you are better already. Your eye is clearer and brighter; you have not that anxious and excitable look you had a week ago. You are calmer and better in every respect, and less excited and anxious. Go on with the medicine, and you will find that you fatten upon it; walk or ride daily a couple of hours; and generally I can not give you better counsel than the 'gude Scotch wife' gave her son when coming to Lunnon" (thus he pronounced the word)—"Above all things, my son," said she, 'have the fear of God before your eyes, and in the second place, mind you keep



your bowels open.' " Saying these words, he chuckled slightly, and his keen gray eye twinkled with pleasure, as though he had said a right good thing. After a little general conversation, in which he praised Bacon and exalted the Baconian philosophy, I prepared to take my leave, and was proceeding to hand the surgeon his proper honorarium, when, thrusting his hands behind his coat-skirts, he said: "You had *your* way this day week, my youngling, but I'll have mine to-day. Rest assured you'll find plenty of use for the guinea you offer me before you are many hours older. I remember the time I was a student myself, and know how the coin went. Though older and wiser now, I, however, repudiate the maxim,

'Quærenda pecunia primum.'

Really, however, you have no need to fee me to-day. You feed me this day week, and on both occasions you came to my house, and I have not come to yours, which makes, or ought to make, a difference." Contesting the point no longer, I was proceeding to take my leave, when Abernethy asked me whether I was not a bit of a book-worm. I replied that I read a good deal during the morning and day, but gave my evenings chiefly to society. "I opine," said he, "that more than half your illness arises from too much reading." On my answering that my reading was chiefly history, which amused while it instructed, he replied: "That is no answer to my objection. At your time of life a young fellow should endeavor to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, too much reading never yet made an able man. It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call *flabby* intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect, or to observe; and these fellows not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or the words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought

out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any of the surgeons of his time."

While Abernethy was dissertating in this fashion, knock after knock at the door announced the arrival of fresh patients, so I hastily withdrew. "Let me see you again in a week; and as you are so much of a reader, you would do well to read from page 28 to 42 in the last edition of my book," (these are the pages, as well as I remember, though my recollection is not distinct on the point,) "which you can borrow at the medical libraries in War-dour or Windmill-street, or at Underwood's, in Fleet-street." A couple of days after this interview, I met at dinner a celebrated Irish barrister, who had been a great friend of the celebrated John Philpot Curran, the eminent Irish orator. Mentioning my first interview with Abernethy, he said: I can well believe all you state, for Curran told me a story of an interview with the surgeon, in which he displayed still more eccentricity. When Curran had given up the Irish Rolls from ill health, he came over to this country, and took, in 1817, a house at Michael's-place, Old Brompton. He suffered much from indigestion and low spirits, and called on Abernethy in the hope of relief. Of a mean appearance, insignificant in person, and slovenly in dress, Curran, who was an early riser, arrived before any other patient, and was at once shown into Abernethy's room, where he found the Professor of St. Bartholomew's standing with his back to the fire, as was his wont. After a formal bow on both sides, Abernethy said: "Well, sir, tell me shortly what's the matter with you—let me hear succinctly the symptoms." Curran, suffering from hypochondriasis, and who was under the combined influence of melancholy and dyspepsia, began, in a plaintive tone, describing graphically, and possibly with poetic exaggeration, all his mental and bodily sufferings, his dejection, his listlessness, his frightful dreams, κ.τ.λ. Abernethy, struck by the voluble and unearthly tones, impassioned manner, and strange gestures of his patient, forcibly restrained his rising gorge for a couple of minutes, but at length broke out: "Why, zounds! sir, you had better begin from the begin-

ning, and tell me your name, birth, parentage, and education."

Curran, lowering his voice to a whisper, began thus: "My name is John Philpot Curran. I was born on the twenty-fourth of August, 1759, at the small village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork. My father, a man of sense and education far beyond his fortunes, was seneschal of his native village, and my mother, a woman of as much gentleness as sagacity, was of an honorable though decayed family of the name of Philpot." For a moment Abernethy was dumbfounded, and appeared excited and moved. But soon overcoming his emotion, he held out both hands to his gifted patient, exclaiming: "Forgive, my dear sir, my impatience, and believe me when I say there is not a man in the empire I was more desirous of seeing than the eminent and gifted Mr. Curran. Long familiar with his name, I read, when a pupil of Sir Charles Blicke, some of his most brilliant speeches in Parliament and at the bar, and now, under my own roof, I shall be happy and proud to render him any professional services in my poor power. Pray go on, sir, in a detail of your symptoms; resume, if you please, at the point where I interrupted you." Curran accordingly gathered up the threads of his broken story and completed the history of his case. Abernethy, after seeing him a couple of times afterward, advised change of air and scene; and it was in consequence of this recommendation Curran proceeded to Paris, where he soon recovered his health and elasticity of spirits. On his return to London he renewed his acquaintance with Abernethy, and I learned from Curran's friend, to whom I have before alluded, that the lawyer and surgeon entertained for each other a sincere regard. I had several opportunities of seeing Abernethy afterward, and always found him kindly and cordial, though somewhat eccentric in manner. He was a man of an original mind and views, but at the same time solid-headed and sagacious. He was, I believe, the first who discovered—or at least who publicly announced—that local diseases may have a constitutional origin. In his work on the *Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Disease*, he, as forcibly as felicitously, argues that local diseases are symptoms of a disordered constitution, and not primary maladies; that they are to be cured by remedies cal-

culated to work on the constitution, and not by topical treatment or local remedies, still less by surgical operations. Indeed, though an expert operator, he had generally an aversion to operations, maintaining that they were the reproach of medicine—a theory which he frequently enunciated to patients who desired the employment of the knife, the sound, or the bistoury. His views in this respect had a great influence on the profession, and gave an impulse to an improved and philosophical system. Abernethy also contended, and indeed proved, in his medical and surgical works, that the disordered state of the general or constitutional system originates from, or is incident to, derangements of the stomach and bowels, and he deduced that the constitutional disease can only be reached by remedies which exercise a curative influence on the stomach and bowels. The layman who remarked his disrelish to operations sometimes concluded that he was not expert as an operator. This was a great mistake. He performed early in life two bolder operations in surgery than any which had been antecedently attempted, operations which have been since often successfully repeated—the tying the carotid and the external iliac arteries. The successful performance of these operations not merely established the reputation of Abernethy on the Continent, but raised the credit and the character of English surgery throughout Europe. Great as Abernethy was as an anatomist, physiologist, and surgeon, his success as a teacher and expounder of his art was probably still more renowned. I attended several of his lectures after I had had an opportunity of hearing the lectures of a very able and gifted Professor of Surgery—Dr. Macartney, in the University of Dublin, and I must say that he was endowed with the rarest power of communicating with clearness and concinnity the large results of his knowledge and varied experience. His language was fluent, marked by fire, vigor, and a limpid clearness, the result of completely thinking out and elaborating his principles. His lectures, moreover, abounded with anecdotes and illustrations, and were marked by a quaintness, humor, and raciness distinctive of the man. Though Abernethy sometimes appeared to wander from the immediate subject before him, yet there was a method in his divagations. If he stepped out of the

natural or regular disposition of the subject, it was only the better to illustrate it and to facilitate practical operations. His general style was the conversational, sharply pointed. Often his manner was playful and dramatic, occasionally savoring somewhat of drollery and coarseness. But he soon relapsed into the serious and impressive style suited to a sensible and sagacious teacher, and he always left the impression on his audience that he clearly comprehended and thoroughly understood his subject. I never myself experienced any churlishness or incivility at his hands, though he had the repute of being capricious and overbearing to his patients. On the contrary, he appeared to me a kind and well-meaning man, somewhat eccentric, and very impetuous and impulsive. The late George Vance, himself an Irishman and a native of Antrim, told me that Abernethy was a countryman and a fellow-townsmen of his, and that early in life he had been engaged in commercial affairs. I have reason to believe this was a mistake. Abernethy was a regular Cockney, born in London in 1765. His father and family may have been Irish, but he was himself articled to Sir Charles Blicke as a pupil in his sixteenth year, and when only twenty-two was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. Bartholomew's. The house which Abernethy inhabited in town was 14 Bedford-row, exactly opposite to Princes-street, Red-Lion-square. It was subsequently in the possession of Mr. Lloyd, the surgeon, and is now occupied by Messrs. Atcheson and Hathaway, solicitors. Abernethy was no advocate for drenching a patient with drugs any more than for unnecessarily operating. He always said to me: "Take as little medicine as possible; and if you have recourse to any, let it be the simplest. The more medicine you take, the more you will require; trust, if you have no organic disease, to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*." My departed friend was also wont to enjoin on his patients the practice of not drinking till they had finished their meals. "Don't swallow your tea," he was wont to say, "till you have eaten your bread and butter, your egg, or your toasted bread."

In the year 1824 I was living in Regent-street, on my return from a long journey on the Continent, and suffering severely from acute rheumatism caught in a journey over the Alps. It was painful to me

to move any distance, and instead of journeying down to Bedford-row to consult Abernethy, a friend who was much my senior in age, and who had great knowledge of the world, induced me to consult John Pearson, who resided within a stone's throw of my lodging, at 26 Golden-square, western side. Though not bred to the medical profession, I had occasionally attended medical, surgical, and chemical lectures, and had read a good deal on the theory of medicine. The name of John Pearson was therefore familiar to me. I had seen some papers of his in the *Philosophical Transactions*, with which I was much struck, and I had also looked at his *Principles of Surgery*, which seemed to me perspicuous and well adapted to students, for which it was intended. I therefore fell at once into my friend's views, and rushed before breakfast on a fine summer's morning in the month of June, to the house of John Pearson. He was already at work, seated at his desk writing. He appeared to me at first view about sixty-five years of age, with a somewhat sour and sickly cast of countenance. He scrutinized me with a very keen and searching glance, and saw I was suffering from acute pain and want of sleep. Without giving me any hope of instantaneous relief, he intimated that I must undergo the process of what was then called the diet-drink, and that in a month or five weeks I should be considerably better. "But," he added, "all depends on your steadily and regularly taking the medicine I shall order you, and which you will obtain at Hudson's, in the Haymarket." This was the compound essence or extract of sarsaparilla, and which then sold at a guinea a pint. After taking the dose for about three weeks my symptoms were much relieved. At this period I had paid seven visits to Pearson, laying down the honorarium on leaving his study. It being now the middle of July, I made preparations for leaving London, and before starting for Cheltenham, where I had promised to spend a fortnight with a friend, I called early to pay a farewell visit to my Esculapius, principally to tell him that I was on the point of departure for a watering-place, and also to inquire whether I was to continue the diet-drink. "I had rather," said he, "you were going to Bath or to Buxton than to Cheltenham, for at either of those places you might take the waters with advantage; but this can not be



helped. During your absence," said he, "you may take the prescription I have written." Thinking only of my speedy departure, I put the prescription in my pocket and was walking thoughtlessly out of the room. I had just reached the door, and was about to open it, when Mr. Pearson, gruffly, and in harsh tones, ejaculated: "Hallo, sir! I wish you to understand I don't write a prescription without a fee." The thought then flashed across my mind that I had not paid the man his fee, though I had carefully done up the sovereign and shilling enveloped in a bit of note-paper before I left my lodgings. My first impulse was to thrust my hands into my pocket, and there lay the fee ready prepared for instant delivery. "Pardon my absence of mind, sir," I said. "Rest assured, however, that had you not recalled me, I should, on discovering my involuntary mistake, have forwarded your honorarium in a complimentary note." Bowing to my rather morose host, I withdrew from his presence and never saw him afterward. To say the truth, the keen and covetous way in which he looked for his guinea, and the undignified manner in which he reminded me of an oversight, quite disgusted me. I mentioned the circumstance afterward to an eminent surgeon, who said: "Pearson always looked rather too sharply after his fees. In early life," said he, "he was hard put to it for money, and was obliged to write for his bread. To his latest day he was over-careful to hold and over-anxious to get money, and looked somewhat too sordidly after it." "I do not blame him," I said, "for calling my attention to the fact that I had not feed him; what I blame is the coarse manner in which he made the fact known to me." Pearson was some years the senior of Abernethy. He was senior surgeon to the Lock Hospital, and to the public dispensary. He was a good writer and an accomplished chemist. His work on Anthrax and Erysipelas, is still an authority I believe, in the profession.

In the following year I became acquainted with Astley Cooper, meeting him rather frequently at dinner. He was a person of an eminently jovial and social turn, enjoying life and its good things with a delicious zest. No man relished more a good dinner or a choice dessert, or drank a glass of champagne with greater gusto. He had at the period of which I speak a

portly presence, and being fifty-eight years of age, had somewhat fallen into fat. But in his early prime he must have been eminently handsome, for he was still good-looking at seventy. Cooper had a great deal of personal anecdote, and was a good-humored and good-tempered man, with excellent common-sense, and great knowledge of the world of London. But he was not eminently intellectual or at all original in his views or opinions. He had a thorough knowledge of surgery, and was considered, I believe, the best operator of his day. With the knife in his hand, and an ordinary patient awaiting him, he did his work unostentatiously and confidently, but if a king was the subject of his manipulations, such was his Tory reverence for kingliness that he lacked nerve. George IV. sent for him to remove a small tumor from his royal head. Had it been John a Nokes or Peter Styles the thing would have been done in a few minutes, effectively and without a tremor. But after making the first incision, Cooper's old master, Cline, who was present as sergeant-surgeon, saw that his pupil faltered and became nervous from the responsibility, and the old man took the instrument out of his hand and finished the work as though he had been operating on the royal coachman, Mason. Had it been Mason, Astley Cooper would have performed the operation exquisitely and expeditiously, but he regarded a King with a reverence mixed with fear, and he was appalled at the responsibility. In 1824 and 1825, Sir Astley was in the receipt of the largest professional income in England, and therefore in the world, with the exception of one man, Sir James Scarlett, who lived next door but one to him, in New-street, Spring Gardens. I heard Sir James Scarlett say that one year his professional gains were nineteen thousand six hundred odd pounds, and for sundry years they had averaged nineteen thousand pounds. A couple of years later, the professional income of Sir Edward Sugden must have been nearly equal to that of Scarlett. I had been two years acquainted with Cooper before I employed him professionally. No one could be more friendly and assiduous than he in his professional visits. But my case was a medical and not a surgical case. Sir Astley, though unequalled as an operating or consulting surgeon, was not profound in medicine. It would be an impertinence



in me to utter this opinion as my own. It was the opinion of the medical profession, and they judge each other fairly. Shortly after the period of which I speak, a valued friend of mine was ill, and attended by a surgeon whom I had myself recommended some years previously. This gentleman had no hope of his patient, pronouncing that there was a fatal organic disease. At my request Cooper was called into consultation. From the first moment he maintained that there was no organic disease, but merely a local ailment, which could be removed in a short time. It was removed under Cooper's direction, and the patient is still alive. Several years afterward, the mistaken surgeon being dead, I said to Cooper: "How could our late friend have made so great a mistake?" "We are all liable to mistakes, my dear fellow," was his reply; "I have made many mistakes myself. In learning the anatomy of the eye, I dare say I have spoiled a hatful of eyes. The best surgeon, like the best general, is he who makes the fewest mistakes. If you were bred to surgery yourself, you would have made many mistakes." Cooper, on the death of his first wife, retired from practice, and went into the country to farm. He soon got tired of this life, and returned to London, resuming practice as a consulting surgeon, having taken a house at 39 Conduit-street, two doors removed from Dr. Ellitson's. Though he had been some time absent from the metropolis, yet so eminent was his repute that his old patients and friends returned to him. There is no other instance of a professional man's resuming his former position after an absence, that I am aware of, excepting in the case of that great lawyer and advocate, the late Sir William Follett. Cooper was lecturer in surgery and anatomy at Guy's, and surgeon to that hospital so far back as 1810. Before coming westward, he lived in Broad street, in the City. He was a pleasant and perspicuous lecturer, eminently practical in his views. He published two or three surgical treatises between 1804 and 1807, on the merits of which I am not qualified to pronounce an opinion. Sir Astley died on the twelfth of February, 1840, in his seventy-second year. I believe no surgeon since his day has ever earned so large an income as he enjoyed from 1821 to 1826.

It was at the close of 1827 I first be-

came acquainted with a most valuable and able man, the late George Vance, of No. 27 Sackville-street. My introduction to him was through a patient of very high rank, whose health he had essentially benefited. Mr. Vance, an Irishman by birth, was then, I should say, about sixty years of age, probably a year the senior of Cooper, and a couple of years the junior of Abernethy. He had early in life entered as a surgeon in the Royal navy, was with Lord Hood at the taking of Toulon, and had seen much service in the Mediterranean. After the Peace of 1815, Mr. Vance was appointed surgeon to Haslar Hospital, and practiced his profession in the counties of Hampshire and Devonshire, in both of which he was much esteemed as a kind and friendly man, and as an able practitioner, both in surgery and medicine. He had, as he deserved to have, a large practice among the general officers of the army and navy, and on the death of Sir Everard Home, the retirement of Cline, and the removal of Heavyside Charlton, and others who are now almost forgotten, Vance came up to London to try his fortune. He was at this period a married man, with a family, on the shady side of fifty; and so little sordid had been his practice, that he started from Haslar with only a few hundred pounds in his pockets. All his old patients, however, most of them admirals and generals, officers in the army and navy, rallied round him, and he took a house in Sackville-street, within three doors of the old house of the Master of Brodie, Sir Everard Home. Here he almost immediately rose into first-rate practice; and his repute was greatly enhanced by some remarkable cures of people of rank which he effected. He was extremely successful in the cases of the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, of Lords Bridport and Nelson, the Duke of Buckingham, and others. He also acquired an immense repute in cases of gout and rheumatism, in which he exhibited his famous pill, which goes by his name to this day, and which is as well known to chemists as Plummer's pill or Dover's powder. When I first visited him I was so emaciated by illness that he requested me to get myself weighed in the Arcade, when the register showed nine stone one pound. When Vance called on me on the following day he said: "Do not be surprised at this. In

the hospital at Haslar there are the records of cases where patients were still more reduced from their ordinary weight, and who recovered their plumpness in a time incredibly short. There is nothing in your case which leads me to anticipate a different result. At the end of six weeks it is likely you will be quite restored to health, and weigh fully ten stone, if not more." The fact turned out as my excellent friend predicted. At the end of a month I was restored to health and to tranquil sleep, which I had not known for years; and at the end of six weeks I weighed very nearly ten stone. For nearly ten years of my life I profited by the medical care and counsels of Vance; and during that period he was successful in subduing illness in which I consulted him. He was a man of a very friendly and social disposition, who enjoyed a quiet dinner and a rubber of whist. Till the last year of his life he dressed like the physician of the old school, in black, with white cravat, tights and silk stockings, but he did not carry a gold-headed cane, like the physicians and surgeons of a previous generation. Though a large man, with coarse features, and somewhat bluff and lively in appearance, he was of gentle manners and suave address. His voice was low and well-toned, his air and manner serious and dignified. His death occurred in a most melancholy manner. He was visiting a patient of the name of Broadly, a gentleman of property in Yorkshire, who was subject to fits of mental alienation. This madman had received Vance quietly in his lodgings, and answered his questions satisfactorily. The surgeon rose in the two-pair bedroom to take his leave, when Broadly politely offered to accompany his medical attendant down-stairs. Seized with an access of fury on the first landing, he laid hands on his victim, and violently pitched him over the staircase into the hall, fracturing the skull of poor Vance. A very few months previously a daughter of Vance's had overbalanced herself in leaning over the nursery-staircase at No. 27 Sackville street, pitching into the hall on her head. Her father arrived from his daily round of visits a minute or two after the accident, and trepanned the child, but the case was nearly hopeless. The accident to the father happened in 1837 or 1838, when he must have been nearly, if not quite, seventy years of age.

I remember dining in Manchester-square on the day it occurred, and being just informed of it by Mr. Earle, the surgeon of Hanover-square, (nephew of Sir James Earle, Surgeon Extraordinary to George III.,) who was one of the party, and who had been sent for, as the nearest at hand, to attend poor Vance. On my expressing the sadness and pain of mind which the loss of a valued friend and medical adviser caused me, Earle, who himself was carried off shortly afterward, said: "Even though the accident had never happened, the poor fellow could not have survived three months. He had been a considerable time a sufferer from diabetes. You must have observed," he went on to state, "that of late Vance's limbs were falling away, and that he had left off shorts and taken to trowsers." Vance, as far as I could judge, had a better knowledge of medicine, chemistry, and pharmacy, than the generality of surgeons of his day. This he disclosed in all his prescriptions. His London practice had not, I think, extended beyond eleven or twelve years; and it is a great proof of his sound knowledge and attainments that he realized in these twelve years considerably above £100,000. This was an immense sum for a man to make in the great wilderness of London, who commenced his metropolitan career at an age beyond fifty.

While in my teens I made the acquaintance of the late Sir Philip Crampton, who probably enjoyed a larger, a more lucrative, and a more select practice as a surgeon, than any of his professional rivals in Ireland. Sir Philip was a man of handsome person, of excellent figure, gentle manners, good temper, and the finest spirits. In early life he had excelled in all athletic sports. In agility he was a second Dan Mackinnon; and as a dancer, if he did not equal Lord Aboyne in grace and elegance, he surpassed him in the spirit and persistency with which he could foot it from eleven p.m. to five and six a.m. Mr. Crampton, when a young man, shot well; and to the last he rode well, and enjoyed a day's sport with as much zest as the late Assheton Smith. He was always well mounted, and even in the busiest part of his professional life followed the hounds at least once, and not seldom twice a week. He possessed a competent knowledge of music, played well on the flute; and though not so first-rate an artist as his son, the British Min-

ister at Madrid, yet was a good draughtsman, and had considerable knowledge of pictures. With all these varied accomplishments he possessed a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and was a first-rate operator — neat, dexterous, prompt in contrivance, and quick at inventing expedients. He was at once light and firm of hand, and there was a cheerfulness, a gayety, and a genial kindness in his manner, which gave comfort and satisfaction to his patients. The proof of this will appear by the following anecdote. In his earlier career, before he occupied a house in Merrion-square, Crampton lived in Dawson-street, Dublin, in which there was a famous tavern, where the first people dined. One evening, while at dinner in his own house, a breathless messenger knocked at Crampton's door, saying there was a person in the tavern who was choking, the passage of the breath being stopped by a bone filling the windpipe. The surgeon in hurrying to the scene forgot his instruments, but was not taken aback. Quick as lightning he took a small penknife from his waistcoat-pocket, made an incision in the neck, and extracted the offending bone which blocked up the passage. Twelve or fourteen years previously a similar operation had been successfully performed in the coffee-room of the Irish House of Commons, on the Right Hon. Denis Browne, if I remember rightly, by an eminent surgeon, named Solomon Richards. The feat is recorded in verse in a poem called the *Metropolis*, and also in *Familiar Epistles*, by the late J. W. Croker. For very nearly half a century Crampton enjoyed the cream of the best practice in Ireland, having been body surgeon to every Viceroy since the days of the Duke of Richmond. It has been said that his connection with that most eloquent and able man, Bushe, (he was the brother-in-law of Bushe, Solicitor-General in the days of the Duke of Richmond, and subsequently Chief-Justice of the Court of King's and Queen's Bench,) contributed to his success in his profession. That it may have served him a good deal, can not be denied, but Crampton's own merit was his chief title to success. If the remark of Rochefoucauld be true, that we judge of the merit of our friends chiefly from the satisfaction we find in their society, no man could have a greater share of merit than this eminent surgeon, for every one was

satisfied with a social commerce with one who was clever, agreeable, and good-natured. With patients of the softer sex he was as much a favorite as with his own. His was the philosophy that taught, "C'est une ennuyeuse maladie que de conserver sa santé par un trop grand régime;" and what he chiefly recommended were air and exercise, and not medicine.

Sir Philip Crampton was well read in the poets, orators, and dramatists of his country; nor was he devoid of talent as a controversialist and a metaphysician. At the period when the Hohenlohe miracles excited so much attention, one of the cleverest pamphlets published on the subject was of his composition. He lived to a good old age, dying about four years ago. As for nearly half a century he enjoyed the most lucrative practice in Ireland, he must have amassed a considerable fortune.

I will close this paper with a short notice of three surgeons whom I met a good deal in society between 1830 and 1840. With only one of these, Thomas Copland, had I relations in the way of his profession. When I first knew Copland he lived at number four, Golden-square, on the opposite side (the eastern) to John Pearson. He had then a good deal of practice among military men, having been in early life a surgeon in the Guards, which regiment he accompanied to the Peninsula. He seemed to me a sensible and judicious man in his profession, though he never stood in the rank of Abernethy, Cooper, or Vance; still less in the rank of Sir Benjamin Brodie,\* a man equally skilled as surgeon and physician, and of whom, as he is still living, (long may he live!) though retired from the profession, I forbear to speak. As a member of society, Copland was a pleasant, shrewd, conversible man, with a good deal of anecdote, and much quaint and curious reading. He relished a good dinner fully as much as Cooper, was a rare *bon vivant*, and suffered severely from gout.

Within the last ten years he removed from Golden to seventeen Cavendish-square, a house formerly occupied by Dr. Wilson Philip. But as at this period he must have attained, if he had not by three or four years exceeded his eightieth year, I saw but little of him, suffering as he did from constant attacks of gout.

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\* Died in October, 1862.—ED. ECLECTIC.

A still more agreeable man than Copland was old John Joberns, of number nine, Upper John-street, Golden-square. This vivacious *raconteur*, who, dressed in tight pants and hessian boots, had also originally been a surgeon in the Guards, but subsequently became surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital. In my early days he was a diner-out of the first magnitude, and a welcome guest in many first-rate houses. He was a friend of Sir John Byng, of Lord Hopetoun, Dan Mackinnon, Berkeley Drummond, and many other distinguished officers and men of fashion.

A surgeon of more eminence and of more practice than either Copland or Joberns, was George Guthrie, of Berkeley-street, Piccadilly. He too had been a military surgeon in a regiment of Guards, and had become famous for his treatment of gun-shot wounds. He was, when I first knew him, more than thirty years ago, a handsome gentlemanly man, enjoying a fashionable practice among the aristocracy, and living a good deal in society. In diseases of the eye he was considered clever, but in gun-shot wounds he was especially preëminent, which he proved in the case of the late Lord Beaumont. This gentleman had been challenged by General Lorenzo Moore for words used respecting Miss Moore, his daughter. The parties fought, and the General's ball lodged in the abdomen of Mr. Stapleton, afterward

Lord Beaumont. He was carried to a hotel in Bond-street, and attended by two first-rate surgeons, who laid him on his back and probed for the ball, but in vain. After thirty hours elapsed it had not been found; and when Guthrie was called into consultation, he found the patient on his back, and instantly suggested that his position should be reversed—in a word, that he should be placed on his belly. When Stapleton had been twenty-four hours in this position, the ball worked its way, descended by gravity to the surface, and was easily extracted. This was a great triumph for Guthrie, and he was not a little vain, as well he might be, of his success. But the success might have been accounted for. For every gun-shot wound treated by civil surgeons, Guthrie had treated some thousands; and he had, moreover, written a book on the subject so early as 1815. Nor was this his only contribution to surgical science, for he was the author of several other works of considerable merit. In society he was gentlemanly and agreeable, but somewhat vain. He was the favorite surgeon of the late Count d'Orsay, who faithfully sketched his likeness, and also of the late Lady Blessington.

Here I must break off; and if this paper be not found dull, I may by and by be tempted to speak of some eminent physicians who are gone to "another and a better world."

**CANINE SAGACITY.**—The *Courrier de Champagne* relates the following instance of canine sagacity and attachment: "In January last, Louis D——, a traveling mountebank, while performing at Soissons, sold a watch-dog which he had kept for years. The purchaser went to Germany, and the mountebank proceeded to the north of France. Eight months afterwards the latter was much surprised to find the dog, reduced almost to a skeleton, lying under a cart to which he used to be chained. It has since been ascertained that the dog had taken the earliest opportunity of escaping from his purchaser, had returned to Soissons, and traced his old master through the north of France and part of Belgium, till he at last found him at Orchies, (Nord.)"

**ONE OF BONAPARTE'S EGYPTIAN SAVANTS.**—The last survivor of that corps of savants who, with Denon, Champollion, and other investigators, accompanied General Bonaparte to Egypt at the close of

the past century, died here on Tuesday morning without any previous ailing or illness. Jomard de l'Institut, born in 1777, was one of the earlier pupils of the Polytechnic School, and joined the expedition in charge of the charts and maps of the scientific staff, a department of which he continued through life the recognized exponent under every Government. He classified, at the Imperial library, the important deposit of which he held custody, and was authoritative referee on every requirement. It was to Jomard that was mainly traceable the early transfer to France of the Lancasterian system, which he had appreciated in England at its origin by Bell and Lancaster. He had to contend with the sneers of old routine, the improvement being nicknamed *Système de l'An Quatre*, in derision of the Republican calendar.—*Paris letter*.

THE Sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.



From the North British Review.

## SYRIA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.\*

OLD as the world is, and wise and moral as kings and people have become, at every new turn of international politics we are still reminded of the fable of the fox and the lamb. Talk as we may—wish as we must that it were otherwise—Might still makes Right all the world over; and right is only sure of being respected when it can transmute itself into “big battalions.” The old farce, which governments never seem to think stale, and which so often precedes a tragedy, has begun again; and the chief players are strutting about in their masks, previous to the rising of the curtain on another version of that serious drama, the Eastern question. Ten years ago the quarrel was about the keys of the Holy Sepulcher: this year it was about mending the roof. Any thing will do for a pretext. In 1852 the quarrel was between France and Russia, with Turkey acting as a sorely perplexed mediator. Now—ominous conjunction!—France and Russia have exhibited themselves in perfect accord, and poor Turkey is about to be put into the cleft stick. The menacing rumors current in June and July have grown faint again: but it does not require the vision of a seer to tell us that the re-opening of the Eastern Question is only postponed, and to a not distant date.

It hardly needed this new imbroglio to attract public attention to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Syria and the adjoining regions have, of late years, been rising more and more into men's thoughts. Half a century ago, when Lady Hester Stanhope, after the death of her great uncle, took ship and embarked with all her goods for the Syrian shore—to

watch the stars from the old convent of Mar Elias, and be crowned Queen at Palmyra by the wild Arabs of the desert—she went thither as to an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, where she could give scope to her heroic nature and bizarre caprices, unchecked by the staid world of which she had grown weary, and which, perhaps, had grown a little weary of her. More recently, when Lamartine went thither on his famous pilgrimage—self-exiled for the health's sake of his little Julie, whom he left at last in a Syrian grave—the journey was so rarely undertaken, that he equipped himself with the retinue of a prince; and it is the highest compliment to the popularity of his charming *Voyage en Orient*, to record that the sale of the book compensated the profusion of its author. Now we think nothing of the “excursion.” We “do” Egypt and Syria in the winter months, as we do Norway in the summer. Egypt is already half occidentalized, and projects are on foot which will ere long work similar changes in Syria—projects political as well as commercial. A railroad projected from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates; a good road completed from the coast to Damascus; silk-factories on the slopes of the Lebanon; regular steamers to Beyroot; and, above all these, the action of foreign Powers, watching and waiting for the expected hour when their influence and their arms are to be exerted on this important isthmal region of the Old World. As if to symbolize the current of political thought, royal and princely visits to Syria have of late years taken place in remarkable succession. First, the Grand-Duke Constantine, brother and representative of the imperial head of the Greek Church. Next, in the spring of 1860, the Comte de Paris, the heir of the ex-royal house of Orleans, who has given us his impressions of the visit in an elegant and thoughtful narrative. Thereafter the last of the Bourbons of France, and Count de Chambord, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. And, to close this series of royal visits,

\* *Damas et le Liban. Extraits du Journal d'un Voyage en Syrie au printemps du 1860.* Londres, 1861.

*L'Orient rendu à lui-même.* Par S. A. MANO. Paris, 1862.

*Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel,* 1861. Edited by FRANCIS GALTON. London, 1862.

*Syria and the Syrians.* By GREGORY M. WORTABET. London, 1856.

*Proceedings of British Association,* 1862. Section E.—*Geography and Ethnography.*

which have all taken place within the last three years, our own Prince of Wales recently returned from a similar expedition. As if in turn, the Viceroy of Egypt has come to visit the Courts of England and France. Thus, by many different ways, the thoughts of men have been directed with more than usual interest to the countries of the Levant. And in these different events, each of small importance taken by itself, we behold expressions of that widely-felt interest and unconscious restlessness which so often are manifested on the eve of great events.

The tourist in Syria, as he travels along the rough roads or bridle-paths, does not readily discern any explanation of the importance which, by general consent, the governments of Europe attach to that corner of the Ottoman Empire. It is certainly no Eldorado. There are no accumulated treasures. A single millionaire Hebrew of the West could table as much ready money as the entire population of Syria could produce. The country is little better than a desert. Anarchy and apathy reign together. The wandering Arab tribes, leaving their proper region, pass unopposed, in their leisurely turbulent way, right through the country, monopolizing for their herds and flocks the rich plain of Esdraëlon, and pitching their black tents up to the foot of Mount Carmel. The Lebanon—the happiest and most prosperous part of the country—has been steeped in bloodshed, and blackened ruins remain as records of the sanguinary fray. Extortionate as the Turkish Government is—not so much from choice as from a helpless ignorance of financial administration—we believe that Syria actually costs as much as it yields. To add to the *désagréments* of this coveted country, the population is split up into a dozen different sections, either originally distinct, or who have parted asunder in religious feud, and all of whom are intensely jealous and opposed. A less inviting corner of the earth, one might think, could hardly be conceived; yet great Powers have fought over this dead carcase, and will, we doubt not, fight over it again. Napoleon invaded it, and to the last hour of his life regretted the “accident” which compelled him to abandon it. Ibrahim Pasha, backed by France, coveted and conquered it. And only last year we had great difficulty in getting the troops of Napoleon III. out of it.

It is true the poverty and wretchedness of the country are not its own fault. It is a sad inheritance—a legacy from many centuries of misfortunes. The geographical position of Syria has been its ruin. Every lordly race of the Old World has been led thither in conquest. The central isthmus, the very neck of the Old World, it invaders have come from every point of the compass; the Assyrian and Persian from the east, the Greek and Roman from the west, the Arab from the south, the Mongol and Turk from the north. It is a land whose history presents a striking series of vicissitudes—one violent change of dominion or of religion following hard upon another. It is the advent of a wanderer from the uplands of the Tigris and Euphrates that first dispels from Syria the darkness of pre-historic time. We see an Aramæan suddenly, on divine impulse, striking his tent by the Euphrates, near Ur of the Chaldees, and journeying with his family and flocks westward, round the northern edges of the Syrian desert, till he comes upon another region of fertility, and a new civilization—if such it may be called—and beholds the Syrian hills and towns, Damascus and the Cities of the Plain. Four centuries afterward, the descendants of that patriarch, then become a nation, re-issuing from Egypt, accomplished the first invasion and partial conquest of Syria of which we have record. At that early time, we are told, Syria had not a few walled towns; the vine was cultivated, and, still more, if not the art, at least the usages of war. The whole interior of the country, up to the very edge of the Desert, was occupied by tribes who warred with one another, but who nevertheless spread population and cultivation over many districts (especially to the east of the Jordan and Dead Sea) which now have been desert for long centuries. On the coast, the Phœnician race—skilled in manufactures, trading in ships, and warring in chariots and iron mail—had commenced that enterprising career which led them as traders or colonists to Greece, Carthage, Marseilles, and the distant shores of Britain. At the same epoch, Syria began to witness the inroads of the rival armies of Egypt and Assyria; and at length, about seven centuries before Christ, the Assyrian monarchy, then in the zenith of its power, dominated ruthlessly over the whole of Syria. Conquest made radical changes in those days. The greater por-

tion of the Hebrew nation was carried away into servitude, never to return, other settlers being imported to fill their place; and thus Syria witnessed a second great change in its population, although the new settlers probably sprang from the same old stem from which Abraham had branched off. Next came the noble Persians, ruling Syria as a satrapy, but making little change in the customs or religion of the country. Alexander and his Greeks followed, giving rise to the great dynasty of the Seleucidæ, who had their capital at Antioch, and leavened with their influence the northern half of Syria. Tyre had fallen under the blow of Alexander, but a hundred other towns started into existence, or at least into new and higher life, under the Grecian rule; and Grecian art and civilization dominated in the country even during all the subsequent rule of the Romans. For ages before Pompey led the Roman legions into Syria, highways of commerce traversing the country connected Tyre and Sidon and the coast of the Levant with Damascus, Babylon, and the countries of the East. Upon one of those highways, running through the Syrian desert, arose queenly Palmyra—graceful and beautiful as the palm-trees from which it took its name, and whose extensive ruins, standing now amidst perfect solitude, still enchant the traveler who is sufficiently daring to journey through the sandy wastes and lawless Bedouins to visit them. (Posterity will be thankful that the enthusiastic spirit and pictorial genius of Carl Haag have preserved for them that lovely vision.) Baalbek, too, in the valley between the twin mountain-chains of Lebanon, arose with its magnificent Temple of the Sun, whose superb columns and architraves are deemed to have been the work of genii by the starving tribes who now drive their flocks over the waste but surpassingly prolific plain of the Bekaa.

Judaism, ever an isolated religion, in due time passed away from the hills of Palestine; and Christianity not only supplanted it, but triumphed also over the worship of Baal and Astarte, and the other forms of paganism which of old existed along the coast and over all the northern half of Syria—Antioch, afterward the “eye of the Christian churches,” certainly not excepted. But a new religion and a new power suddenly arose in the barren peninsula to the south; and the Arabs, under the successors of Mo-

ammed, rushing as fierce conquerors into Syria, began the greatest and most destructive series of changes which that country has undergone. The supremacy of Islam was inaugurated by the stern Kaled amidst torrents of blood. Jerusalem became a Mohammedan city—a Mosque arose on the site of the Temple. Then it was, when the rule of the fanatic Moslem became intolerable, that the tales of suffering brought home by pilgrims aroused all Europe to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracen. Peter the Hermit, Godfrey, Tancred, and Richard of England, headed the fiery onsets; and for a time the chivalry of the West proved more than a match for the walled cities and swarming hosts opposed to them. For several generations the sea-coasts and the mountains were held by the Crusaders. The Counts of Tripoli and Thoulouse ruled their districts with settled sway, and not a few ruined castles in the Lebanon date their origin from that period. But the genius of Saladin and the dashing valor of his Arabians ere long turned the tide of victory into its old channel; and before the royal shroud raised aloft on his lance proclaimed at Damascus that the great Saladin was no more, Syria had fallen anew under the dominion of the Crescent. The religion of Christ then finally gave way before that of Mohammed. Only in parts of the Lebanon range which offered a refuge from the intolerance of the Moslem, did any Christian population exist; it became the home of the sect of the Maronites, who have preserved their Christianity (such as it is) to the present day. Once more, and in still more dreadful form, the waves of war and conquest rolled over Syria. Mongol and Turk, in repeated invasions, desolated the land, destroying cities, massacring inhabitants, and sweeping away first the rule of the Saracen Caliphs, and latterly the dominion of the Egyptian Mamlooks. For upward of three centuries the Ottoman Turks have ruled in Syria; but unless we mistake the signs of the times, they will not rule much longer.

The present condition of Syria fitly accords with its past history. The population is not a tenth of what it once was, and cultivation has proportionately decreased. Many towns have wholly disappeared; mounds of ruins still attest the site of others. The slopes of Mount Lebanon and the barren hill-sides of Judæa



show marks of the ancient terraces; and vast regions of now desert plain on the eastern side of the mountains were of old the seat of populous towns. The present population of Syria, from Antioch and Aleppo to the deserts of Arabia, does not exceed two millions and a half, (less than the population of London!) whereas Judea alone, in the time of Titus, contained four millions. At whatever point the traveler enters the country, he steps upon ruins. Even at thriving Beyroot, he is reminded that there of old was the greatest school of law in the Roman Empire; and the ruins disinterred in every part of the environs show that the city is but a shadow of what it was. Of Seleucia, once containing six hundred thousand inhabitants, nothing remains but half a dozen houses and the crumbling piers and jetties of its noble harbor. Tyre has left only its site—Sidon is a village—Acre is a miserable substitute for Ptolemais—only twenty-seven thousand remain of the five hundred thousand inhabitants of Antioch—of the ten cities which gave their name to the region of Decapolis, not one remains—and how miserably Jerusalem is fallen needs not be told. Every where it is the same tale of decay. Approach Syria from the side of Egypt, and ruins are found extending for miles into the Desert; proceed thence into the Hauran, the vast plains lying east of the Dead Sea and south of Damascus, and in the solitude you come upon the remains of goodly cities, and find enduring traces of ancient cultivation. Continue your journey northward past Damascus, down the valley of the Orontes, and ruins still present themselves every where; or, leaving the river at Hamah, take the route from thence to Aleppo, and all along the road you discover the remains of ancient villages, numerous aqueducts, cisterns fallen in, ruined fortresses, vanishing temples.

Such is modern Syria—a crumbling skeleton of the exuberant life which reigned there of old. Such a picture of decay is very striking; yet we are apt to forget how great a part local decay holds in the progress of the world. Accustomed as we are to an unbroken progress in our own isles and surrounding countries for two thousand years, we regard retrogression and decay as a much more exceptional event than it is. Even in Europe, preëminently the continent of progress, there have been remarkable retrogressions. Greece

has lost its population as well as its prosperity and fame; and even Italy is, in many respects, inferior to what it was in the time of the Roman Empire. But if we quit Europe, examples of retrogression meet us in all quarters. There is one great zone of the Old World, stretching from the desert of Cobi to the Atlantic—through Bactria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, and all along Northern Africa—which presents an unbroken series of prostrate states and decayed countries. The population of the earth, like the waters of the sea, has its tides, which, when rising high in new quarters, leave behind them bare sands in other places. But as the tide of the sea returns again, so, we believe, will population and prosperity revive in those regions which gave birth to the first empires of civilization. Europe, while reviving her own decayed parts, is throwing (or about to throw) her energies with expansive force upon every part of that zone of decay which passes, like the line of the ecliptic, through the heart of the Old World. And in the middle of that zone, at the very point where the forces and influence of Europe will make themselves felt most strongly and most speedily, lie Syria and Egypt.

Wide as have been the conquests of the Spaniards, great as is the expansion of the Anglo-Saxons, the overflowing of the white race of Europe into other regions of the globe is very far from having reached its term. Compared with what will yet be, it is only beginning. The territorial limits of the various nations in Europe are now, not quite, but pretty nearly, established on a natural and lasting basis; but not so the limits of their power in extra-European regions. Every year the colonies of England are increasing in population, wealth, and power; and it is in the regions beyond the Egyptian isthmus that our possessions are most rapidly extending. Australia, Tasmania, New-Zealand, the Cape, Natal, and India, demand more easy and rapid communication with the mother country; in Borneo we see the beginning of a new and important British state, and we are fringing with settlements the coasts of China. Our line of communication with these nascent states, and with our great Indian empire, lies through Egypt or Syria—by and by, we hope, through both; and the natural consequence of such a position is, that we must consolidate our influence in these countries, in order to secure for



ourselves a sure passage, and strenuously resist every effort of a foreign Power to establish itself in that important region.

Other European Powers are likewise spreading; and, by a strange and most suggestive coincidence, their march is leading them by opposite routes to this very quarter—to this neck of the Old World, once so famous, now so fallen, and in the friendly independence of which region England has so momentous an interest. While the British race, the lords of the sea, act as colonizers of ultra-oceanic regions, the Russians are playing a similar though less marvelous part by land. Kept in check by the dense populations of an equal race in Europe, their natural craving for territorial expansion will find vent in the vast regions of Northern and Western Asia, thinly peopled by races who can not contend on equal terms with the European. While spreading down the Amoor to the shores of the Pacific, the Slavonians are extending their power still more zealously in Central Asia. They have long had a flotilla on the Caspian; they have lately launched armed steamers on the Sea of Aral, with boats for ascending the Oxus River, by which troops or traffic can reach the mountain-pass of Bameean over the Hindoo-koosh to Cabool. They have broken through, though not wholly subjugated, the line of the Caucasus; and over this neck of land, flanked on either side by their fleets in the Black Sea and the Caspian, they are ready to act upon the adjoining provinces of Turkey and Persia whenever the fated hour shall come round. Apart from the ambitious policy of the Czars, Russia must throw off her swarms, just as England has done; and it is in the East alone that an opening for those swarms can be found. In the more temperate regions of Asia they will settle as colonists, forming a numerous upper caste, and leavening the Tartar tribes with the knowledge and religion of the West. In the more southerly regions they will simply usurp the administration, taking the reins of government from the failing hands of the Turk. The Russians dream of one day dictating peace to us at Calcutta; but the British and Muscovite powers must have come into collision in a less remote part of Asia before their battalions can meet in mortal strife on the Indus. Syria is the key to the British possessions in India—moreover, it will ere long be one of the most important commercial posi-

tions in the world; and it is toward that country that Russia will in the first instance advance. A century and a half ago, Czar Peter discerned that an indispensable step to an attack upon our Indian empire was to get possession of the Syrian peninsula; and in the war of 1829, Paskiewitch, victorious alike over Turk and Persian, meditated a descent through the mountains of Armenia into the valley of the Euphrates. Peace alone prevented him from accomplishing his design. But the capture of Kars and the advance of the Russian outposts to Erzeroum in 1855 was another push in the same direction; and whenever the war between the Cross and the Crescent is reopened, we may rely upon it that the principal advance of the Russians will be made round the eastern side of the Black Sea, into Asia Minor. Forewarned is forearmed; and although we believe England is able to avert the danger, it is well to bear in mind the opinion expressed by Colonel Chesney in 1825:

“Russia is actually in possession of the Turkish province of Achaltzick, within fifteen days’ march, or even less, of the navigable part of the Euphrates; and as she has at command the immense forests of Armenia, as well as those of the province of Kars near at hand, there could be no difficulty in constructing rafts to any extent. From the twenty-sixth of April until the twentieth-fifth of June *at least*, there is a depth of twelve or fourteen feet over the rocks of Karabla; at this time the heaviest guns could be floated down with perfect ease; and long afterwards—in fact, all the eight months—there is sufficient water to convey troops and stores. Four or five weeks would suffice to carry the advance of the army down the river to the estuary of the Shat-el-Arab, and this speed would give the enemy possession of the numerous small vessels and ample resources of the rivers and provinces of Mesopotamia; Bussora would make a good port, dock-yard, etc., opening toward India, as well as an excellent *place-d’armes*, from which an enemy might immediately extend himself along the Indian River, and east side of the Persian Gulf as far as Cape Jask, which point is within six hundred and twenty-five miles of the Indus.

“Once possessed of Bussora as a port, and the line of the Euphrates to give the supplies, it would be a work of millions to dispossess the Russians of a line of country which may be defended with the utmost facility from an attack, whether made from the side of Syria or that of India.”

France, too, has begun the work of extra-European expansion and territorial

extension. The French have never been good colonizers; but they show much skill and address in adapting themselves to the manners, and amalgamating with the population of foreign countries; and in their new colony of Algeria, they have a country preëminently favorable for the extension of their power. Although for the most part lying waste, the country is so highly fertile, that in former times it was the granary of the Roman Empire. It is a country, also, which needs military organization, in which the French excel, rather than civil administration, in which they are comparatively deficient. The possession of Algeria has already added greatly to the military power of France. The Zouaves are the Sepoys of the West. They are to France what our Indian army would have been to us, if it had existed simply as a reserve, and had been brought within three days' sail of the parent State. But if the native troops of Algiers are likely to play an important part on the battle-fields of Europe, they are not less certain to be of great service in extending the dominion of France eastward through Northern Africa. The dream of Gallic ambition to convert the Mediterranean into "a French lake," and the designs of the first Napoleon upon Egypt, have never been forgotten by the French nation or Government.\* It was with a view to establish the influence of France on that important isthmus, that M. Thiers and his Government supported Mehemet Ali against his suzerain the Sultan; and nothing could exceed the irritation of the French Government when the successful bombardment of Acre by the British fleet put an end to that scheme of ambition. By her settlements in Algeria, France is constructing a better and surer road to the goal of her ambition. The official reports on Algeria show how the invading race is spreading like a dominant caste—eastward, westward, southward—over the native tribes of the coast, the moun-

tains, and the desert. Such a power must, from its very nature, extend itself; and nothing exists to circumscribe its operations eastward, the direction in which it longs to advance. In a few years we may see it rebuilding the docks and quays of Carthage; and the cynosure of its ever-advancing course will be Egypt.

Thus, again, are we brought back to the frontiers of Syria. Starting from different points, approaching by different routes, the conquering march of the three leading powers of Europe is converging towards the same point. The policy, if not the arms, of Russia, France, and Britain, are coming into contact in that most important of all regions, which connects together the three continents of the Old World, and across which passes the shortest route between Europe and the island-continent of Australasia. The necessity of speedy communication with our Indian empire, and with our Australasian colonies—destined to become a puissant confederacy of states—renders it indispensable that Great Britain keep secure for herself a passage either across Egypt or Syria. And yet this portion of the earth is the very point to which both Russia and France are advancing as the goal of their expansion. Strange region! thus attracting from afar the greatest powers of the world. Marvelous point! toward which the white oligarchs of the earth, after subduing the greater part of the world, are advancing in rival force to come into collision on its plains. How the inspired songs of the bards of Israel rise into our thoughts as we contemplate the actual facts of the hour, and calculate the force and tendency of the current of affairs!

Let us view this old historic land, now at its lowest ebb of desolation, but certain ere long to regain in a new form its ancient importance. The features of the country are easily described. A long range of limestone mountains, running from north to south, forms the backbone of Syria, reaching its greatest altitude in the country of the Druses and Maronites, above Tripoli and Beyroot, where it splits into the parallel chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and thereafter, below the latitude of Tyre, spreading and sinking into a number of lesser ridges, which run southward through Palestine and around the Dead Sea, to the stony wastes of the Arabian Desert. With

\* Even the Comte de Paris, in his graceful record of his journey in Syria, can not forbear thinking of French politics. He says: "After traversing the Lebanon, I have become convinced of the superiority of the Christians over the other races of Syria, and of the beneficent influence which Europe, and especially France, may have upon them. It is by religion that they must be acted upon; and as three fourths of the Christians are Catholics, it is France that must play the principal part. Her priests form an admirable militia to accomplish this work of progress."—*Damas et le Liban*, p. 128.

the blue Levant on one side, and the hot level plains of the Syrian Desert on the other, the chain of Lebanon presents the same aspect to both—a cloud-capped ridge running north and south as far as the sight extends, and distributing itself in offshoot ridges in various directions, only on the side of the desert the cliffs are bare and white, whereas the showers and saline dews from the sea cover the western slopes with ample verdure. The coast-region, the narrow strip of level ground which lies between the mountains and the sea, almost disappears in the middle portion of the coast-line, between Tripoli and Tyre, and is broadest in the southern portion, south of Carmel, where lay the lowlands of Philistia, with the cities of Gaza, Ashdod, and Ascalon. Yet this southern and broadest portion of the coast-region is now the most desolate of all.

If, sailing from Egypt, we coast the Syrian land from the south, the only town worth mentioning which we pass in the first hundred miles is Jaffa, insignificant in all respects, save that it is the port of Jerusalem, which lies forty miles inland across the hot plain where once grew the roses of Sharon, and beyond the barren robber-haunted hills at whose foot stands the village of Ramleh. After sailing along this flat uninteresting coast for a hundred miles, we round the hill-promontory of Carmel—on whose brow took place the memorable contest, in presence of the King of Israel, between Elijah and the priests of Baal—and entering the bay of Acre, we behold the town that has stood so many sieges where English prowess has won, from Cœur-de-Lion to Sydney Smith and Commodore Napier; and opening out behind the bay, between Acre and Carmel, and extending inland to the hills above Nazareth, lies the great plain of Esdraelon, where Hebrew, Philistine, and Egyptian, Crusader and Saracen, Turk and Frenchman, have contended in turn for the mastery of Palestine. Continuing our course northwards, we pass the rock of Tyre, and behold fishermen drying their nets where once stood the proud city that set at defiance the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar, and proved all but impregnable to the conqueror of Darius. Next the town of Saida (Sidon) comes in view, with its miles of smiling gardens and shady lanes, in the spring-time a paradise of verdure, scents, and flowers. Up the hights there—three miles up—is the hill of Djoun,

where the niece of Pitt built herself a house, and spent, in proud solitude, the latter half of her life. It was from thence she set out on that adventurous expedition to the desert-encircled city of Zenobia, where the wild Arabs, in enthusiastic admiration, hailed her Queen of Palmyra. It was there that she bearded for years the power of the Emir Besheer, the unscrupulous chief of the mountains. And there, too, reading the stars, and the lines of his hand, she told the poet Lamartine that one day he would be ruler of France. Strange prediction, as strangely realized, when the eloquent visionary for a brief hour ruled the revolutionary multitude of Paris, in the summer of 1848.

Still coasting northward, before us shoots into the sea the triangular headland of Beyroot, sloping gently down to the shore, the old town looking dingy beside the new suburbs, and clumps of mulberry trees rising with greenest foliage amongst the houses. "Beautiful Beyroot!" wrote poor Warburton: and every one will repeat those syllables of admiration. It is the busiest and most thriving place in Syria—half Oriental, half European. Steamers are constantly arriving and departing—the manufactures of Europe and America are exhibited in its shops; and the stranger will be luckless indeed if he do not meet some native who understands his language. Now, too, Lebanon, the goodly mountain, appears in its glory—villages studding its picturesque slopes like birds' nests, and its sides seamed with dells fresh with the gray-green foliage of the olive groves. Mountain of strong, fierce, industrious men, of delicious sparkling waters, and of scant but fruitful soil, where freedom has maintained itself almost unimpaired, amidst all the fearful waves of conquest which have overswept Syria. Seven hours' journey up the hights, to the south-west, is Dar-el-Kamar, with its palace or citadel of Beteddin, in the Druse country, where the old Emir Besheer ruled the mountains, until he took himself off to Malta, after having sided with Ibrahim Pasha in 1840. Weighing anchor again, a few miles north of Beyroot we pass the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, (dog-river,) nominally the boundary-stream between the Druse and Maronite countries, and where, engraven on the rocks, still appear the cuneiform letters which record the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar in that region. Passing also Djebail, more famous

in Syria for its tobacco than Latakia itself, we arrive off the last-named town, built on a spur of the Ansayrii Mountains, which here form a headland, and presenting a picturesque luxuriant aspect from the sea. The river Adonis here falls into the sea, reminding us of the ancient Syrian worship of the goddess of love, which in another form, we are told, still prevails among the strange Ansayrian sect in the mountains. Forty miles north of Beyroot, two days' journey by land, but quickly reached by the steamer, is Tripoli, the second in importance of the maritime towns of Syria: the merchants' offices form a suburb on the shore, the main part of the

town being about two miles inland, which distance you can be conveyed on a donkey for twopence! The town is divided by the stream of the Kadesha, from whence water is drawn in rivulets to the shady far-spreading gardens, blooming with the rose and jessamine, and laden with the orange, pomegranate, peach, and apricot, whither the inhabitants repair for evening pastime, and where the damsels of Tripoli, unrivaled in Syria for grace and beauty, may be seen seated in picnic parties, by the rippling streamlets, beneath the odorous shade.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## R E D I V I V A .

Ah! is it in her eyes,  
Or is it in her hair,  
Or on her tender lips,  
Or is it every where?

'Tis but one little child  
Among the many round;  
Yet she holds me in a spell,  
And I am on holy ground.

As I look into her eyes,  
The long years backward glide,  
And I am alone with Darling,  
Two children side by side.

Her sash blows over my knee,  
Her ringlets dance on my cheek:  
And do I see her smile?  
And shall I hear her speak?

O Love! so royally trustful,  
That your faith and fulfillment were one!  
O world! that doest so much!  
O God! that beholdest it done!

She looks me clear in the face,  
She says, "Please tell us the time"—  
And I: "'Tis twenty years since—  
Oh! no, 'tis a quarter to nine."

And the children go for their hats,  
And homeward blithely run;  
But I am left with the memory  
In which Past and Future are one.

Ah! and was it in her eyes,  
Or was it in her hair,  
Or on her tender lips,  
Or was it every where?

F.



From Chambers's Journal.

## A . N I G H T O F T E R R O R .

## EARTHQUAKE PHENOMENA.

THE first object that caught my eye as I sat up in my bed was James; he was staring at me in the same confused state in which I looked at him, and both of us listened intently for some sound or cry which could tell us what was the matter. Screams we could hear plainly enough, but nothing intelligible. There was a sound as of barefooted people running with all their might along the passage outside our door, and the idea suggested itself simultaneously to our minds that the place was on fire. Without waiting to dress ourselves, we got out of our beds, and I had my hand on the gimlet with which we secured the latch of our door, when I felt a shock that caused me to reel across the room, till I fell against the wall on the opposite side; the bed followed me, and falling against James, seriously bruised his legs, and pinned him against the wainscot. For a moment we remained in this position, and then the house began to settle back on its foundations, and I was able to drag the bed a little way from the wall, and set him at liberty. We got to the door, and removed the gimlet; but the house was still so far from being level, that we had to break the door down before we could get out of the room. Many of the boards in the passage were torn apart and split to pieces; and between the passage and the staircase there was a gap into which I slipped, but, fortunately, though the fall hurt me very much, the opening was not wide enough to allow of my body passing through. Dragging my legs out as quickly as I could, I followed my husband down-stairs into the street, no longer at a loss to understand the cause of the commotion which had roused us from our sleep: it was the first shock of an earthquake.

By the light of the moon, we could perceive that the two shocks had reduced several houses in the street to dust and

broken timber, and from among these ruins rose cries, moans, and prayers, which chilled my blood, and almost paralyzed the power of movement. From the houses that still remained standing, the people were bringing out what they considered of most value, some their children, others boxes or furniture. With our arms linked together, we pushed our way as well as we could through the crowd of fugitives that filled the street, now stumbling into holes so deep, that the sudden shock was painfully felt through the whole frame, and a moment afterward scrambling over heaps of rubbish. With great difficulty we had got as far as Montada's store, when we felt a movement of the earth, which made me feel as though my heart were rising into my throat, followed instantly after by a motion which made it appear to me that the ground was falling away beneath my feet, and leaving me suspended in the air. This was repeated several times. Houses were falling on our right hand and on our left, pieces of timber and stones were driven about us with a force as great as though shot from a gun; many were struck dead, and others were beaten down and sunk to the ground, where they were trampled to death. Just before us was a woman with one side of her face torn in a most frightful manner, whom I recognized, on seeing the other side, as the keeper of a shop where James and I had spent nearly an hour the previous evening in buying some gold-embroidered leather. I spoke to her, but she did not heed me; and so great was her terror, that she did not appear conscious of the horrible injuries she had received, notwithstanding that the blood was streaming down her neck, and dyeing the front of her night-dress a vivid crimson. With rolling gait and uncertain steps, we staggered forward, as it seemed to us, but in reality we did not advance a yard; Montada's store was still in front of us,

and rocking frightfully. By great exertion in a sidelong direction, we put a little more space between us and it; when down it came with a tremendous crash, throwing a volley of stones over the very spot where we had been standing, and burying many persons beneath its ruins. One poor man, carrying two children in his arms, was crushed almost at our feet by the end of one of the beams, and lay screaming with agony, without its being possible for us to help him. The fall of this house was succeeded by a cessation of the motion of the earth, and a rush was made over the ruins, regardless of the wretched creatures below. The merciful Providence which had protected us hitherto, enabled us to reach the open space in front of the civic hall without injury, and here we halted, feeling that we should be safer than in the narrow streets.

For the space of half an hour or thereabouts, there was no renewal of the earthquakes, and we had begun to hope that the evil was over. Hundreds of people, most of them with little beside their night-dresses on them, were huddled about us, when suddenly, without a sound to give notice of what was coming, the earth opened in a zigzag line right across the Plaza, a crowd of persons dropping into the chasm, which closed, opened, and closed again, and all in an instant. We were so close as to see this distinctly, and though it was over so quickly that comparatively few of those on the Plaza knew what had happened, the cries of mortal terror which were uttered by those who had been on the brink of the grave, told those at a distance of some new disaster, and the air was so filled with shrieks and prayers for mercy that I grew sick with terror. Some cried aloud that it was the day of judgment, and sank groveling to the earth; a desperate-looking man beside us, who gave no cry nor breathed a prayer, was violently beating his own head with a large stone; and another was savagely attacking every person within his reach like a wild beast.

All this time the moon was shining brilliantly in a cloudless firmament, and when we looked upward in our terror, it caused hope to spring up in our hearts to see how serene every thing was above; but when our attention was again directed to what was passing about us, it added an indescribable horror to the scene, and for a moment shook our faith in the existence

of a merciful Creator at the very time when we most needed its support. Our great desire was to escape to the hills, the mind associating stability with these masses of earth; but it was impossible to get through the crowd which hemmed us in on every side, and seemed afraid to venture again in the narrow street. Instead of half an hour elapsing before the next shock was felt, there could not have been half that time, and this shock was far more violent than the previous one, and lasted longer. There was the same sickening motion, not altogether unlike what is experienced on shipboard; but the motion itself was nothing compared with the effects of the terror it caused to feel the earth rocking beneath us, and this, too heightened by the spectacle of houses crumbling to dust, bleeding bodies, shrieks, and every species of woful utterance which human organs are capable of forming. From constant travel, I was physically almost as strong as my husband, but with the most earnest desire not to add to his alarm and distress, I was obliged to cling to him for support while this horrid din was raging about us. The dull roaring sound which accompanied the movements of the earth gradually died away, and at the same time the openings of chasms in the Plaza were renewed. Wherever these gaps occurred, a number of individuals disappeared, and until it closed again, there was a long dark line, from which persons made frantic efforts to recoil. Sometimes these chasms were straight as an arrow; at other times, they were as crooked as forked lightning. To try to change our position while this was going on, was useless, for there was nothing to indicate what direction the next opening might take, and motion on the part of such a multitude could only increase the loss of life. Once, indeed, we found ourselves on a small triangularly shaped piece of ground, with a chasm on both sides of us of about a yard in width. Persons fell into this gap all round us, but several were drawn out again alive; James drew out three himself, and very few were crushed in it when it closed. This sudden closing of the earth caused some of the most hideous sights which it is possible to conceive. The ground did not always open wide enough to admit the human body, or it opened into chasms of several feet, but not of a greater depth than four or five feet; and the inconceivable rapidi-

ty with which they opened and closed, caused many persons to be caught in them by their legs, in the case of the narrow chasms, and in the case of the broad but shallow gaps, men, women, and children were crushed together in one mass, as regarded the lower part of their bodies, leaving the heads separate, and the upper part of the bodies blended together as closely as though they were one body with many heads.

As soon as there was a longer pause than usual between these gapings, we were able to make our way off the Plaza, in consequence of the great thinning of the crowd; and taking the broadest of two openings which presented themselves before us, we proceeded down it, keeping as near the middle as possible, for every now and then a house fell to the ground without the slightest warning, though, while the earth was steady, with little danger except to those immediately opposite to it. We might have advanced about a quarter of a mile, when James stopped to knock at a door. I did not at first see where we were, but on looking more attentively, I discovered that we were at the house of a man of whom we had frequently hired horses during our stay in Nanhuisalco. Nobody answered his call, though he beat at the gate with a stone with all his might. I urged him not to wait for horses, which might be unable to make their way with so much ease as ourselves, when he pointed to his foot, and told me he could walk no further; and I then saw that a vein against the ankle must have been cut open, for he was standing in quite a pool of blood. I hastened back as fast as my own wounded feet would allow me to a place where I had seen a dead body lying, and from this I tore some strips of linen sufficient to bind up my husband's feet and my own. Greatly relieved by the protection this gave us from the sharp stones, and the accidental kicks and tread of other fugitives, we left the shelter of the gateway, and joined those who, like ourselves, were making for the open country, not on the supposition that we should be safe there, but that we should have, at all events, one danger the less to encounter.

I have omitted to say that for some time we had perceived that it was becoming sensibly darker. The clouds of dust which rose from the falling houses, combined with that raised by the trampling of

feet, concealed the moon from us, and made it difficult for us to avoid running against the houses, and impossible to prevent falling over heaps of rubbish. We could just distinguish a large, square, white house, with a flat roof, which we knew to belong to Luis Torellas, a friend of ours, when a gentle rise of the ground, accompanied by a low moaning sound, told us of what was coming. We stood still, and the ground had hardly subsided, when there came another and louder roar, and with it an upheaval of the ground compared with which all that had preceded it were insignificant. We were forced to drop on the ground from actual inability to remain upright; and here we sat tossed up and down in a frightful manner, and every moment apprehensive that one of the chasms like those we had seen might open beneath us and swallow us up. It now became so dark that we could see nothing whatever; and but for the incessant crashing of the falling houses, and the renewed cries and prayers, we might have supposed ourselves buried in the very center of the earth. Vainly did we strive to distinguish if Torellas's house was still standing; we could not even see each other's face, so that I lost even that source of courage. Presently, the dull roar of the earthquake was mingled with, or drowned by, the crashes of thunder following the most vivid flashes of lightning I ever saw, which, though it left me in doubt at times whether I had not been struck blind, did us this service, that it allowed us to see that Torellas's house was still erect, and apparently uninjured. To add to the horrors of this night, a fire broke out in a street near us in two or more houses at the same time, caused either by the broken timbers falling over an unextinguished fire, or by the lightning. The dryness of the wood caused the flame to spread with amazing rapidity, and I confess that the light caused a feeling of satisfaction in my mind, which nobody can realize who has not been in a position of imminent danger in the midst of total darkness. If I had been able to see what was passing in those houses and in the street between, I should have felt far otherwise.

The undulations of the earth, though fainter, still continuing, James proposed we should take refuge with Torellas for a time, seeing that the house had withstood the recent shocks, and not thinking it like-

ly we should have any others more violent. We rose, holding each other tightly, and making our way to the door as direct as we could, groped about till we had found the fastening, when we pushed it open, and felt our way along the passage to the staircase. We knew our way to the principal apartments from having visited at the house so frequently, and we made our way from one to the other of these, notwithstanding the dead silence which followed my husband's calls for Torellas. We had opened the doors of several rooms, and had found them all in total darkness, and we were on the point of leaving the house, supposing that Torellas with his family had abandoned it, when we remembered a room which gave a fine view of the city and of the environs. In the intense darkness which prevailed, we had to grope a long time before we could find the door, but when we had found it and pushed it open, the glare which rushed into our eyes was terrible. I believed the building was in flames, but so horrible was the pain in my eyes, and so great the bewilderment caused by the brilliant light after being so long in such pitchy darkness, that I could not have fled if I had felt the fire laying hold of me. I covered my face with my hands, and as the pain diminished, I parted my fingers little by little, and let in the light gradually, till I was able to open my eyes to the light without protection. Madame Torellas was most kind in her attentions to me, even at such a moment, and her daughters were willing assistants. They brought water to wash our wounded feet; but my husband would not suffer the bandages to be removed, for fear of causing inflammation of the wounds, by exposing them to the air in such a hot climate, especially as we might within a minute have to rush out of the house. We were glad enough, however, to avail ourselves of their offered kindness in the matter of clothing, and when these arrangements were completed, we went to the window, and looked out.

The sight was grand and horrible. The flames which now rose from the houses on both sides of the street lit up the tower of the convent, which had hitherto resisted the shocks of the earthquake, with a bright-red glow, and showed us every projection and crevice, even to the bird sitting in her nest, either kept there by her maternal instinct, or too bewildered to fly away. A little below this convent, the

road widened several feet beyond what it was just below us, and at the bottom it narrowed again, and was shut in by a tanner's yard. This factory or store was blazing fiercely, and Torellas told us that one part of the building was used to store a large quantity of saltpeter. Most of the inhabitants had probably made their escape; but there were still many in the street who might have delayed their flight to save something from the general wreck, but were more likely plunderers who were taking advantage of the confusion and terror to help themselves to the property of others. If this were so, they paid dearly for their crime. A repetition of the shocks, so violent, that the broad, solid building in which we were shook and trembled, brought down the convent-tower, which crushed the opposite houses on the two sides of the street into one mass, so that a low but flaming barrier cut off their escape, and shut them in on all sides. It was a dreadful sight to see the poor creatures running to and fro, seeking with frantic gestures an outlet, and finding none. Some fell in the middle of the street, insensible or dead; a few leaped among the burning ruins, and were either consumed or made their escape, for they returned no more; but the greater part of them huddled together in the broadest part of the street, the stronger struggling savagely to force themselves into the center of the group. The intense heat soon reduced strong and weak to one level, and for some minutes before motion ceased altogether, we could distinguish nothing but a writhing mass. Soon a pale bright flame seemed to be hovering over it, like a bird of prey over a dying camel in the desert, sinking lower and lower, till it suddenly seized upon it and wrapped it in a shroud of fire. Faint with horror, yet with something like a feeling of thankfulness in my heart that we had not wandered into this street in the obscurity, I turned away from the window, and sat down on a couch. James said he intended to try and get out of the town as soon as it was daylight, but Torellas declared that his confidence in the stability of his house was so perfect that nothing would induce him to abandon it, but that his wife and family were free to go with us if they chose. At the first appearance of daylight we all ascended to the roof of the house, to get a more perfect view of the extent of the damage that had been done. The shocks were



still frequent, but less violent, and we comforted ourselves with the belief that the worst was over. In every direction there were gaps where a heap of rubbish alone remained to indicate the place whereon a building had formerly stood; and while we were looking, the air at a particular spot would be filled with dust, showing that another house had been added to the list of the fallen. Our host brought us some food and wine, and had gone down to get some segars for himself and James, when a prolonged dull roar told us that another shock was approaching. The house trembled with a vibratory motion which made me stretch out my hands to lay hold of something to steady myself. All at once the vibratory motion changed for one of upheaval, the house parted in two, and we felt ourselves descending to the earth with a rapidity which took my breath away, and I became for the first time insensible. When I recovered my senses, my first thought was of my husband. I opened my eyes, and found him still alive, and, as it turned out, with limbs unbroken, though greatly bruised. He was feeling my pulse, and looking anxiously at my face for signs of recovery, and his joy when I opened my eyes was evident even to my enfeebled vision. After a moment, I thought of Madame Torellas and her daughters, and asked him in a faint voice if they were safe; but he only pointed to what appeared a heap of torn clothing without speaking, and I comprehended that they—who at the moment when the division took place were standing at the edge of the terrace, looking at the still burning ruins—had been precipitated into the street and killed.

When I attempted to move, I suffered intense pain in my right leg, which was so helpless that I felt it must be broken. My husband examined it, and found that it was fractured a little below the knee, and that any further walking on my part was quite out of the question. He went away for a minute or two, and came back with some strips of linen and pieces of rafters, which he smoothed and cut with his knife into splints, and set the bone as well as circumstances would admit of. After he had done this, he searched for and found some of the food which poor Torellas had brought up, and made me swallow a few mouthfuls; but I wanted water most, and this he was unable to get without going some distance, wherefore I preferred to

suffer thirst rather than let him go out of my sight. Daylight made no difference in the severity of the shocks; but shortly after sunrise they became less frequent, and about noon seemed to have ceased altogether, and people began to appear again in the street. My husband appealed to several who passed to assist him in removing me to a place of shelter, but they all refused or pretended not to hear him; probably they had lost relatives the previous night, and were too anxious to discover any thing respecting them to pay attention to the words of a stranger. It was impossible to carry me myself in the condition I was in, on account of the pain it gave me to move, and we were obliged, though with great reluctance, to consent to a separation while he went to Batalha, the horse-dealer, to get a mule to carry me, a vehicle of any kind being useless in such encumbered streets. Every minute seemed an hour while I was waiting his return, and yet minute after minute passed, and he did not make his appearance. I knew the distance was not great, and making every allowance, as I thought, for the difficulties he might have to overcome, he ought to have been back long since, when a darkening of the air, accompanied this time by a strong sulphureous smell, gave notice that another calamity was about to burst on the devoted city. The openings of the ground were more frequent and far more terrible to see, now that the daylight illuminated them, and showed their unfathomable depth. One of these split open so close to the ruins on which I was lying, that a portion rolled in. The sun's rays fell directly into it, and I shuddered as I gazed into the gulf, which was deeper than the deepest abyss I had ever imagined myself falling into in the wildest nightmare. I drew back trembling with horror and fright, and buried my face in my arms to shut out the dreadful spectacle. I prayed for my husband's return, but he came not. I would have dragged myself along in the direction in which he had gone, if I had been able, but I was entirely powerless; and to add to the terrors of my position, I now discovered that a circular stone building (used, I believe, for the temporary confinement of prisoners) trembled with every shock, and, cracked as it was in different directions, threatened every instant to bury me beneath its ruins.

It will not be easy for any body to real-

ize my feelings as I lay on this heap of rubbish, watching the quivering blocks of stone and the powdered mortar which was grated out from between them, and fell upon me in a shower of dust. I entreated several who passed to come and remove me, if only for a few yards, so that I might be out of reach of the building; and some were about to help me, but when they saw the imminence of the danger, they, like the Levite of old, turned away, and passed by on the other side. The good Samaritan came at last, however, in the form of a poor woman, carrying a baby in her arms. In answer to my appeal, she laid her babe tenderly on the ground, lifted me up, and carried me beyond the reach of this last danger; after which she offered to get me some water, an offer I accepted with a grateful heart, for the pain I was enduring, and the anxiety I had undergone, had parched my throat to that degree that every breath I drew caused me the most acute pain, heightened, perhaps, by the sulphureous exhalations which now filled the air. She was going to carry her babe with her, but I took it from her as she was stooping to pick it up, and told her I would take care of it. Poor little innocent, it wanted no further care. It seemed asleep, but it was a sleep from which it would never wake again; probably it had been suffocated by the pressure of the crowd on the preceding night. The kind woman soon returned with some water, and I raised it to my lips eagerly, anticipating the most delicious sensations from the refreshing coolness it sent through me the instant it touched my lips. I found,

to my disappointment, that contact between it and my throat caused me so much pain that I could only swallow a few mouthfuls, and I was obliged to content myself with the relief it afforded me to hold it in my mouth.

I questioned the charitable creature who had so opportunely come to my assistance as to where she was going, and found she had no fixed idea beyond getting into the open country, upon which I proposed that if she would remain with me till my husband returned, we would take her with us. She accepted my offer, and to my great joy she had not long to wait before he returned, with two mules which he had found in a stable in the suburbs, the house to which he first went having been shaken down. He seated me on the mule, and though he had still great difficulties to contend against, in the form of clouds of dust, heaps of ruins, and occasional gaps in the ground, we gradually approached the outskirts of the town, which we ultimately succeeded in passing through, and finally found a place of refuge in a shepherd's hut, which an earthquake might swallow up, but could not shake down, from its being built, except a few stones heaped up round the lower part, of stakes, wickerwork, and dried sheep-skins with the wool on them.

We did not return to Nanhuisalco till April, 1860, some months after the catastrophe, when we found that traces of the earthquakes still remained, in the form of deep chasms, which gaped in a way that forcibly recalled the horrors we had seen on that occasion.

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A JOINT-STOCK company has been formed at Mulhouse for the cultivation of cotton at Senegal. M. Drouet, who inhabited Senegal for fifteen years, is appointed by the company to direct the new establishment. He has already left France, taking with him machinery for the preparation of the raw cotton.

INIQUITY.—When Iniquity has played her part in the theater of life, Vengeance leaps upon the stage; the comedy is short, the tragedy generally long.

A YOUNG lady, on being asked what calling she

wished her sweetheart to follow, blushing replied that she wanted him to be a husbandman.

SULKINESS.—Never sulk. Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than wire it down to turn sour and acrid within you. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and the soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

## THE FOSSIL HUMAN SKELETON FROM GUADALOUPE.\*

THE following document seems never to have been printed, and is not so much as mentioned by Mr. Charles Kœnig, in his letter to Sir Joseph Banks, published in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*, (vol. civ. p. 107, 1814.) Nevertheless it appears to be worth preserving, not only because it is the narrative of the most important person concerned in the acquisition of this celebrated fossil, but inasmuch as it corrects several slight inaccuracies in the popular versions of the discovery, and suggests some considerations which have been overlooked by all other writers.

The occurrence of fossil skeletons at Guadeloupe was first noticed in 1805, by M. Manuel Cortès y Campomanès, an officer of the French Government. They were described by General Ernouf, governor of the colony, in a letter to M. Faujas Saint-Fond, (*Annales du Muséum*, vol. v. 1805,) and afterward by M. Lavaisse, in his *Voyage à la Trinidad*, (1813.) Ernouf says that on that part of the windward (or north-east) side of the Grande-Terre, called La Moule, skeletons are found enveloped in "masses de madrepores pétrifiés," very hard, and situated within the line of high water. M. Lavaisse adds that the bed with human skeletons is nearly an English mile in length; and that he found in it hatchets and other implements, made of a basaltic or porphyritic rock, as well as bones. No mention is made of *pottery*.

It appears then that the skeletons were not found "on the main-land of Guadeloupe," as represented by Dr. Mantell and Sir C. Lyell, but on the adjoining island of Grande-Terre, which is separated indeed by a very narrow channel. It is described as a flat limestone country, consisting chiefly of the debris of corals, with here and there single hills of shell-lime-

stone; while Guadeloupe, properly so called, is entirely volcanic.

The block of stone brought home by Admiral Cochrane was originally of a flattened oval form, about a foot and a half in thickness, and weighed nearly two tons. There were no marks of the tool upon it except the few holes evidently made to assist in raising the block, and it had very much the appearance of a huge nodule disengaged from a surrounding mass. The situation of the skeleton in the block was so superficial that its presence in the rock on the coast had probably been indicated by the projection of some of the more elevated parts of the left arm. The bones, when first laid bare by the Museum workmen, were soft, and had a moldering appearance; but after an exposure for some days to the air, they acquired a considerable degree of hardness. Sir H. Davy ascertained that they still contained part of their animal matter. The rock is calcareous, with traces of phosphate of lime, (found by Dr. Thomson,) and was said to be harder than statuary marble. It has a yellowish-gray color, and is formed of disintegrated white madrepore, with a few fine particles of red madrepore, and occasional fragments of those corals; it contained also the shell of a recent land-snail, (*Helix acuta*,) and the "magpie" Trochus, (*T. pica*,) a common sea-shell of that coast.

This subject is also treated of by Baron George Cuvier, in his famous *Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du Globe*, (Ed. 3, Paris, 8vo, 1825; originally published in connection with his *Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles*, of which the best edition is the 4th, 8vo, Paris, 1834, with 4to Atlas.) After referring to the skeleton obtained with so much labor by General Ernouf, which came into the possession of the English, he says that *more recently* General Donzelot had extracted another example, now placed in the Cabinet du Roi, (Jardin des Plantes,) at Paris, and of this he gives a description and

\* Letter of Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane respecting the Fossil Human Skeleton, from Guadeloupe, now in the British Museum. Communicated by S. P. WOODWARD, F.G.S.

figure. It was imbedded in a softer sandstone, also containing a recent land-shell, (*Bulimus Guadalupensis*, Fér.) of a species still inhabiting the island. The lower jaw is preserved, but the skull is wanting, as in the former specimen. The other skeleton is extended in the usual position of the burial; but this has the knees doubled up, and seems to have been interred in the sitting position customary among the Caribs. They may have belonged to individuals of two different tribes. General Ernouf explains the circumstances by reference to a tradition of a battle and massacre on this spot, of a tribe of Galibis by the Caribs, about the year 1710. The name Galibi was said to have belonged to an ancient tribe of Caribs of Guiana, but according to a suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, it may have originated in the substitution of the letter *l* for *r*, in the word *Caribee*.

The only other article of any importance connected with this subject is a Report by Dr. James Moultrie, on a Skull of the Guadeloupe Fossil Human Skeleton, (communicated by Dr. Shepard to *Silliman's American Journal of Science and Art*, vol. xxx. p. 361, New-Haven, 1837.) The remains consisted of four cranial bones, a fragment of the lower jaw, and the lower part of a thighbone, imbedded in a matrix exactly like a portion of the rock given by Mr. Kœnig, from the British Museum specimen, to which they were said to have originally belonged. They were brought from Guadeloupe by M. L'Hermière, and placed in the museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina, in August, 1816, and were purchased in the November following by the Medical College of the State, for its Museum in Charleston. "These relics," says Dr. Moultrie, "have been supposed to belong to the head of an individual of the Carib race. This is undoubtedly a mistake. The anterior posterior diameter is too short, the occipital region too flat, and the lateral and vertical developments too full, upon a reconstruction of the cranium, to justify such a supposition. Compared with the cranium of a Peruvian in the Museum of the Medical College of the State of South-Carolina, the craniological similarity manifested between them is too striking to permit us to question their national identity.

Without attaching too much importance to this ethnological opinion, it may yet be

doubted whether the interment of the skeletons was quite so recent as supposed by General Ernouf. Admiral Cochrane has suggested the probability that it took place before the sea had encroached upon that portion of the shore, so as to cover it at high water, a change of no great amount, as the tides in the Antilles only amount to two or three feet; and the volcanic activity of La Soufrière, in Guadeloupe, may well have caused such a slight oscillation of level on a neighboring shore. The beach must have consisted of loose sand at the time of the interment of the bodies, and the process of solidification may have taken place gradually, as indicated by the subsidence and displacement of some of the bones. The narrative of Admiral Cochrane, and the statement of Mr. Kœnig, equally convey the impression that the coral sand formed a sort of concretionary mass around the bodies, which doubtless supplied the phosphoric acid since detected in the stone. If Guadeloupe was densely wooded like most of the West-Indian Islands when first discovered by Europeans, it would have been equally natural for the savage inhabitants to guard against hostile intrusion, or settle their own private differences, and bury their dead on the open sandy shore. There are great accumulations of shell-sand at the Island of Ascension, described by Mr. Darwin, and to them the turtles come to bury their eggs; it sometimes happens that the beach consolidates before the young are hatched, and when quarried for building purposes, the petrified eggs containing bones of the little turtles are exposed to view, as in the specimen presented by Mrs. Kenyon to the Geological Society. Deposits of calcareous sand are also cemented by the percolation of fresh water, as mentioned by Sir Alexander Cochrane. The ancient province of Pamphylia, in Asia Minor, is described by Professor E. Forbes and Captain Spratt as being wholly composed of *travertine*, full of holes and caverns, in which innumerable streams disappear from sight to burst forth afresh after a passage underground. On this coast the beaches are all petrified, and the fisherman who runs his boat ashore upon what appears to be a bank of sand or shingle, will find her bottom stove in upon a rock. The Admiral refers to the bone-breccia of Gibraltar, in terms which make it desirable to say that the rock itself is a mass of gray secondary limestone, of un-



certain age, containing *Terebratulæ*, similar to *T. fimbria* of the inferior oblite; and that the reddish-colored rock with *monkey-bones* is only found in caves and fissures. It is a modern deposit, such as occurs in all limestone countries; in this case the caverns having been much frequented formerly by soldiers of the garrison and picnic parties, numerous tobacco pipes and chicken-bones have become mingled with human remains and those of the older natives of the rock.

(COPY OF LETTER.)

84 WELBECK STREET, }  
August 27th, 1818. }

"MY LORD: The stone that I brought from Guadeloupe, of which I spoke to your lordship, was found near to the port La Mouille, situated on the Windward side of Grande Terre. The French Government had directed this and another that was discovered, to be carefully cut from the Rock, an operation very difficult to effect, from their position being within the line of high water, consequently the workmen could only be employed when the tide had receded from the Shore, and to preserve the Body entire they were under the necessity to undermine it, carefully removing the surrounding Rocks. The first that was brought round to the seat of Government was I understand sent to France in a Ship of War, and this was to have followed had the Island not been taken at the period it was. The expense of cutting out the one I brought home I was told exceeded three thousand Pounds, but of this I can speak with no kind of certainty, as the administration carried with them all their Books and Papers. By a man of considerable abilities in mineralogy, now resident in Guadeloupe, I was informed that the body contained within this stone lies in a diagonal position, the side appearing on the upper edge of the stone, he described this to me and pointed out the arm and some parts. I had it in contemplation to saw it in two, so as to have cut the body asunder in a line from

head to foot, I afterwards thought it better that it should be conveyed to England in its present state. There is no trace in the History of the Island that can lead to the cause of this extraordinary petrefaction, nor have I heard of any conjecture as to its original formation. My idea is that previous to the discovery of America the inhabitants were in the habit of burying their dead near the Sea in the Sand, the dryness of which had kept the body in a state of preservation until the Sand had formed an incrustation round it, in this it may have been assisted by the filtration of Water from the Sea, which is known in that Country to contain much calcareous matter, as is visible in the formation of the white coral; in many places the spring Water has the same effect, which probably was an agent on the present occasion, as the Sea appears to have gained considerably upon the Sand in that Quarter by its annual progress; that part which was originally dry became submerged, and now forms the Rocks upon the Shore, out of which these 'Galibies' or human Bodies have been cut, (this being the name given by the French Chemists.)

"At Gibraltar I have observed many bones in the Lime stone of which that Rock is composed that resembled those of the human Body, but upon examination they were discovered to be of the Monkey Tribe. I have also observed there the constant increase of Matter occasioned by the filtration of Water from the Rock, now if one of these Animals happened to die under this filtration, the deposited Matter would soon form an incrustation round the body, although this could not take place at Guadeloupe in the same manner as at Gibraltar, I still consider them as analogous to each other, as the same effects are I believe produced in many parts of England.

"I submit these my ideas with much diffidence, well knowing that upon the Stone being inspected more able conjectures will be formed by those better competent to decide the question.

"I have the honour to be your Lordship's

"Most obedt. humble Servt.

"ALEX. COCHRANE.

"The Honble. Lord Melville, etc. etc. etc."

From the London Intellectual Observer.

## L I F E I N T H E D E E P S E A . \*

THERE is a curious tendency in the human mind to allow itself to be misled by negative evidence. It arises chiefly from the conservative spirit of indolence which does not like to be disturbed in its repose, and which is better satisfied to believe that things do not exist, because we have not found them, than to undertake the labors of a fresh search. There is likewise a readiness to establish a scientific orthodoxy upon insufficient evidence, and to resent, as a pestilent heresy, whatever facts, opinions, or conclusions militate against the canons of credence which have been arbitrarily laid down. A good philosophical training removes prejudices, and establishes a readiness to believe upon sufficient proof being adduced, propositions that contradict its previous ideas. But while professed students of science feel this influence in the earlier portions of their career, they often suffer a psychological ossification as age creeps over them, and they become as great opponents of novelty as if the powers of knowledge were exhausted and nothing new could possibly be true. Of course, as our store of facts grows larger, and sound induction establishes a larger number of principles from which accurate deductions can be made, many of the discoveries of science will simply realize anticipations previously formed; but we must still expect that Nature will be forever a region of wonder and surprise, in which many things that were undreamt of, or which were even inconceivable before their discovery, will come to us with all the unquestionable credentials of belief.

Every department of science can offer illustrations of these views; but in none have old conceptions been more completely revolutionized than in marine zoölogy, so far as relates to the inhabitants of the profound depths of the sea. It was assumed that life rapidly diminished with increasing profundity, and that our plum-

metes soon arrived at a region where no "dim beams," "amid the streams," "wove their network of colored light," but where the world of waters rested for ages in unbroken silence and lifeless gloom. There was, however, little excuse for the extent to which these opinions were carried; for, as Dr. Wallich reminds us, the late Sir John Ross published in 1819 an account of his having obtained in Baffin's Bay various "sea-worms," "shrimps," and other creatures from "depths greatly exceeding those at which animal life was supposed to exist; and nearly thirty years subsequently Sir James Ross also reported having dredged up living creatures from great depths in the Antarctic seas;" but these important discoveries met with no attention, and it may be fairly said that the capture of the deep-sea star-fishes by the *Bulldog* was the first incident that materially modified pre-existing and erroneous views. To show the process of reasoning adopted by distinguished men in reference to this subject, Dr. Wallich quotes Mr. Page's *Advanced Text-Book of Geology*, that, "according to experiment, water at the depth of one thousand feet is compressed one three hundred and fortieth of its own bulk, and at this rate of compression we know that at great depths animal and vegetable life, as known to us, can not possibly exist." If Mr. Page had written "we guess," instead of "we know," he would have more accurately described the groundwork of a decision which naturalists had arrived at by common consent, without either examining the deep-sea bed to ascertain what it really contained, or without acquainting themselves with some of the principal conditions that would determine whether or not it could offer the means of existence to any living thing. In the same spirit which dictated Mr. Page's remarks, Professor Philips, in his *Origin and Succession of Life on the Earth*, expresses the belief that at three hundred fathoms life is extinct, thus com-

\* *The North-Atlantic Sea-Bed. Part I.* By E. C. WALLICH, M.D., F.L.S., F.G.S. Van Voorst.

pletely ignoring the eight hundred fathoms sounding from which Sir John Ross brought up a *caput medusæ*, and the various creatures he obtained at a somewhat smaller depth.

In science, as in other spheres of human activity, a reasoning credulity often follows an equally unreasonable skepticism, and we are glad to notice that Dr. Wallich, while laudably anxious as "King of the Deep Sea," to increase the number of his subjects, boldly resists arguments in their favor, which although tempting are not conclusive. Thus Professor Ehrenberg assumed that the presence of undecomposed fleshy matter, (sarcode,) in foramenifera, whose shells were found at very great depths, was a proof that they had been alive in the situation in which they were discovered; but Dr. Wallich demonstrates the fallacy of this reasoning, although he expects its conclusion will ultimately prove to be correct and that hereafter specimens will be obtained whose *vital movements* will leave the question in no doubt.

Before examining the circumstances under which deep-sea organisms live, we will advert to the most startling acquisitions which Dr. Wallich made, especially to his famous star-fish haul. He tells us the sounding was taken in latitude fifty-nine degrees twenty-seven minutes north; longitude twenty-six degrees forty-one minutes east, about half-way between Cape Farewell and the north-west coast of Ireland. The depth was twelve hundred and sixty fathoms, and "adhering to the last fifty fathoms of the line, which had rested on the ground for several moments, were thirteen *Ophiocomæ*, varying in diameter across the arms from two to five inches." These animals moved their arms after reaching the deck. The star-fishes so remarkably obtained appeared to be living in the midst of their "normal haunts." In their digestive cavity was found a quantity of fresh-looking *globigerinæ*, and they seem to have been associated with creatures of a still higher type. Thus we read "in these soundings (including that in which the star-fishes were obtained) taken in the undermentioned positions and depths—namely, latitude fifty-nine degrees twenty-seven minutes north; longitude twenty-six degrees forty-one minutes west, depth twelve hundred and sixty fathoms; latitude fifty-eight degrees twenty-three minutes north, longitude

forty-eight degrees fifty minutes west, depth nineteen hundred and thirteen fathoms; and latitude fifty-six degrees forty-three minutes north, longitude eleven degrees fifty-five minutes west, depth twelve hundred and sixty-eight fathoms—many cylindrical tubes occurred, varying from one eighth to one half an inch in length, and from one fiftieth to one seventieth of an inch in diameter. These were built up almost exclusively of small globigerine shells, and still more minute calcareous debris cemented together. Two or three such tubes were found by me in each of these soundings; but I failed to extract the animals from them in a sufficiently perfect condition to admit of identification. I am nevertheless able to state positively that the tubes contained some species of Annelid, and think it is highly probable that certain borings, to be seen on forameniferous shells in the same deposits, may have been effected by it. But whether this be the case or not, it is quite clear that an Annelid lives at the depths indicated, and there builds up its tenement."

At six hundred and eighty-two fathoms Dr. Wallich met with the *Serpula*, and a cluster of apparently living polyzoa, and also a minute living *Spirorbis*. From a depth of four hundred and forty-five fathoms he fished up a couple of living "amphipod Crustaceans," and a "filamentous Annelid," and when we consider how these creatures could accommodate themselves to such localities, we have to take into account the "extraordinary fact that the *Ophiocomæ*, the *Serpula*, the *Spirorbis* of the deep soundings—one and all belong to well-known littoral species." From these facts Dr. Wallich observes: "We are irresistibly led to the inference that their acclimatization must have kept pace, during a vast sequence of generations, with the changes going on in the portion of the sea-bed inhabited by them, and hence that, under sufficiently favorable circumstances, species may accommodate themselves to conditions differing so widely from those under which they were originally created, that their subjection to them, under circumstances less favorable, inevitably results in their extinction."

From what is known of deep-sea life, we should be cautious in pronouncing judgment upon the far deeper portions of the ocean-bed than our investigations have yet reached. There may be, probably is,

a limit to the descending zones of life, but where it lies, seems rather for experiment than for deductive reasoning to tell. The more immediate question for solution is, how the creatures that have been discovered manage to live, under circumstances differing so widely from those in which we are accustomed to trace the mutual relations and dependence of animal and vegetable forms. Vegetable structures have not been found alive at greater depths than twenty-four hundred feet, while animals are now known to exist at fifteen thousand feet below the surface-level. If any sort of plant lives much below the above-mentioned depth, it must perform its functions without the stimulus of light; and if animals exist far below the regions of vegetable life, they must be released from that dependence upon the latter, which we have been accustomed to regard as a universal law. Such are the interesting problems which the marine zoölogist has to solve.

The pressure of great depths only opposes itself to life under peculiar forms. At a depth of a mile it amounts to twenty-six hundred and forty pounds on every square inch, or one hundred and sixty times as much as we have to sustain on the surface of the globe. A close vessel would need immense strength to resist any thing of the kind, but if the pressure from within can equal that from without, its physical force would not necessarily destroy any organism exposed to its effects. Dr. Wallich judiciously indicates the difference between certain well-known experiments and the conditions under which deep-sea creatures live. Thus, "in the case of pieces of wood and meat, and corked bottles containing air, which have been sent down to great depths, in order to demonstrate the effects of pressure, it is evident that precisely those conditions are present which are never to be met with in creatures constituted to live under it. In short, they prove too much; for they prove clearly that, in defiance of all obstacles, a state of equilibrium is rapidly engendered between the interior and the exterior of the wood, the mutton, and the bottles, and that whensoever this takes place no further change is experienced. If suddenly submerged, that is to say, before the pressure has time to overcome the resistance of the cellular and fibrous tissues of the two first, and of the earth employed in the last, diminution of bulk and conse-

quent compression of the structure must inevitably result; but, on the other hand, if the submergence be gradual, the diminution in bulk is by no means a necessary consequence, and the change brought about is a simple displacement of a lighter medium by a heavier, according to a well-known law of fluids." This is no doubt right in principle, but scarcely correct in detail, as all portions of an organism may not be thus permeable, and those which the heavier fluid can not penetrate, must be subject to the pressure which it exerts on all sides. It will, however, be admitted without difficulty, that marine animals like the star-fishes or the annelids of Dr. Wallich's dredgings would not be injured by the weight of water, if gradually submerged; and having disposed of one difficulty of deep-sea life, let us turn to another, in which the function of respiration is concerned.

Some valuable experiments on board the French ship *Bonité* give us an insight into the quantity of gaseous matter existing in the water at different depths, which appears, within the limits investigated, to increase as the surface is left behind. From these investigations, and on other grounds, Dr. Wallich concludes that "since the tendency of fluids to absorb gaseous bodies is constant under all circumstances, although, as already stated, the quantity they are capable of appropriating increases with the pressure, it follows that the deeper the stratum of water, the greater must be the amount of gaseous matter held in solution by it." But the ocean is not a closed vessel, in which the liquid and the gas are squeezed together without possibility of escape, and if water at a mile down contains more air than the strata above it, the effect must be produced by the operation of a powerful attraction increasing with the compression and depth, so that every layer of water drags the air from the layer above it, and is in turn robbed by the stratum beneath itself. This may be so, but we do not think it is proved to be the case, in an increasing ratio throughout all depths. The *Bonité* experiments were not conducted at great depths, the greatest being only twenty-two hundred and forty-three Paris feet. They seem however to show that, while the quantity of nitrogen is diminished as the pressure is augmented, that of carbonic acid and oxygen is considerably increased, and might accumulate to a deleterious ex-



tent if it were not rendered innocuous by the constant formation of carbonate of lime.

Within considerable limits of downward range, we may conclude from the preceding facts, that deep-sea creatures are provided with the means of breathing in water, in the same way as their similarly organized inhabitants of the ocean nearer the surface-level; but how do they feed? The star-fish may devour the humble creature that inhabits the forameniferous shell, but what is the latter to do when dinner-time comes? Dr. Wallich admits the difficulty of furnishing an answer without appealing to a process of nutrition for which he says there is no acknowledged precedent. It is the custom of scientific men, upon insufficient evidence, and in the face of well-known facts, to assume that no animal can assimilate inorganic matter that has not previously been brought within the vital circle by vegetable forms. Dr. Wallich conjectures that if the Protozoa\* can separate from the water the carbonate of lime to form their shells, they may also be able to make a similar direct use of other inorganic materials to serve as food. It is certainly, as he says, in vain that we attempt to establish a definite line of demarkation between the two kingdoms of nature, and although some philosophers still "stand upon the ancient ways," the majority are disposed to surrender the notion that the lowest living forms can be distinctly divided into animals and plants. Further researches may show more clearly the gradations by which animal and vegetable characteristics are blended together; but if respiration enables the animal to assimilate the oxygen of the air, and, through the introduction of salts of iron into the stomach, that metal finds its way into the blood, the first link of the chain of connection is found in the highest forms of animated being.

The geological importance of Dr. Wallich's researches is very great, as strata can not now be considered to have been formed in shallow seas, *merely* on account of their containing the remains of animals that we are accustomed to associate with moderate depths, nor are the biological aspects of the new truths less singular and

instructive. From *à priori* reasoning it might have been imagined that if, through long ages, a littoral species of an animal so highly organized as a star-fish had become acclimated to totally different conditions of depth, pressure, darkness, and aëration, it would also have undergone constitutional changes that would have been reflected in its structure, but no such alteration seems to have taken place in the subjects of Dr. Wallich's investigation. We inquire whether the deep-sea ophiocomæ which belong to a littoral species were themselves in earlier life the occupants of shallower waters, and made a voluntary or involuntary migration to the depths below; or whether they were the born children of the abyss, the lineal descendants of some pilgrim fathers of their race whose wanderings date back to the period when changes of level and in the distribution of land and water necessitated an alteration of their abode. The *Ophiocoma granulata* appears to be a creature of determined adhesion to a particular type. It ranges from the confines of the Arctic circle to the British shores, able to make itself at home from ten fathoms to twelve hundred and sixty, and in either of these extreme conditions, or in any of their intermediaries, to rear a family for the perpetuation of its name.

No similar adaptability seems to belong to any member of the vegetable world. Dr. Wallich met with no proper Algæ below two hundred fathoms, and his deep-sea dredging only yielded Diatoms whose frustules "indicated a molecular condition of the protoplasmic matter, differing so materially from that observable in similar organisms taken in a living condition in shallow water as to render it certain that the vegetable life ceases at a limit far short of that to which animal life has ever been shown to extend." This assertion may be too dogmatic to suit the actual condition of our knowledge; but if it should be found that there are regions in which, so to speak, every animal is his own vegetable, it will reveal to us fresh secrets pertaining to the great mysteries of organization and life.

A book like Dr. Wallich's would naturally command a large circle of readers, and we regret that its mode of publication will restrict it to a very few. Science is not so profitable that many of its votaries can afford fifteen shillings for a stout quarto pamphlet, offered as an installment

\* Literally "first living things"—that is to say, simple or elementary creatures, at the beginning of the zoölogical scale.

of the entire work. We can hardly imagine that the profundity of his researches appeared to so able an observer to necessitate a corresponding elevation of the price of the narrative in which they were enshrined, and we should like to know whether he has been a victim of the "Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty," under whose sanction, the title-page informs us, the *North-Atlantic Sea-Bed* has been brought out, or whether his worthy publisher, who has done so much for zoölogical science, determined in this case to address himself exclusively to that very limited class whose pecuniary and cerebral developments go hand in hand. The less wealthy student to whom costly pamphlets are unattainable luxuries need not, however, lament his fate, as a concluding extract from Dr. Wallich will give him the cream of the whole matter, and show, for his economical edification, that:

1. "The conditions prevailing at great depths, although differing materially from those which prevail near the surface of the ocean, are not incompatible with the maintenance of life.

2. "Assuming the doctrine of single specific centers to be correct, the occurrence of the same species in shallow water and at great depths, proves that it must have undergone the transition from one set of conditions to the other with impunity.

3. "There is nothing in the nature of the conditions prevailing at great depths to render it impossible that creatures originally, or through acclimatization, adapted to live under them should become capable of living in shallow water, provided the transitions be sufficiently gradual, and hence it is possible that species now inhabiting shallow water may at more anterior periods have been inhabitants of great depths.

4. "On the one hand, the conditions prevailing near the surface of the ocean render it possible for organisms to subside after death to the greatest depths, provided every portion of their structure is freely pervious to fluid; on the other hand, the conditions prevailing at great depths render it impossible for organisms still constituted to live under them to rise to the surface, or for the remains of these organisms after death to make their appearance in shallow water.

5. "The discovery of even a single species living normally at great depths warrants the inference that the deep sea has its own special fauna, and that it has always had it in ages past; and hence that many fossiliferous strata, heretofore regarded as having been deposited in comparatively shallow water, have been deposited at great depths."

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## C A R D I N A L      W O L S E Y .

THIS renowned prelate figures largely in flowing robes in the scene represented in the engraving, where he encounters his hated enemy, the Duke of Buckingham. It will help to explain the engraving and add interest to the historic scene to give a brief personal sketch of a man who rose from obscurity to a colossal height of power, wealth, and influence, over the haughty and proud King of England, Henry VIII.

Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey, was born at Ipswich in Suffolk, 1471, said to be the

son of a butcher, from a poor but respectable family. He entered so early at Oxford that he was Bachelor of Arts at the age of fourteen, and consequently called the Boy Bachelor. He became Fellow of Magdalen College, and when Master of Arts he exchanged the care of Magdalen school for the tuition of the sons of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset. By the favor of his patron he obtained the rectory of Lymington in Somersetshire, but here he behaved with such irregularity that he was set in the stocks for being

drunk of a Sunday, by Sir Amias Paulet, a punishment which was severely visited on the upright magistrate, by a long imprisonment of six years, when the offending clergyman was raised to the height of power. After the death of Dorset, he recommended himself to the notice of Dean Archbishop of Canterbury, and at last became chaplain to the King, to whom he rendered himself so agreeable, that he was intrusted with the negotiation of his intended marriage with Margaret Duchess of Savoy. He used such dispatch in this business that he was rewarded with the deanery of Lincoln, and on the accession of Henry VIII. he maintained his influence at Court, and saw new honors soon heaped upon him. He was made Rector of Torrington, Canon of Windsor, Registrar of the Garter, and Prebendary and Dean of York. In the expedition to France, 1513, he attended the King to direct the supplies and the provisions for the wants of the army, and on the taking of Tournay he was appointed by the conqueror Bishop of that city. In 1514 he was advanced to the see of Lincoln, and eight months after removed to York; the next year he was made Cardinal of St. Cicily, and a few months after Lord Chancellor of England. To these high favors were added the confidence of the King, and consequently the disposal of all places of trust, and honor, and power in the kingdom. Thus placed at the head of affairs, he governed the nation at his pleasure, and that he might confirm more strongly his ascendancy over the King, he withdrew his attention from all public affairs, and by the most artful policy he fanned his pleasures and administered most liberally to the gratification of his most licentious desires. Absolute at home, where his expenses exceeded the revenues of the crown, he was courted and flattered by foreign princes, and according to his caprice, or the demands of his avarice, the support of England was promised to favor the ambitious views either of France, or of Germany, or of the Pope. His disappointment in his application for the Papedom after the death of Leo X., in which he was deceived by the Emperor, was soon after followed by the displeasure of his capri-

cious master, who in the matter of his divorce expected from his favorite an obsequious and submissive assistant. The Cardinal, equally afraid of the Pope and of the King, wished to stand neuter, but Henry, indignant at his conduct, stripped him of his honors 1529, and caused him to be impeached in Parliament by a charge of forty-four articles. Though the treasonable charges were repelled in the House of Commons by the influence and exertions of his friend Cromwell, he was desired to retire to York, where he was soon after arrested by the Earl of Northumberland, on a fresh charge of high treason. Wolsey, struck with the greatness of his disgrace, fell sick, and as he proceeded by slow journeys to London, he stopped at Leicester, where he is said to have taken poison to put an end to his wretched existence. He expired twenty-ninth November, 1530, and a few hours before his death he exclaimed in accents of agony: "Had I served my God with the same zeal that I have served the King, he would not have forsaken me in my old age." The history of Wolsey exhibits in the most striking degree the vicissitudes of fortune and the inconstancy of human affairs. His private character was so depraved, that he deserved little of the favors of his master, but with a capricious tyrant the most profligate and vicious are generally the most useful and convenient ministers. It has been truly observed, that few ever fell from so high a station with less crimes objected against them. It must indeed be acknowledged that he was a man of great abilities, well acquainted with the learning of the times, sagacious as a politician, and well versed in the intrigues of courts. Notwithstanding, however, his vices and his ambition, his schemes for the promotion of literature in the nation were noble and well imagined. Besides the honors already enumerated, he possessed the commission of Pope's Legate, a later, he was Abbot of St. Alban's, Bishop of Winchester and Durham, and he held in farm the dioceses of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, and had in his retinue eight hundred servants, amongst whom were ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty esquires.

## T H E D U K E O F B U C K I N G H A M .

A BRIEF sketch of this celebrated nobleman, who appears in the engraving as the enemy of Cardinal Wolsey and looking defiance at him, will add interest to the historic scene, and show the origin of that personal hostility which seems so manifest between them as here represented. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was a man of great wealth and influence in the reign of Henry VII., King of England. He made himself very conspicuous by the splendor of his apparel—a gown all of goldsmith's work, very costly—on the occasion of the first entrance of King Henry VIII. into London, after his accession to the throne. For a considerable time Buckingham was in high favor with the Court, and perhaps the first thing which affected his favor was the difficulties which he is reported to have made, and the words which he uttered in reference to the extraordinary expenditures which he was compelled to incur on the occasion of the famous field of the Cloth of Gold. About this time Buckingham, it appears, gave mortal offense to Cardinal Wolsey, being as proud of his unquestioned blood as the Cardinal, after his elevation, was of his ignoble origin. He was once, it is said, in performance of his duty as Chamberlain, holding the basin for the King to wash before meat, when the Cardinal

dipped his hands into the vessel, whereat the proud blood of the Staffords rose so highly, brooking not to be made to play the part of serving-man to the son of a butcher, that the Duke, by a pretended accident, flung the water into the shoes of the prelate. "Wolsey, as it is reported, promised Buckingham that he would sit on his skirts," frowning revengefully, as he used the words; whereupon, in order to show his scorn and his defiance, the proud noble repaired to court, clad in a short jerkin, so as to attract the attention of the King, to whom, on his asking the cause of that singular costume, he replied that it was to prevent the Cardinal from executing his threat, since, if he wore no skirts, they could not be sat upon.

Buckingham was descended from Edward III. both through John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Anne Plantagenet, of royal descent, which gave him some ground to claim accession to the English throne. Some impudent speeches in this direction excited the jealousy of King Henry VIII., and he was arrested, tried, and condemned for high treason, and publicly executed on Tower Hill, in the thirteenth year of Henry VIII. This historic sketch will help to explain the language of Shakspeare in his allusion to these personages.

## CARDINAL WOLSEY AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THIS is the title of the historic engraving which embellishes this number of THE ECLECTIC. It is taken from a splendid painting by John Gilbert, which has been placed in the gallery of the British Institution. It has been finely engraved for THE ECLECTIC by Mr. George E. Perine, whose artistic skill has made it the most beautiful work of art which has ever embellished this journal.

The scene in the engraving is supposed to be Wolsey Hall in Hampton Court, where so many historic events have occurred:

It furnishes a pleasing subject of study for the eye and for the mind. It seems to bring up fresh to view those renowned men so famed in history, who acted conspicuous parts on the theater of life in the age in which they lived. By a sort of ar-



tistic resurrection, they seem to stand before the eye, instinct with life, the fiery passions of hate and scorn still flashing out from fierce-looking eyes, as they did more than three hundred years ago.

The painting is thus described by one who had carefully examined it:

In his contribution to the British Institution Exhibition, Mr. Gilbert produces an historical work of more importance, and of more ambitious aim, than any that we recollect to have seen by his hand. The figures are more numerous than is usual with the artist, and the incident is one which gives occasion for a peculiar mode of treatment. The passage is that in the first scene of Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.*, in which the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham are interrupted in the midst of discontented discourse by the appearance of Cardinal Wolsey, preceded and surrounded by his state. The haughty, impetuous noble and the insolent and vindictive Churchman, are thus brought into hostile contact, as described in the dialogue which ensues:

*"Duke of Norfolk to Buckingham.*

Lo! where comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*[Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain]*

*Wolsey.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ah!

Where's his examination?

*Secretary.* Here, so please you.

*Wolsey.* Is he in person ready?

*Secretary.* Ay, please your Grace.

*Wolsey.* Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Wolsey and train.]*

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I

Have not the power to muzzle him.

I read in his looks  
Matter against me."

It will be obvious that the scene is one which presented some difficulties to the artist, regard being had to the conven-

tional rules of composition, which enjoins the placing of the principal figure in the center of the canvas. Here there are two principal figures and several personages of secondary importance, besides numerous attendants. Now, the Cardinal and Buckingham could not properly have jointly occupied the central position, for they scorn and hate one another; and, by the very situation, are supposed to look upon one another from afar. Mr. Gilbert has shown great skill and judgment in accommodating the arrangement of his figures to this requirement. The procession preceding the Cardinal moves diagonally across the canvas; the Cardinal, with his secretary, having just arrived on the scene, occupies the foreground on the right; whilst the foreground on the left is filled by Buckingham and his party, the two groups being connected by the figures forming the procession. The relation of the parties is thus at once and very obviously established; and their mutual glances of hate and defiance travel uninterruptedly across the void in the foreground, which appears to have been left for the purpose. The type of the features of Wolsey—that "butcher's cur"—is vulgar and sensuous, far removed from the ideal of a hero of historic painting, but true, as we think, to the character and story of the man; and his expression entirely fulfills the idea shadowed forth by Norfolk when he admonishes Buckingham:

"That you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider farther, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister to his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful," etc.

The qualities and defects of Cardinal Wolsey are told with matchless truth and beauty in the words supplied by Shakspeare to his faithful followers:

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading;  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,  
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
And though he was unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely."

## ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA.

BY THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING.

OUR attention has kindly been called to an article on this subject from the pen of Washington Irving, written long since, which seems almost prophetic of 1862, and so truthfully expresses much of existing feeling in England toward this country, especially since the war began, that we give it a place on these pages. We are indebted to the distinguished member of the New-York Chamber of Commerce who drafted the emphatic resolutions on our international affairs which recently passed that body, and were transmitted to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and to the English Government.

In the *Sketch-Book*, Mr. Irving, alluding to English writers, holds the following language: "English travelers are the best and the worst in the world. Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them for profound and philosophical views of society, or faithful and graphical descriptions of external objects; but when either the interest or reputation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme, and forget their usual probity and candor, in the indulgence of splenetic remark, and an illiberal spirit of ridicule.

"Hence, their travels are more honest and accurate, the more remote the country described. I would place implicit confidence in an Englishman's description of the regions beyond the cataracts of the Nile; of unknown islands in the Yellow Sea; of the interior of India; or of any other tract which other travelers might be apt to picture out with the illusions of their fancies; but I would cautiously receive his account of his immediate neighbors, and of those nations with which he is in habits of most frequent intercourse. However I might be disposed to trust his probity, I dare not trust his prejudices.

"It has also been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travelers. While men of philosophical and cultivated minds have been sent from England to ransack the poles, to pen-

etrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure; it has been left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracles respecting America. From such sources she is content to receive her information respecting a country in a singular state of moral and physical development; a country in which one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing; and which presents the most profound and momentous studies to the statesman and the philosopher.

"That such men should give prejudicial accounts of America is not a matter of surprise. The themes it offers for contemplation are too vast and elevated for their capacities. The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has already given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indication of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers; who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation. They are capable of judging only of the surface of things; of those matters which come in contact with their private interests and personal gratifications. They miss some of the snug conveniences and petty comforts which belong to an old, highly-finished, and over-populous state of society; where the ranks of useful labor are crowded, and many earn a painful and servile subsistence by studying the very caprices of appetite and self-indulgence. These minor comforts, however, are all-important in the estimation of narrow minds; which either do not perceive, or will not acknowledge, that they are more than counter-

balanced among us by great and generally diffused blessings.

"Nothing can surpass the vigilance with which English critics will examine the credibility of the traveler who publishes an account of some distant and comparatively unimportant country. How warily will they compare the measurements of a pyramid, or the descriptions of a ruin, and how sternly will they censure any inaccuracy in these contributions of merely curious knowledge: while they will receive, with eagerness and unhesitating faith, the gross misrepresentations of coarse and obscure writers, concerning a country with which their own is placed in the most important and delicate relations. Nay, they will even make these apocryphal volumes text-books, on which to enlarge with a zeal and an ability worthy of a more generous cause.

"I shall not, however, dwell on this irksome and hackneyed topic; nor should I have adverted to it, but for the undue interest apparently taken in it by my countrymen, and certain injurious effects which I apprehended it might produce upon the national feeling. We attach too much consequence to these attacks. They can not do us any essential injury. The tissue of misrepresentations attempted to be woven round us are like cobwebs woven round the limbs of an infant giant. Our country continually outgrows them. One falsehood after another falls off of itself. We have but to live on, and every day we live a whole volume of refutation. All the writers of England united, if we could for a moment suppose their great minds stooping to so unworthy a combination, could not conceal our rapidly-growing importance and matchless prosperity. They could not conceal that these are owing, not merely to physical and local, but also to moral causes—to the political liberty, the general diffusion of knowledge, the prevalence of sound moral and religious principles, which give force and sustained energy to the character of a people; and which, in fact, have been the acknowledged and wonderful supporters of their own national power and glory.

"But why are we so exquisitely alive to the aspersions of England? Why do we suffer ourselves to be so affected by the contumely she has endeavored to cast upon us? It is not in the opinion of England alone that honor lives, and reputation has its being. The world at large is the

arbiter of a nation's fame; with its thousand eyes it witnesses a nation's deeds, and from their collective testimony is national glory or national disgrace established.

"For ourselves, therefore, it is comparatively of but little importance whether England does us justice or not; it is, perhaps, of far more importance to herself. She is instilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youthful nation, to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. If in America, as some of her writers are laboring to convince her, she is hereafter to find an invidious rival, and a gigantic foe, she may thank those very writers for having provoked rivalry and irritated hostility. Every one knows the all-pervading influence of literature at the present day, and how much the opinions and passions of mankind are under its control. The mere contests of the sword are temporary; their wounds are but in the flesh, and it is the pride of the generous to forgive and forget them; but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart; they rankle longest in the noblest spirits; they dwell ever present in the mind, and render it morbidly sensitive to the most trifling collision. It is but seldom that any one overt act produces hostilities between two nations; there exists, most commonly, a previous jealousy and ill-will; a predisposition to take offense. Trace these to their cause, and how often will they be found to originate in the mischievous effusions of mercenary writers; who, secure in their closets, and for ignominious bread, concoct and circulate the venom that is to inflame the generous and the brave.

"I am not laying too much stress upon this point; for it applies most emphatically to our particular case. Over no nation does the press hold a more absolute control than over the people of America; for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader. There is nothing published in England on the subject of our country that does not circulate through every part of it. There is not a calumny dropped from English pen, nor an unworthy sarcasm uttered by an English statesman, that does not go to blight good-will, and add to the mass of latent resentment. Possessing, then, as England does, the fountain-head whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it the medium

of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness. Should she, however, persist in turning it to waters of bitterness, the time may come when she may repent her folly. The present friendship of America may be of but little moment to her; but the future destinies of that country do not admit of a doubt; over those of England there lower

some shadows of uncertainty. Should then, a day of gloom arrive; should those reverses overtake her, from which the proudest empires have not been exempt; she may look back with regret at her infatuation, in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominions.”

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From the British Quarterly.

## G I B R A L T A R     A N D     S P A I N . \*

IN the present position of Europe, and more especially in the unsettled condition of the countries watered by the Mediterranean Sea, any history of the fortress of Gibraltar must possess for a maritime nation no common interest. To England the history of the rock-fortress is of nearer concernment. Gained by the valor of her soldiers and sailors, it has been in the possession of the crown of England for nearly one hundred and sixty years; and after undergoing one of the most memorable and lengthened sieges of which there is any record in history—a siege which lasted three years, seven months, and twelve days—it is still possessed by that nation whose destiny it has been, and we trust it will ever be, to hold the trident of Neptune. No fortress in ancient or modern times has sustained so many sieges as Gibraltar. This alone would render the rock memorable in the annals of history. But when it is considered that the most protracted of these sieges has been sustained by Great Britain against the united arms of France and Spain, the interest of the volume before us becomes, so to speak, more personal and absorbing. We dwell on the details with a satisfaction not

unmixed with a proper and justifiable pride, and we become more and more desirous of learning the earlier history of a place which has been beleaguered some fourteen or fifteen times by Moor, Spaniard, Englishman, and Gaul. Few are the works which have been written on Gibraltar in the English language. The records of its early history, under Mohammedan rule, may be collected in the works of Gayangos, Condé, Ayala, and Montero, and there is a good deal touching its condition in the pages of the Jesuit Mariana, whose great history of Spain was originally written in Latin. But these are sealed books to the majority of English readers, and the folio edition of Mariana, printed in English a century and a half ago, is now rarely met with. Captain Stevens's work on Spain, in which some mention is also made of Gibraltar, is as difficult of procurement as Mariana; and we are acquainted with no other works than these, concerning the Mons Calpe, in the English language, if we except the *History of the Herculean Straits*, given to the public by Colonel James in 1771, and Drinkwater's graphic *History of the Siege*, published about fifteen years later, a work which had become very scarce till Mr. Murray ventured on a reprint, in 1845 or 1846, in a half-crown volume. Under these circumstances it was a happy thought of Captain Sayer to undertake the work at present before us. He

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\* *The History of Gibraltar, and of its Political Relation to Events in Europe, from the Commencement of the Moorish Dynasty in Spain to the Last Morocco War.* By CAPTAIN SAYER, Civil Magistrate at Gibraltar. London: Saunders, Ottley & Co.



has been for many years Civil Magistrate at Gibraltar, and in that capacity has had the fullest access to papers, records, and official documents of all kinds. Many original and unpublished letters from the Prince of Hesse, Sir George Eliott, the Duc de Crillen, Collingwood, and Lord Nelson, have been thrown open to him, and of these he has made a judicious use. Nor has he been content with such materials as he could find in the strong boxes of the rock itself. He has searched the Egerton, Leake, King, and other manuscripts, in the British Museum, and these papers have supplied much interesting information relating to the sieges of the rock since its seizure by Sir George Rooke in 1704. Captain Sayer has also put Coxe's histories of the Bourbon kings of Spain, and his memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, and the Chatham correspondence, likewise under contribution, and from these and other sources he has gathered together into a compact form a mass of materials hitherto widely diffused through many separate volumes. There are certainly no new or striking views in this considerable and creditably executed history. But on the whole, though somewhat diffusely, Captain Sayer has executed his task with sagaciousness and judgment, rather than with brilliancy. There is no attempt at ornament or fine writing in these pages. The style, notwithstanding some repetitions, is generally clear and forcible without being labored or overlaid, and is such as might have been expected from a well-educated, practical soldier. Though the details here made known to us are in great part connected with ancient and medieval history, yet they derive an attractive, we had almost said an absorbing interest, from the attempts now making by more than one European power to acquire maritime influence in the Mediterranean. France, it is well known, has ever since the days of Colbert sought to secure a preponderancy in that inland sea; and Spain, which during the last ten years has, thanks to foreign capital, made greater material progress than most European nations in the improvement of her army and navy, and in the development of her fine natural resources, again dreams of re-possessioning a fortress which she occupied during the more brilliant periods of her history. Russia, crippled in the Black Sea by the result of the Crimean campaign, also

seeks some indemnification in the Mediterranean; and the kingdom of Italy has already directed its best energies and aspirations to the creation of a fleet which may be a worthy counterpart of its considerable, distinguished, and improving army. Under these circumstances it behoves our country to be watchful. Never at any period of our history was the position of Gibraltar more needful to us; never, indeed, was it so needful as at this moment.

There is no record to prove that the Mons Calpe of the ancients—mentioned by both Greek and Roman authors, and more minutely described by Strabo, and Pomponius Mela, who was born at Tangier—or the Jebel Tarik of the Moors, was inhabited till 711, when it was occupied by Tarik, with his romantic, enterprising, and energetic Arabs and Berbers. It was not until this period of the Mohammedan invasion that Gibraltar occupied a place in the history of the world. From this rock it was that the first footsteps of the Moslem host were planted. Hence streamed the mighty armies which crushed a powerful Christian monarchy, and established an infidel dynasty in Spain for upward of eight centuries.

It is not our purpose to dwell here on the history of the invasion of Spain by the Saracens, or on those prolonged struggles which resulted in the overthrow of the Gothic dynasty and the establishment of the Moorish dominion. Much of this so-called history is wrapt in the mist of fable; and it were as absurd to trust to the traditions of the Christians, as to the romantic and highly-colored rhapsodies of the Arabians. This at least is probable, if not certain, that the first incursion into Spain was made by Ilyian, who landed at Algesiras; the second by Tarif, who landed at the present Tarifa; and the third and final one by Tarik, who disembarked at Gibraltar. At the time of Tarik's landing, Roderick, King of the Goths, was in the north of Spain, quelling an insurrection in the Basque provinces. He hastened southward with an army of sixty thousand men. The two hosts came in sight of each other on the banks of the Guadalete. Various engagements took place for six days, with varying success; but on the seventh day the Christians at length gave way, fled in disorder, and were pursued without mercy by the relentless Moors. With this protracted and

sanguinary struggle ended the dynasty of the Goths and Christian power in Spain for the long space of eight hundred years. Tarik rapidly overran the country, and penetrated to the capital, Toledo, which he captured and sacked. City after city presently surrendered to him, and ere the year had closed the Moorish dynasty was established.

In 1086 Gibraltar was in the possession of Yusef ben Taxfin, a caliph of the Almoravides. The struggles between this leader and Alphonso of Castile throw no light on the history of Gibraltar; and the contests between Yusef and the Spanish Moors which resulted in the conquest of Tarifa, Algesiras, Granada, Seville, Badajoz, and Zaragoza, though considerable episodes in Spanish history, have little interest for the English reader.

It was in 1309 that the rock was for the first time exposed to a regular siege. At this period Ferdinand IV. of Castile resolved to dislodge the Moors, and directed a large portion of his army, under Alonzo Perez de Guzman, (el Bueno,) against the fortress. After protracted operations and many engagements, the garrison, which consisted of twelve hundred men, surrendered.

In 1312 Ferdinand died, and was succeeded by Alonzo XI., under whose reign a religious chief, who prosecuted the war against the Christians with fanaticism, laid siege to Gibraltar; but after an attack of short duration, he abandoned his efforts to regain a position which was already recognized as the key of Spain.

In 1324 a Gallican knight, Vasco Perez de Meirã, was Governor of the fortress. He was a man of some military repute; but his most eminent defect was avarice, and during his term of office he embezzled the greater portion of the money appropriated for defense. After four months and a half of struggle the garrison capitulated, and the fortress was surrendered once more to the Infidels, after the Christians had held it for twenty-two years. On the twentieth of August, 1462, after a comparatively bloodless siege, it again reverted to the dominion of the Christian. The success of this siege, and the important event of the annexation of Gibraltar to Spain, is attributable to Alonzo de Arcos. In 1464 King Henry, desirous of becoming acquainted with his new acquisition, set out from Seville to visit the fortress, already famous throughout Europe, but he

was suddenly recalled by seditious outbreaks in his dominions.

The ninth siege of Gibraltar was in 1466. For ten months the besieged held out with heroic courage. Enraged at the obstinacy of the defense, and resolved to conquer, the Duke of Medina Sidonia sent his son, Don Enrique de Guzman, from Seville with reinforcements. At length the besieged were reduced to the most terrible privations. Grass and roots were their only food, and when these were consumed they had recourse to their shoes and leather girdles. The men, prostrate with despair, began to desert, and Estevan de Villacres, the Lieutenant-Governor in command of the garrison, finding himself without hope, delivered up the fortress in June, 1467, to Don Enrique de Guzman, after a most memorable defense. Gibraltar remained in the hands of the family of Medina Sidonia until Queen Isabella annexed it to the Spanish crown in 1501-2.

In 1552, during the reign of Charles V., a celebrated engineer (Calvi, of Milan) traced out various works for the protection of the fortress; and in 1575 the gloomy and fanatical son of the abdicated Charles (Philip II.) sent an Italian engineer, named El Fraterno, to increase the fortifications of the place. Several new batteries were at this period commenced and finished. In 1598 the son of Philip succeeded to the throne, and it was during his reign that the last remnant of the Moorish dynasty was expelled from Spain. From Gibraltar, where nine centuries before Tarik had landed with his victorious host, a fleet of galleys embarked the last of the exiles, and cast them destitute upon the shores of Africa. Thus, after the lapse of nine hundred years from the time when the battle of Guadalete extinguished the Visigothic dominion, and substituted the rule of the Infidels, the last trace of the great Mohammedan dynasty was swept from Spain.

Spain, since 1689, in alliance with England and the Dutch, had been at war with France. The French Admiral, Tourville, in 1693 commenced a bombardment of Gibraltar, causing the greatest consternation among the inhabitants. But after continuing the fire against the place for nine days, the French squadron retired, the fortifications having suffered very little damage.

The war of succession, which had for its ostensible object the substitution of

Charles, Archduke of Austria, ceased with the peace of Utrecht. That peace, though not creditable to the allies in many respects, is rendered memorable by the capture of Gibraltar. Admiral Rooke had been sent into the Mediterranean in 1704 with a powerful fleet, for the purpose of supporting the pretensions of the Archduke Charles to the crown of Spain. His instructions restricted him from undertaking any thing of great importance; but that he might not incur the reproach of total inactivity, he resolved to attempt the capture of the rock. A body of eighteen hundred men were landed upon the isthmus which connects the rocks with the mainland, and a heavy firing commenced from the ships. In a few hours the Spaniards were driven from their guns. The garrison having capitulated, marched out with the honors of war, and on the twenty-fourth of July, 1704, the British took possession. The loss of this stronghold greatly alarmed the Spaniards, and orders were instantly given to retake it.

Villadarias, a general officer, and one of the best and bravest of Spain's soldiers, supported by a squadron from Toulon, laid siege to the place. The Prince of Hesse, who had been left as General, dispatched a message to Admiral Leake, who landed reinforcements for the garrison, and supplied them with a great quantity of ammunition, and provisions for six months. In January, 1705, a detachment succeeded in drawing the British from part of their works; but after possessing them about an hour, the Spaniards were compelled to retreat, and the British again received a number of additional troops, and a fresh quantity of provisions and ammunition. Despairing of reducing by force a garrison so powerfully supported, the Spaniards retired to some distance, and forming an intrenchment across the isthmus, converted the siege into a blockade.

The value of Gibraltar as a settlement was at this period but little appreciated by the politicians and writers of England; but Spain was fully alive to the importance of the place, and abandoned her operations against Portugal to direct the whole of her resources against Gibraltar. The expedition of which we have just recorded the failure, was composed of twelve thousand men—nine thousand Spaniards and three thousand French—with which a French squadron, consisting of twelve ships of the line and seven frigates, co-

operated. The divisions of the Spanish army were commanded by the most distinguished men in Spain; amongst them Count d'Aquilar, the Duke d'Ossuna, the Conde de Pinto, and Marquis Aitona. The garrison of the fortress did not exceed three thousand men, and many of these were in an undisciplined state. Ayala, one of the Spanish historians of Gibraltar, says: "There were among them many vagabonds from Spain, and deserters from the Spanish army."

No man was better aware of the value of Gibraltar to the English nation as the key of the Mediterranean than the Admiral who took it, Sir George Rooke. By his orders the imperial banner was hauled down, and the royal standard of England hoisted in its stead. The city was taken possession of in the name of Queen Anne, and eighteen hundred English seamen were landed to occupy the place. So shrewd an observer as Bishop Burnet seems to have been unaware of the inestimable importance of the capture of such a place.

"It has been much questioned," says he, "by men who understand these matters well, whether our possessing ourselves of Gibraltar, and our maintaining ourselves in it so long, were to our advantage or not. It has certainly put us to a great charge, and we have lost many men in it; but it seems the Spaniards, who should know the importance of the place best, think it so valuable that they have been at a much greater charge, and have lost many more men, while they have endeavored to recover it, than the taking and keeping it has cost us. And it is certain that in war, whatsoever loss on one side occasions a greater loss of men or treasure on the other, must be reckoned as a loss only to the side that suffers most."\*

There can be no doubt whatever that Burnet, a strong Whig partisan, entertained more than a disrelish for Rooke, who was a high Tory, and that the Bishop treats him unfairly, and with manifest injustice, whenever his name is mentioned in his history. But the truth is that Rooke, who, according to Campbell,† was "a man of good birth and education," behaved with distinguished courage, and more than ordinary capacity, in every enterprise in which he was employed. This is admitted by Mr. Speaker Onslow in his

\* *History of His Own Times*, vol. II. Oxford Edition. 1823.

† *Lives of the Admirals*, vol. IV. p. 258.

notes to Burnet. Onslow, in stating that Rooke was a man of fashion, and fitter for a Court than any of his profession, yet allowed that he was very able and of great courage in his profession. It is true Rooke was charged with want of vigor, but, to our thinking, unjustly. He burned sixteen ships before La Hogue, and Lord Dartmouth, in his comments on Burnet, asks: "Was it for burning sixteen ships, or the winds not serving, that the Admiral was so much in fault? for the Bishop has specified nothing else to support a party lie, that he would willingly have pass for a truth because he hated the man." The truth is, as Captain Sayer states, that Sir G. Rooke belonging to the Tory party, and having sat in Parliament as a Tory member, a spirit of rivalry at once sprang up between the partisans of Marlborough and the friends of Rooke; the Whigs taking care to extol the services of Marlborough, while the claims of the Admiral were sneered at and disparaged. Party spirit in that day—such was the height to which political prejudice and fanaticism were carried—obliterated all sense of justice. The House of Commons congratulated the Crown on the battle of Malaga, but the Lords remained obstinately silent. The Commons, determined to carry the point, moved another address praying the Sovereign to reward the troops and seamen who had so greatly distinguished themselves. A collision between the Houses at this juncture seemed imminent. But at the critical juncture Rooke, with a magnanimity which proved the greatness of his character, appeased the clamor by resigning all his appointments, and retiring into a private station.\*

Burnet's calumnies recoiled on his own head. In a debate in the Lords, the Duke of Argyle, who had sat in the House with the Bishop, said: "With regard to what he says against Admiral Rooke, I know I have heard it from those who were present; the greatest part of it is a downright lie. The Bishop, it was well known, was no friend to that Admiral, and therefore he easily gave credit to every malicious story he heard against him." How different was the conduct of King William from that of Burnet! The King was pressed to remove Rooke from his seat at the Admi-

ralty Board, because of his Tory votes in the Commons, when his Majesty replied: "Sir George has served me faithfully at sea, and I will never displace him for acting as he thinks most for the service of his country in the House of Commons." That the immense value of Gibraltar was not better appreciated a century and a half ago, is partly owing to the fact, that it was at that period a source of profuse and ill-regulated expense. Lord Bolingbroke, in a dispatch to Lord Portmore, the Governor, of March 29th, 1712, complains "that at Gibraltar things have been in the utmost confusion, and under the loosest management."

For the capture of Gibraltar, one of the greatest services ever rendered to a maritime nation, Sir G. Rooke received no reward. He survived his unjust treatment only a few years, and died in 1708, in his fifty-eighth year.\* But if England did not justly value the prize she had won, it must be conceded the Spaniards fully appreciated their loss; and in attempting to recover the place the twelfth siege occurred. During the progress of this siege a surprise was attempted. A goat-herd, a native of Gibraltar, who was intimately acquainted with the passes of the rock, made known to the Marquis Villadarias, the Spanish commander, the possibility of reaching the summit by a pathway little known, and termed the *Senda del Pastor*. Five hundred men were selected for this forlorn hope, and having taken the sacrament, marched from the advanced trenches round the eastern side. Following the goatherd, they crept up the precipitous track, and reached St. Michael's Cave,† where they secreted themselves till morning. Before daybreak they advanced to the signal-station, where they massacred the guard, and succeeded in pulling up, by the assistance of ropes and ladders, many of the party who had been left behind. The garrison was now alarmed, and a regiment of Grenadiers, climbing a steep and stormy ascent, lost many men before they could close with

\* For a fuller account of the services of Rooke, see Lediard's *Naval History*, Claude du Bosc's *Military History*, and Molyneux's *Conjunct Expedition*.

\* It is satisfactory to think that all naval historians, English and foreign, do full justice to Rooke. Burchett and Kennett, as well as Campbell and Lediard, speak of him with high praise; and De Quincy, in his *Histoire Militaire*, speaks of his distinguished courage and science, fully admitted in the Dutch Gazetteer. See also Lamberti, tom. iii, and Quincy, *Hist. Milit. de Louis XIV.*

† See note at the end of this article.



the Spaniards, who, with an inaccessible precipice behind them, fought with desperate energy. Their ammunition, which did not exceed three rounds per man, soon failed them, and losing one hundred and sixty of their number, they surrendered unconditionally. Nevertheless, the siege was continued for some time after this, and was not raised till the eighteenth of April, 1705. Even the events of this siege did not open the eyes of the English Cabinet to the importance of Gibraltar. But though ministers were blind and supine, the people of England began to form a just estimate of the importance of the place. The gallant defense was a military achievement that excited the popular admiration, Gibraltar became valuable in the eyes of the public, as is truly said by Captain Sayer, "when its name was associated with British gallantry and blood." Had it not been for the people of England, Gibraltar would have been the stronghold of some other power. Stanhope, our Envoy at Madrid, whose familiarity with the secret policy of that Court should have given him a clearer insight into the real value of the fortress, did not perceive that England could gain any advantage by the possession of it. Townsend held a similar opinion; and even the great Commoner, the greatest war minister England ever had, was willing to surrender the key of the Mediterranean. The truth is, as Lord Mahon admits of his kinsman,\* that Stanhope relied very much in his diplomatic career in Spain on an offer of yielding Gibraltar, and the blame of the idea of giving up the fortress rests mainly with him. He had suggested it from Paris to his colleagues in England, and obtained their acquiescence.† It is a proof of the intelligence of the present age, that the living Lord Stanhope regards the idea of his kinsman as an idea quite inconsistent with our national interest or national glory. How greatly Gibraltar was prized by Spain is proved by her unceasing efforts to recover it, either by force of arms or by negotiation. No system of foreign policy, as Captain Sayer remarks, was conceived by any of Spain's distinguished ministers which did not include Gibraltar. Alberoni, Ripperda, and Florida Blanca all sought to recover it; and now, in the autumn of 1862, the ministerial press of Madrid,

headed by the *Epoca*, has raised the cry of "Gibraltar for the Spaniards." The regular cession of Gibraltar to England took place in 1713, when a general peace was signed at Utrecht by the Sovereigns of England, Spain, France, and the other Allies, with the exception of Austria. By the tenth article of the Treaty, the Catholic King, for himself, his heirs and successors, yielded to the Crown of Great Britain the full and entire property and possession of the town and castle, together with the port, fortifications, and forts belonging thereto, to be held and enjoyed absolutely, with all manner of right, forever.

Scarcely had the Treaty of Utrecht re-established peace, before Spain, led on by Alberoni, alarmed all Europe by the magnitude of her warlike preparations. Every effort was made to induce her King to join the Quadruple Alliance, but in vain. It was resolved, therefore, once more to try, by way of inducement, the bait of the restoration of Gibraltar, the only condition involved being the accession of Philip to the Quadruple Alliance. But the King indignantly refused the proposal. Reverses in Sicily, however, and the failure of the schemes for the invasion of England, precipitated the downfall of Alberoni, and Philip now accepted the Alliance. Having thus complied with the desire of the Allies, the first act of the Spanish King was to demand the restoration of the rock-fortress. But the English Ministry, threatened with the indignation of the people, decided on sounding the temper of the Parliament. No sooner was the real nature of the question understood, than the proposition was met with a universal outburst of indignation. The Houses met on the seventeenth of January, 1727. In his speech his Majesty said that he had received information that the placing the Pretender upon the throne was one of the articles of the secret negotiation of Vienna; "and if the time shall evince," said the King, "that the giving up the trade of this nation to one power, and Gibraltar and Mahon to another, is made the price and reward of imposing on this kingdom a Popish Pretender, what an indignation must this raise in the breast of every Protestant Briton!" The speech further intimated, that the Spanish Minister insisted upon the restitution of Gibraltar, and announced that his Catholic Majesty was making preparations to attack

† Mahon's *England*, vol. i. p. 458.

† Mahon's *England*.

and besiege the fort. The indignation of both Houses was aroused, and in the Lords an address was voted, asserting that the fortress indisputably belonged to Great Britain by solemn treaties, and pledging the House to defend the right to Gibraltar and Minorca, "which are of the greatest importance to the preservation of the commerce and naval strength of Great Britain."

A war between Spain and England now became inevitable, and an army for the siege of Gibraltar was soon organized by Spain. Philip had been convinced that the fortress might easily have been taken; but Villadarias, a brave and experienced soldier, who had been defeated before its walls in 1705, did not share his Sovereign's views, and refused to accept the conduct of the expedition. The command, therefore, devolved on Las Torres, who had run before Peterborough at Valencia,\* and who boasted that in six weeks he would plant the standard of Spain on the rock, and drive the heretics into the sea. This was the thirteenth siege of Gibraltar, and preparations were made on a gigantic scale. For fourteen day seven hundred shot per hour were thrown into the fortress, and ninety-two guns and seventy-two mortars were in constant play. But by the end of May the guns of the garrison had gained a complete ascendancy over the besiegers. One hundred guns were in play, and countless mortars occupied commanding positions on the heights. On the third of June, 1727, this mass of ordnance opened on the Spanish batteries; and so crushing was the fire, that not a single gun replied. So overpowering was the fire of the besieged, that when a suspension of hostilities was agreed to preparatory to a peace, it was found the garrison had strengthened their position. The events of this siege, in which the Spaniards lost seven thousand men, established the fact that, on the land-side at least, Gibraltar was impregnable.

In 1757, disputes which had long prevailed between the courts of France and Spain resulted in open hostility. Even subsequent to the outbreak of hostilities, Spain had evinced no desire to involve herself in the impending strife. It was the desire of both belligerents to secure the promise of her alliance. France had craftily proposed to the Spanish Cabinet to seize upon

Minorca, and to offer it, together with the promise of coöperation in the reduction of Gibraltar, in exchange of the ratification of a treaty with Spain. It was at this period that Byng, who sailed from England in April, 1756, left Minorca to its fate.

Unable to hold out against an overwhelming force, the garrison of Minorca, after repelling the enemy's assault, agreed to capitulate on honorable terms; and the troops, having been allowed to embark, were conveyed to Gibraltar. The loss of Minorca was followed by an outburst of uncontrollable indignation, the Ministry were driven from power, and Byng, sacrificed to popular fury, was shot by order of a court-martial. It was at this period when France was luring Spain into a confederacy against England by the promise of a restoration of Gibraltar, that Pitt succeeded to office. The great Minister resolved, by one bold stroke, to secure the friendship of Spain and to bind her in an alliance against France. With the consent of all his colleagues, in a secret dispatch dated twenty-third of August, 1757, he authorized Sir Benjamin Keene to offer to Spain the cession of Gibraltar on condition that she would enter into an alliance against the French. The dispatch, remarkable for its pregnancy, is said to have cost Pitt three days' labor. It is difficult to understand how a statesman of his lofty mental stature could have been induced to entertain the notion of surrendering the great fortress. But it should be remembered that the great Commoner attached the mightiest importance to the prevention of the alliance between Spain and France, and that he also looked for a full equivalent for the rock-fortress at the hands of Spain. But not even the discomfiture of the alliance between the two Crowns, nor any equivalent in the power of the Spanish Crown to bestow, could have justified the English Minister in proposing the surrender of the key of the Straits, and the most commanding position in the Mediterranean. It is true that the expenses of the fortress were then enormous and constantly increasing, that the maladministration of the local Government was monstrous, and a continual source of complaint; it was true also that the representations of Lord Tyranley, the Governor, led Pitt to under-rate the value of the place; and the great orator must have been scandalized at the

\* Mahon's *England*.

plundering and perquisites of Governors, which made their aggregate emoluments twenty thousand pounds per annum.\* But the abuses incident to the administration of the rock were corrigible, and might have been corrected; whereas the loss of the fortress, if once surrendered or lost, could never have been repaired. Pitt, however, soon became convinced of his error. In 1779 he pronounced Gibraltar "situated in the very continent of Spain, the best proof of our naval power, and the only solid check on that of the house of Bourbon." Twice within a century Spain had attempted the recovery of the fortress, and on each occasion she had been compelled to retire with humiliation and defeat. Believing that the moment had now arrived when she might be more fortunate, the Court of Madrid allied herself to France in 1779, and declared war against England. Two years before this period, a remarkable man, a more remarkable soldier, had been made Governor of the rock. This was George Augustus Eliott, who was the youngest of the nine sons of Sir Gilbert Eliott, of Sleath, in the county of Roxburgh. Born in 1718, Eliott had been early sent to the University of Leyden, where he became a proficient in languages. Subsequently he studied with assiduity and success at the School of Engineers at La Fere. Having attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he accompanied George II. to Germany as aide-de-camp in 1743, and was wounded at the battle of Dettingen. He distinguished himself in the seven years' war under the Duke of Cumberland, and was considered a man of great military talents, energy, and perseverance, qualities that were fully tested in the memorable siege with which his name is forever associated.

Eliott, on assuming the command, soon discovered defects in the fortifications, and that the garrison was inadequate to perform even the duties necessary in a time of peace. The Governor declared it would be impossible to withstand a siege with the inefficient resources at his disposal; and he sent home Colonel Green, of the Engineers, to explain to Ministers how matters stood, and wrote pressingly to the Government. His remonstrances were scarcely heeded. Though the Cabinet had tardily and inadequately reinforced and

provisioned the garrison; yet General Eliott, who had foreseen the coming storm, chiefly depended on his own efforts, and prepared for an event which he had long contemplated. The garrison when the war broke out was composed of ten regiments, including the artillery and engineers, giving a total of five thousand three hundred and eighty-two officers and men; whereas Spain attacked the rock with all her naval and military resources. A Spanish squadron appeared in the bay. Rodney attacked it, and only one transport escaped. This advantage was quickly followed by another. A few days afterward a Spanish squadron was discovered near Cape St. Vincent, and after a severe conflict, was defeated. The unfavorable disposition of Morocco, and the vigilance of Spanish armed vessels, however, deprived the garrison of supplies of provender from the African coast, and they were reduced to the sorest straits, when they were again relieved by a fleet under Admirals Darby, Digby, and Ross. Unable to force the garrison to capitulate by blockade, the Spaniards now resolved on a supreme effort. Works were carried on with renewed vigor, batteries were supplied with guns of the heaviest metal, and two hundred pieces of battering-cannon, and eighty mortars, poured an incessant shower of shot and shell into the place for the space of three weeks. The most eminent engineers of France and Spain were brought to superintend the approaches of the besiegers; but on the night of the twenty-seventh of November, 1781, General Ross, at the head of two thousand picked men, marched out of the garrison for the purpose of destroying the batteries, and in a few minutes drove from them the astounded Spaniards. The guns and mortars were spiked, the magazines were blown up, the storehouses were fired, together with every part of the batteries. Thus, in somewhat less than two hours, the gigantic works which the enemy had raised at an expense of two millions sterling were annihilated. Spanish pride, no less than a sense of national interest, now induced his Catholic Majesty and his Ministers to direct the whole forces and resources of the monarchy upon the rock. The Chevalier d'Arcon, a famous French engineer, who had been attached to the army of Marshal Broglie, was summoned to St. Roque. He had invented what he called "batteries, flottantes, insubmersibles, et in-

\* General O'Hara was in the receipt of £7000 per annum for wine-licenses alone.



combustibles, revêtues d'une forte cuirasse en bois de côté de l'ennemi," and which must have somewhat resembled similar batteries which the Emperor of the French proclaims as his own special invention. Ten of these batteries, supposed to be invulnerable, were launched. Their bottoms were of thick timber, their sides of wood and cork, and they were supplied with sloping roofs. Each of them carried from ten to twenty-eight guns, manned by a picked crew. They were supported by gunboats and armed vessels. A thousand pieces of artillery and twelve thousand of the best troops of France were joined to those of Spain, and numerous volunteers of the highest rank—such as the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., and the Duke de Bourbon—appeared on the staff. The direction of the operations was intrusted to the Duke of Crillon, who had distinguished himself in the reduction of Minorca.

Colonel Drinkwater, who witnessed the siege, and who has described it with graphic minuteness, says :

"That the Spaniards meant, previous to their final efforts, to strike a terror through their opponents by displaying an armament more powerful than had ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including three inferior two-deckers, ten battering ships, deemed perfect in design, and esteemed invincible, carrying two hundred and twelve guns, innumerable frigates, xebecs, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar-boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men, were assembled in the bay. On the land-side were most stupendous batteries and works, mounting two hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, managed by an army of near forty thousand men, commanded by a victorious general, and animated by the immediate presence of two princes of the blood-royal of France. In their certainty of success, however, the enemy seemed to have entirely overlooked the nature of that force which was opposed to them; for though the garrison scarcely consisted of seven thousand effective men, including the Marine Brigade, they forgot that they were now veterans in the service, and had been long habituated to the efforts of artillery. On the ninth of September, 1782, an attack was made by the Spaniards upon the land-side, where a battery of sixty-four guns was opened; but the fire was so warmly returned, that the Spaniards were driven from their works. At the same time several of the ships attacked Europa Point, but their success was not greater. Two of the largest vessels were so damaged as to be obliged to repair to Algeziras Bay for the purpose of refitting. Crillon now resolved to send

forward his invincible batteries; and on the morning of the thirteenth they were put in motion. Buenventura de Moreno, a distinguished Spanish officer who commanded them, brought them to the requisite position; and no sooner was this accomplished than the most dreadful firing commenced. The batteries on sea and on land opened at the same instant, and poured into the garrison an incessant shower of shot, while the British returned the fire with that celerity and skill which the greatness of the occasion demanded. From ten in the morning till noon this firing was continued without the smallest intermission. About two, Moreno's battering-ship was seen to emit smoke as if burning. About midnight the effects of the red-hot shot which the garrison had used became conspicuous; the battery belonging to the Admiral was discovered to be on fire, and in a short time the other eight were seen successively to be in flames, and made signals of distress. Of their crews only four hundred men were saved by the exertions of the British. The rest were either consumed in the flames, torn in pieces by the explosions, or drowned in their attempts to escape. Thus were the sanguine expectations of the Spaniards completely disappointed, and the invincible batteries in one day totally annihilated."

During the siege the most common necessities of life were exorbitantly dear. Bad ship-biscuit full of worms was sold at one shilling a pound; flour, not in much better condition, at the same price; old dried peas at one shilling and four pence; salt, half dirt, the sweepings of ships' bottoms and storehouses, at eight pence; old salt butter at two shilling and sixpence; and English farthing candles at sixpence apiece. Fresh provisions commanded much higher prices. Turkeys sold at three pounds twelve shillings; sucking-pigs at two pounds two shillings; and one pound one shilling was refused for a calf's pluck. The effect of the red-hot shot, recommended by General Boyd to be used against the Spanish works, exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The damage done was extensive, and for a time irreparable. An immense amount of ammunition was expended on both sides. Three hundred and twenty of the enemy's cannon were in play throughout the day, and to these were opposed only ninety-six guns from the rock. Upward of eight thousand shot and seven hundred and sixteen barrels of gunpowder were fired away by the garrison. The siege had lasted for three years, seven months, and twelve days; and for the elaborate magnitude of the attack, and above all



for the skill and heroical energy and fortitude of the defense, it was one of the most remarkable sieges, perhaps the most remarkable, of which mention is made in history. The news of the failure was received by the Ministry at Madrid with dismay, and by the King with despair. In Paris the intelligence was equally unexpected and unwelcome. So certain had the fact of the capture of the fortress been considered, that a drama, illustrative of the destruction of Gibraltar by the floating-batteries, was acted nightly in Paris to applauding thousands.\*

For nearly eighty years Spain had thus exhausted her treasury and sacrificed her armies and her navies to gain the rock-fortress; but now, after a countless expenditure of men and money, she found all her efforts vain and futile. No wonder that Florida Blanca said, after the discomfiture of the besiegers: "No British Ministry will have the courage to look the question fairly in the face, and I will think no more of it."

For one hundred and fifty-eight years Spain has acquiesced in the future of war and the provisions of treaty-law; but of late a semi-official journal, the *Epoca*, and a Senor Lobo, said to be a distinguished officer of the Spanish fleet, have talked of the possession of Gibraltar by Great Britain as "a disgrace and a perpetual cause of humiliation." "Gibraltar," says the official scribe, "ought to be a Spanish city, and its recapture should in future be the most sacred aspiration for the nation; for while the fortress is occupied by England, we are invaded in our territory, and are prepared to adopt any alliance which may be for the interests of Spain." They say on the other side of the Pyrenees: "*Palabras de boca piedra de honda*," (Words of the mouth are like a stone in a sling.) They are sometimes thrown back on the slinger with redoubled force. To this thrasonical Spanish rhodomontade, it may be answered that we hold Gibraltar by virtue of conquest and of solemn treaty, and that we shall continue to hold it by right and by might against all comers. Our title, according to European law, is unimpeachable and without flaw; and the descendants of the brave men who had the courage and the skill to take the rock, have now the power, the ability, and the will to hold it against any one

power, or against a coalition of France and Spain. The Manchester school, with Messrs. Cobden and Bright at their head, may rail at the expense of the garrison, but the people of England do not sympathize with them, for they think with Fox that the surrender of the fortress should never be allowed to become a subject of discussion, and they think with Burke that the fortress is invaluable as a possession, because it is impregnable. "Give up to Spain," said Fox, "the fortress of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean becomes to them a pool, a pond in which they can navigate at pleasure, and act without control or check." "Deprive yourself of this station," said the great debater, "and the States of Europe who border on the Mediterranean will no longer look to you for the free navigation of that sea; and having it no longer in your power to be useful, you can not expect alliances."

That Gibraltar is much better governed under Great Britain than it would be under any other power is a proposition self-evident. There is perfect freedom of opinion and belief, and there is boundless toleration; and these things are unknown in Spain. In 1830 a charter of justice was given to the city, a magistracy was established, and the advantage of civil liberty accorded to its inhabitants. It is urged, however, that England has no grounds for keeping the fortress, and that it would be an act of justice to restore it to Spain. But the history of the last century and a half shows that Spain was not able either to hold or to retake it. Were Gibraltar restored to Spain to-morrow, Spain could only hold it during the good pleasure of France. Gibraltar under England defies attack, and is unassailable. Gibraltar under the Spaniards, as Captain Sayer says, would be a third-rate fortress, the prey of an unscrupulous military and maritime power, making war under the false pretense of an idea, but with real prepense purpose of spoliation of a neighbor, of aggrandizement, and annexation. To cede Gibraltar would be to forfeit the safety of the overland route, would be putting to hazard our power and our influence, not merely in the Mediterranean but over the whole habitable globe.

The Gibraltar of the present day is invulnerable. Almost impregnable by nature, it has been rendered completely so by art. When France and Spain attacked it in 1782 there were but one hundred

\* Barrow's *Life of Lord Howe*, p. 157.

guns; now one thousand guns are in position. Gibraltar gives to us the command of the Straits; it affords accommodation to our vessels, it separates the harbors of France and Spain, and renders the junction of their fleets difficult. These are advantages we can not part with to please a small and crotchety school of politicians among us. And if Marshal O'Donnell seriously asks Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell for a surrender of the rock-fortress, both will respond with a will: "Take it if you can." The old rule practiced in the past will be practiced in the future—

"That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

NOTE, PAGE 112.—A brief description of this renowned fortress may aid the mind of the reader. In form and shape Gibraltar is much like a colossal pear, three miles long, seven miles around, and six-

teen hundred feet thick or high at the big end. In position it is as if a colossal pear of this like had been driven by the strong current through the straits the big end first, which struck on the Spanish shore, while the stem-end still points back into the straits. Along the northern side of the pear, and between it and the Spanish shore, is the harbor of Gibraltar, five miles wide, opening toward the Straits. The northern side of the pear slopes down to the water. On this slope is the city or town of Gibraltar, with a population of about sixteen thousand. Immense galleries, some of them two or three miles long, are cut around through the big end of the pear, with room enough for a coach and horses to pass at a perpendicular elevation of some thousand to twelve hundred feet above the shore, at the big end of the pear. Along these galleries, cut from the solid rock, are portholes every twelve yards, which command by the guns pointing out all approach across the neutral ground on the Spanish shore. The entrance to St. Michael's Cave is about half-way between the stem and the big end of the pear on the ridge. A few summers ago, the Governor of Gibraltar had the Cave fitted up for a grand ball, which was duly celebrated by the *élite* of Gibraltar and the officers of the fortress. It seemed rather a queer place for such a purpose to us, when we visited it some time after.—ED. OF THE ECLECTIC.

From the British Quarterly.

## THEORIES OF HISTORY.\*

WE do not well know how to describe our pleasure in calling attention to this book. Its author has published anonymously, but will one day, we trust, not think it needful to withhold a name which every lover of masculine thought, of perfect reasoning, of keen analysis, and religious nobleness will delight to honor. His pages have been so true a delight and refreshment to us that we feel in danger of discommending them by speaking of them more warmly than it can readily be supposed possible they deserve, and we shall endeavor therefore to confine ourselves to a brief account of the subjects of which they treat.

The author believes, and believes most justly, that the Positive Philosophy has

exerted a powerful direct and indirect influence upon both philosophic thought and popular belief. It appears to him that that philosophy is open to fatal objections; that it can not be held, as M. Auguste Comte has taught it, without committing its adherents to sundry fallacies in logic as well as to the gravest errors in all that pertains to religion. He investigates in particular its bearing upon history, proceeding by way of inquiry into the three theories by which its events have been interpreted. "The first [theory] is, that events happen by chance; in mere succession as regards time, in mere contiguity as regards place, without order or design, without coherence or connection, without mutual dependence or relation. The second is, that events happen according to law; law fixed and invariable, necessitating the most stable order; law final and absolute, the ultimate and highest concep-

\* *An Inquiry into the Theories of History, with Special Reference to the Principles of the Positive Philosophy.* London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1862.

tion of the human mind. The third is, that events happen according to law, fixed and invariable, necessitating the most stable order; but that that law, instead of being the ultimate and highest conception of the human mind, is the expression of a Supreme Will." And the question respecting these theories is—which of them affords an adequate basis on which to rest the events which history records? In order to answer this question they are severally examined. The most that can possibly be said for the chance-theory is said for it—much more than at first one supposes its case will admit of; and no adherent of the law-theory again, will be able to complain that his case has been understated. The conclusion ultimately arrived at is in favor of the third theory, and it is educed and vindicated in a manner which seems to us to establish it on foundations that can never be moved. We have next a striking and very admirable Examination of the Positive Method in the Use and Abuse of Hypotheses against the Theory of Will, and an appendix on the Doctrine and Law of Casual Resemblance. If circumstances permit, as we fervently hope they may, this Inquiry into the Theories of History is to be followed by two other volumes devoted respectively to investigations into the Elements and Ideas of History, and into the Law of History. We trust nothing may interfere with their perfectly successful preparation; and, if only they are like the volume before us, they will infallibly rank their author among the first masters of an incomparable dialectic and analysis, and will at the same time exhibit him as an accomplished scholar of

great original power, using his science in subordination to the noblest aims. One more paragraph, to satisfy our own conscience and to stimulate our reader's appetite, and we have done. It is from the section on the Objections against the doctrine of a Providence:

"The mistakes of these two eminent men (Bishop Sherlock and M. Comte) represent the opposite dangers of theism and philosophy. On the side of theism there can be no adequate security against unworthy notions of God and his government, except in the recognition of the universality and immutability of law as the expression of his supreme and providential will. On the side of philosophy there can be no adequate security against the pride of sciolism and the terrors of anarchy, except in recognizing that a supreme and providential will governs the universe, and that the imperfections we think that we detect, and the anarchy we dread, are only proofs of our own blindness to the universality and immutability of law. Theism, obscure in its conceptions, unstable in its judgments, and superstitious in its tendencies, will rest on an unsafe foundation until it places itself in open alliance with law in its most positive and uncompromising form. Philosophy will fail to fulfill its mission, and must renounce the high character which it claims as the eye of science and the hand of art, the proper basis of society, and the true framework of history, until it places itself in intimate accord with that theism which it sometimes repudiates and contemns. The union of both makes science religious and religion scientific, philosophy devout and piety philosophical, because in that union law is conceived as interpenetrated, informed, and directed by the infinite mind, the eternal thought, the omnipotent and beneficent will of which it is the grand and sublime expression, and whose faintest whisperings it is the highest glory of man to interpret and obey."

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From the British Quarterly.

## ARNDT AND HIS SACRED POETRY.\*

MORE than two years have now elapsed since one of her noblest spirits passed from Germany. In the obituary of 1860,

\* *Gedichte von Ernst Moritz Arndt. Letzte Ausgabe.* (The Poems of ERNST MORITZ ARNDT. Last Edition.)

we may safely affirm, there will be found few announcements more vividly affecting the student of European literature, than that which records the death of the venerable poet-patriot whose name is prefixed to the present paper. On the twenty-

ninth of January of that year, at the advanced age of ninety-one, and immediately after receiving the congratulations alike of friends and strangers on the return of another birthday, and preserving, let us add, his wonderful intellectual powers unimpaired to the last, Arndt was summoned to his reward. We need not marvel that deep and wide-spread sorrow should have been at the time evoked by such an event throughout the entire Teutonic fatherland; for, although the one grand object of the poet's strivings—the realization of German unity—remained, as it still remains, a glorious dream, there was enough of true patriotism, true admiration of genius, and true hero-worship of the highest kind—the hero-worship of moral principle in some of its grandest embodiments—existent among the German kindred, to unite its various branches in the sacred task of paying a common and harmonious tribute of reverence to the memory of the great departed. Here in England, we too, although at this late period, would willingly take our share in a labor so befitting and so pious, and add a leaf to the many garlands with which the gratitude and love of thousands have sought to decorate his tomb.

In German literature the name of Ernst Moritz Arndt is, indeed, imperishable. His collected poems, now lying before us, we have long known and prized. They are familiar to us as household words; and repeated perusals serve but to impress our minds more powerfully with a sense of their poetic opulence, their great imaginative range, and their wonderful mastery of diction. He himself, in the preface to that edition of his works which was published in the year 1840—a preface remarkable for the noble and touching simplicity with which, in its brief compass, he alludes to his own laurels gathered in the groves of song—says that many may trace in his compositions the “element of the wild and stormy Baltic Sea,” near whose waters he was born; and that, from the “rudeness of the northern air,” no “fine and delicate southern fruitage” can be expected, like that which ripens in fairer lands and beneath a warmer sun. And doubtless, not a little of the poetry of Arndt breathes the spirit of the north, instead of the glowing and delicious south. His patriotic poems, properly so called—the strains that in such rich profusion he poured forth during the great German War of Inde-

pendence—strains that resounded like the very trump of battle, and tended so mightily to stimulate the Prussians in their heroic efforts to fling off the tyranny of Napoleon—those patriotic poems utter in every stanza, in every line, we may almost say in every word, the fervid valor of the Teutonic soul; and their roughness, their want of artistic polish, their lack of the finer and sweeter element, become, in reality, their highest excellence. Where armies are to be marshaled, where a whole people is to be shaken out of lethargy, where a spirit of intense daring must be infused into the hearts of men, that they may worthily arise and shatter the chains of the oppressor, we do not look for the softer music of the lyre. Its accents would be unheard amid the tumult of the rising tempest, and the thunder of louder tones is necessary to the desiderated result. Most truly has Landor said, in some of his happiest occasional verses:

“’Twas at thy voice, O Arndt! that Europe  
rose.  
England’s was weak, and Germany’s was  
tuned  
To theaters, and lowered to ducal ears;  
But thy loud clarion waked all living, waked  
The dead to march among them.”

And in circumstances like these, we can well conceive that the loftiest honor that could be awarded to the poet’s verses should be the ascription of the very element of storm and conflict which he himself half-charges against them as a crime. But we can not admit of the accusation as holding valid in reference to the majority of Arndt’s poetical compositions. Few poets evince a truer sense of the worth and importance of poetic art; and few, it may even be asserted, have given more positive and beautiful proof of the realization of such a conviction. Nothing can exceed the finished delicacy of some of his stanzas; stanzas so exquisite in conception and expression, that it is with difficulty you can recognize them as flowing from the same pen which summoned into fiery life the magnificent war-ballads that shook the throne of Bonaparte. Yet, when we look more closely, we discover that both disclose the same parent origin. In both classes of poems there is the same thorough *heartiness*, as we may style it, for want of a better word; the same intense and impassioned earnestness, bearing irresistibly along, like a river, the



reader on its tide, and captivating him with a peculiar fascination. In perusing Arndt's poems, of whatever description—and they range over many varieties of subjects, from the breathings of the tenderest love to the trumpet-blast of battle and of victory—we are specially struck with this characteristic; it is the living, burning thought of a nobly-gifted brother-mortal which speaks in the lines, without any intervening barrier, to our own heart of hearts; and we reciprocate the utterance until, animated by its divine enthusiasm and intense sincerity, we harmonize, for the moment, in soul and spirit with the speaker. We have said that the topics which the Muse of Arndt has selected are of a manifold description; and a similar assertion may with propriety be made as to the manner in which they have been treated. Little snatches of song, breathing all the simple and easy grace of the popular ballad-poetry; elegies in the hexameter-pentameter measure, which he wields with the skill of a master, and that seem drenched in the very tears of sorrow verging on despair; cradle-lullabies, in which one does not know whether more to admire the beauty of the drowsy rhythm or the thought that it adorns; sonnets constructed according to the strictest rules of poetic art, yet moving along with graceful and unlabored flow; dithyrambs rife with bacchic madness, yet never jarring on our emotions by unbefitting license or a harshly discordant note; delicate trifles like *Melittion*, light and airy as a figure cut on an antique gem; ballads of passionate power and fervor, like *Harald Schönhaar*, where every verse stirs the blood as with some grand old melody ringing out of the depths of the past into our spirits, and blending with the pulse of our existence while we read; strains all warm and throbbing with the glow and life of love, sweet as were ever whispered by adorer in the ear of the adored one, when lapped in the elysium of unbounded happiness: such is the well-nigh illimitable field over which the poetic genius of Arndt expatiates, and where he has gained his triumphs as a gifted son of song. And if he has thus so greatly signalized himself in the special domain of the Muses, his efforts have been as unwearied, and his merits have been nearly as great, in another and a different sphere; we refer to that of prose composition. A patriot of the truest stamp, he has written much

and well for his native country. As journalist and pamphleteer, his name will, in Germany, possess imperishable renown. To mention only one of his larger prose productions—his *Spirit of the Age* is, in many respects, a remarkable work;\* and indeed, every thing of a similar character that he has penned bears the impress of strong individuality and indomitable energy. Yet that the idea embodied in his famous lines, "What is the German's Fatherland?"—a song which has made the name of Arndt so widely known beyond the limits of his native country, and on the thought inspiring which song, to a large extent, his other works would form a striking comment—has never yet been realized in the political unity of Germany, is not by any means the noble singer's fault. All that man could do to achieve this end *he* has done, and done unflinchingly; and future generations of grateful Germans, when the dream of unity has become an accomplished fact, will rejoice to award to the heroic writer his well-earned meed of praise.

In the present article, however, before proceeding to speak of Arndt as a sacred poet, we feel ourselves called upon to refer, a little more fully, to that aspect of his genius by which we believe that, after all, he will be best known to posterity. We allude to the splended battle-songs he produced in such quick succession during the great patriotic wars of Germany in the time of the first Napoleon. At that period there was something like a universal outbreak of poetry among the German people, and especially among the German youth. The whole long-slumbering, yet altogether indomitable valor that distinguishes the Teutonic spirit, leaped at once to martial life, and found musical utterance in the legion of soul-stirring strains which formed an accompaniment so wildly joyous to the clash of the saber and the thunder of the cannon. As history is ever reproducing itself, the epoch of the liberation wars seemed the resuscitation in another form of that ancient era in German annals—the era of the Suabian emperors—when the air was vocal with multitudinous song, and the most prosaic appeared to grow strangely and suddenly poetical. But the sweet tinkle of the trouba-

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\* The *Geist der Zeit* appeared originally in 1806, in a single volume, but was subsequently expanded into four volumes in 1813-18.

dour harps that gladdened the early age of the Hohenstaufen, had now to give place to the ring of more warlike notes. There are few things possessing greater interest in the history of literature, than the poetical phenomenon presented to our view in Germany simultaneously with those grand campaigns of freedom. It is the blended worship of the Muses and of Mars; one hand madly sweeping the golden strings of the lyre, and the other bravely wielding the patriot's sword. A minute and comprehensive sketch of the manifold effusions inspired by that mighty crisis, is still, we think, a desideratum in our English surveys of German literature. All the greater poets of the fatherland caught the patriot infection. Men like Uhland and Rückert were born away by the resistless torrent, and poured the fire of their hearts in song. Their verses passed from soul to soul and from lip to lip, kindling in the bosoms of the Prussian youth intensest hatred toward the invaders, and quenchless aspirations after liberty. Five individuals may especially be singled out as types of the patriotic poets of the liberation wars; and among these we do not scruple to assign to Arndt the loftiest position. Körner, Max von Schenkendorf, and the two Follens (Karl and Adolf Ludwig) are the others to whom we allude. Noble as are the battle-songs of the rest, it seems to us that in the strains of Arndt is alone discoverable a concurrence of all the elements that go to the construction of war-poetry destined to be thoroughly successful. The inspired lyrics of Theodore Körner, who, it must reasonably be confessed, stands indebted to his early and heroic death for some, at least, of the extensive popularity he enjoys, are too melancholy by half for the great purpose they were intended to subserve. With the almost solitary exception of the glorious "Sword-song"—and even in it there is more or less prevalent a certain tinge of sadness—Körner's compositions, otherwise so chivalrous and beautiful, exercise rather a depressing than a cheering influence on the reader's spirit. It is as if some strange foreshadowing of the tragic fate that so shortly awaited their author, hung dark and heavy on his stanzas, and dulled the blue serene of the poetic heaven. In the lays of Max von Schenkendorf, on the other hand, the prevailing fault is what may be termed a want of true masculine energy; and be-

sides, there is a sameness about his verses, great as are undoubtedly their merits, that palls upon us when we peruse many of them in unbroken succession. The brothers Follen, again, have abundance and superabundance of manly strength and prowess; but the strength and prowess assume, in *their* case, a really half-savage character. They revel in the images of blood and slaughter, and the tones they utter rather resemble the fierce war-whoop of a Red Indian than—

"The Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised  
To hight of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming for battle."

What can be wilder, for example, in its way, than Adolf Ludwig Follen's famous "Fight of the Katzbach," where every verse flaps, like a winged fury, its blood-stained pinions; or some of Karl Follen's *Turnlieder*, as they are still recorded for our edification in that strange little volume, overflowing with 'patriot-poetry of the most fiery and impassioned character, the *Freie Stimmen frischer Jugend*, (Free Voices of Bold Youth?) But the chief charm of Arndt's martial poems, next to their intense sincerity, is the sublime cheerfulness that reigns supreme throughout them all. Free from the melancholy of Körner, the monotony of Schenkendorf, and the air of undue ferocity that mars the productions of the Follens, Arndt's war-songs sound like a strain of solemn yet gladdening music, and invigorate the faculties with the breath of healthy energy, at the same time that they impel the fearless combatant forward into the very heart of battle. Doubtless there are times when it may be said of Arndt, that he grandly rages—when he pours forth the vials of his wrath on the heads of the French invaders, and predicts in language of the most bitter and biting scorn, the overthrow of their usurped dominion. There even occur passages which the greatest admirer of the poet's genius might wish obliterated, as verging too much upon the confines of the barbarous and the vindictive; but such passages are few and far between. Due limits are generally observed by this modern Tyrtæus, and within those limits his Muse ranges with the sweep of a powerful wing. It must be remembered, too, in rightly estimating the patriotic poetry of Arndt, that he had attained middle age ere his

fingers first struck the martial lyre; at least, ere he gave vent to the strains that have specially made his name immortal. Born in 1769, he had, of course, reached the mature term of forty years and upward ere the first great united effort was made by his countrymen to shake off the abhorred French yoke; and, in these circumstances, we need not marvel when we discover a sublimer and more cheerful calm, a more ripened and self-subsistent perfection, in his poems, than we find in the stanzas of the younger and, although equally heroic, less experienced compeers by whom he was surrounded and supported. Possibly this may have contributed to the undoubted fact, that Arndt's heroic poetry was, generally speaking, more popular with the mass of the people than the similar effusions of his brother-bards. The careless, yet serene and cheerful gayety that inspires his patriotic lays, found an answering echo in the awakened hearts of the millions. "Arndt was, at this time," says one of the historians of German literature, referring to the period of the liberation wars, "the most popular of all the poets; for he understood best how to hit the popular tone; not merely to rouse up the great and noble feelings of the educated, but also to urge on the common men with simple yet inciting language." Hundreds of thousands sang such soul-animating strains as the "Lay of the Field-Marshal"—

"His oath he has kept. When the battle-cry rang,  
Ho! the silver-haired youth to his war-saddle sprang"—

the poem that commemorates, in accents worthy of the theme, the illustrious deeds of Blücher. Hundreds of thousands repeated enthusiastically the "Lay of Schill," the "Lay of Gneisenau," the "Battle of Leipzig," and the "Bidding to the War-dance." All these were written in the year 1813, and are penned in Arndt's happiest and most characteristic manner. Even now they can not be perused in the solitude of the quiet study without producing a tingling sensation in the blood of the reader, and stimulating him to grasp the hilt of an imaginary sword. We may, therefore, easily conceive the extraordinary influence they must have exercised in Germany at the time they were composed, when the holy fire of patriotism burned

with vigor, more or less, in every heart. It is one of the singular features of Arndt's poetic genius that, as years advanced, its patriotic power and fervor shone forth with undimmed, nay, increasing brilliance. In proof of this we may point to a single example out of many; the lines written by him when approaching the age of seventy, on the occasion of General Dörnberg's completion of his fiftieth year of military service. A magnificent sword was then presented to the latter by his friends, and the short poem that accompanied it was the work of Arndt. It evinces the same intense glow of impassioned energy, and the same command of versification, that distinguish his productions of an earlier time. Some men never grow old—intellectually and emotionally, at least—and among them we may justly reckon the subject of the present sketch.

It is, however, to yet another phase of the patriot-poet's genius that we would now direct the attention of the reader. From being a writer of popular songs, Arndt became the writer of devotional ones. Like Max von Schenkendorf, his coadjutor in the glorious days of the past, he dedicated much of his later life to the cultivation of sacred poetry; but, unlike Max, the poetry cultivated by Arndt was preëminently that of Protestantism. If the fair and holy features of the Madonna inspired the one, the other drew his truer, the only true inspiration, from the infinitely fairer and holier countenance of Christ. The hymnology of Germany, so rich in specimens of the finer strains of devotion, can boast in all its varied and ample store no nobler stanzas than some of those which Arndt has composed. Like his secular poems, his poems on religious subjects range over a wide extent, and are by turns sweet and serious, or rising to the heights of warmly pious, yet the reverse of fanatical, rapture. The well-known verses beginning "Geht nun hin und grabt mein Grab," (Go and let my grave be made,)\* are justly considered one of the purest gems in the sacred poetry of the current century. Some other verses of kindred character we purpose now to lay, in an English dress, before the reader, from which he may draw his own conclusions as to the value and significance of

\* Well translated, we may remark in passing, by Frances Elizabeth Cox, in her *Sacred Hymns from the German*, published by Pickering, 1841.

this section of the poetry of Arndt. As in all translations, we fear that our rendering will give a very imperfect idea of the force and beauty of the original.

The first specimen we offer has, as will be seen, considerably less in it of the *spiritual* element than those which follow. But no one can peruse the verses without being struck with the *moral* element, the breadth of intense upward aspiration, that pervades their entire course :

#### SPIRIT-WARNING.

" Shall the earthly syrens woo thee  
Downward from the hills of light?—  
Shall the earthly powers subdue thee  
To their dreary dungeon-night?—  
Wouldst thou mourn in aimless sorrow  
Earthly hopes that find a tomb?—  
*Then*, there breaks no golden morrow,  
Craven spirit! on thy gloom!

" Up! arouse thee from thy dreaming!  
Thou hast wings—unfurl them wide,  
And upon them, singing, gleaming,  
Through the azure grandly ride:  
Then will sink the poison-vapors  
That so long oppressed thy youth,  
And Delusion's rushlight-tapers  
Perish in the blaze of Truth!

" Truth and Courage—champions peerless—  
Like two noble chargers borne  
On to glory fast and fearless,  
When has dawned the battle-morn!  
Truth and Courage!—these are symbols  
Of all fields of triumph trod;  
And the soul that never trembles  
Proves itself the child of God.

" Child of God!—whose starry splendors  
Flash around thy future throne!—  
Such a wondrous heirship renders  
Earth and heaven all thine own.  
Where thy pinions span the distance,  
Gleams the kingdom, vast, divine;  
Grasp *that* kingdom—grasp existence—  
Grasp thyself—the world is thine!"

Our next two specimens show the gradual deepening of the more purely Christian element. What a contrast between the second especially, with the wealth and depth of its pious yearnings, and the loud, wild trumpet-voice of the earlier battle-lays!

#### GOD THE UNSEARCHABLE.

" Say, who can count the grains  
Of sand that fill the shores?  
The leaves that strew the plains  
When wild November roars?

In January storms  
Who tells the flakes of snow?  
Or sums the endless forms  
The shifting sea-waves know?

" Who measures ocean, rolled  
Obedient to the moon?  
Or grasps the shafts of gold  
Shot by the sun in June?  
Who can outstrip in speed  
The lightning-flash, and flee?  
Name him!—if such his deed,  
The first of mortals he!

" God is th' unreckoned ONE!  
No language tells *his* power,  
By whom the planets run  
Their race from hour to hour.  
God is the All-in-all;  
God is the shoreless sea;  
Swifter than lightning's fall,  
Deeper than oceans be!

" Well may'st thou leaves that sweep  
Reckon, and stars above;  
Well may'st thou sound the deep—  
But ne'er Divinest Love.  
Well may'st thou oceans mete—  
But ne'er the smile so fair,  
With which He turns to greet  
The weeping sinner's prayer!"

#### SPIRITUAL LONGINGS.

" O thou Love celestial!  
O thou gentle hand of God!  
All my spirit's yearnings,  
Draw to thy abode!

" Here alone are sorrows,  
Here alone are idle cares,  
Fruitless aspirations,  
Falsehoods and despairs.

" Here alone is labor,  
Battle sore when at the best;  
Jarrings late and early  
Banish sacred rest.

" All of us, as blinded,  
Grove in dreary darkness round;  
Through the shades we seek thee,  
But thou art not found.

" O thou Fount of glory!  
O thou Well of every joy!  
All my soul irradiate,  
All its grief destroy!

" Draw me, Love celestial,  
Up from midnight to the day;  
Draw my spirit's yearnings  
Far from earth away!

" Love of Jesus! draw me,  
Draw me wholly to thy shrine;



Let me, flower-like, blossom  
In thy rays divine.

"Love of Jesus! mirror  
Of all life and light supreme,  
Give me wings of sunshine  
To escape my dream ;

"Soaring ever upward  
To a home beyond the stars,  
Earth for aye forgotten,  
With its woes and wars!"

In the following lines the echo of the  
"Suspiria de profundis" dies softly in the  
distance, and Faith, Hope, and Love re-  
gain their salutary sway:

#### CONFIDENCE IN NEED.

"When out of darkness deep and dreary  
I sigh, 'Awake, thou golden light !'  
When tears and groans, companions weary,  
Are mine through all my starless night ;  
When life's illusive joys depart,  
What calms alone my aching heart ?

"When on the ocean-deeps of error  
My bark to every tempest veers,  
And conscience with its voice of terror  
Peals through the storm-clouds on my ears,  
What anchor have I in the hour  
When hope itself has lost its power ?

"The anchor THOU!—life's dearest treasure,  
Jesus, Redeemer of my soul!—  
Changing to tides of peace and pleasure  
The waves of anguish as they roll ;  
Thou Well from which the waters flow  
That cleanse from sin and free from wo.

"The anchor THOU! a stay the surest,  
When round me surging sorrows war ;  
Sun of all suns the fairest, purest ;  
Light of all lights the sweetest far ;  
Eternal Word! Incarnate Son!  
Among ten thousand chiefest One!

"O depth of Love, that knows no sounding  
By any plummet angels wield,  
Would that thy grace yet more abounding  
Swept all our foemen from the field!

Would that it shone with brighter ray  
Upon us in our battle-day!

"Would that, no longer tempest-driven,  
We better knew thy wondrous lore,  
By which alone we guide to heaven  
Our barks from earth's polluted shore,  
By which alone in darkness we  
May steer our course, from error free!

"Oh! teach us this, Redeemer gracious!  
Illumine thou our vessel's chart,  
And with thy light so pure and precious  
Inundate all the erring heart ;  
Light that, though sun and moon should  
fade,  
Will shine eternally displayed!"

The stanzas we quote in conclusion show  
traces of the old fervid eloquence of  
Arndt's secular poetry. His "Invocation  
to the Word" must be our last extract:

"O Word of God! O sword of might!  
How keen thy edge, how sharp and bright;  
Invisible to mortal eye,  
It smites, it pierces, far and nigh.

"O Word of God! O sword of might!  
At once our terror and our light!  
Thy power divine all secrets knows,  
And round the world majestic goes.

"Now, like a tempest through the soul,  
Thy lightnings flash, thy thunders roll;  
Now o'er the heart, with gentle play,  
Thou breathest like the wind in May.

"O Word, so powerful and so true,  
Primeval Word, yet ever new,  
Let all thy THUNDERS teach me this—  
To flee from hell, to rise to bliss!

"O Word, with gracious gentle play,  
Breathe o'er me like the wind in May!  
Let all thy WHISPERS teach me this—  
To flee from sin, to soar to bliss!

"Then all that seems mysterious here  
Will star-bright grow and heaven-clear;  
Then, though on earth, my life will lie  
Hidden with Jesus in the sky."

## CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

THE beautiful engraving in this number illustrates a great historic event in the life and times of Oliver Cromwell. This renowned man took an important part in the stormy period in which he lived. Among the remarkable deeds which he performed was the bold and daring achievement of dissolving the Long Parliament. The particulars of the event are recorded by the historian Hume. Cromwell had chosen a council of officers to aid him in his arduous duties. The historian says: "In the council of officers it was presently voted to frame a remonstrance to the Parliament. After complaining of the arrears due to the army, they there desired the Parliament to reflect how many years they had sitten, and what professions they had formerly made of their intentions to new-model the representative, and establish successive parliaments, who might bear the burden of national affairs, from which they themselves would gladly, after so much danger and fatigue, be at last relieved. They confessed that the Parliament had achieved great enterprises, and had surmounted mighty difficulties; yet was it an injury, they said, to the rest of the nation to be excluded from bearing any part in the service of their country. It was now full time for them to give place to others; and they therefore desired them, after settling a council who might execute the laws during the interval, to summon a new Parliament, and establish that free and equal government, which they had so long promised to the people.

"The Parliament took this remonstrance in ill part, and made a sharp reply to the council of officers. The officers insisted on their advice; and by mutual altercation and opposition the breach became still wider between the army and the commonwealth. Cromwell, finding matters ripe for his purpose, called a council of officers, (April 20th, 1653,) in order to come to a determination with regard to the public settlement. As he had here many friends, so had he also some opponents. Harrison having assured the council that the General sought only to pave the way for the government of Jesus and his saints, Major

Streator briskly replied, that Jesus ought then to come quickly: for if he delayed it till after Christmas, he would come too late; he would find his place occupied. While the officers were in debate, Colonel Ingoldsby informed Cromwell that the Parliament was sitting, and had come to a resolution not to dissolve themselves, but to fill up the house by new elections; and was at that very time engaged in deliberations with regard to this expedient. Cromwell in a rage immediately hastened to the House, and carried a body of three hundred soldiers along with him. Some of them he placed at the door, some in the lobby, some on the stairs. He first addressed himself to his friend St. John, and told him that he had come with a purpose of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly with tears besought the Lord not to impose upon him: but there was a necessity, in order to the glory of God and good of the nation. He sat down for some time, and heard the debate. He beckoned Harrison, and told him that he now judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'the work is very great and dangerous; I desire you seriously to consider, before you engage in it.' 'You say well,' replied the General; and thereupon sat still about a quarter of an hour. When the question was ready to be put, he said again to Harrison: 'This is the time: I must do it.' And suddenly starting up, he loaded the Parliament with the vilest reproaches, for their tyranny, ambition, oppression, and robbery of the public. Then stamping with his foot, which was a signal for the soldiers to enter, 'For shame,' said he to the Parliament, 'get you gone; give place to honest men; to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a parliament: I tell you, you are no longer a parliament. The Lord has done with you: he has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work.' Sir Harry Vane exclaiming against this proceeding, he cried with a loud voice: 'O Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!' He

commanded a soldier to seize the mace. 'What shall we do with this bauble? Here, take it away. It is you,' said he, addressing himself to the House, 'that have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon this work.' Having commanded the soldiers to clear the hall, he himself went out the last, and ordering the doors to be locked, departed to his lodgings in Whitehall.

"In this manner, which so well denotes his genuine character, did Cromwell, without the least opposition, or even murmur, annihilate that famous assembly which had

filled all Europe with the renown of its actions, and with astonishment at its crimes, and whose commencement was not more ardently desired by the people than was its final dissolution. All parties now reaped successively the melancholy pleasure of seeing the injuries which they had suffered, revenged on their enemies; and that too by the same arts which had been practiced against them. The King had in some instances stretched his prerogative beyond its just bounds; and, aided by the Church, had well-nigh put an end to all the liberties and privileges of the nation."

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From Chambers's Journal.

## SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IMPORTANT papers may be expected in the Royal Society; the Linnæans and Geographicals have interesting news from abroad, among which, alas! is announced the death of Mrs. Livingstone, wife of the most enterprising of African missionaries and travelers. Many a true heart on both sides of the Tweed will sympathize with him in his sorrow.

The last experiments at Shoeburyness have only confirmed the anticipations of sagacious thinkers who have all along maintained that invulnerable iron ships are an impossibility, and that the days of wooden ships are not yet over. Mr. Whitworth has invented a hard-headed iron shell which, fired from a twelve-pounder, completely riddles the iron sides of an ordinary gun-boat. With a seventy-pounder shell, a double target representing a section of a double-sided gun-boat, was as effectually shattered; and it was demonstrated that even the Warrior could be sunk by one shot from the great three hundred-pounder Mersey gun. These are instructive facts, suggestive of many conclusions, of which one is, that to spend millions of money on iron ships before experiments are exhausted, is unwise; another, that the

folly and wickedness of war are likely to become more and more costly.

A new kind of gunpowder has been tried at Frankfort. Its color is yellowish-brown, and in general appearance it resembles saw-dust. The inventor is Mr. Schultz, captain of artillery in the Prussian service, and he is showing by experiment that this new powder is cheaper, lighter, more powerful than the ordinary sort; moreover, that even after thirty rounds, the gun remains as clean as at the commencement. The national shooting-matches afforded a good opportunity for trial of this new compound, of which the ingredients are not yet made public, and further experiments are making at Spandau by order of the Prussian Government. It appears, too, that the Austrian authorities have been making experiments with gun-cotton, by cannonading one of their forts at Verona. The success at 600 and 1000 metres is said to have been incontestable; and the impulsive force of the cotton as compared with powder is as nine to four.

We may form some notion of scientific movements abroad from the questions proposed by different academies. The Bata-

vian Society of Experimental Philosophy at Rotterdam desires a series of observations on the temperature of the ocean at great depths, considering that the question is one of very great importance in studying the physical constitution of the globe. Another subject it proposes is, a crystallographic examination of certain inorganic matters in which the crystalline form is sufficiently developed to allow of a determination of the cleavage. This subject is to be discussed in all its bearings; it is one which, as is well known to chemists and geologists, has an essential bearing on the chemical and geological structure of the globe. Another question is—What is the origin of lactiferous vessels (*vasa lactea*) in the vegetable kingdom? Another—Required an anatomicophysiological examination of the diseases of one of the most important cultivated plants, accompanied by a criticism of the principal theories concerning those diseases, and an indication of the means by which they are to be prevented or opposed. The next question is one which will be regarded with interest wherever manufacturing operations are carried on: the Society require an exact consideration of this point—When steam-boilers burst (other causes apart) is there reason to suppose a development of hydrogen gas or a transition of the water to the spheroidal state? the investigation to be confirmed by a collection of exact reports concerning the cases of burst boilers, and, if possible, by special experiments.

The Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem, among questions in chemistry, natural history, and hydraulics, call for an answer to the following: "Every where in Europe the diluvium contains the bones of mamminifera; required a comparative examination of the position of these bones in different places, leading, if not with certainty, at least with strong probability, to a knowledge of the causes of their submergence, and the manner in which it took place." The next is astronomical: Mr. Airy has expressed doubts concerning the means by which the movement of the sun with the planetary system through space has hitherto been deduced from the apparent movements of the fixed stars, and he proposes a new method for the same end: required new and exact researches upon the whole of the phenomena involved in the question. Another subject is, to investigate the nature of the substances

contained in the vapor of water produced by the respiration of man and animals in a state of health; the investigation to be extended, if possible, to the substances exhaled in certain maladies, contagious especially, with not only a chemical analysis, but with an examination of their hurtful effects on different animals. The prizes offered by this Haarlem Society are a gold medal worth one hundred and fifty florins, and money to the same amount. Lastly, the Royal Academy of Medicine at Brussels offer a prize of five hundred francs to the author of the best paper containing an elucidation of the causes, or suggestions for the treatment, of the diseases to which miners working in the coal-mines of Belgium are particularly exposed. A good answer to this question will doubtless be found useful in England.

Astronomy is making progress in Switzerland: hitherto there has been but one observatory in that country, at Geneva; but ere long there will be four in active operation. One has just commenced work at Neuchâtel; another is in preparation at Zürich, which will be under the direction of Mr. Rodolphe Wolf, whose labors as an observer of sun-spots have been more than once noticed in this journal. The fourth is to be established at Basel, where the necessary funds have already been set apart for the purpose. Neuchâtel, as is well known, is the center of a large trade in clocks and watches, and it was from a desire on the part of the best makers to produce movements of the greatest precision, that the observatory originated. By means of astronomical observations, they can now always get the true time; and they have taken care to furnish the observatory with the most improved instruments, and to adopt the chronograph for recording the observations. The electric clock of the observatory will regulate the clocks of the town, and signals may be sent to a distance by means of the telegraph. Chronometers manufactured at Neuchâtel are in good repute; specimens were sent to the International Exhibition, and being tested on arrival at Greenwich, they showed a difference of longitude between the two places which corresponds exactly with that obtained by astronomical observations. This in itself is satisfactory evidence of excellent workmanship.

We gather from the *Bulletin* of the



Egyptian Institute at Paris, that an English traveler, struck by the dilapidated appearance of Pompey's Pillar, has offered to pay the cost of restoration on one condition, which is so simple that we can not doubt of its acceptance—namely, that the monument, when restored, shall be surrounded by a railing, to preserve it from further mutilation. The same publication informs us that an Arab poet has composed a poem in which he sings the "future benefits which the Suez canal is to produce in his country;" and that a skull, perfectly bleached, has been found in a hypogeum, near Cape Lochias, which presents the negro characteristics in so remarkable a degree as to leave no room to doubt its being the skull of a negro. We mention the fact, as it may be of some importance in ethnological inquiry; and it gives us pleasure to be able to state further, that excavations long suspended at Nineveh are about to be resumed under direction of the British consul. *Apropos* of skulls, we take the opportunity to remark, that among the short papers published in the last number of the Royal Society's *Proceedings*, there is one "On the Distorted Skulls found at Wroxeter, (Salop,) with a Mechanico-chemical Explanation of the Distortion," by Dr. H. Johnson, of Shrewsbury.

Among the beneficial results of the International Exhibition, there is one which perhaps will not attract much of popular attention, but which, nevertheless, has a permanent practical value, namely, the publication of descriptive catalogues of particular collections. One of these is a *Catalogue of the Contributions from India*, compiled under the authority of the government of India: a large quarto of about three hundred pages. It contains the returns from Bengal, the Punjab, the North-west Provinces, Oude, the Rajpootana States, Central India, the Martaban and Tenasserim Provinces, and of British Burmah. Madras and Bombay not having been ready in time with their returns, are omitted. It is not a mere list, but gives copious information concerning many of the articles. Thus, under "Raw Mate-

rials" we find valuable particulars concerning various kinds of iron ore, the places where they are found, and how they are worked by the natives. The Vhyndhya Hills, in the neighborhood of Mirzapore, are described as rich in mineral wealth, producing iron which, when rolled into bars, is more flexible than English iron, and superior in strength and tenacity; and only requiring a canal or railway for the conveyance of fuel to become the Wolverhampton of India. Accounts are given of six places in which gold is found; and of twenty-seven places which contain coal; of clays and earths, and of building-stones; of various kinds of oil-seeds, the places of their growth, and process of extracting the oil. Concerning *Roosa*, or Scented Grass Oil, we read: "It has been used, pure and unadulterated, by many European officers with most wonderful effect in cases of severe rheumatism, and indeed such appears to have been the effect of its application, that two good rubbings of the pure oil on the part affected produced such severe burning as to render a third application almost impracticable. In the cases brought to notice, the second application was found sufficient to insure a perfect cure." Cotton figures largely in the catalogue, and much space is given to Indian arts and manufactures, so that it may be very advantageously consulted by persons seeking information.

The scarcity of cotton is likely soon to be attended with an unexpected depreciation in the character and value of certain kinds of calico. We allude to the discovery of a plan for cutting down the finer class of rags into a species of *shoddy*, or, as it is sometimes called, *devil's dust*, to mix in the manufacture of cotton. Already, the finer kinds of rags have risen very materially in price in consequence of their being in demand for this purpose. All who feel any interest in sustaining the integrity of British manufactures must regret this process of adulteration, which, we trust, will meet with earnest remonstrance and discouragement. It is proper, at all events, that the public should be on their guard against the deception.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

# ON THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY DAVID WALKER, M.D., F.L.S.

AN appearance so remarkable as the Aurora could not fail to attract the attention of early observers, and afford cause for much conjecture.

About the earliest theory respecting its origin, supposed that it was produced by the refraction of the sun's rays; another, that it depended on a mixture of the atmosphere of the sun and earth; while many ascribed it to the effects of the magnetic fluid. But as the science of electricity became better known and more fully developed, when its luminous effects were shown, and especially when a resemblance was traced between the luminosity displayed by the passage of an electric current through a partially exhausted tube, and the appearance of Aurora, all previous hypotheses were abandoned, and the theory of Cavendish pretty generally adopted, which supposed that Aurora is dependent on electricity, transmitted through regions where our atmosphere is in a very rarefied state; at the same time it considered that some connection could be traced with the magnetic force of the earth. Since the laws of meteorology have been more fully understood, and the practice of recording meteorological observations more widely extended, the appearance of Aurora has attracted proportionate attention, especially in its connection with the local variations of the magnetic needle, and the disturbances noticed in the atmospheric electrometers. Such observations have shown, among other facts, that an Auroral light has been simultaneously perceived over a very extended space, for example, the Auroral light and magnetic disturbances of 1831, 1839, and 1859, were noticed at the same time, not only in the northern hemisphere, but also in the southern. Tables of the comparative frequency of the appearance of Aurora in different places, however, indicate the neighborhood of the Arctic zone as that

in which these phenomena most frequently occur.

Electricians and astronomers have endeavored to ascertain the height of the Aurora above the earth by measurement of its arc, but the results of their observations, taken from different points of view, and perchance not directed to the same Aurora—each observer seeing his own particular arc—are discordant. Thus, of two observers who calculated the height of an Aurora in January, 1831, one made it eighteen miles, the other ninety-six. The ancients believed it to be very great, even beyond the limits of our atmosphere. Cavendish supposes its *usual* elevation to be about seventy-one miles above the earth, at which height the atmosphere must possess but  $\frac{1}{15,000}$  part of the density of that at the earth's surface. More modern observers think it seldom rises above the region of the clouds, while Parry, Wrangel, Struve, Fisher, Farquharson, and others, ascribe to it a very inconsiderable light.

Observations made in Aberdeenshire tend to prove that at times it is not more than half a mile above the surface of the earth. Parry, in January, 1825, whilst watching the variations in the forms of an Aurora, saw a ray of light dart down from it toward the earth, between himself and the land, which was some three thousand yards from him, two other officers of the expedition witnessing it at the same time. I believe I am correct in stating that many Arctic observers believe the Aurora to attain a very small elevation in high latitudes. Hood and Richardson observed the same Aurora from different places; to the one it appeared in the zenith, forming a confused mass of flashes and beams; to the other, many miles distant, looking in the same direction as the first observer, it presented the aspect of a low illumined arch. Sir William Hooker

informs me that, while passing a night on the summit of Ben Nevis, he distinctly saw the Aurora hang in the valley between a neighboring elevation and that upon which he stood; also, that at another time, during a fall of snow upon a mountain-side, he observed the particles to be distinctly luminous, the air giving evidence at the same time of the presence of much free electricity. General Sabine tells me that he has seen the Aurora low down, and passed through it, as one would walk through a mist. On the nights of the thirtieth and thirty-first March, 1859, I noticed the Aurora between myself and the land. The patches of light could plainly be seen a few feet above the surface of the water in Bellot Straits, the opposite land being about two and a half miles distant; and I am confident that had the land been sufficiently high, many of the Auroras seen during the winter above the water-space in Bellot Straits would have been seen suspended above the water or ice at a low elevation.

I give an abstract of over two years' continuous observations in the Arctic regions. More than half the number of Auroras noticed were seen in the direction of an open water-space, where much evaporation was going on; these Auroras beginning to appear at various degrees above the horizon, over a fog-bank. Many were observed when minute spiculæ of snow were visible in the atmosphere, or when a mist gradually filled the air, also when cirrous clouds were seen, even when their presence could only be detected—on account of their thinness—by the formation of a halo round the moon. Occasionally, when daylight appeared, and the Aurora became gradually invisible, in its place thin fleecy clouds were noticed. Several of the Auroras affected *the electrometer* and the magnetic needle, causing in the former marked and increased divergence of the gold leaves, and considerable oscillation and variation in the movements of the latter. I will copy from my journal the notice of one Auroral exhibition: "December 17th, 1857, at half-past six P.M., observed a faint Aurora from S.S.E. to E.; nothing particular in its appearance, it died out about fifteen minutes past seven. At ten P.M. observed a bright Aurora extending from S. to N.N.E.; a low bank of fog, 5° above the horizon, formed the edge of an arc about 1° broad; 2° above this another arc was situated,

about 4° broad; these changed into broad luminous clouds at times, and then again formed one thin long arc, extending continuously from S. to N.N.E., with streamers ascending 8° to 10° toward the zenith; the color generally a yellowish-green, but once it was quite reddish in the E., at which point the Aurora was most intense and constant. I again noticed the pulse wave; it oscillated from S.S.E. to E.; the 'merry dancers' sometimes was the form assumed; once or twice there was an instantaneous intensity in the light of the whole mass, and as quick a relapse to the original.

"In the thick body of the Aurora the light was so intense as completely to hide the appearance of stars of the first magnitude—through the streamers the stars showing, although but dimly. At eleven o'clock, I noticed a shooting-star of a very bright character; it descended from 35° degrees above the horizon, and below Saturn toward the horizon, but on approaching the Aurora it was dimmed and then completely obscured; it fell very slowly, when it came to the thick band it left a tail 2° behind it. No sounds were heard with the Aurora; those bands which did appear were as luminous as those of last night, but were more confined to one part of the sky. Twelve P.M.: still continues, more concentrated and a little brighter; dense streamers longer and altogether higher above the horizon. Since the appearance of the Aurora, the wind has increased. Temperature—21°. Four A.M.: the Aurora still brilliant and in the same direction, forming more of an aciform shape, and changing sometimes to a reddish hue. Nine A.M.: still apparent, now crosses the zenith, not in streamers but in shapeless patches of thin light, from S.W. across the zenith to W. and W.S.W.; also from E. to N.W. a broad band, about 70° above the horizon in E., is very persistent against the blue background; the stars are visible through it. *Minute spiculæ of snow visible through the atmosphere.* As the daylight increased the Aurora became less visible, and at ten A.M. it was not seen, but in its place thin fleecy clouds appeared, just as if it had been the clouds which had been rendered luminous. At half-past ten A.M., whilst the cloud still remained, I connected an electrometer with the copper-wire in the observatory, when distinct separation of the gold leaves took

place. At six P.M. an Aurora was visible from east to west and north-west across the zenith; it was in the form of bands or streamers. I again tried the electrometer, and again perceived distinct divergence of the gold leaves. This Aurora disappeared about seven P.M. Again, at thirty minutes past eight, there was an Aurora, stretching from south-south-west to south-south-east, in the form of a bent arch or horseshoe, the key being in south-south-east. Again the electrometer was connected, and a still greater divergence of the gold leaves than before was noticed. This may be from the greater luminosity of the Aurora. I tried paper saturated with iodide of potassium, interposed between two platinum wires, connected with the chain and the water, but no decomposition took place, and no spot was obtained. Twelve P.M.: this Aurora is still visible, but with no particular shape; it extends from south-south-west by south to north, and not only horizontally but vertically scintillations appear. It is most luminous toward the south, where occasionally a wave appears, not like a pulse, as was the case the last two nights, but as if the cloudy appearance had been connected in the south-south-east with an electric machine which, when turned, caused a flash of light to proceed from south-south-east to south. Thin streamers passing toward the zenith; the body of the light decidedly obscures the stars of all magnitude behind it. Temperature, twenty-three degrees five minutes, barometer, twenty-nine degrees eighty-two minutes."

So much for my own observations. Before, however, deducing thence any theory, I will condense a few of the latest and most plausible. M. Biot's is in substance as follows: That the luminous clouds of which the Aurora consists are composed of metallic particles, reduced to an extremely minute and subtle form. Such metallic clouds—if the expression may be permitted—will be conductors of electricity, more or less perfect, according to the greater or less proximity of their constituent particles. When such clouds arrange themselves in columnar forms, and connect strata of the atmosphere at different elevations; if such strata be unequally charged with electricity, the electrical equilibrium will be reestablished through the intervention of the metallic columns, and light and sound will be evolved in proportion to the imperfect conductivity of the me-

tallic clouds, arising from the extremely rarefied state of the fine dust or vapor of which they are composed. If the metallic cloud possess the conducting power in a high degree, the electric current may pass through it without the evolution of light or sound; and thus the magnetic needle may be affected as it would be by an Aurora, though none be visible. If any cause alter the conductivity of those columnar clouds, suddenly or gradually, a sudden or gradual change would follow in the splendor of the Aurora.

M. Becquerel objects to this theory that the existence of metal, in that uncombined form in which alone it has the conducting power—in volcanic eruptions—is not yet proved. In explanation of which objection, it should be added that M. Biot's theory supposed the electricity to proceed from polar volcanoes.

Professor Faraday, in volume i. of his *Researches*, remarks: "I hardly dare venture, even in the most hypothetical form, to ask whether the Aurora Borealis and Australis may not be the discharge of electricity thus urged toward the poles of the earth, from whence it is endeavoring to return by natural and appointed means above the earth to equatorial regions."

Humboldt says: "The Aurora Borealis has not been described merely as an external cause of a disturbance in the equilibrium of the distribution of terrestrial magnetism, but rather as an increased manifestation of telluric activity, amounting even to a luminous phenomenon, exhibited on the one hand by the restless oscillation of the needle, and, on the other, by the polar luminosity of the heavens. The polar light appears, in accordance with this view, to be a kind of silent discharge or shock, at the termination of a magnetic storm, the disturbed equilibrium of the electricity is renewed by a development of light by lightning, accompanied by pealing thunder."

M. De La Rive, after speaking of the two electricities of the earth and atmosphere, and the recomposition going on between them, and stating that the great electrical discharge takes place at the poles, proceeds: "This discharge, when it has a certain degree of intensity, will be luminous, especially if, as is nearly always the case near the poles, and in the higher regions of the atmosphere, it meet on its way those extremely attenuated frozen particles out of which the loftier



clouds and mists are formed." More lately still he expresses similar and more elaborate views. (See abstract in the *Intellectual Observer* for August.)

In the Arctic seas there is always more or less evaporation from the surface of the exposed water, and according to the time of year the area of exposed sea surface will be great or small. Toward the end of August and beginning of September, as the sun's altitude decreases, the nights become gradually colder, the surface of the sea is frozen over, and the difference between the temperature of the air and water increases. [For my purpose I will speak of the sea of Baffin's Bay and Davis's Strait.] With the advance of the season, the evaporation which in summer appears as fog, in winter takes a different form, for wherever a space of water appears, and the temperature of the air is colder than that of the water, the vapor of the water, in rising from its surface, becomes visible as a dense mist over that place, and is termed "frost-smoke," or "water-blink." The mass of ice filling Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay is broken up by winds, tides, and currents, and spaces of water appear among the fields of ice; throughout the winter the air in the neighborhood of these spaces is always loaded with extremely minute spiculæ of snow, recognizable as "frost-smoke." As the cold increases, the number and intensity of Auroras, seen at any place on the Greenland coast, would be in proportion to the proximity of the edge of the ice to that place, for, as a rule, Auroras increase in brilliancy as they approach the zone of the line of winter ice. If we draw a meridian-line passing through the middle of North-America, we find the annual number of Auroras increase up to sixty-two degrees north, where they appear in all parts of the heavens; farther north the number decreases, and the display is seen more frequently in a southerly direction. The same rule will hold good of a meridian passing up Davis's Strait, only the maximum point of auroral intensity will be situated several degrees to the *northward* of sixty-two degrees. Still more so will be the comparison for a meridian passing through Central Europe. Early in the winter, at the northern posts of Greenland, the Aurora is seen indefinitely higher up in the sky, and nearer the zenith, than at a later period of the year, when, after the sea has been, to a great extent, covered over with ice, the Aurora

locates itself toward the open water-spaces. During the first fifteen months of Dr. Kane's stay at Rensselaer Harbor, no Auroras were seen, or open water-space noticed. At the south of Greenland, where the ice of Davis's Strait edges upon the waters of the Atlantic, a greater number of Auroras is seen than in any other place along that coast-line. Most of the Auroras noticed during the last Arctic expedition were in the direction of the open space of water seen during the day, such spaces being, as usual, marked by the "frost-smoke."

From the above well-authenticated facts, I can not but believe that these Auroras were connected with the vapor arising from the open water-spaces, and that they were caused by the condensation and subsequent freezing of the particles of vapor; such particles evolving positive electricity, and by induction from the surrounding atmosphere producing a light transmitted from particle to particle, thus rendering the whole mass of vapor luminous, the lower edges of the arch of the Aurora being the place where first this condensation and freezing takes places. And if such be the cause of many of the Auroras near the Arctic circle, I see no reason why the same effect should not be produced elsewhere under similar circumstances.

Whenever the temperature of a cloud, charged with particles of vapor, is lowered—either by changing its position, or by the access of a colder atmosphere—and the particles become frozen, then electricity will be evolved, and by induction a luminosity will appear; such clouds meeting with others of opposite electricity, would communicate by means of streamers, these also being luminous. In other words, a vaporous cloud, passing through a region where the air is of lower temperature, becomes condensed, and, if the temperature be sufficiently low, composed of minute frozen spiculæ, which induce re-composition between other clouds of different electricity near them, causing streamers and bands to flash out light. These appearances will present themselves wherever there are clouds composed of frozen particles, acted upon by the surrounding atmosphere or by neighboring clouds, so that no altitude will be too great or too inconsiderable for the appearance of Aurora so long as the atmosphere contains the necessary conditions for the evolution of this light. Oftentimes in this country,

and in crossing the Atlantic, I have seen Auroras which at times assumed simply the appearance of cirrous clouds. The wind may occasion a pulsation in the body of an Aurora, and even a greater degree of brilliancy, the friction produced by it perhaps causing an increase in the electricity evolved.

*I believe Aurora is never seen, except when clouds or other similar vapors are exposed to the process of congelation.* We know by Mr. Glaisher's last balloon ascent that a temperature of twenty degrees occurs at a height of six miles above the earth, at the same height clouds exist; here, then, according to this "congelation" theory, Auroras may appear, or at any

other heights where similar circumstances are to be found. It may be argued that Auroras are often seen on a clear night when no clouds are visible, but there is *no proof* that vapor-masses do not exist at the same time; in fact, often when no such masses are seen in the sky, a halo round the moon or sun will exhibit irrefragable evidence that such are present, though they be otherwise undistinguishable.

This theory would go far to account for the more frequent appearance of Aurora in this country lately, the amount of cold having been greater during late winters; last winter, however, being mild, very few Auroral displays were noticed.

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From the London Intellectual Observer.

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the British Association was held this season at Cambridge, under the presidency of Professor Willis, who delivered the inaugural address, which was chiefly devoted to the details of the Society's expenditure. In the lecture devoted to Intellectual and Physical Science, Mr. J. Nasmyth described "The Features of the Sun's Surface," as at present known. The spots he regarded as gaps or holes in the luminous surface of the sun, exposing the dark nucleus, and over this appears a thin, gauze-like veil, then comes the penumbral stratum, and over all the luminous stratum, which he had discovered to consist of lenticular or willow-leaf shaped masses, crossing each other in every direction, so as to hide the dark nucleus, except at the spots. These objects were found to be in constant motion, shooting over the whole surface. Some of them were as large as the surface of the whole earth.

The Rev. Dr. Pritchard regarded the discovery as one of very high importance in the knowledge of the physical constitution of the sun.

In connection with this subject, Profes-

sor Selwyn showed several "autographs of the sun," taken with his "heliautograph," which consists of a camera and instantaneous slide, attached to a refractor of two and three-quarter inches aperture, the principle being the same as that of the "photoheliograph" made for the Kew Observatory. Two of the autographs taken have the edge of the sun in the center of the photographic plate, showing that the diminution of light toward the edges of the disk is a real phenomenon, and not wholly due to the camera. In two taken on the fourth of August, the great spot (20,000 miles in diameter) appears on the edge, and a very distinct notch is seen, giving evidence that the spots are cavities; but observations and measurements tend to show that this evidence is not conclusive, for there was still a remaining portion of photosphere between the spot and the edge. The phenomena shown in these autographs appear to confirm the views of Sir J. Herschel, that the two parallel regions of the sun where the spots appear, are like the tropical regions of the earth, where tornadoes and cyclones occur. The faculæ seem to show that the tropical re-

gions of the sun are highly agitated, and that immense waves of luminous matter are thrown up, between which appear the dark cavities of the spots, whose sloping sides are seen in the penumbrae. Other analogies between solar spots and earthly storms were pointed out, and reference was made to the glimpses of the structure of the sun exhibited by Mr. Nasmyth as confirming the above views.

One of the most important and popular papers read before the Association was that of Mr. Glaisher on his recent BALLOON ASCENTS. Mr. Glaisher stated, that the first ascent was from Wolverhampton on July 17th. Owing to the force of the wind, considerable difficulty was experienced in the preliminary arrangements. The ascent took place at 9.43 A.M., and at once the balloon was quiescent. The swaying to and fro had ceased in an instant, and I at once proceeded to fix the instruments. At the height of 4000 feet we entered a stratum of clouds of nearly a mile in thickness. A height of more than 10,000 feet had been passed before I could put all the instruments in working order. The sky was of a deep Prussian-blue color, without a cloud of any kind upon its surface. At starting, the temperature of the air was  $59^{\circ}$ ; at 4000 feet,  $45^{\circ}$ ; and descended to  $26^{\circ}$  at 10,000 feet; and then there was no variation of temperature between this height and 13,000 feet. During the time of passing through this space, Mr. Coxwell and myself both put on additional clothing, feeling certain that we should experience a temperature below zero before we reached an altitude of five miles; but to my surprise, at the height of 14,500 feet, the temperature, as shown by all the sensitive instruments, was  $31^{\circ}$ ; and at each successive reading, up to 19,500 feet, the temperature increased, and was here  $43^{\circ}$ . When we had fallen somewhat, the temperature again began to decrease with extraordinary rapidity, and was  $16^{\circ}$ , or  $27^{\circ}$  less than it was twenty-six minutes before. At this time—about eleven A.M.—we were at a height of five miles, when we began to descend. Immediately afterward we entered a dense cloud, which proved to be no less than 8000 feet thick, and in passing through which the balloon was invisible from the car.

The most important ascent took place from Wolverhampton on the fifth of September. It commenced at 1.3 P.M.; the

temperature of the air was  $59^{\circ}$ ; at the height of one mile it was  $39^{\circ}$ , and shortly afterward we entered a cloud about 1100 feet in thickness, in which the temperature fell to  $36\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and the air was saturated with moisture. We reached two miles in height at 1.21, three miles at 1.28, and four miles at 1.39. In ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature had passed below zero, and then read minus  $2^{\circ}$ . Up to this time I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertions he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. Mr. Coxwell ascended into the ring, and I endeavored to reach some brandy which was lying on the table at a distance of about a foot from my hand, but I was unable to do so. My sight became dim. I looked at the barometer, and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just managed to note it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches, implying a height of about 29,000 feet. I was losing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I essayed to tell Mr. Coxwell I was becoming insensible, but I had lost the power of speech. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring; it became more misty, and finally dark. I was still conscious, and knew I should soon be insensible, and I suddenly sank as in sleep. On recovering consciousness, I heard Mr. Coxwell say: "What is the temperature? Take an observation, now, try." I could neither see, move, nor speak, but I knew he was in the car trying to rouse me. I then heard him speak more emphatically: "Take an observation. Now *do* try." I then saw the instruments dimly, and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, then more clearly, and shortly afterward said to Coxwell, "I have been insensible;" and he replied: "You have; and I nearly." I recovered somewhat quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said: "I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them." His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, and increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 2.7, recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus  $2^{\circ}$ . I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer,

which I had by frequent disturbance kept from freezing, was one mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that whilst in the ring he felt it piercingly cold; that hoarfrost was all round the neck of the balloon; and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he had to place his arms on the ring and drop down; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance; that he at first thought I was resting myself; that he then spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and then observed my arms hanging by my side, and my legs extended, and found I was insensible. He then felt that insensibility was coming over himself, and that he could not assist me in any way; that he became anxious to open the valve; that his hands failed him; that he instantly seized the line between his teeth and pulled the valve open two or three times, until the balloon took a decided turn downwards. Some pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles; it extended its wings and dropped like a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a dip each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downward. A fourth was thrown out at five miles, and it fell downward. A fifth was thrown out at four miles when descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly alighted on the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground. One was found dead, and the other, a carrier, had attached to its neck a note. It would not, however, leave, and when cast off the finger returned to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of ribbon by which its neck was encircled, and it was then jerked off the finger, and it flew with some vigor finally toward Wolverhampton. One of the carriers returned to Wolverhampton on Sunday, and this is the only one we heard of.\*

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\* It is evident, from this description, that Mr. Glaisher was supplied with the heavy, tame variety of pigeon, known as the English carrier, which is dull of flight and does not possess the faculty of returning from long distances. Moreover, Mr. Glaisher must have been very badly advised, to place ribbons round the birds, which would severely impede the flight even of those quick-flying Belgian "Smerles," whose rate of speed enables them to pass an express train as if it were a stationary object.—W. B. T.

These ascents have led me to conclude, first, that it was necessary to employ a balloon containing nearly 90,000 cubic feet of gas, and that it was impossible to get so high as six miles, even with a balloon of this magnitude, unless carbureted hydrogen varying in specific gravity from .370 to .340 had been supplied for the purpose.\* The amount of ballast taken up affords another clue to the power of reaching great heights. Gay-Lussac's ballast was reduced to 33lbs. Rush and Green, when their barometers, as stated by them, stood at 11, had only 70lbs. left, and this was considered a sufficient *playing* power. We found that it was desirable to reserve 500lbs. or 600lbs.; as it was evident that a large amount of ballast was indispensable to regulate the descent. Secondly, it was manifest throughout our various journeys that excessive altitude and extended range as to distance are quite incompatible. The too readily accepted theory as to the prevalence of a settled west or north-west wind, was not confirmed in our trips. Nor was the appearance of the upper surface of the clouds such as to establish the theory that the clouds assume a counterpart of the earth's surface below, and rise or fall like hills or dales. The formation of vapor along the course and sinuosities of the river, during an ascent from the Crystal Palace, was a very remarkable demonstration. The principal conclusions deduced from these observations may be briefly stated: that the temperature of the air does not decrease uniformly with the height above the earth's surface, and that, consequently, more elucidation upon this point is required, particularly in its influence on the law of refraction. That an aneroid barometer can be made to read correctly certainly to the first place, and probably to the second place of decimals, to a pressure so low as five inches. That the humidity of the atmosphere does decrease with the height with a wonderful increasing ratio, till at heights exceeding five miles the amount of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere is very small indeed. The observations up to three miles high, even of a delicate nature, can be made as completely in the balloon

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\* The average specific gravity of ordinary coal gas is .500. The gas employed by Mr. Glaisher was specially made for these ascents, being highly heated, so as to obtain a low specific gravity.—W. B. T.



as on the earth; that at heights exceeding four miles they can not be made quite so well, because of the personal distress of the observer; that at five miles high it requires the exercise of a strong will to make them at all; that up to three miles high any person may go into the car of a balloon who has any ordinary degree of self-possession; that no one with heart-disease or pulmonary complaints should attempt four miles high.

## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

**IMPERIAL COURTS OF FRANCE, ENGLAND, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA, SARDINIA, AND AUSTRIA.** With Portraits of Sovereigns and their Cabinet Ministers, and Biographical Sketches, etc., etc. Forty-two Plates and forty-six Sketches. Pages 410. New-York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street. 1863.

THE size of this superb volume is imperial octavo. Its title-page is illuminated in purple, red, and gold. It is printed on tinted paper, and executed in the best style of printing by H. O. Houghton, at Riverside, Cambridge. No book which we have seen contains such a collection of portraits of royal and imperial celebrities. It is a great family gathering of many of the monarchs of Europe which any family of artistic taste may assemble in their own parlor for study and observation. We invite attention to the advertisement of the publisher, Charles Scribner, at the end of this number. It is the gem of the gift-books for the holidays.

**THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.** Pages 416. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

WE have received another of the beautiful volumes, clad in blue and gold, in that attractive series published by Ticknor & Fields. The author is a true poetic genius, and her poems in this volume are varied and rich in diction, and flow along in graceful measure. This beautiful book of poems should find a place in many hands, and serve to kindle the poetic fire in many hearts.

**HUGH'S FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN.** By the Author of "Martha's Hooks and Eyes," and "Kate Morgan's Soldiers." Philadelphia: Henry B. Ashmead, 1102 Sansom street. New-York: American Sunday-School Union, 599 Broadway. 1863. Price 40c.

THE contents of this admirably-written book fill twelve chapters with attractive titles, well suited to send the youthful mind along its interesting pages to find the end of the well-told story. The lady-author of this book has the rare talent of interesting and instructing the youthful mind. The style and language of the story are easy and familiar, and at the same time pure in thought—such as may be safely put into the hands of children to cultivate a taste for reading. As the author has done her part in writing this pleasant story, it, of course, belongs to parents to circulate it in large numbers among the children of our land.

**KATE MORGAN AND HER SOLDIERS.** Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union. New-York: 599 Broadway. Boston: 117 Washington street. Price 50c.

THE lady-author of this beautiful and true-to-life story moves a graceful and gifted pen, for the interest and instruction of the youthful portion of humanity. The story is a part of the current history of our own land, full of stirring scenes. When the curtain rises, like a panorama, it looks out on prairie-lands and forest-regions of the great West. Life in Kansas, or amid Western wilds, is oftentimes a romance in real life, and as such is more truly interesting and instructive than over-wrought fairy stories. This book should be scattered by the dozen or hundreds.

**THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE.** Adventures among the North-western Rivers and Forests and Isthmiana. By THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," etc. Pages 375. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THE wild scenes, the graphic language, and the bold descriptions in this work are characteristic. The curtain suddenly rises, and, like a panorama, discloses at once the distant shores of the Pacific ocean. As the panorama moves on, the reader or spectator beholds "a drama with Indian actors, in Indian costume, upon an Indian stage." And thus the panorama of this book moves on through all the wild scenery of its graphic pages, imparting fresh interest at every move. The lover of wild mountain regions, rivers, cascades, and savage life, far remote in the wilderness, away from the abodes of civilized humanity, will enjoy the life of Mr. Winthrop, who so well describes what he saw on those distant shores and in the north-western wilds of our country.

**THE HOLY LAND, WITH GLIMPSES OF EUROPE AND EGYPT. A Year's Tour.** By L. DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D. With Twenty-two Engravings. Pages 407. New-York: Sheldon & Company, 335 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1863.

THE author of this interesting and instructive volume is an able writer and eloquent preacher. But whether he writes, or preaches, or travels, his work is well done. This book is the product of his pen, and the fruits or results of a year of travel and observation in foreign lands, and in many of the

most interesting historic scenes and localities of the old world. Dr. Phelps is an agreeable traveler and a pleasant companion wherever he goes, in classic lands or amid the more memorable scenes and cities recorded in the Bible. He is the most instructive traveler who sees and records the most objects of interest, and who, at the same time, conveys to the mind of his readers the most vivid and life-like images of what he has seen and undertakes to describe. The reader who sits down to the attentive perusal of Dr. Phelps's travels, can go with him over seas and mountains, and through varied dangers, without toil, or exposure, or expense, save the purchase of his interesting book.

### LOST FOR YEARS.

Lost for years, lost for years,  
Mourned in sighs, and mourned in tears;  
Never could thy faithful lover,  
Of thy fate one trace discover.  
Is thy joy and beauty o'er,  
Shining on the earth no more?  
Art thou like a blossom shed,  
Mingled with the silent dead?  
Lost for years, lost for years,  
Mourned in sighs, and mourned in tears!

Or has fate to thee been kind,  
Round thy path each blessing twined,  
Mingling sunshine and the shower,  
As sweet nature tends the flower?  
No! the blast hath reached thy heart,  
Keen misfortune's keenest dart;  
Pleasure could not light the breast,  
Torn from all that loved it best.  
Lost for years, lost for years,  
Mourned in sighs, and mourned in tears!

If by other ties thou'rt bound,  
Lover, child of fortune found;  
Wife and mother, joy be thine,  
But ignorance and death be mine!  
If 'tis so, still may I roam,  
Search on and never find thy home;  
Or meet thee once but eye to eye,  
And blest beyond expression die!  
Lost for years, lost for years,  
Mourned in sighs, and mourned in tears!

J. W. THIRLWALL.

A HARMLESS green pigment, fit to be employed in confectionery, has long been a desideratum. The following has been suggested as being perfectly harmless, and capable of replacing the very poisonous arsenite of copper. Thirty-two parts of saffron are infused, for twenty-four hours, in seven hundred parts of distilled water. Then take twenty-six parts of carmine of indigo, infused in the same manner in one hundred and fifty-six parts of distilled water. Upon mixing the two liquids together, a very beautiful green is obtained, which will color a hundred times its weight of sugar in a very perfect manner. The color may be preserved for a long time, either by evaporating the liquid to dryness, or by converting it into a syrup.

DETERMINING THE DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—M. Foucault has devised an ingenious apparatus for determining the velocity of light, and from the results thus obtained he computes the distance of the sun from the earth without leaving his study. M. Babi-

net, in stating these facts to the French Academy, observed: "Astronomy by the measure of aberration tells us that the mean velocity of the earth round the sun is 1-10,000 of that of light. Taking this fraction of the velocity of light, we have the space traversed by the earth in one second, and by multiplying by the number of seconds in a sidereal year we obtain the dimensions of the annual orbit of the earth. Half the diameter of this orbit is the distance of the sun from the earth. The solar parallax, according to M. Foucault, is 8".86, with an uncertainty of about 1-600."

CARBOLIC ACID, one of the multitudinous bodies obtained in the destructive distillation of coal, has recently been discovered, by Mr. Ashby, to possess certain properties which will no doubt be applied before long to many useful purposes. It seems to be diametrically opposite to oil in its effect upon rubbing surfaces: just as oil is anti-frictional, so carbolic acid is pro-frictional; or, to state it more definitely, as oil appears to keep moving surfaces asunder by interposing a thin film between them, so carbolic acid appears to make them bite and bind by bringing them into absolute contact. The effect may be at once observed by placing a little of the acid upon a perfectly clean and dry oil-stone, and then rubbing the face of a knife upon it. The sensation of the bite is very curious, and gives the impression of the stone and the steel having absolutely nothing between them, or even as if they were positively brought together by some attractive force. The property of carbolic acid may be advantageously applied to the operation of grinding, filing, boring, and sawing, in metal.

THE UNICORN.—Dr. Baikie, the African traveler, announces that he is upon the track of this, as hitherto supposed, fabulous animal. Writing from Central Africa, he says that several years ago he heard allusions to such an animal, as he ascended the Niger, which were so circumstantial that his skepticism was shaken, and, at all events, he is disposed to hold that its non-existence is *not* proven. Two informants told him they had seen the bones of such an animal, particularly describing the long, straight (or nearly straight) black horn. He states that hunters are well acquainted with the one-horned rhinoceros, and carefully distinguish between it and the presumed unicorn. No doubt the vast forests and unexplored wastes of Central Africa contain many unknown animals, and Dr. Baikie gives a list of native names by which this strange creature is called in various African dialects.

LOVE.—The question is sometimes suggested, who loves the deepest, man or woman? It is difficult to say; a rule either way would be marked by so many exceptions. But there is no doubt that love is the great leading activity of a woman's life. Man has other things which divide his attention: the cares and anxieties of the world—the struggle for fame, or wealth, or power—press more closely upon him; but love is to woman the grand reality—she lives in an atmosphere of love.

GRANDMOTHERS DYING OUT.—A physician, in speaking of the frail constitutions of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

## TRIBUTE.

SHALL woman's worth be held disgraced,  
If beauty fail the lip or cheek?  
Shall stainless merit stoop abased  
To those that will not deeper seek?  
Each look of thine is worth the gems  
Round many royal diadema.

Of simple manners, nobly sad,  
Love-winning eyes for sick or poor,  
Intent to succor, making glad  
The poor man by his cottage-door,  
I see thee move, I see thee go,  
A light amid the gloom below.  
—*Chambers's Journal.*

## MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

O the villages of England!  
I love them one and all,  
With their spires like bright hands held to heaven  
Shining o'er roof and wall.  
How they checker the wold and moorland,  
And by the great rivers sleep,  
And with stony land-marks cheer the eye,  
Far out on the rolling deep!  
On the edge of towns half-hidden,  
In shimmering smoke they lie,  
Each with its own wild beauty and grace,  
To a thoughtful and loving eye.

O the villages of England!  
I see them morn and night,  
When the gray reek trembling mounts and dies  
At the rosy gates of light.  
How they bask in the burning noontide,  
And twinkle under the rain,  
And sleep beneath the mellow moon,  
That plumps the golden grain!  
And oh! in their beauty and silence  
How picture-like they stand,  
While the starlight sparkles bright and large,  
O'er all the frosty land.

O the villages of England!  
There's *one* best loved of all,  
Where the tall bright flowers in the orchard-croft,  
Stole up to our very wall;  
Still winding down by the willows,  
The brown river foams through the mill;  
And white and weird the church-tower gleams  
Through the cypresses under the hill.  
And along the broad ridings where Autumn  
Lies belted with purple and gold,  
I seek the huge oak and the crumbling walls  
Where the Normans ruled of old.

O the villages of England!  
I love their peaceful homes,  
For their simple beauty is more to me  
Than the glitter of gorgeous domes.  
They speak of my childhood's cottage,  
With the dark yew-trees by the door,  
Till I feel my little heart thrill to the touch  
Of a hard brown hand once more.  
Then a dear blind face bends o'er me,  
As I prayerfully bow the knee;  
And a voice that is sweet in the heavens now,  
Seems calling again to me. WESTBY GIBSON.

DELIGHTFUL Mary Ino says the first time she was  
kissed she felt like a vase of roses swimming in

honey and eau de cologne. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.—Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets three thousand feet above its crater; while in 1754, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard a distance of more than six hundred miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of one thousand feet wide made deposits of six hundred feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius which in 1737 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1793, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1769, Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4000 feet high.

The stream thrown out of Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660, Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up two thousand feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of one hundred and nine cubic yards in volume, a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of three hundred miles of surface, and out of a population of twelve thousand souls, only twenty escaped.—*Recreative Science.*

COTTON IN ILLINOIS.—It is estimated that the cotton crop of Illinois this year will amount to twenty thousand bales. This is of the upland variety, from seed raised in Tennessee. A correspondent says the quality is excellent, and the quantity per acre, so far as is known, exceeds that of the cotton-growing districts further South. The uncertainty of procuring seed in the early part of the season prevented many from planting; but the result of this year's experiment is highly encouraging. Illinois could grow five hundred thousand bales profitably.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Earl of Caithness, who is one of the Lords in Waiting, presided at a banquet given at Wick, in celebration of the coming of age of the Prince of Wales. In proposing the toast of the day, Lord Caithness said: When I saw that the Queen in Council had sanctioned the Prince's marriage with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, I wrote to him a congratulatory letter. He immediately wrote me an answer by return of post; and, though it is not right to make public the contents of a private letter, I may, without any breach of con-

fidence, I think, repeat to you a single sentence from that letter. His Royal Highness says: "I beg to return my most sincere thanks to Lady Caithness and yourself for your good wishes, and I assure you that I feel now what it is to be really happy." His Royal Highness says further: "If I can make the future life and home of the Princess a happy one, I shall be content. I feel doubly happy in the thought that my approaching marriage is one which has the approval of the nation, and I only trust that I may not disappoint the expectations that have been formed of me."

**PRINCE ALFRED AND THE GREEK THRONE.**—The *France* contains a full, true, and particular account from its London correspondent, of the latest determination of the British Government regarding the throne of Greece, which is, to make Prince Alfred King. The project, after having been for a time abandoned, is now, we are told, seriously taken up. The British Government will allow the Ionian Islands to return members to the Parliament of Athens, and to form part of the kingdom of Greece, on condition that the British protectorate is to continue under a new and special constitution, which will insure the islands their autonomy. Prince Alfred will remain a Protestant, but will take an oath to recognize the Greek religion as the religion of the State. As a consequence of the new arrangements, Prince Alfred will renounce his succession to the Duchy of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, in favor of his younger brother, Prince Arthur. The *France* can not tell whether the plan will be gone on with, or whether it will succeed; what it does profess to know is, that the plan has been seriously conceived, and that English agents are at this moment acting in favor of it in every province of Greece, deprecating the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and canvassing for Prince Alfred. Europe, the *France* says in conclusion, can not shut its eyes to what is passing, "for the enthronement of a British Prince in Greece, is the East given over exclusively to British interests."

**THE PRINTING-TRADE.**—The late census returns of manufacturing establishments in New-York reveals the astonishing fact that more capital is employed in carrying on the printing-trade than in any other business, the amount being over eight and a half millions! Over six thousand persons are employed in printing, and the various establishments use up about five million dollars worth of raw material, ink, paper, etc., per annum, producing over eleven million dollars worth of books, papers, etc.

**ELECTRICITY AND CHLOROFORM.**—A distinguished physician in Paris, Dr. Robert de Lambelle, announces that a shock of electricity given a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence and restores the sufferer to life.

**A PLANET RE-APPEARING.**—It is said that the planet observed in France by Robert Lutten, on the first of September last, to which, supposing it to have been then seen for the first time, he proposed giving the name of "Diana," is identical with "Daphne," discovered by M. Goldschmidt in 1856, but which has been lost sight of for six years.

One thousand vessels are wrecked on the English coast every year, on the average; and from these

about three thousand persons are rescued by life-boats, shore-boats, the rocket apparatus, and other means. It is a lamentable fact, nevertheless, that an average of eight hundred persons still perish every year from these disasters on our coast.

**HOW TO STOP SWEARING.**—An intelligent lady, whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child the horror of profanity, hit upon the plan of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of the suds, produced the desired result. The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

**CURIOUS RELICS OF OLD EGYPT.**—The one important feature to a stranger is the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, recently founded by the Pasha, in a commodious house overlooking the Nile. It has been placed under the curatorship of M. Mariette, who first visited Egypt in the service of the Louvre. The largest portion of the collection was purchased at once from M. Huber, the late Consul-General for Austria, who had been long engaged in forming it, with a fastidious taste that admitted into the series none but fine examples. It is consequently a remarkably excellent introduction to the arts practiced by the ancient Egyptians; and to the future studies of such as ascend the river to become familiar with the astounding works of that great people. It may suffice to say, that nothing, from a scarabæus to a granite sarcophagus, is wanting, to carry the student through the various phases fine art assumed three thousand years ago. The great feature of the collection is the recent addition of gold ornaments discovered by accident at Gournou, (Thebes,) by some boys, in ground unmarked by any tomb; the fine mummies upon which they were placed passed into the hands of the Pasha of Kenh, who was induced to part with them to the Viceroy's museum. They were unwrapped, and more than thirty-five pounds weight of gold ornaments found upon them. The series of necklaces, with figures of jackals in gold, and the golden bracelets, enriched by enamel colors, are extraordinary works of art, as well as of great intrinsic value; one of them is very remarkable, having the sacred hawk for its central ornament, holding the emblem of eternal life; its surface is brilliantly colored in *cloisonné* enamel. A hatchet of gold, with a hunting scene embossed on the blade; a mirror, with a heavy lotus-shaped handle of gold; and a large variety of minor decorations for the person, crowd this unrivaled case of antiquities. Two small models of funeral-boats, with the rowers, all formed of silver, are even more precious in the eyes of the Egyptian student, from their extreme rarity. The room is appropriately decorated, after the style of the tombs at Beni Hassan, and the whole arrangement honorable to the Viceroy and his curator; as he is still prosecuting new researches, and has prohibited wanton mischief to monuments, or the exportation of antiquities, it promises a useful guardianship in future over these interesting remains.

**COLERIDGE**, an awkward horseman, was one day riding on the road, when a wag, noticing his peculiarity, thus accosted the poet: "I say, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yea," replied Coleridge, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a goose!"







varied articles of rich price to be found in the markets of Rome, Byzantium, and India, they garnished the simple homesteads of their birth with costly products of foreign luxury—trophies of their intelligent enterprise. These also were the men who established two realms of renown—one in Mesopotamia on the confines of Persia, the kingdom of Hira—the other more generally celebrated through its Queen Zenobia, the kingdom of Palmyra, the ruins of whose monuments are still the object of curious pilgrimage.

Very different were the doings of the men of Adnan. Quick-witted, fiery, and utterly impatient of discipline, these wild and impetuous men exactly reflected that conformation of condition where man found himself free to roam where he listed, subject to the constraint of no higher jurisdiction than of such brute strength as might happily prove superior to his own. Restless with passions, wayward like the shifting sands of their native haunts, their nature yet defied all progressive influence, just as their deserts preserved their immemorial monotony through all the convulsions of perpetual storms. What they were the first day, that they remained to the last; men possessed of striking and choice qualities that can constitute virtues in the individual, but so disposed as to be quite unsusceptible of social progress. With flocks, dromedaries, steeds, and weapons for their whole property—a camel's skin for a tent, and camel's haircloth for raiment, with the endless waste of the desert for a home, and with none but man's intuitive reverence for his parent, and none but man's indelible affection for his offspring, the children of Ishmael followed their propensities as rovers, broken up into as many communities as there were families; each clustered about its own patriarch, and crossing at all moments with reckless hostility each other's path—men whose hands were truly turned against every one, and every one's hand against them. It is true that a few Adnanite families—amongst them the illustrious one of Hashem—are found in fixed settlements. This exception was, however, so very rare and partial, that the division into its two tribes may fairly be considered as severing the Shemitic population of Arabia into townsmen and rovers—the only distinction to be detected in its simple and uniform mold.

For the Arab dwelling within walls as for the Arab roaming through the desert, there existed but one form of political constitution, the narrow bond of family in the most stringent sense of the term. This close and unexpansive body comprised the whole essence of Arabian society in all its gradations, which are described with admirable clearness by the author, and deserve especial attention as the ground whereon and the staff where-with Mohammed reared his structure.

"The nomadic tribe called Bedouin, which in Arabic signifies 'dwellers in the wide,' is a tight political body, with no other bond than that of blood, and no other restraint than shame and dread of another's rapacity. The unity constituting society does not rest here in the individual, but in the family, and true authority dwells only in its head. He has absolute command over his children, and their offspring—over slaves, whether taken or bought—over freed men still abiding in a dependence. . . . He provides for their sustenance, defends them against aggression, and, when they commit such acts, he makes good the wrong done, or encounters himself vengeance. The amount and zeal of his followers constitute the force of the chief—their services, chattels, and flocks his wealth; nor is there any want of laws, to keep together a body of this kind. Beyond the family begin the associations, which, though quite voluntary, still follow the order of kinship. Several families form what the Arabs, from their habit of pitching their tents in a round, call a circle, over which a sheikh or elder is set, who is rather pointed out for the office by his personal repute or his family's importance, than chosen by a vote; so that it often becomes hereditary for some generations. He is the emblem of the head of the kindred—a magistrate with no power over individuals, and with no authority over the ordinary affairs of the circle, in which he has to follow the vote of the fathers of families. Lastly, to use a modern phrase, the sheikh represents his circle in the tribe, which unites various branches of the same line, and is itself disposed, like the circle, under the direction of a chief, acquiring his position partly by consent, partly of necessity, who governs the general matters of the tribe, as a change of encampment, the making war and treaties; but always with the assent of the sheikhs, and also, possibly, of other powerful heads of families. . . . Such is the hierarchy, at once political and military. Civil ordinances, deserving the name, are not in existence. When family influence proves not sufficient, force preserves property; and force failing, then self becomes a rightful acquisition. For personal protection, the pledge is somewhat more effective, as the circle and tribe are in honor bound thereto, and readily take up arms to avenge blood, or from their means contribute toward paying the price of

such as has been shed by one of their body."—  
Vol. i. p. 34.

A society so strictly confined in its organization to the narrowed family bond, constituted an even intenser system of rivalry than prevailed in Celtic clanship, which extended at all events an equal community over all who came, however remotely, within one pedigree. Of the countless petty divisions into which the Arabian world was thus broken, the tribe of Koreish claimed particular eminence in virtue of its lordship over Mecca. That town was endowed with holiness in the eyes of all Arabs, and thus enjoyed as much of the character of a metropolis as was compatible with the rude notions of so primitive a people. Mohammed was born therefore at the very pinnacle of Arabian society, for beside being a townsman of Mecca and a Koreish, he was moreover the heir apparent in that family of Hashem which, from being the guardian of the national shrine, had the chief rank in the tribe, and affected to be the most illustrious blood in the country. By the representative, therefore, of Arab aristocracy in its choicest perfection, the bolt was launched that aimed at the overthrow of its cherished distinctions. This was not, however, the act of Mohammed's deliberate intention, but rather the result of his kin having rejected a scheme which, in the first instance, he had brought forward for direct purposes of family ambition in the true spirit of Arab tradition and feelings. The holy privileges enjoyed by the Koreish were mainly held on no higher tenure than the kind of sufferance customary to Arab polity. The Koreish had laid aside in their walled settlements none of the purely personal susceptibilities which had exclusively seized them while roving about in the desert. Such ordinances as prevailed in Mecca above what was to be found in every Arab encampment, were merely the instinctive expressions of that simple necessity which even the rudest and most lawless population become alive to as soon as they are thrown together within the confined compass of a town. The free recklessness that may be indulged in a state of society removed from neighbors, must at once put on itself some restraint in self-defense when its continued indulgence becomes a permanent cause for murderous collisions. The Koreish in Mecca did there-

fore no more than tacitly to fall into a simple government offering but the slightest possible modifications from their nomadic condition, strictly preserving in all essential points the clanship already explained, and consequently forever at the mercy of jarring passions. The supreme honor of keeping the Caābe had been delegated to the Hashemites. The dignity was, however, but deferred for the time being by the elders, and the feeling in regard to it was that it would relapse as soon as another family showed itself powerful enough either quietly to supplant theirs, or forcibly to wrest hold of the coveted prize. Mecca was thus virtually a settlement of turbulent oligarchs without any legislative conceptions, starting this moment to arms like one man for the assertion of their common tribe's superiority over the nation at large, and the next as quick in tearing each other to pieces in behalf of individual pretensions—a state of perpetual broil and quarrel, where every one was bursting with private pride, and no one could bring himself ever to admit a fellow-citizen to be possessed of any higher eminence than his own. Such was the condition of society which Mohammed set himself to reform. Ardent in soul, ambitious in temper, instinctively alive to the evils of lawlessness, and yet as an Arab of high degree being influenced by pride of blood, Mohammed in the first instance conceived a plan for securing the boon of orderly government, by endowing his own family with a dignity to be exalted above all disturbing competition, in virtue of a special consecration not to be communicated to others. At a banquet in his own dwelling, to which he had gathered all his kinsmen, Mohammed accordingly revealed the scheme he had meditated, for perpetuating the greatness of their house through an inviolable and hereditary pontificate. But his appeal met with rejection. A few of his nearest kinsmen, perhaps from being as such the most exposed to the fascination of his daily intercourse and impassioned speech, did indeed join him heart and soul. Amongst these were Ali, son of Abu Taleb, then the head of the house of Hashem; but the adhesions were merely individual. As a body the clan utterly declined to entertain Mohammed's suggestions. From this moment two courses alone were left to him—either altogether to throw aside all thoughts of reform, or, by appealing from the narrow association



of kinship unto the great family of mankind, to widen a mere plot into revolution. The first probably never presented itself to his daring temper, and thus Mohammed found himself drifted into a position far beyond what at starting he had aimed at taking up. The plotter in behalf of his own, but rejected by them, proclaimed himself an apostle to mankind, and breaking with established customs, because too stubborn for his purpose, he applied himself to crush them by new ones of his own creation. For the Elect by blood, he conceived to substitute Elect in God, who, constituting a theocratic aristocracy that derived its patent of nobility from a revelation whereof Mahommed was the apostle, must prove irreconcilably hostile to all prior claims to distinction. Shielded against personal outrage by the inviolable protection extended to a kinsman under all circumstances, Mohammed staid on in Mecca as an indefatigable preacher, addressing himself alike to all who visited the shrine, without making any distinction of tribe or race; until his zeal became so openly aggressive, as at last to make it necessary for him to seek safety in flight. On the eve, therefore, of his throwing off the last link in established associations, and of betaking himself away from all fellowship of kindred unto that of merely voluntary and accidental followers, Mohammed felt the necessity of giving, by a binding and solemn covenant, a constitution to what until then had been but a union of sentiment. On a mountain near Mecca he therefore gathered his disciples — those about to forsake homes in Mecca and those whom he had converted from other quarters — and there, without distinction of birth, blood, or calling, he enrolled them as equal fellows in one community, making them in token thereof swear mutual affection in pairs, a native of Mecca with an individual of foreign origin. Hereupon Mohammed set out for Medina in the midst of his devotees, and on that night, in M. Amari's words, "there took its rise a pontificate, an empire, and an era."

But the habit of generations can not be got rid of at a blow, and the Arabs, however inflamed by Mohammed's influence, remained yet at heart in many essential points the same as of old. This was true even of some amongst the Prophet's most cherished disciples, as was seen on his death. Ali, the burning believer, but yet more fiery kinsman, surnamed from his

prowess the Lion of God, thought himself as naturally entitled to the succession in the pontificate, as he had been entitled to that of his father's chieftainship over the Hashemites. In him the qualities of an Arab of high degree found a complete expression—an intense sense of what was due to his person combined with the fiercest intrepidity. The possibility of rightful opposition unless it came from the Prophet himself was a thought foreign to Ali's mind. Twice he spurned the caliphate when offered with the condition of his taking counsel with the Elders of Islam, scorning any fetter on his will short of a written injunction in the Koran. The incompatibility of such individual absoluteness with the Prophet's system did not escape the observation of his intimate companions. Depositories of his confidential instructions, these men were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his doctrine; while the mere fact of having been gathered from all classes and tribes, enlisted their human sympathies strongly against a claim that would introduce in a new shape and confirm in the new society the old spirit of exclusive family tradition, which it had been the founder's intention to destroy. Ali withdrew into sullen retirement; while the successive elevation to the command of the faithful of Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman, men not connected with the house of Hashem, distinguished only for zeal in the cause of Islam, and who publicly acknowledged this dignity to be a gift from the elders of the community, were so many triumphs of the theocratic principle.

Of these three reigns, the second was of paramount importance. Of all Mohammed's disciples, the only one possessed of legislative talents, Omar strove to secure the fulfillment of the Prophet's political views by the creation of appropriate institutions. Alive to the fact that the shock given to Arab society, although powerful, had still not been strong enough as yet to work a radical change in Arab habits of mind, Omar felt the danger to which Mohammed's complex theocracy was exposed of becoming the prey of such personal influences as easily spring up in periods of revolution and strife. This danger he thought to obviate by conciliating the inveterate tendencies of his countrymen through a device which he hoped would enable him to fashion a rebellious element into piers of support for his polity. In the fifteenth year of the Hegira Omar de-

creed a muster-roll of all believers, which he meant should become the prescriptive form of standing organization. In it was trampled under foot every thing valued hitherto as a genealogical distinction, while the grouping was yet by a family thread. One existing social division alone was not effaced—the division into men of Adnan and Khattan, as inveterate as Arab life itself. But with this exception every traditional eminence was disregarded, and around Mohammed, as the central sun of the Mussulman universe, each family was ranged in a new order depending upon its degree of connection with him. Nevertheless, what may be called the feudal spirit did succeed in asserting itself by the violent elevation of Ali on the murder of the Caliph Othman, and led to events which lastingly affected the political conformation of Islam. At this time a quarter of a century had already elapsed since the Prophet's death. The generation of his cotemporaries had mostly followed him, and was replaced by a set of men much less imbued with a primitive reverence for duty, and strongly animated with the daring recklessness of a soldier's temper. The opportunities offered by the wonderful career of Mussulman conquests had produced a body of illustrious captains, who, at the head of armies in provinces far away from central authority, exercised to all intents an independent power. Many of these generals had risen from the lowest ranks—Amrou, the mighty conqueror of Egypt, was the homeless son of a harlot at Mecca—and all were so thoroughly identified in their greatness with the political conditions called into existence by Mohammed, that they felt themselves personally threatened by the elevation of Ali. Therefore they combined in an opposition, which came to a head in Syria. M. Amari points out how the Mussulman force in that province, though commanded by an Aduanite—Moawyah, of the house of Ommeya—was almost wholly composed of men of Khattan, whose pride had been deeply wounded at having a secondary place assigned to them by Omar in his great muster-roll. Adored by the men whom he had so often led to splendid victories, Moawyah dexterously turned to his own good the resentment rankling in the hearts of his soldiers. Thus did it come about that the caliphate passed into the house of Ommeya for several generations, virtually as an absolute

possession; an event by which was consummated the failure of Mohammed's project to set up a theocratic polity, though the interests at stake in the struggle between the houses of Ali and Ommeya were not yet finally voided. After the lapse of a century the Ommeydes in their turn were dethroned by a conspiracy which again brought to power the representatives of the family of Hashem in the descendant of Mohammed's uncle Abbas; a revolution the true bearing of which M. Amari has first properly illustrated. Plotted in the Persian provinces of Khorassan, of which the Abassides were governors, it was mainly effected through the agency of Persians. Thus it proved the means of introducing into the simplicity of Arab society that rich stock of flexible wit proper to the Aryan intellect, which alone could carry Islamism beyond that primitive stage in which the unprogressive vehemence of the Shemitic nature would have left it. From this period a new race, in virtue of its conversion to the true faith, invaded and eventually made its own the whole range of Mussulman polity.

"These new comers enlarged the right of their rulers by their experience in public administration—they aided with their learning the compilation of Mussulman jurisprudence—they kindled in the breasts of the Arabs the holy fire of knowledge, and, above all, of such civil and religious freedom as could be understood in those regions. The people of the Sassanide empire were, in truth, the masters of the Arabs, as the Greeks were of the Romans, with the distinction that the different tempers of the two people, and especially of their religious and civil institutions, won for the Persians preponderating political might, which the Greeks failed to get. . . . The Persians, in a word, made themselves lords of that dominion which the Arabs were at a loss how to keep in their hands. Hence the literary glory that made the Abassides so illustrious; for the Persians, attaining under them office at court and throughout the provinces, disseminated science, cultivated it exclusively, brought it into esteem with the caliphs, and, by their example, attracted Mussulmans of all races, the fewest amongst these being Arabs. But as all wrote in the language of the Koran, these last obtained the reputation of being the guardians of civilization in the darkest centuries of the Middle Ages."—Vol. i. pp. 132–42.

The rapid strides in power made by these intelligent Persians, soon quickened the suspicious dread of their employers, who gladly laid hold of every opportunity for ridding themselves, as much as possi-

ble, of their inconvenient presence. Such an opportunity offered itself in Northern Africa, the subjugation of which had defied for more than a century the repeated efforts of Mussulman invaders; and thither accordingly, in A.D. 761, the Abasside caliph dispatched four thousand Khorassan warriors with a contingent of Arabs. As the conquest of Sicily proceeded direct from the governors of this African dependency, who for some time continued to assert their suzerainty over the island, M. Amari has devoted much industry to throw light upon the very remarkable vicissitudes and conditions of Mussulman rule in Africa, where for the first time the onward flood of Islam struck on a material which did not give way at a touch. In his pages the tangled incidents of this hitherto neglected portion of history acquire a lively interest. The administration of the colony offers a singular instance of institutions nowhere else to be found in that degree in the Mussulman world, while what seemed before dreary revolutions assume an eventful aspect when connected by M. Amari with a twofold antagonism—the one within the ranks of the conquerors, and arising out of the irrepressible animosity borne to each other by Adnanite and Khattanite, which led in the end to the subversion of all Arab predominance; the second resting in that stubborn tenacity which is the essential characteristic of the native Berbers, and enabled them after subjugation and compulsory profession of Islam, to make a ladder to power out of the heretical elements lurking in the religious system which they had unwillingly been driven to embrace. Thus in A.D. 740, the Berbers, joining with some Mohammedan sectarians, kindled a flame of revolt which spread through the whole province, reducing for a time the conquerors to the strongholds of Kairewân and Tlemsen. Nor was this the only time when Arab dominion was brought to the very brink of destruction. No less than five distinct invasions were needed to preserve the precarious footing which was all the Arabs ever secured in this quarter. A condition so arduous produced a race of men who tempered the hot impulsiveness of their origin with the sturdiness due to having gone through the ordeal of lengthened trial. It is wonderful how under difficulties painfully aggravated by intestine discord, Arab government did maintain

itself, and even acquire a fullness of authority elsewhere to be looked for in vain.

While the presence of an irreconcilably hostile population effectually prevented that assimilation between the conqueror and the conquered, which was elsewhere brought about by the bond of common faith under Mussulman dominion, the idea of encampment was vividly kept alive by the fortified works which were the unfailing and prominent feature of every Arab settlement in Africa. Kairewân, the capital and holy city of the province, in the first instance chosen for a military station from its site, difficult of access on the desolate banks of an unhealthy lake, the noted haunt of reptiles and wild beasts, had acquired its metropolitan importance merely through the strength of its citadel. War, national, civil, or predatory, was the daily condition of life, and the association of an entrenchment, as often defended stoutly against his countryman of rival race as against the rebellious Berber, was probably the one most likely to occur to the African Arab at the thought of his homestead. It is therefore intelligible that the Arabs in Africa should have retained as the mold of their social constitution the military organization with which they came into the country as an invading army. Instead of assuming the complexion of a population, they continued strictly an armed force enrolled in divisions founded on kindred, and partaking, as M. Amari remarks, in character both of a standing and a feudal army—like the former inured to war, like the latter more devoted to immediate chiefs than to the sovereign. Hence the emirs of Africa, placed between followers of a highly mutinous description, and subjects stubbornly rebellious who never relaxed in their efforts to throw off the foreign yoke, turned for political support to those theocratic elements which despotism, when securely triumphant, had elsewhere discarded. In this troubled corner of the Mussulman world, we are therefore astonished at the contemplation of an assembly, called the *Gemâ*, exercising in all vital matters of state that right of deliberation which constitutes the precious essence of self-government, and which, resting on a thoroughly Mussulman element, attained a degree of vigor sufficient on capital occasions to hold in check the absolute authority of the prince. Its shape

was that of a senate, based on the qualification of wisdom in what for Mussulmans was the only wisdom—learning in the law revealed through the Prophet. In virtue of their profession its members were *notables in Islam*, and the canonical eminence, not to say holiness, thus belonging to them, explains the pious horror of revolutionary excess which invariably distinguishes their proceedings, and, amidst so much turbulent lawlessness, strikingly points them out as *men of the law*.

"Although it is difficult," says M. Amari, "to define the limits set by custom to the powers of the emirs, we see one of great importance, the right of war and peace, exercised by the Prince, in conjunction with the *Gemà*, or municipal parliament of Kairewân. The first mention thereof occurs on occasion of a treaty, made in 813 A.D., with the Patrician of Sicily; and we know, from words spoken by one who sat in the *Gemà*, how the elders and notables of the city being gathered together, the treaty was written and read in their presence. And that they did not act as mere witnesses, but that its provisions were matter for free discussion, is proved by another meeting, some years after, to consider war with Sicily—which was attended by the *Cadîs*, just as, in England, judges enter the Upper House—when the Prince was obliged to defer to the preponderating opinion. To understand correctly the balance of powers in the state, it is necessary to weigh the authority which at this time jurists exercised in the Mussulman world. The study of the law having made strides, like every intellectual pursuit, on the elevation of the *Abassides*, was near creating a new power in the empire, in substitution for that which had belonged to the Prophet's companions—setting an aristocracy of doctors in the room of one of saints. Through the singleness of the law, which produced confusion, these men came to be at once divines without priestly ministration—moralists, publicists, and jurists. Through an antagonism natural to theocracy, these doctors strove to be above the pontiff sovereign. . . . In the organization of the state they preserved a judicial authority, which was independent of the Prince—in some respects, to a greater, but in others to a lesser degree than would suit our modern notions of public right; for the jurists usurped legislative power by their interpretation of points in doctrine, while they failed to define limits between the jurisdictions of magistrates, princes, governors, and ministers."—Vol. i. pp. 149–50.

While elsewhere these doctors in Islam had to remain content with the insignificant position of secluded pedants—the condition of the African state admitted them to an exercise of authority which,

combined with learning, gave a tone of healthy vigor to their constitution in mind and body. They entered upon the business of life as statesmen and as warriors, and it is one of their body who pushed the faltering Arabs to the conquest of Sicily.

Ased ibn Forât ibn Sinân, Kadi of Kairewân, is the perfect type of his class and his generation, embodying every element of race, incident, and quality that together constitute their distinctive features. Indeed the analogy goes through even his names, as on one occasion he himself remarked, in the true style of Arab punning: "Ased is my name," he exclaimed, "which means the lion, and what beast does not crouch before the lion? The son am I of Forât, (the Euphrates,) and what river has sweeter waters? My grandaïre was called Sinân, (a spear,) and this in truth is the stoutest of weapons." Son of a native of Khorassan, Ased was gifted with his race's subtle wit, steeled into an intellect of superior metal, through the sharp atmosphere of his adopted home. Having been early destined for the law, Ased traveled to the most renowned masters in the high schools of Medina, Irak, and Egypt, and grew versed in all the learning of Islam. On his return to Africa, he himself then opened a school, where he soon won such a name from his teaching, as to attain to the highest civil dignity in the state—that of Kadi in Kairewân. At that time the Emir was Ziadet Allah, a man of singular nature, combining a pedant's tastes with a temper so tyrannical and overbearing as to kindle a fearful revolt in the licentious soldiery of this province. Rising on all sides, with wild fury they bore down every thing before them until they found themselves stopped by the stout ramparts of Kairewân. On this occasion Ased showed that the rough intrepidity of his nature did not, however, overstep that respect for legality which so particularly distinguished his cloth. When the rebels were closely pressing the capital,

"Ased and Abu Mohriz, his colleague in the Kadiship, were sent out as negotiators; and having been led before the leader Mansur, surrounded by his chief officers, they were received with the exclamations, 'Get up and be with us, if it is true that the tyrant seems to you the scourge of Mussulmans.' Abu Mohriz tremblingly answered, 'Of a truth is he so, and likewise of Jews and Christians;' but



Ased broke out into these words: 'Were not ye yourselves a short while ago his partisans and his brethren? How, then, do ye come to ask us to befriend you against him? No, no; if we were enough to keep him in check when he had you about him, the more able shall we be to do so now that he is by himself.'—Vol. i. p. 275.

The strength of his citadel, and the dissensions that so quickly spring up amongst Orientals, saved Ziadet Allah from what had seemed inevitable destruction. But though broken, the revolt was not extinguished. A body of mutineers seized the town of Tunis, and making it an impregnable stronghold, defied for years all the Emir's desperate efforts to reduce it. During this period, Ased was without influence. His blunt outspokenness appears to have made him an object of disfavor to the suspicious Ziadet Allah; and it was an accident which drew him out of obscurity. A Sicilian Greek, high in rank, came over to Africa, and invited the Mussulmans to invade his country—a proposal which Ased's daring instinct burned to see accepted, as the sure means of ridding Africa of those turbulent and seditious elements which had been grievously infesting it for years, by discharging their wild force into a foreign channel.

The likeness at first sight between the treason of the Sicilian Euphemius and the Spanish Julian is heightened by the introduction of the same romantic motive for the action—love for a woman. The author's investigations have gone far, however, toward establishing the existence since several years in Sicily, of a revolt of the kind common in all quarters of the Byzantine empire, and the connection therewith of Euphemius's application for succors. Ziadet Allah was, however, still so much under the impression of the late terrible contest—not yet put an end to—that he seems to have been by no means disposed to engage in the new enterprise, in spite of Euphemius's professed willingness to hold Sicily as the Emir's vassal. A matter of such gravity had to be referred to the council of doctors; and here it was that Ased exerted all his influence in favor of a thorough-going revolution. Of the debate on this occasion a highly curious account is preserved. The majority of the assembly was not inclined to favor Ased's views. Their legal minds were influenced by several prudent considerations, and amongst other grounds, by the fact of

a still binding treaty with the Byzantines, the wording of which seemed to forbid the enterprise.

"To this it was answered that the treaty had been broken by the rulers of Sicily, several Mussulmans having been thrown into prison, according to what Euphemius told Ziadet Allah. The point being submitted to the two Kadis, Abu Mohriz was of opinion that time should be given, to ascertain the truth. Ased, on the contrary, thought that the Sicilian envoys should be at once questioned. 'And how,' asked Abu Mohriz, 'are we to put trust in what they may say, one way or the other?' To which Ased answered: 'On the word of envoys peace was made, and their word shall be enough to break it.' Then, with vehemence, he went on thus: 'Mussulmans, be not stricken with fear; God on high has spoken, Let yourselves not be stricken with fear—call all people unto Islam, and ye shall have the lordship over them. Therefore, let us bow to God's command, instead of pinning ourselves to this treaty with unbelievers.'"

By such fiery appeals Ased hoped to kindle the warlike fervor of the people, and to overawe the reserve of the counselors; he so far succeeded that the doctors voted as a compromise for a predatory expedition, which, however, did not satisfy Ased, bent on proselytizing conquest. Determined to make matters take the turn he wished, Ased now applied for the command of the expeditionary force, which the Emir of course refused. But the stern old doctor was not to be put off from a purpose. He now set himself to work on popular feeling by his fiery eloquence, until the agitation in favor of his nomination as commander was so great that Ziadet Allah was himself obliged to invest him with it. Ased thus combined the dignities of Captain-General and of Kadi—according to the chronicler Ahmed Ibn Sulciman, an instance unparalleled in Arabian annals. The army over which he was placed was neither large nor easy to direct. It was a gathering of all who sought war for the sake of either adventure or profit, with some few who were impelled by religious fanaticism. There were wild Berbers from the interior; men of daring and indomitable tempers, rendered doubly hard of control from deeply rankling resentment against their Arab lords; there were draughts from the ranks of the lawless Arab soldiery, men of rapine and slaughter, who had lost the rough virtues of desert-life without contracting aught beyond the license of mutinous camps; there were

likewise stray adventurers from Spain and other Mussulman settlements in the Mediterranean, men by profession freebooters and rovers, with none but the chance home of the day's luck, and lives spent in hazards which made them the terror of towns and citizens; and, finally, there was a sprinkling of men of Persian origin amongst the leaders, as happened in every great Mussulman enterprise after the elevation of the Abassides—men at once venerable, stout-hearted, and vigorous, like the illustrious captain of the host. Before embarking this motley force, Ased reviewed it upon the African strand, and addressed his followers in words which, as they are handed down in the chronicle of an eye-witness, breathe the glowing pride of one who, at the same time that he is animated with a burning piety, also keenly exults in the positive sensation of the authority, which he is conscious of having plucked from the grasp of a grudging and powerful liege lord.

Sicily, from its site and other advantages, was at this period a possession eagerly coveted by the Popes, and jealously cherished by the decaying emperors of Byzantium. Defended by a belt of water against the easy invasions which had reduced the garden of Italy into a wilderness, Sicily drew on itself the eyes of the Popes when trembling at the successes of the Arian Lombards, as offering the best point of retreat, in the event of extreme adversity, from which to rally the orthodox spirit of the West to a war at once religious and national. But Sicily had a population not merely by origin, but still at that time in language as much Greek as Latin, while its political associations were all connected with the seat of Eastern empire. These ties kept the island in a close union with Byzantium, and filled the Popes with alarm lest it might submit altogether to the primacy of their detested rivals—the Greek Patriarchs. Great and unrelaxing were the efforts they made to avert such a disaster. Six out of the seven monasteries, founded by the private munificence in the service of the Church of Gregory the Great, before his elevation to the Papal See, were in Sicily. These exertions were crowned with success, and the spiritual influence of the Western Primate effectively outweighed in the end that of the Eastern. But the preponderance retained an exclusively religious character. While the Sicilian people and clergy zeal-

ously shared the Western feeling against Iconoclasm, they steadily avoided employing it for those purely political purposes to which the Popes turned it in other quarters. To its Greek emperors Sicily therefore continued faithful, though with that degree of listless loyalty to be expected in an age of torpor, and expressive rather of the absence of any more attractive form of government than of fervent affection. The Byzantine emperors, alive to the fact that here was the most precious gem still in their battered diadem, treated Sicily with special distinction. Invested with regal pomp, resplendent with all the gorgeousness of Byzantine state, the Patrician of Sicily, as the Emperor's Vicar, kept alive the tradition of imperial majesty. Syracuse was raised to the metropolitan rank from which Ravenna had fallen. Here alone in the West, did Byzantine dominion still revel in undiminished pageantry, and exhibit the show of unimpaired greatness, while yet at heart all was thoroughly rotten. With large armaments, a splendid court, and a rich exchequer, the patriciate of Sicily, instead of being the reward of worth, was the usual prize reserved for imperial minions. Eunuch after eunuch, adventurer after adventurer, no sooner was borne aloft for a season by the quick revolutions of palace fortune, than he flung himself upon this choice portion, to snatch up as much of its wealth as he could secure before the elevation of a new favorite in reward of some fresh exploit of profligate servility. Hence, in spite of comparative privileges by the side of other provinces, the evil administration of a government, always extortionate by nature, and rendered doubly rapacious now through the imperious wants of painful distress, blighted with a withering palsy the native fruitfulness of this favored isle. Slavery, with its unfailing followers, suffering and nakedness, in its wake, appeared on all sides the haggard witness to a decay which the studied gilding of official pomp vainly sought to cloak. In the prostration of the people worn down by grinding imposts and a leaden despotism, is to be found the explanation for the slack resistance made in Sicily against Mussulman dominion, when once the Byzantine legions had been worsted in the field. There was nothing to kindle a national feeling in the breast of the Sicilians. The only principle to inspire them with an impulse

was to be found in religion. Accordingly, the desultory struggle carried on during some years against the invaders in the more mountainous districts, were sustained wholly by the fervor of a few Christian devotees, whose consciences would not stoop to bow to the followers of a false Prophet. On both sides, therefore, the stimulating motives to the contest sprang from the same principle. The Mussulmans

were pushed on to invasion by the fiery spirit of proselytism embodied in Ased, who looked on war against the unbelievers as a holy duty, while the only earnest resistance offered, came from the strength of a like supreme conviction in a faith, that disdained compromise with the infidel.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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From the British Quarterly.

## ILLUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS.\*

Thus it is seen that in a state of health and mental soundness, the senses may be so imposed upon, with or without any existing object, that in some instances it requires the exercise of all the reasoning and analytic faculties to correct the impression; and in others these impressions are so strong, that no suspicion of unreality ever appears to attach to them, nor can the subject of them be persuaded that they do not arise from real objects. This latter is most frequently the case when two or more of the senses are simultaneously affected by the illusion or hallucination. If only the visual faculty is involved, the ear and the sense of touch may correct the morbid fancy; but when, as is not unfrequently the case, all these are affected, then the detection of the delusion becomes all but impossible, and, practically, is very rarely effected. The illusions and hallucinations connected with dreaming, nightmare, somnambulism, sleep, and the border-land between sleeping and waking, are too familiar to need more than a passing notice. In all abnormal states of mind also, or bodily health, there is a proclivity to hallucinations and illusions. There are hallucinations in mania, and other forms of insanity, in paralysis, in delirium-tremens, in hysteria and hypochondriasis, in febrile and inflammatory disorders; in short, they may occur to complicate nearly

every derangement of the organism. To enter upon these would require a volume, and it is out of our province—they belong more to the domain of special medicine. One general remark we may make, namely, that infinite as is the variety of the phantoms that pass before the excited imagination in these affections, there is noticeable in some of them a kind of *specialty* of delusion; thus, the hallucinations of delirium-tremens almost invariably comprise one class of delusions—that pertaining to “creeping things innumerable,” and differ in almost every respect from those of simple febrile disorders on the one hand, and, further still, from those of hypochondriacal affections on the other, all of which appear to have a tendency to some typical character of their own. If it be so, that special organic changes are attended by special mental affections, as manifested in these hallucinations; it may be that when, in the progress of science, these organic changes are better known and recognized, an additional clue to the mystery of idea, thought, and cerebration generally, may be found in the careful consideration and analysis of these aberrations of perception.

The hallucinations occurring in that state of the system known as ecstasy or trance, are strange in every aspect, full of mystery, provided that we can place any faith in the narrators of them. The utterances under the influence of these states

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\* Concluded from page 50.

or visions are quoted by many writers as having been prophetic. It is necessary in general to receive these accounts with the greatest reserve. The history of one such prophecy is related by La Harpe, and its accuracy is vouched for by Madame de Genlis, the Countess Beauharnais, and other eminent characters; notwithstanding which authorities, our readers will agree with us that it is *expedient to doubt*. If we give a brief abstract of it, it is chiefly on the ground that M. Boismont brings it forward as illustrative of this part of the subject, not placing implicit faith in it himself, but considering that it does "not the less belong to history, whether we consider the rank of the personages involved, or the gravity of the events predicted."\*

"It seems but yesterday, (says La Harpe,) yet it was at the beginning of 1788. We were at table at the house of one of our *confrères* of the Academy, *grand seigneur et homme d'esprit*. The company was large, and consisted of all kinds of men—courtiers, lawyers, literary men, academicians," etc. He proceeds to describe the banquet, and the lively discourse that succeeded, chiefly turning on the coming or expected revolution. "One only of the guests took no part in these joyful anticipations, this was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but tinctured with the reveries of the visionaries, (*illuminés*.)" He at length spoke, and not only told the company assembled that they would certainly see this revolution, but that they would have little cause to rejoice; sketching out the fate of many there present. "You, M. Condorcet, will die on the floor of your prison; you will die of the poison you have taken to escape the hands of the headsman—poison which the happy season will compel you to carry about with you always." At this there was great dismay; but they excused it, knowing "that M. Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming with his eyes open."

"But what has put these ideas of prison, headsman, and poison into your head? What have they to do with philosophy and the reign of reason? It is precisely as I tell you; it is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, of liberty; it is under the reign of reason that this will happen; at that time there will be no temples but those of reason in France." "Verily," said Chamfort, with a sarcastic air, 'you will not be a priest in that kind of temple.' 'I hope

not, (he replied,) but you, M. Chamfort, will; and you will open your veins with a razor, but will not die for months afterward.' "

He then proceeded (so says La Harpe) to foretell the fate of Vicq d'Azyr, of Nicolaï, of Bailly, of Malesherbes, of Roucher, all as they afterward occurred; all to happen before six years had passed. La Harpe then himself addressed Cazotte: "You relate miracles, but do you say nothing of me?" "You yourself will then be a miracle at least as extraordinary, you will be a Christian." "Ah! (then said Chamfort,) if we are not to perish until La Harpe be a Christian, we shall be immortal." The history goes on to relate the prediction of the abolition of the priesthood, the execution of the Duchess de Grammont and the Royal Family, and the fate of Cazotte himself. It admits of but little comment: La Harpe died in 1803. Perhaps it only attaches to our subject by a perversion of terms; but the history is curious in any aspect, and is told in a peculiarly graphic and charming manner by La Harpe.\*

Both illusions and hallucinations may appear in an epidemic form. One of the principal forms of epidemic illusion is the vision of armies in the clouds. All history abounds with instances of this nature. A curious illusion of another kind on one occasion occurred at Florence, which depended upon atmospheric causes. Great numbers of the inhabitants were collected in the principal streets of the city for some hours; they contemplated with great attention the figure of an angel floating in the air, and expected some great event to follow immediately; when it was discovered that the phenomenon was caused by a cloud covering the dome, in which was reflected the image of the golden angel surmounting the edifice, which was strongly illuminated by the rays of the sun.† History also tells abundantly of epidemic hallucinations; the Crusades were especially rife in such portents. "Scarcely was the signal for the first crusade given than the apparitions commenced; every one recounted his visions, the words he had heard, the orders he had received. The people, the armed multitude, perceived in the air signs and portents of all kinds; but it was especially

\* *Œuvres Choies et Posthumes de La Harpe*, 4 vols. in 8vo. Paris, 1806 Tom. i. p. 62.

† Ferriar, *Theory of Apparitions*.

\* Boismont, *Op. cit.*, p. 297.



when the Crusaders had penetrated into Asia that the prodigies multiplied.\* They saw on all hands the saints descending and fighting for them at the head of angelic hosts. But it is needless to multiply illustrations of this kind of epidemic.

There existed for some centuries two singular forms of epidemic hallucinations—*lycanthropy* and *vampirism*—which prevailed extensively amongst great numbers of people. “The origin of lycanthropy (says M. Boismont) goes back to the most ancient epochs of paganism. In this illusion the unfortunate sufferers believed themselves to be changed into wolves. . . . It was especially in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that this singular illusion was most widely spread in Europe. The cynanthropes and lycanthropes abandoned their dwellings to bury themselves in the forests, letting their nails, hair, and beard grow, and pushing their ferocity to such an extent as to mutilate, and even kill and eat, children that fell in their way.”† Many of them confessed these things in such a manner as to indicate their insanity; but the ignorance of the times was such, that they were supposed to be in pact with Satan, and they were burned at the stake, in great numbers, as the supposed witches were.

On vampyrism, M. Boismont remarks:

“When a man is subjugated by superstition and terror, there are no ideas so grotesque that they may not become realities. One of the most singular aberrations of this kind is that which is known under the name of *Vampirism*, of which we find the traces even in the Talmud. This epidemic reigned about the commencement of the eighteenth century, in many parts of Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Lorraine. The peasants who were the subjects of it, believed that after death their enemies had the power of appearing to them in various forms. Some dreamed that these malevolent spirits took them by the throat, strangled them, and sucked their blood; others believed that they really saw these cruel monsters. . . . Mystical ideas of an expansive character, exalting the imagination, produced these various ecstasies to which we have referred; and which had, as characteristics, celestial visions of all kinds. It is to the same influence that we must refer the apparitions and the aural illusions of the ‘*dance*,’ of the convulsionaries of St. Medard, the ecstasies of Cevennes, the *possessed* of Loudon, and others of the same kind.”‡

\* Boismont, *Op. cit.*, p. 490.

† *Ibid.*, p. 383, *et seq.*

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 395.

But no epidemic hallucinations can vie in extent with those that were manifested in connection with the subject of witchcraft, which in itself forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the psychological history of man. Mackay, in his *Popular Delusions*, says that “Europe for two centuries and a half brooded upon the idea, not only that parted spirits walked the earth to meddle in the affairs of men, but that men had power to summon evil spirits to their aid to work woe upon their fellows. An epidemic terror seized upon the nations; no man thought himself secure, either in his person or his possessions, from the machinations of the devil and his agents. Every calamity that befell him he attributed to a witch. France, Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and the far north, successively ran mad upon this subject; thousands upon thousands of unhappy persons fell victims to this absurd and cruel delusion.” There was a remarkable uniformity in the confessions of those accused of witchcraft; the proceedings at their imaginary “*Sabbath*” were always described in nearly the same terms. They were chiefly turned into cats, and they accused themselves of homicides unnumbered. They all had frequent nocturnal interviews with “*the master*,” during which they experienced the most vivid emotions. Had all these confessions been made under the torture, there would have been no question as to their nature; but when the mania for witch-extermination had begun to subside, and men were more anxious to acquit than to condemn, there were still numbers who voluntarily accused themselves of crimes which they had evidently not committed; as of the murder of people that were still alive, and of having attended at the “*Sabbath*” during nights when the strictest watch had been kept upon them, and it was evident they had never quitted their room. All this was done with a persistency and pertinacity that in many cases precluded the idea of imposture, and left but one conclusion tenable, namely, that they were the victims of hallucination of several of the senses, certainly of eye, ear, and touch. We shall have occasion to refer briefly to this subject again.

In entering upon the inquiry as to the mode of production and the causation generally of hallucinations, we would premise that the existence of the *sensations* (merely as such) depends upon the well-known

physiological law, that whatever impression can be produced upon the organs of the senses by *external* agency, can also be produced *subjectively* by *internal* changes, that is, changes in the organs themselves, or in those parts of the central nervous system with which they are immediately connected. Thus, light falling upon the retina, produces its own specific sensation; but this may equally be produced by distension of the blood-vessels of the retina, or some corresponding change in that portion of the brain in which the optic nerves terminate. The same applies to the ear and the other senses. Now, taking the eye for an illustration of all the senses, we know that when any given object is seen, there is an image of that object, be it tree, man, or animal, painted on the retina in rays of light; but how that image is communicated to the brain, and from it to the sentient principle—what is the mechanical change produced on the nerve-fibers during its transmission—what different change is required to convey the different images of a tree or a dog to the mind; of all these things we are utterly ignorant. We know certainly that there is no image painted on the brain itself, and that it is only by a certain kind of polarity of its fibers or molecules that it is enabled to convey to the mind the idea of the particular object in question, that polarity being doubtless different in accordance with the difference of the object. We know also by abundant physiological evidence, that these variations of polarity are produceable by internal as well as external causes; but as we are ignorant in the one case of the nature of that polarity which results from the presence of an external object, so in the other are we ignorant of that which is automatically excited in such manner as to produce the subjective sensation, the two being without doubt identical. What we *can* do, is to trace *some* at least of the conditions under which such polarity and such consequent sensations and hallucinations occur, which conditions are usually termed the *causes* of the phenomena.

The most frequent general organic condition of the sensory apparatus during the existence of hallucinations, would appear to be one of congestion, or fullness of blood. A circumstance directly illustrative of this is related in the *Psychological Journal* for April, 1857, as occurring to the writer himself. He says:

“We have known cases of *ghost-seeing* when wide-awake, which have been cured by leeches at the front of the forehead—evidently indicating that they have resulted from a congested state of the perceptive faculties. . . . We were on a visit in —, and had taken more wine than usual. It was the summer-time, and the weather very hot and dry, which combined sensations rendered us feverish and uncomfortable. . . . We went to bed, but not to sleep, and tossed and tumbled, changing our position every moment, but were too restless to repose; at length we turned toward the window, and perceived between it and the bed a short, thick-set, burly figure, with a huge head, staring us in the face. Certainly nothing could appear more real or substantial, and after gazing on this monstrous creature, we put out our hand, when he opened his ponderous jaws and bit at us. We tried various experiments with the creature—such as putting our hand before his face, which seemed to cover part of it. The longer we contemplated it, the more palpable was this figure, and the more wrathful were his features. Struck with the apparent reality of the apparition, we mechanically felt our pulse; it was throbbing at a fearful rate; our skin was hot and dry, and the temporal arteries were throbbing at railway speed. This physical condition had produced the phantom. We then jumped out of bed, when the specter seemed to be nearer and of more gigantic proportions. We then threw open the window to admit a little air, sponged our head and body, and thus, by removing the cause, the monster disappeared.”

Medical works abound in histories of this character, of which a number, interesting and instructive, are collected by M. Boismont. We can not fail to be struck with the great number of hallucinations occurring in subjects who had been accustomed, from one cause or other, to periodical bleedings, and who had either from accident or design neglected the operation for some time.\*

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\* We subjoin one instance: “A man of sound mind was seated one evening in his chamber. To his great astonishment he saw the door open, and one of his friends enter, who, after making a few turns round the room, placed himself before him, and looked on him intently. Wishing to receive his visitor politely, he rose; but scarcely had he advanced a few steps, when the figure vanished; when he recognized that it was a vision. Soon afterward the figure appeared again, accompanied by many other persons of his acquaintance, who surrounded him, all looking at him in the same manner. In the space of a quarter of an hour, the assembly became so numerous that it appeared as though the room would not contain them. These phantoms followed him into his bed-room, ranging themselves round the bed; so that he had some difficulty in getting any sleep. When he awoke, they reappeared in as

The determining causes of hallucinations naturally divide themselves into two classes, the *moral* and the *physical*. As predisposing causes, the former, the moral, are all powerful; they are also chiefly concerned in the direct production of such delusions as occur in an epidemic form. In these cases the hallucinations are transmitted by the influence of educational and social ideas, by the force of example, and by a true moral contagion. Profound preoccupation of the thoughts and prolonged concentration of the mind on one subject,\* are eminently favorable to the production of hallucinations; and those are the most subject to them who by an ill-directed education are unceasingly excited, whose organization has become very impressionable, and in whom the imagination has been abandoned to its own impetuosity.† The marvelous and horrible tales that are told to children are also a fruitful source of this subsequent impressibility. Burns complains, in strong language, of the permanently evil effects which these tales, told him in infancy, produced upon his after-life. Solitary confinement in prisons has a very powerful effect upon the imagination. A striking illustration of this fact is found in the history of the imprisonment of Silvio Pellico, written by himself. Describing the mode in which he passed his nights, he says :

“During these horrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that although awake I seemed to hear groans and stifled laughter. In my infancy I had never believed in ghosts or

great numbers as before. On the morrow he consulted his physician, who remembered that he had before been bled for a cerebral congestion. Leeches were applied, and in a few hours the phantoms became less distinct, and vanished altogether by the evening.”—Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*.

\* Lord Herbert of Cherbury relates that when his book, *De Veritate prout distinguitur a Revelatione Verisimili, Possibili et a Falso*, was approaching its conclusion, he devoted to it every spare moment that he could snatch from business. In doubt as to its publication, he on one occasion prayed audibly for a sign to guide his decision, and affirms that he had no sooner concluded, than he heard a loud but agreeable noise in the heavens, and saw also, in the most serene sky possible, the place whence it came. This, he says, gave him great joy, believing as he did that his demand was granted. Be it remarked that the work in question has by no means a Christian tendency, and this anecdote is often quoted against others where similar hallucinations have been supposed to imply supernatural interference for a given purpose.

† Boismont, *Op. cit.*, p. 361, et seq.

witches, and now these noises terrified me. . . . Many times I took the light with a trembling hand, and looked if some one was not concealed under my bed. Seated at the table, it seemed to me that some one pulled me by the coat, sometimes that an unseen hand pushed my book from the table, sometimes that one was about to blow out the candle. Then I rose suddenly and asked myself whether I was mad or not. Every morning these phantoms vanished, but at sunset I again began to tremble, and every night brought back the extravagant visions of the preceding one.”\*

We have already noticed the influence of the prevalent belief of any age in producing or determining the nature of hallucinations. It will readily be conceived how inordinately powerful is the effect of unrestrained religious enthusiasm, especially when aided by ignorance, superstition, and the unnatural restraints of a secluded or conventual life. But we have designedly refrained from discussing the hallucinations so produced, except in the most incidental manner.†

Strong expectancy or conviction is a fertile source also of sensory delusion. We have before referred to persons who persisted that they were sorcerers and attended the witches' “*Sabbath*.” In order to attempt to undeceive some of these unfortunate creatures, Gassendi imitated the popular notion of the proceedings of the witches, and rubbed some of them with an ointment, which was to send them to the *Sabbath*. They fell into a deep and long sleep, after which they awoke, perfectly convinced that the magical proceeding had taken effect, and gave a detailed account of what they had seen, heard, and felt at the assembly at which they believed themselves to have assisted.‡ Imitation again is a powerful agent in the production and propagation of delusions. “We may be asked (says M. Boismont) how large assemblies of people can be subject to the same illusion for so long. Independently of the reasons we have given, amongst which ignorance, fear, superstition, and disease play an important part, we must not forget the contagious influence of example; one outcry is sufficient to affright a large multitude. An individual who believes that he sees supernatural sights is not slow to communicate his conviction to others who are not more

\* *I mici prigionieri*, Silvio Pellico, p. 463.

† Vide Eusebius Salverius, *Des Sciences Occultes*.

‡ *Ibid.*



enlightened than himself. The anecdote has been often quoted of the man who exclaimed that the statue upon which he and many others were looking nodded its head. All those who were present immediately asserted that they had seen it move.\*

Hallucinations will almost always be found to reflect the beliefs, the passions, the prejudices, and the manners of the age in which they occur. They vary, therefore, according to the amount of civilization and culture in the people. To enter into this question would almost involve a treatise on the philosophy of civilization. Predominant passions, such as fear and remorse especially, exert a powerful influence over the production of hallucinations. Simiramis saw every where the pale specter of Ninus; and Brutus was haunted by the apparition of his former friend Cæsar.† Manoury, who was appointed in 1634 to examine

\* *Op. cit.*, p. 128.

† The commentary of Sir Walter Scott on this apparition is very appropriately illustrative of this part of our subject: "The anticipation of a dubious battle, with all the doubt and uncertainty of its event, and the conviction that it must involve his own fate and that of his country, was powerful enough to conjure up to the anxious eye of Brutus the specter of his murdered friend Cæsar, respecting whose death he perhaps thought himself less justified than at the Ides of March, since instead of having achieved the freedom of Rome, the event had only been the renewal of civil wars; and the issue might appear most likely to conclude in the total subjection of liberty. It is not miraculous that the masculine spirit of Brutus, surrounded by darkness and solitude, distracted probably by the recollection of the kindness and favor of the great individual whom he had put to death to avenge the wrongs of his country—though by the slaughter of his own friend—should at length place before his eyes in person the appearance which termed itself his evil genius, and promised to meet him again at Philippi. Brutus's own intentions, and his knowledge of the military art, had probably long since assured him that the decision of the civil war must take place at or near that place; and allowing that his own imagination supplied that part of his dialogue with the specter, there is nothing else which might not be fashioned in a vivid dream or a waking reverie, approaching, in absorbing and engrossing character, the usual matter of which dreams consist. That Brutus, well acquainted with the opinions of the Platonists, should be disposed to receive without doubt the idea that he had seen a real apparition, and was not likely to scrutinize very minutely the supposed vision, may be naturally conceived; and it was also natural to think, that although no one saw the figure but himself, his contemporaries were little disposed to examine the testimony of a man so eminent, by the strict rules of cross-examination and conflicting evidence, which they might have thought applicable to another person and a

Urbain Grandier, accused of sorcery, acquitted himself of his task with great barbarity. He repented of his cruelty, for "one evening, about ten o'clock, returning home in company with another man and his brother, he started suddenly, and cried out, 'Ah! there is Grandier—what dost thou want?' and fell into such a state of tremor and frenzy that his friends could not recover him. They conducted him to his house, ever calling upon Grandier, whom he saw continually before him. In the course of a few days he died in the same state, always seeing Grandier, and trying to repel him."\* Sully relates that the solitary hours of Charles IX. were rendered wretched by the constant repetition of the cries and shrieks that assailed him during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but these are sufficient for illustration. The great dramatist "of all time" has stamped remorse as a begetter of hallucinations forever, by his wondrous and terrible delineation of Macbeth.

Reverie is another frequent cause, the mention of which should not be omitted. Dr. Brewster remarks, as a physical fact, that "when the eye is not exposed to the impressions of external objects, or when it is insensible to these objects in consequence of being engrossed with its own operations, any object of mental contemplation, which has either been called up in the memory or created by the imagination, *will be seen as distinctly as if it had been formed from the vision of a real object.*"†

M. Boismont sums up the influence of the moral causes as follows:

"The mode of development of epidemic illusions and hallucinations, refers them especially to moral causation. Education, beliefs, the dominant ideas of the epoch, the varieties of civilization, all require special consideration in any search after these causes. Amongst the moral causes which exercise a powerful influence over hallucinations, we must enumerate the belief in the power and operation of spirits and demons, witchcraft, magic, lycanthropy.

less dignified occasion."—*Demonology and Witchcraft*, pp. 10, 11.

It appears, however, that Cassius, who was of the Epicurean school, and had but little faith in spirits, did tell Brutus, with a good deal of circumlocution, that he was tired and exhausted, and that his imagination was playing tricks upon him.

\* Sauze, *Essai Médico-Historique sur les Possédés de Loudun*, p. 45.

† *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, vol. ii. p. 1.



vampirism, ecstacy, etc. All passions, fixed ideas, great pre-occupations of thought, may be the source of hallucinations, and more especially the passions of excessive fear and remorse.\*

We must now as briefly as possible refer to the physical causes of hallucinations. M. Boismont enumerates five divisions of these; under the first of which he places heritage, sex, age, temperament, profession, physiological causes, season, climate, and locality, most of which require no special notice. One of the most powerful predisposing causes is solitude in the evening:

" Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight,  
Dance upon the parlor-wall;

" Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit us once more."†

The state of the atmosphere is well known to have a powerful effect upon the mind, and might therefore be well supposed to influence the production of visions. To this cause is due the collective hallucination of the *mirage*. In the campaigns of Africa and Egypt, the soldiers often saw springs, rivers, trees, cities, and armies; fantastic creations, which at their approach changed to dry and burning sands. In the *Gazette de Mons* there is an account of a balloon ascent by Mr. Green, containing some extracts bearing upon this point. It is said that at a certain height, the "air was suddenly illuminated with great brilliance, and our eyes were subjected to so singular an aberration of vision, that every object, however small, assumed gigantic proportions, and such capricious forms, that we could almost believe ourselves under the influence of a dream. . . . In the midst of other transformations, there appeared monstrous forms, as of goats, mastodons, and the rhinoceros, which gazed upon us with great eyes of astonishment. Mr. Green said he had before witnessed these phenomena, but hesitated to speak of them to any one, for fear of being taken for a visionary."

Of all direct sources of hallucination, alcoholic liquors and narcotic substances,

such as opium, belladonna, hasheesh, and the like, are the most powerful. The delusions of *delirium-tremens* are well known, as are those of opium to all English readers through the revelations of De Quincey in his *Opium-eater*. There is so strong a class-likeness in all these effects of narcotics, that we shall not enter into any details: they may be found in abundance in works of special science. The use of narcotics for the purpose of producing visions and inspirations, seems to have been known in all ages of which we have any authentic records. It seems undoubted that the priestesses of the ancient oracles were excited to their "divine rage" by the use of drugs of this nature. Then followed the effects so graphically portrayed in the *Aeneid*, (book iv. :)

" Her color changed; her face was not the same,  
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.  
Her hair stood up, convulsive rage possessed  
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her laboring breast.

Greater than human kind she seemed to look,  
And with an accent more than mortal spoke;  
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,  
When all the god came rushing on her soul."

The following account of the mode of preparing the oracle is from the article "Delphi" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*:

"The oracles were delivered by a priestess called the pythoness, who received the prophetic influence in the following manner: A lofty tripod, decked with laurel, was placed over the aperture whence the sacred vapor issued. The priestess, after washing her body, and especially her hair, in the cold water of Castalia, mounted on the stool to receive the divine effluvia. She wore a crown of laurel on her head, and shook a sacred tree which grew near the aperture. Sometimes she chewed the leaves, and the frenzy which followed may probably be attributed to this usage, and the gentler or more violent symptoms to the quantity taken. In one instance the paroxysm was so terrible that the priests and suppliants ran away, and left her alone to expire, as was believed, of the god. Her part was an unpleasant one; but if she declined to undertake it, she was dragged by force to the tripod."

The use of chloroform as an anæsthetic, is almost constantly attended by hallucinations of a more or less vivid character. These are of such a nature as to render it absolutely necessary for the person administering it to be aware of the tendency. A large collection of instances, illustrating

\* *Op. cit.*, pp. 452-3.

† Longfellow's *Voices of the Night*.

the nature and tendency of these delusions, which scarcely admit of insertion here, may be found in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for October, 1855. Narcotic drugs applied as frictions, and perhaps taken internally, played a prominent part in the ceremonies attendant upon getting to the "*witch-Sabbath*."

Of course, by far the greatest number of illusions and hallucinations of a serious character owe their origin to some of the various forms of mental alienation, and to catalepsy, hysteria, hypochondriasis, as well as to nightmare, sleep, and ecstasy. Many of the instances we have related prove to demonstration that they may exist as delusions more or less transitory in a perfectly sound mind; but a persistent hallucination, not rectified by the understanding, is generally either due to, or terminates in, mental alienation. Into this subject, and into the investigation of the various diseases that might enter into the catalogue of causes, we can not, for obvious reasons, enter.

It will be observed that there are certain large classes of hallucinations which we have either avoided altogether, or only indirectly alluded to. Such are, amongst others, religious hallucinations, and all those which are so frequently brought forward as illustrative of some especial views, prophetic or otherwise. We have done this partly because of the extreme difficulty of verifying and analyzing the histories in which they are related, but more especially because they would lead us away into discussions far remote from our purpose, which has been to open out, although partially and imperfectly, one of the most curious phases of the psychophysical history of our nature. That it is one of great importance will be readily conceded; perhaps *how* great in a legal aspect few have considered. Even whilst we write this, a terrible fratricide has been committed under the influence of visual and aural hallucinations. We subjoin the account from a daily paper, only omitting the names and places:

"On Sunday afternoon, a melancholy occurrence took place at a farm-house in the parish of L—, Carmarthenshire. It appears that a Mrs. E— resided in the farm, together with her two sons, L— and S— E—. The brothers had always been quite friendly with one another; but on Sunday afternoon, L—, it appears, without the least provocation, deliberately shot his brother in the head with a double-bar-

reled gun, and instant death followed. Information was immediately conveyed to the police, and on the same evening L— was apprehended at P—, a few miles distant from the farm. He admitted that he had shot his brother, and said: 'I was commanded to do it by the Lord.' When before the magistrate, the prisoner made the following extraordinary statement: 'My father is a solicitor at D—, and is now living there. He took a farm in L—, called D—, in November last, where my mother and brother resided. My father is now at D—. On the twenty-seventh of July last, I was getting up at seven in the morning, to join some young men, when two angels appeared to me, and asked me if I knew what day of the week it was. It was Sunday. I then remained in my bed-chamber for six weeks. Yesterday I received a communication from the Lord to shoot my brother, who had broke every commandment. I found the gun loaded in the kitchen, prepared for me. It was a double-barreled gun. I found my brother in the yard with a sickle in his hand. I raised the gun. He said he was my only brother. I obeyed the Lord's command. I did not tell him that I was going to shoot him. I was about six feet from him. He put his hand to his head. I fired, and he fell dead. I did not touch him with the sickle. Nobody but the Lord was present when I shot him. I have been a master's assistant in the navy. I am twenty-one years of age, and retired from the navy about three years ago. I had been wounded in 1859 by the son of a clergyman, named Nicholas Denys, in South-America. I was on board the ship *Wasp*, sloop-of-war. He fired a revolver at me, thinking it was not loaded. The ball entered my right groin. I had an attack of epilepsy from the effects of the wound, and was invalided in consequence, and left the navy.' The prisoner signed the statement without the least emotion, and in a firm manner. He was then formally committed to take his trial for murder at the next Carmarthenshire Assizes. The general opinion prevails that the prisoner is really insane."

Those who are conversant with medicolegal matters, are aware that murder, suicide, violence, robbery, and many other crimes, are very frequently the result of illusions and hallucinations, phenomena which had been noticed, but treated as matters of little or no moment; when an intelligent recognition of the significance of these aberrations might have in many instances prevented their culmination in crime. The relations of the law, as at present constituted, to all mental affections, is singularly vague and defective. That the subject abounds with difficulties of an almost insurmountable nature, especially in a criminal aspect, we are well aware; nor do we wonder at the general

reluctance manifested to enter upon a reformation under such circumstances; but it can not be doubted that the time must come when an attempt must be made in that direction.

We now take our leave of this almost inexhaustible subject. Should any of our

readers desire further information upon it, we can cordially recommend Dr. Boismont's book, as a most complete, comprehensive, and classical work, abounding in illustration, and treating his difficult subject with grave and sound argument in the most philosophic spirit.

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From the North British Review.

## SYRIA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.\*

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 88.)

As we near the end of our voyage along the Syrian coast, the cloud-capped summit of Mount Cassius, rising fifty-three hundred feet above the sea, and by and by Mount Rhossius also proclaim our approach to the spacious, sheltered, sandy-bottomed bay of Antioch, of which these two mountains form the horns, and we see the little town of Suediah (the poor remains of the ancient Seleucia) standing in a narrow plain, near the mouth of the river Orontes. Further northward still, in the angle where Asia Minor joins to Syria, is the bay of Scandroon, or Alexandretta, furnishing the best shelter and anchorage on the Syrian coast, but with the most pestilential of marshes extending along its shore. From this place a highway leads inland, passing through the mountain defile of Beilan, famous of old as the Syrian Gates, through which almost every conqueror of Western Asia has passed, from Alexander the Great to Ibrahim Pasha. But we shall go no further north than

Suediah, as famed for its salubrity as Scandroon is the reverse, where the route inland is less difficult, and which will, ere long, be the terminus of the Euphrates Railway. Proceeding inland from Suediah, up the valley of the Orontes, clad with noble oaks and other forest trees, fragrant with the myrtle and box, and where rocks and crags topple in disorder over the road and the river-bed, we emerge into the hill-inclosed plain of Antioch, and behold the city, once the royal seat of the Seleucidæ containing a quarter of a million of souls, but now a poor dilapidated place, beautiful only from the surrounding scenery, and the gardens of mulberry and fig-trees, with the tall slender shafts of the poplar casting their shadows on the waters of the Orontes. It was by this route that Alexander pursued the host of Darius, routed at Issus; it was here that Zenobia made her vain but gallant stand against the legions of Aurelian; and hither, too, came Godfrey and Tancred, to capture Antioch, before they could venture to march southward toward the Holy City. Forty-two miles eastward we come to Aleppo, in population the second city of Syria, where in 1850 the fanatical Mussulmans perpetrated a horrible massacre of the Christians. Like Antioch, it is on the direct line from Suediah to the Euphrates, and will one day be awakened from its slumbers by the whistle of the steam-engine, and shaken out of its fana-

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\* *Damas et le Liban. Extraits du Journal d'un Voyage en Syrie au printemps du 1860.* Londres, 1861.

*L'Orient rendu à lui-même.* Par S. A. MANO. Paris, 1862.

*Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel,* 1861. Edited by FRANCIS GALTON. London, 1862.

*Syria and the Syrians.* By GREGORY M. WORTABET. London, 1856.

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ticism by the rushing throng of railway passengers.

Next turning due southward, along the road which may be said to form the line between Syria and the eastern desert, we enter a district covered with mounds and other vestiges of ancient habitations, and where the soil of rich earth, unmixed with stones, exhibits its marvelous fertility wherever man gives it the opportunity to be luxuriant. Here we pass Famia, where the veterans of Alexander's army reposed after their career of victories, and where the Seleucid monarchs had the nursery of their cavalry—thirty thousand mares, three hundred stallions, and five hundred elephants, finding abundant pasturage, where all is now marsh, sustaining only a few buffaloes and sheep. Journeying on, we again strike upon the course of the Orontes at the town of Hamah, with its four thousand inhabitants, situated in a narrow valley, on the banks of the river. Thirty miles further up the river, we reach Homs, the Emesa of the Greeks, once a strong and populous city, now a ruinous place, containing about two thousand inhabitants. All the way from Aleppo we have been journeying over a dead level plain, in the latter half of the road with the snowy tops of Lebanon visible to the west; and the population appear taller and more robust than the rest of the Syrians. Leaving Homs and the blue waters of the lake of Kades, which mirror the summits of the adjoining mountains, the high road skirts the eastern base of Anti-Lebanon for about seventy miles, when we descend into the oasis of Damascus, the capital of Syria, lovely with the almond and rose, and, to use the phrase of the Syrian, set like a pearl amidst the emerald groves, sparkling streamlets, and the amethystine blue of its cool lake. "The sight of it," said the death-stricken Buckle, "is worth more than all the pain and fatigue it has cost me." A straight line, drawn westward from Damascus over the mountains, would reach the coast at Saida, (Sidon;) but the twin chains of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon are so lofty, that if ever a railway were projected to unite Damascus with the coast, it would have to run south-westward from Damascus, round the south-eastern flank of Mount Hermon, and thence proceed westward to the coast at Tyre. South of Damascus spread the wild plains of the Hauran, tenanted by lawless tribes, where

numbers of the Druses sought refuge after the recent massacres, and the attempt to subjugate which region cost Ibrahim Pasha fifteen thousand of his best troops. Turning from this inaccessible country, and proceeding westward for some fifty miles, we come upon the head-waters of the Jordan, and the towns of Hasbeiya and Rasheiya, (which suffered so dreadfully in the massacres,) at the foot of Mount Hermon. Journeying down the Jordan we enter Galilee, pass Nablous, with its lawless and ultra-fanatical population, and thence onward to Jerusalem, beyond which point a bare and rocky wilderness extends round the shores of the Dead Sea to the frontiers of the Arabian Desert.

In thus coasting along the western, and journeying down the eastern side of Syria, we come upon almost every town or village of note in that oft-desolated country. The plain of the Bekaa—the "hollow Syria" of the Greeks—lying between the parallel chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, watered by the Leontes, at whose source stand the grand ruins of Baalbek, and with the thriving Maronite town of Zahlé looking down upon it from the eastern slope of Lebanon, completes the picture of that once goodly Syrian land, where to the desolation of centuries, have lately been added fresh massacres and devastation.

The massacres of 1860 excited a lively feeling of sympathy throughout Europe in favor of the misgoverned population of Syria. It were unjust, indeed, to charge upon the Government of the Turks the existing desolation. It was in the ruthless wars which preceded and attended the first establishment of Seljookian and Ottoman power, that the dismal ruin was effected. The fault of the recent administration of the Ottomans in Syria has been rather of a negative than of a positive kind. The Turkish power is dying, and it has hardly strength left to benefit Syria if it would. It has given no help to the recuperative energies of the population. It has lent no hand to lift Syria out of the fallen state in which that fine country has lain for centuries. But Syria has still a future, and it will not be an ignoble one. We speak with the confidence of a well-founded conviction when we say this. As surely as the world moves and civilization spreads, the energies and wealth of Europe will be drawn



into the region of the Levant. The Syrian peninsula, which used to be the highway of commerce between East and West, will be so again. The railway will, ere long, run in the track of the caravan. The commerce with India and the Australian world will yet stream in part across Syria, from the Persian Gulf to the Levant. In those days of rapid traveling and speedy communication, the line of the Euphrates will become a formidable rival to the route by Egypt. Aleppo, Antioch, Suediah, Beyroot, will start into new life; and we make bold to say, that ere the present generation has passed away, Syria will be rebuilding her ruined walls, and restoring her waste places to cultivation, and her people to prosperity.

Syria is too helpless to be able to work out her own regeneration; but the wants of others will accomplish what she could not accomplish for herself. England must have a short and safe route to the East. British India was never so profitable to us as now. It has grown from a province to a vast empire, presenting a noble outlet and rich employment for our youth, offering an ever-expanding market for our trade, and a region in which cotton may be cultivated to any extent to supply our staple manufacture, and constituting a mighty lever, by which, both commercially and politically, we can act upon the other countries of the East. But whatever is most precious, is held by the most precarious tenure. No one, we presume, is so sanguine as to think that the revolt of the Sepoys is the last great peril to which our Indian empire is exposed. In proportion as the resources of the country are developed, and as intercommunication increases, a spirit of homogeneity will grow up amongst the native population, supplanting the present diversities, and exciting efforts of an ever-widening nationality to throw off the alien British element in the administration. Russia, too, is approaching to menace and disturb our rule from without. And although neither of these dangers is very pressing, they certainly lend additional force to the commercial considerations which compel us to improve and facilitate our communications with the East, especially at a time like the present, when the reëopening of the Eastern question is not likely to be long delayed.

The Suez Canal is a magnificent project, but it is one rather for posterity than for

our own times. Were it successfully executed, we should have an open canal uniting the Indian seas with the Mediterranean—an Egyptian Bosphorus, through which vessels of twenty-five hundred tons could pass fully laden, and so sail right on without obstruction from London to Calcutta. But the scheme is too hazardous and too costly to be other than a failure at the present time. And the only immediate effects of the operations for its construction are, to fill Egypt with Frenchmen, and to give them a great influence over the native population—to raise a strong entrenchment (a rampart and broad wet ditch) all along the frontier of Egypt on the side of Syria—and to involve the Viceroy in obligations to France, from which he will not easily extricate himself. Even if the project were more practicable in its nature, and less suspicious in its origin, it would not be a project for British enterprise. It is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow. There is already a good route to the East through Egypt; and instead of spending or wasting money on the Suez Canal, it would be immeasurably better for England that another and shorter route to the same goal were constructed through Syria. Such a route could be constructed for a fourth of the estimated cost of the Suez Canal; it is shorter; and its political advantages also would be on the side of this country. It would not only give us a double route to our Eastern possessions, and thereby lessen the evil consequences of any outburst of Gallic conquest toward Egypt—an outburst which might be favored by Russia (just as she offered us Candia to obtain our coöperation in 1853)—but it would at the same time strengthen British influence in one of the most important strategical points of the globe.

The British Government has long had its eye fixed on the valley of the Euphrates, as likely to furnish a good route to our Indian possessions. Of the navigability of the Euphrates in ancient times, and even in comparatively modern times, there exists ample proof; and Colonel Chesney, when sent out by the British Government in 1830, after careful explorations, reported that it was practicable to repair the old route. His opinion has been fully confirmed by subsequent explorers. Foremost among these are Captains Charlewood and Campbell, the for-

mer of whom expresses his conviction, "that there are no obstacles to the navigation of the Euphrates from Jaber (the point nearest to the Mediterranean) to the Persian Gulf, throughout the entire year." The latter says: "Of the practicability of the line there is no doubt. The boats now on the Indus were the ones I worked up the Euphrates in 1840. The fact that a sufficient volume of water always finds a vent, without any thing like the peril of the Iron Gates of the Danube, shows that there is no really serious or insurmountable obstruction to be overcome." He adds: "Where is there now difficulty in obtaining boats to run a speed of twelve to thirteen knots, and drawing not more than two feet of water? Such boats are to be seen every day on the Thames, and with these the Euphrates can be navigated from end to end." In point of fact, Mr. Laird, the shipbuilder, undertook to furnish steamers to navigate the Euphrates, drawing only two feet of water, capable of carrying a large amount of merchandise and passengers, and at a speed, when loaded, of twelve knots an hour.

Six years ago, the project of developing an overland route to the East through Syria was completed, by a minute survey of the country between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, which established the fact that a railway could be easily constructed between the two points. An excellent harbor was found on the southern side of the Bay of Antioch, from which port the railway was to run by Antioch and Aleppo to Jaber Castle on the Euphrates. The expense of constructing the harbor, which was estimated at from two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to three hundred thousand pounds, was to be borne by the Turkish Government, which likewise engaged to carry out the works, under the direction of English engineers, simultaneously with those of the railway. The total cost of the line from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates was estimated at somewhat less than a million and a half sterling. A line of telegraph was to accompany the railway, extending also down to Kurnah, at the mouth of the Euphrates, from whence the submarine cable was to traverse the shallows of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea to Kurrachee, at the mouth of the Indus.

Political difficulties have hitherto

prevented the execution of this project, but its ultimate realization is certain. Every thing had been arranged with the Turkish Government—even a firman, we believe, had been obtained by the English company—when the strenuous opposition of France caused the Porte to withdraw, or at least suspend, its sanction to the construction of the works. The French Government foresaw that this project, if proceeded with, would be fatal to their pet scheme of the Suez Canal; they also saw that it would give England as formidable a position in Syria as the Suez Canal was expected to give to France in Egypt. There may be war in the East before the project can be resumed, but war will only prove more forcibly the necessity for such a route. At present, all the merchandise of Europe which penetrates into Central Asia is conveyed along the wretched caravan-road which starts from Trebizonde, on the Black Sea, and, after winding by Erzeroum through the mountains of Armenia, enters the north-western angle of Persia at Tabreez. We need not speak of the superior advantage of a route through Syria. It is obvious that, if the Euphrates valley route were opened, merchandise from the Mediterranean could be conveyed into the heart of Persia in the time that it now takes to convey it to Trebizonde. What we desire especially to call attention to is this—that the caravan road from Trebizonde to Persia passes close to the frontiers of Russia; so that the least extension southward would give her the command of this highway to Central Asia. The commercial consequences to this country of such an event would be very serious. The recent history of the trans-Caucasian provinces shows that, wherever Russia enters as master, there she erects tariffs prohibitory of foreign merchandise, permitting the consumption of no goods but her own. Besides the money-value of such an arrangement, she knows that, where commerce goes, influence follows. Acting upon this principle, Russia has long striven, and with considerable success, to possess herself of the trade with Central Asia; and it can not be doubted that, as soon as she gets the command of the caravan-road by Tabreez, (which will certainly be very soon,) her first step will be to raise obstacles to the transit of European merchandise, and especially to that of her great rival in the East, England.

Egypt is by no means suited for the European constitution, but the climate of Syria is almost as favorable as could be desired. The sea-breezes temper the heat of the seaport towns, and the vicinity of the mountains enables any European inhabitant of Beyroot or Tripoli to obtain not merely a change of air, but of climate, in a couple of hours' time. On the lower slopes of the Lebanon you may find perpetual spring. Of the amenities and utilitarian attractions of Syria as a place of residence, Mr. Wortabet, a native Syrian educated in this country, and who, if somewhat enthusiastic in his anticipations, may be fully trusted in his statement of facts, thus writes :

"The climate is good; and, unless in the marshy lands of Alexandretta, or the hot plains of the interior, no diseases of any particular kind prevail. Mount Lebanon is exceedingly healthy. Are you in search of a cool and bracing atmosphere? Behold it in Lebanon. Every where is romantic grandeur and wild beauty, sweet glens and gurgling streams—vineyards, and groves of mulberry, fig, and pine trees; . . . and beyond, the billows of the rolling Mediterranean. . . . The time is not far distant when the Lebanon will be the fashionable watering-place between India and England. Here, on this mount, friends long separated will yet meet; the mother will clasp to her bosom her long-absent boy; and here the civilian and soldier brothers may greet each other after a long separation."—Vol. i., pp. 184–6.

Again :

"The best mutton or beef is sold for about three pence a pound. Vegetables and fruits are abundant: for a penny or two you can purchase more than you require for a day, (supposing you don't grow your own stock.) For another penny or two you can have an ample quantity of fresh milk every day. Fowls are sold from sixpence to a shilling a pair; turkeys, geese, and ducks are proportionately cheap. The only uncomfortable thing about Mount Lebanon at present is its poor houses; this, however, is not without its remedy, as there are plenty of masons who will soon put one in order for you, or build you a new one on short notice.

"The sportsman requires no license here; and I assure him that game is not very scarce on this mountain. Herds of deer are occasionally met with, and many a wild boar revels in the thickets, forests, and marshes." (Vol. i., p. 135.) "Pigeons and partridges were beyond number."—Vol. i., p. 234.

Silk and wine are at present the staple produce of the Lebanon. It is singular to find the peaceful production of the silk-

worm among the chief employment of a people of warriors; but silk has from time immemorial been the chief resource of the Syrian mountaineer. For probably a thousand years, the silk of Lebanon has been known in the Eastern markets for its rich yellow, and for the fineness of its thread. Of late years, silk-factories have been established in considerable numbers, both by Englishmen and Frenchmen; and this introduction of European capital and enterprise, so beneficial to the native peasantry, is steadily on the increase. As Beyroot is the chief port of Syria, it is chiefly in the neighborhood of that town that these factories are established. Describing a ride up to the heights above Beyroot, Mr. Wortabet says :

"The road is an ascent between gardens of mulberry trees, on the leaves of which the natives feed their silkworms. . . . It is both pleasing and interesting to hear the people of a summer's evening sing at their *helalé*, where they immerse the cocoons in hot water, and where the smooth thread is wound on the reel—in other words, where the raw silk is manufactured. There are many of these *helalés* in the gardens about Beyroot, and the traveler will be interested in visiting one of them, as also a silkworm-house. They are to be met with plenteously during the season, which is spring. The natives formerly sent their raw silk to be reeled in Europe, but they have awakened to the advantage of reeling it for themselves; and hence the traveler will now meet in the vicinity of Beyroot, as also in Mount Lebanon and other parts of Syria, silk-factories for the purpose."—Vol. i. pp. 68–9.

The vineyards of the Lebanon are remarkably luxuriant. The grapes form an important portion of the peasants' food, and they yield good, in some instances excellent wine. Mr. Wortabet's favorable account of them is amply confirmed by the testimony of other travelers. He says :

"The vineyards, which rise in terraces one above another till they reach nearly to the summit of Lebanon, abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which there are different kinds; one, called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape; and another is small and round; besides other kinds, which it is unnecessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with our Syrian grapes. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrian know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine-mart of the world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins;



and the process is this : The grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water, and oil ; after which they are spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about a fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition. They are then gathered and put into sacks of haircloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *dibs*, whilst the refuse thereof is made into wine and arrak. There is only one kind of wine manufactured in this country, known by the name of Lebanon wine, or *cin d'oro*. It is a light kind, and, although the contrary has been alleged, is intoxicating. A kind of spirit, called arrak, is likewise manufactured from the juice of the grape, and is used by the natives in visits of ceremony and on festivals ; on which occasions it is handed round in small *finjars* or wine-cups. In its manufacture ornise-seed is used. . . . The Syrians are by no means partial to liquors of any kind ; and drunkenness hitherto has been at a very low ebb in the country."—Vol. i. pp. 130–2.

The favorable climate and excellent natural resources of Syria may recommend it to tourists, or to a few adventurous settlers ; but they would have little or no effect in regenerating the country, were not these favorable facts accompanied by considerations of far more powerful influence. It is her geographical position that will do every thing for Syria. For twelve centuries it has wrought her wo by attracting to her plains all the warring armies of the East—and we do not say that her trouble from this cause is wholly over ; but henceforth her fate will be reversed, and she will be repaid for her past sufferings by the great advantages which her geographical position will in these altered times secure for her. Railways and steam-navigation are so diminishing distances, that the ends of the earth are coming together. And the region between the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf—the *umbilicus terræ*, the very center of the Old World, and approachable on three sides by sea—will be the great place of meeting, the entrépôt of nations. It will be the grand "portage" of the world—as far surpassing in importance the Isthmus of Darien as the Old World transcends in bulk and population the New. We shall then see the resurrection of Mesopotamia ; and the now desert valley-land of the Tigris and Euphrates, the seat of the old empires of Nineveh and Babylon, will again become the home of a flourishing civilization.

The region of the Euphrates valley, as

history well establishes, is one of the finest and most valuable in the world ; and its restoration to fertility would be an immediate benefit to the world at large. What is the great commercial phenomenon of the age in the countries of Europe but that consumption is outstripping production, and that the products of the soil can not be had in sufficient abundance for our wants ? We can augment rapidly and to any extent the machinery for manufacturing calico, grinding corn, or crushing sugar ; but the great problem of the day is, where to get the raw materials in sufficient quantity ? Chambers of commerce talk of invading the wastes of Central Africa, to find a new cotton region ; and as for corn, the greater part of Europe has already ceased to be self-supporting. But for Egypt, Russia, and the back-settlements of North-America, the more advanced countries of Europe could not exist, and civilization would be starved out at its centers. Owing to the increase of population, and to the gradual drafting of men from agriculture to other kinds of work, which usually takes place in old countries, it appears that the greater part of Europe is becoming less and less able to furnish food for its population, and accordingly must call new regions into cultivation to produce the requisite supplies. Mesopotamia will be the first of those regions. Although now a desert, anciently two of the world's greatest capitals stood on its plains, containing and surrounded by probably as dense a population as any country has since witnessed. The entire soil is alluvial, and of the richest kind, extending for hundreds of miles with hardly a stone to be found on its surface. It has lain fallow for centuries ; indeed, a great part, renewed or coated over by the deposits of the yearly inundations, has never yet been under cultivation. It only needs a regime of order and enterprise to become again what it was of yore—a garden. We see what marvels irrigation can work in the plains of India ; but not even in the most favored Doab of our Eastern empire is the construction of canals so easy by half, or the produce so abundant, as would be the case in Mesopotamia. So near to each other are the channels of the Tigris and Euphrates, that at Bagdad, two hundred and fifty miles above their confluence, they are not more than twenty-five miles separate ; and the intervening ground, flat, loamy, and unencum-



bered by stone or rock, might, in the cheapest and easiest manner, be intersected by irrigating canals and rills. In ancient times, the greatest attention was devoted to these means of agricultural improvement. "A system of navigable canals, that may excite the admiration of even the modern engineer," says Mr. Layard, "connected together the Euphrates and Tigris;" and there still exist the remains of many fine lines of canal, which might again be rendered available. As the country is now, so was it at first. It was the art and industry of man that converted the desert plain into a garden, by leading over its bare baked soil the fertilizing waters of the rivers. This was done in barbarous times, when the world was three thousand years younger than it is now. We may be confident that the present century will witness the revival of the old land by the same means—with the addition of a line of steamers on the rivers, whose banks will also shake under the rush of the steam-cars, and be surmounted by the airy lines of the telegraph.

It is strange to feel one's self standing on the eve of events which will mark a turning-point in the history of the world. It is strange to see the stream of progress, after filling Europe, reversing its course, and pouring back to refill the fountains from which it originally flowed. It is striking to see the seat of long dead empires about to start into new life; commerce to return to its old channels, population to its old seats. Somewhat humiliating, too, to reflect that these great changes must be preceded or accompanied by the downfall of a race that was one of the mightiest of its day. Before the commingled influence of arms and commerce, the Turk will lose his supremacy in Syria, and the country will gradually regain its old religion. The cradle of Christianity will again become its home. The churches in Asia will again lift up their heads. Syria will be made prosperous, and will become Christian. When changes so great may already be regarded as certain and not remote, may we not venture upon another anticipation, and think hopefully of a scattered people as well as of a fallen country?

We live in an age of marvels, when the ordinary march of affairs is ever and anon interrupted by the occurrence of events for which we seek in vain a parallel in the

past. The sublime Providence which rules all, is at present conducting the grand drama of human affairs by a series of surprises. We, the actors in that drama, the creatures and agents of that Providence, are called to assist in startling and momentous denouements, which, unknown to ourselves, our blind and feeble action has been preparing. The analogy between the life of nations and of the individual man long ago arrested the attention of philosophic historians; but the events of the present century, in compelling us to extend that analogy, are bringing us face to face with a truth undreamt of before. The impetuous action and imaginative beliefs of youth—the regulated power and critical judgment of manhood—the calm indifference and epicurean positivism of old age—these have been recognized as characteristic of the growth of nations. But now a novel spectacle, suggestive of a new analogy, is breaking upon us. Nations which have been dead for generations or centuries are bursting their cerements and rising from the tomb. Henceforth we must revise our opinions, and write "RESURGAM" upon the grave of nations as well as of individual men.

A thousand years have passed since the kingdoms of Europe sprang into existence, emerging from the ruins of the old Roman Empire. Since then, Europe has beheld many changes. Kingdoms have changed their limits, as new powers appeared or old ones disappeared from the scene. The royalty of Greece and Italy fell long ago, sinking from decrepitude into death. Poland, too, politically rotten before it was ripe, totally disappeared from the map of Europe. And never yet had a dead nation been known to come to life again. A Tartar horde had conquered and ruled Russia in her infancy, and passed away. A wave of Moorish invaders, in like manner, had passed over youthful Spain, which never ceased struggling until she again became free. But the resurrection of long-dead nations never entered into the calculations of historians. That new truth was reserved for the present generation. The movement began in the very nation which had been longest, and which seemed most hopelessly dead. Forty years ago, Greece, which had ceased to be living Greece for nearly twenty centuries, suddenly moved with new life—so suddenly—that the poet whose noblest verses had bewailed her

utter decay, himself assisted in the struggle which emancipated her from the tomb. Thirty years afterward, Italy, which had only retained her name in Europe as a "geographical expression," moved next, and marked her first wild impulse by uprearing a new Roman Republic, when behind the sword of Garibaldi the national flag was unfurled from the Capitol. If the resurrection of Italy has been more protracted than that of Greece, the issue is more complete. From the Alps to Palermo the Italians are now a united nation, and the empty "geographical expression" has been converted into a formally recognized kingdom of Italy. Even Poland, the last fallen, and the least glorious of the three extinct royalties of Europe, is now agitated with the throes of returning life.

If the sixteenth century was the era of Reformation—a time when Europe revised her beliefs and opinions—the present century may be called the epoch of Resurrection, when Providence is restoring to their places the lost nationalities of the world. At such a time we may well call attention to a kingdom vanished, a people scattered, but a nationality that has never been lost. When we discuss with deep interest the nationality of Italy, of Hungary, of Poland, or even of the Holsteiners and Ionians—when we boast or admit that all these have a future before them, and that their restoration to a free national existence will have an important effect, and be a material gain to any power which may aid them—are we not too forgetful that there is another nationality, far older and more memorable than any of these, which may yet take its place again in the world as well as they?

We are simply politicians, and we regard things purely from a political point of view. And looking in this practical fashion at the course of events and the moving spirit of the times, two thoughts strike us. The first of these is, that it would be a strange thing, a thing so strange as to be most improbable, if, when every nationality is moving, and succeeding in replacing itself in power, the most remarkable and indomitable nationality of all should be exempt from the impulse or denied the success; all the more, seeing its old ground is hardly even occupied by a rival. The second is, that if there be one country in the world which is certain within a few years to be regenerated and

raised anew into importance, it is the region between the Euphrates and the Levant. Let the reader reflect—if, indeed, reflection be needful—and while owning the justice of these two simple thoughts, he will not fail to recognize also their significance.

The Jews are the very type of persistent nationality. At the very outset of their career they gave proof of this characteristic. Possessed of no country, subjects of an alien government, or immersed and inclosed amidst a population more numerous and more civilized than themselves, it might have been deemed certain that their nationality would become merged in that of the Egyptians, and preposterous that they should ever, by a daring exodus from the valley of the Nile, constitute themselves elsewhere an independent nation. But they falsified the expectation: and so it has been with them from that hour to this. Forever menaced with extinction, they show themselves immortal. Persecuted, exiled, proscribed, they have lived through all oppression—they have lived down almost all opposition. Oldest of the nationalities, that grew up in the shadow of the rising Pyramids, that flourished in royalty on the hills of Judea before Rome was built, and when Greece was still but lisping the language which her sons were to make immortal, we find it alive amongst us at the present day, ennobled by merchant-princes of fabulous wealth, who, like sovereigns, hold the strings of peace and war, and supplying to Europe statesmen, orators, financiers, second to none; while the busy race penetrate to all lands, prosper under all governments, and affect the currents of trade and political power to a degree unequalled by any people of similar numbers in the world.

Theirs, too, we need hardly say, is the oldest existing religion in the world; and that religion attracts them forever to their ancient land. To them, above all other nations, Jerusalem is a holy city; and Palestine seems still theirs, *de jure*—a land which God gave to their forefathers. That land still exists, now wanting masters, almost wanting population. No strong power is there to exclude, no dense population has supplanted, the ancient masters of the land. Palestine was never so empty as now, never so barren, never so calling for the help of man. Arab, Mongol, and Turk, in succession, have desolated it; and

now, the last of these, the Turk, is sick ; his rule is lost in anarchy, and the robbers of Nablous and the Bedouins of the desert maintain a devastating interregnum, until some new power appear on the scene. Palestine is "to let." Montefiore, it is said, offered to take a bond upon its revenues as security for moneys to be advanced to the Porte. France aspires to seize, or at least control it.

Is there no other destiny for Palestine but to remain a desert, or to become the appendage of an ambitious foreign power ? Syria, we have said, will ere long be the entrépôt between East and West. On the Euphrates and along the coast, old cities will revive, and new ones will be built ; the old times will come back on a scale of greater vastness and grandeur, and, bridging the level deserts, the steam-car will run in the track of the caravan. Syria, then, will be a place of trade—preeminently. And who are preëminently the traders of the world ? Will there, when the coming change has taken place, be any more congenial field for the energies of the Jew ? The country wants capital and population. The Jew can give it both. And has not England a special interest in promoting such a restoration ? Russia covets Syria, and desires to have a Greek patriarch supreme at Jerusalem. France, whether under Bonaparte or Bourbon, aspires to the suzerainty of Palestine, with a Latin bishop, or the Pope himself—or rather, *a* Pope—installed on Mount Zion. It would be a blow to England if either of her great rivals got hold of Syria. Her empire, reaching from Canada in the west to Calcutta and Australia in the southern east, would be cut in

two. England does not covet any new territories, but she must see that they do not get into the hands of rival powers. She must preserve Syria to herself through the Syrians. Does not policy, then—if that were all—exhort England to foster the nationality of the Jews, and aid them, as opportunity may offer, to return as a leavening power to their old country ? Rome persecutes the Jews. No where does oppression and contempt attend the Jews so much as in Rome itself, in the despised Ghetto quarter of the Eternal City. Russia, too, in her Greek orthodoxy, contemns the Jew. But in England he is unfrowned on by the Church, and endowed with the fullest rights of the citizen. England also is the great trading and maritime power of the world. To England, then, naturally belongs the rôle of favoring the settlement of Jews in Syria. And do not the dictates of policy exhort her to the same course ? The nationality of the Jews exists ; the spirit is there, and has been for three thousand years ; but the external form, the crowning bond of union, is still wanting. A nation must have a country. And is not Syria opening to them ? They seized it of yore, as a wave of armed and enthusiastic warriors : will they not ere long return to it as pioneers of civilization, to reclothe the land with fertility, and as the busy agents of a Commerce which will bring together both East and West on the neck of land between the Euphrates and the Levant ? The old land, the old people, and commerce flowing again in its old channels. We see strange things nowadays ; may not this also be one of the notable sights of this epoch of Resurrection ?

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## CHARLES THE FIFTH'S SONG IN HIS COFFIN.\*

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!  
Hark! calls me to the dead.  
Let me, 'midst prayers and holy song,  
Now sleep that sleep, so deep, so long,  
Upon this soft, smooth bed!  
The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!  
Hark! calls me to the dead.  
A king I was but late—a strong,  
A mighty empire's head;  
The world too small with its countless throng,  
And now a coffin is too long!  
The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!  
Hark! calls me to the dead.

\* It is well known that Charles V., one of the greatest monarchs of Europe, tired of ambition, and of the overwhelming cares of his extensive government, retired, towards the close of his life, to the monastery of St. Justus, where he not only abjured all the luxuries of his elevated station, but subjected himself to many severe penances. "To display his zeal and merit the favor of Heaven," says Robertson, in his *Life of Charles*, "he fixed on an act as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire."

[The fatigue and excitement of this ceremony in which he took part brought on a fit of fever, which in about three weeks carried him off. He died on the twenty-first of September, 1558, in his fifty-ninth year, (59th.) His body, inclosed in a magnificent coffin, lies in the grand mausoleum of the Escorial, where we saw it a few summers ago, down a flight of fifty-one marble steps, under the great dome of the cathedral church of the Escorial. The mausoleum is an octagon with marble shelves, on each side of which are deposited the coffins of the royal family of Spain.—ED. OF THE ECLECTIC.]

Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;  
Disturb my dreams no more.  
Hush! let me sleep in peace, and let  
Me now all earthly things forget,  
And the crown I lately wore.  
Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;  
Disturb my dreams no more.  
Let now my name aside be set,  
And flattery's words be o'er.  
Behold! a corpse I lie, though yet  
The gates of heaven I have not met.  
Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;  
Disturb my dreams no more.

Hasten, hasten, onward bear  
Me now to calm repose.  
Haste, let my weary bones rest there,  
Within that vaulted chamber, where  
Yon lamp sepulchral glows.  
Hasten, hasten, onward bear  
Me now to calm repose.  
Take back the crown 'twas mine to wear,  
So laden with all human woes;  
That crown I may no longer bear—  
'Tis bloody! Ah! then cleanse it fair;  
And hasten, hasten, onward bear  
Me now to calm repose.

Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,  
Grant me rest within the grave.  
Never was my spirit blest,  
Never to my bosom rest  
The gnawing worm yet gave.  
Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,  
Grant me rest within the grave.  
The worm alone is the constant guest  
Of the king as of the slave.  
Ay, ever does the worm infest  
And prey upon the human breast.  
Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,  
Grant me rest within the grave.

Hither, hither, come ye mighty  
To this fir-wood chest;  
Hither come, and ye shall see  
Him whom, among the great like ye,  
The world called greatest, best.  
Hither, hither, come ye mighty  
To this fir-wood chest.  
He who wielded scepters three,



He who could so easy wrest  
Kingdoms from the mightiest, he  
Now fights—alas! that it should be!—  
Now fights with loathsome reptiles, see!  
Within this narrow chest.

The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!  
Let peace be with the dead.  
Let him, 'midst prayers and holy song,  
Now sleep that sleep, so deep, so long,

Upon this soft, smooth bed.  
The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!  
Let peace be with the dead.  
A king he was but late—a strong,  
A mighty empire's head;  
The world too small with its countless throng,  
And now a coffin is too long.  
The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!  
Let peace be with the dead!

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From the London Eclectic.

## THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN.\*

THOSE of our readers who have perused—as who has not?—the exciting narrative of M'Clintock, must have been especially held by a breathless interest as the period of the revelation arrived. After those toilsome wanderings over the wild fields of ice, after every trace had been watched with intense anxiety, every piece of wood examined, and even an old metal or brass button becoming a valuable link or clue of evidence, with what kindred excitement we see the brave party of voyagers in each little isolated Esquimaux village, with its lone hut or two, and its inhabitants cut off eternally from the world and from life and vegetation, to live, to die, to all unknown. And when we approach *that cairn*, how we thrill, as if by some strange spirit-intimation and whispering! M'Clintock writes: "I can not divest myself of the belief that some *record was left here*." And when leaving the cairn of Cape Herschell, the mournful records are found in those solitary skeletons bleaching in that land of eternal snow. There those fragments of the pair of worked slippers. Ah! fair hands which wrought them; little did the weaver think of the doom of him for whom they were wrought. And the Bible, the little Bible lined and marked with its marginal notes; and the little volume of Christian melodies, "From

— to C. G. Graham Gore." Cheerful Graham Gore; there lost amidst those wild wastes of desolation and snow; what a tale of terror and of despair. But it is all a brief inference; all is lost to us; few are the signs which reach us. The doom is known indeed, but it is all a sad *unwritten history*.

A poet tells, and beautifully tells, the story of the picture and the old oak chest; the picture and the skeleton; the story of the bride entombed in her beauty in the vast trunk—she was lost from her marriage hour—and how the father and the husband died, and how the house became tenantless, then went to strangers; but through all the changes how *that* large oak chest occupied its place *there*, a curiosity, with its strange carving, and the mystic portrait above it of the fair Ginevra; and how, when generations had rolled away, the chest was opened, and there the secret was discovered, the skeleton and the ring of gold, all turned to dust. How strange it seems that no whispering ghostly thrill touched the frequent wanderers in the old chamber—nothing to indicate the dread and tender secret haunting the room! But it is even so. The whole world is a great stone chest. What secrets it holds within its unconscious heart! secrets it will not whisper, secrets it will not give up. What are the marvels known to us compared with those all unknown! There is unsung music, there is unpenned poetry, and it

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\* *Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World.* By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D. Two Vols. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

must be the best. And so that history which has never been penned, how profoundly interesting! Could we read it all, what stories, what tragedies, what comedies too, all to us unknown, all confined in undecipherable mystic scroll — *unwritten history*.

Some years since, in pulling down an old house in Gloucestershire, was found a secret chamber within the walls, a bed, a table, a chair or stool, a Bible. The Bible was open. When last used, unknown. By whom, whether surprised, taken, executed in the days of the second James, was all a problem. Young or old? It was all *unwritten history*.

On a hill, over our house, but two or three miles from it, was a still more remarkable monument and memorial. It was a tumulus which two or three years ago was opened. With what singular emotions, and yet what natural ones, we entered that strange tomb on the windy hill, a mound that had stood like a rising heap of earth for ages to be rifled at last; the wide, wild plains stretching behind it, and beneath it the lovely valleys of a civilized land; but no tale of the men who excavated, or of those who were interred there. This, we said, is no Saxon tomb; this is no Roman mound, although the Roman city of Woodchester may almost be seen from hence, and a Roman fortification probably rose on this very spot. Here are the memorials of a day when men reared their monuments in unhewn stone, when the arts of iron, if not unknown, were in their infancy. Wonderful tumulus, coëval with the days of David, or Alexander, or Romulus, or perhaps even earlier, but all unknown. A strange and cloudy region of *unwritten history*.

If ever our readers should go to Scarborough, in Yorkshire, they will not fail to turn aside into the Museum and note a coffin there—a resinous tree. When it was found it contained a skeleton; and the visitor may see the skeleton still; and it ought not to have been taken from the coffin, or should have been restored. In that coffin were found, we believe, an arrow-head, a piece of gold, and what chemists supposed to be some mistletoe. Who was this? Some Druid warrior, some sacred chieftain, uniting the character of warrior, priest, and bard? Arrow-head, mistletoe, and gold seemed to say that it was so, and that form, stately in its decay, magnificent even as a skeleton, seem-

ed to affirm this; but beyond this no trace, no knowledge, no sign; a fact in archaeology, and nothing more. A dim piece of *unwritten history*.

The world is a great churchyard full of tombstones without inscriptions. We thought so the night we walked from Amesbury to Salisbury Plain. It was a bright moonlight autumn evening, twenty years since now. We were little better then than a romantic lad. We are willing that the reader should smile at us. We had been speaking in Amesbury, and nothing would satisfy us but a night alone. We could not endure the idea of companionship at Stonehenge. Perhaps we may be pardoned for the idea that those stones would whisper secrets in our ears by night they were forbidden to utter during the day. We have crossed Salisbury Plain many times since then, but never had exactly the same emotions. A rude pile of colossal stones cotemporary with what? with whom? one of those giant skeletons of the great Lithic ages, the times of stones, when Egypt was rearing her pyramids and Etruria her tombs; a mighty mystery, a myth made palpable. We need not say it was a solemn hour we spent that evening with *unwritten history*. Around us that wide plain; the moon silvering over with her light the hoary monarchs of ages, the winds gently panting across the moors, the bark of the dog from the distant farm, the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the shadows of gray-bearded men stepping behind the columns, and all around the surging winds of ages beating remorselessly but in vain. We heard the toll of the church from Amesbury church-tower; but mystery was all around us, oblivion had strewn her poppies there. *It was all unwritten history*.

How often we have wished we could, by the wave of an enchanter's wand, bring round the days of old, in all their circumstance and their variety, when we have trod the ruins of Tintagel, or of Kilgerran, or of Carephilly, or Tinterns, or Fountains! How we have felt that the old stone chest retained and refused to give up the secret to our bidding! We could not evoke the day when the rafters rung with the loud wassail or the chapel echoed with the nocturn or the matin hymn. Yet sometimes a dread and awful hint transpires. St. Michael's Mount is a strange freak of nature and of man. There on the coast

of Cornwall it rises, when the tide is out, a lonely island, lifting its head and proudly breaking the clouds with its feudal tower like a strange fabrication of nature, a stone growing out of the stone. Down its perpendicular cliff you look into the sea, beneath the lantern of St. Michael; and when the wind is up, and the sea-mews whistle, and the waves beat, how they howl and rush along those cliffs in savage majesty! You thread your way from corridor to corridor and room to room, and when you come to the chapel they take you to the subterranean vault and tell you the tale they told us there fifteen years since. When some workmen were engaged in breaking open the ground for a new tomb, there stood before the workmen's startled and terrified eye a monk, in his cowl, and rosary, and cross. Ages must have elapsed since he had been walled in there, and only so appeared to be resolved instantly to dust. What secrets are these? what hints are these? Look at the map of Cornwall—see those three headlands pierce out to the sea: St. Michael's Mount, and the Logan Rock, and the Land's End. Often, in the times of storm, as we have paced along, we have thought we heard the spirits of the cliffs lifting up their voices and shouting to each other; the Logan Rock with its tale of old Druidic sacrifice; and St. Michael's Mount with its feudal and monastic legends; and deep beneath both, in its large and higher antiquity, the rugged and hoar spirit of pre-Adamic time, from the Land's End; and each spirit of each rock with a tale of *unwritten history*.

We need scarcely to remind our readers of the little unwritten histories that lurk in out-of-the-way and unexpected places. How much history we have in inference, in etymologies, in the names of places, in institutions, in manners and customs! These are the documents of unwritten history. We might suggest two or three of those topics which belong to this classification. We have the *Iliad* of Homer, and are all familiar with Troy; but where was the *Troad*, the Troas, where Paul left his cloak? Unwritten history. We all know Hannibal well, and how he swept down from the Alps on the fair vintages of Italy; but what route did he take? this we know not. We have volumes in our library, learnedly discussing the matter; but it is unwritten history. Even written histories suggest

that denomination to us. There is a rare and valuable book, Deane's *Serpent-Worship traced throughout the World*; and is not that one of the marvels of unwritten history? Every where the Aureb, the Dracon; every where the Ophiolatry; in the Auguinum; the snake-stone of the Druids and the Medusa of the ancients. This the snake is the fair one of the Cymry, and the gliding king of the same people. Tropics or arctics, Muscovites, Lithuanians, Mexicans, Peruvians—every where that reptile is dreaded and adored; alike in Hindoo mythology, where the bright Chrishna is victorious over Caligga; in the Eddee of the ice, where Thor is victorious over the serpent in the sea; and in Grecian mythology, where Apollo slays Python, and Hercules the dragon of the Hesperides.

If Bishop Berkeley began to write about tar-water, and ended his discourse with dissertations on the Trinity, and the unfoldment of the doctrines of Plato, it is surely not surprising that upon such a theme as this we should find our way into strange regions. The history of the shape of the cross would, we believe, be found to be associated with some most unexpected fields of thought and discovery; for the cross is the hammer of Thor. That hammer served, as all readers of the old Saxon mythology will recollect, as either hammer, sword, or cross. That form was ever a sacred one—the white cross of Cusco, and the cross on the Mexican sculptures—but *it is unwritten history*.

Many and most interesting are the unsolved problems of history. Where, for instance, are the ten tribes "scattered abroad"? where is their location? We know, boundless and infinite are the varieties of speculation; but it must be admitted as remarkable, that among the Afghans of India there are tribes whose nomenclature, and habits, and priestly dress, do all at this day identify them with the old Hebrew people. Their highest range of mountains is called Solomon's Throne; their chief clan is called *Dawoodzie*, the tribe of David; they have *Isaaczie*, the tribe of Isaac; *Mousakzie*, the tribe of Moses; the principal of all their tribes is *Yusefzie*, the tribe of Joseph; and they have Ephraim and Zebulon there. Sir George Rose and Mr. Forster, both advocate this remarkable identity as guiding to the lost tribes, and Mr. Elphinston's ef-

forts to oppose the idea, certainly seem only to confirm it.

Thus nations die, and leave no traces behind them. Shall we not confess to a feeling of sadness when the stone relic abides, and not only the man, not only the race, but when all traces of his deeds, his life, and his thought depart? What an unwritten history meets us in the wilderness of Idumea and the rocks of Edom! If we have not seen, we have read the works and travels of Laborde, and Captains Irby, and Mangles, and Burckhart; and if so, is not Arabia Petrea a monumental miracle to us? And in the depths of the Arabian solitude, beneath the shadow of Mount Hor, where Aaron died, and where he was buried, there is a heap of ruins which have been called a "*vox clamantis in deserto*," a pile of architectural ruins of great beauty and extent. There, for ages, they lay crumbling, utterly untracked, undiscovered, unknown, haunted by bands of Bedouen robbers, who made their homes in those palaces and tombs. Immediately upon the track of the Israelites, in their long, long route, from the Red Sea to the Promised Land, lies this ancient city; and what is it? What is it but the wilderness of Idumea? What is it but the home of the tribe of Esau—the Edom of the days of old? From that complication of rocky glens, which bears to this day the name of Wady Mousa—the Way of Moses—Moses had sent messengers to the King of Edom, praying him to allow the Israelites to pass through his territory; and the answer was:\* "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword. And the children of Israel said unto him, We will go by the high way: and if I and my cattle drink of thy water, then I will pay for it: I will only, without doing any thing else, go through on my feet. And he said, Thou shalt not go through. And Edom came out against him with much people, and with a strong hand." And Israel turned away from him; and because he said to Israel, "Thou shalt not pass through," therefore God pronounced the curse, None shall pass through thee.

It is miraculous in that superb inclosure of rocks there lie the myriad tombs of ages, with their wondrous architectural monuments; temples of surpassing ele-

gance, hewn out of the solid rock, all now only stones of emptiness and lines of confusion; the remains of numerous cities, scattered over the desert; once a great thoroughfare, now only an isolated desolation, a mount of robbers.

Before we leave the valleys of Arabia, we will look at a still greater marvel. We shall not be guilty of an Irish bull, if we mention among unwritten histories the mysterious inscriptions of the *Wady Mok Kaleb*; those wondrous picture-letters which line the rocks of those strange and primeval valleys. They have been known and gazed upon by occasional travelers now for many ages. Recently those inscriptions have been engraven; and Mr. Forster, in his three volumes on *Primeval Language*, reads them to us in a marvelous manner. Those rocks, in those inscriptions, have preserved the story of the wanderings of the tribes of Israel for the thousands of years which have since intervened.

Our readers will perceive that we have alighted upon a subject the value of which to each reader must be more in its suggestions and hints than in details. What has arrested our own mind especially is unity. Few of our words and relations can be alleged as absolutely true of God; but there is one term which we can not err in describing to him—unity. God is conscious unity. He is himself the universe; the One revealed in the many; and thus all are but parts of his ways. It is to reflective minds absorbingly interesting to find, that as we dig into the archaeology of nations and mankind, we find a visible unity, and find, too, some absolute unifying element at work in the globe by which disunion and disarray are being fused down into the consistent parts of one great fabric, so that man and nature become whole. The history of the world is the struggle to unity; and the conflicting forces are warring, and have been warring for ages. But see how they palpitate back to light. And in our own age man's freedom is becoming, by the exercise of this volition, as certain and fixed as a law. You can calculate the return of a railway train almost as certainly as the return of a planet, the return of a steamboat as the return of a tide. Science, in the hand of human volition, is subjecting the earth to a beautiful and merciful despotism.

These remarks and illustrations grow very naturally from glancing over Dr.

\* Numbers 20: 18-20.



Wilson's work. Ethnology, especially, is the science of the unwritten history of man; it finds analogies and resemblances in habits and manners, in ways of speech, in monuments, and in memorials. Long before books existed, in regions where books were altogether unknown, every thing man leaves behind him is interesting; it is not only a relic, it is a key which sometimes opens the way to tracing the links of the mysterious affinities of race. Dr. Wilson, whose interesting work, *The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, has been long known to us, and in our library, a brother of the lamented Dr. George Wilson, has applied to the peoples and the monumental remains of the great American continent the method applied to the prehistoric remains of his native country. He very naturally thinks that upon that continent man may be studied under circumstances which seem to furnish the best guarantee of his independent development. His two elaborate and elegant volumes have all the charm of interest and eloquence to recommend them. In fact, for treatises on science they are just too elegantly expressed. We could wish to see more frequently the thought and the fact in its own setting. We think, too, in this age of books there might have been a larger measure of condensation; nearly a thousand pages is a great demand. Yet we must say that the classification of topics is very ingenious, and the information, if not very new, is well arranged. The two volumes are a very excellent introduction to the literature of ethnology, the most interesting science of modern times.

The slightest opening of the archaeological record of our race introduces the mind to topics of almost infinite interest. The records of geology, by its physical facts, present illustrations of moral ones. The Lithic age presents to us saurians and mammoths in the history of our race; we stumble upon the fossil remains of nations, as in the Pyramids, in the Sphinx, in Stonehenge, in the mounds of Nicaragua; while coins, and medals, and the memorials of the Ceramic art, may be, with a pardonable exercise of fancy, regarded as the Ammonites and the Belemnites of nations.

These interesting volumes are the repository of curious facts from a wide field of discovery in America. Forests of the most inaccessible gloom are found to be the wild growth of ages round cities whose peoples have passed away, but have left

behind them the pillars, and mounds, and memorial-stones of their existence; canoes, and other evidences of the maritime instinct; tools, evidences of the technological instinct, illustrations of the mastery and dominion over metals; especially the evidences of native civilization in Peru, where the traveler along the ancient route of Peruvian industry still meets on every hand the ruins, not only of temples, palaces, and strongholds, but of terraced declivities, military roads, causeways, aqueducts, and other public works, astonishing by the solidity of their construction and the grandeur of their design. The whole of the continent is covered with monuments of some ancient forms of civilization which have now passed away.

"The ancient empires of Mexico and Peru are indissolubly associated together on the page of history in the melancholy community of suffering and extinction. Yet, while alike exhibiting extensive dominions under the control of a matured system of social polity, and vitalized by many indications of progress in the arts of civilization, they present in nearly every characteristic detail, elements of contrast rather than of comparison. Between the fifteenth and seventeenth degree south, the colossal mountain range of the Andes rises to a height varying from twenty-four to upward of twenty-five thousand feet; from whence, as it sweeps northward across the tropical line, it gradually subsides into a line of hills as it enters the Isthmus of Panama, while its lofty chain extends nearly unbroken to the Straits of Magellan. Sheltered amid the lofty regions of the plateaus that rise step by step on the steep sides of the Andes, a gentle and industrious population found within the tropics all the effects of varying latitude in relative elevation; while the narrow strip of coast-land, rarely exceeding twenty leagues in width, gave them command of the burning regions of the palm and the cocoa-tree, fanned by the breezes of the Pacific Ocean. Such a country, under the gradual development of a progressive civilization, would have seemed fitted only for small, detached, and independent states, or a federation resembling in some degree that of the cantons of the Swiss Alps. But the most remarkable and enduring monuments of the civilization of the Incas are the great military roads, fortresses, post-stations, aqueducts, and other public works; by means of which a coherent unity was maintained throughout dominions broken up by vast mountain ravines, narrow ocean-bounded low-lands, watered under a tropical sun only by a few scanty streams, and pathless sierras elevated into the regions of eternal snow. The Spanish conquerors, with all their boasted superiority, have allowed the great highways of the Incas to fall into ruin;

yet, even after the lapse of three centuries, Humboldt recorded as his impression, on surveying one of them in its decay: 'The great road of the Incas is one of the most useful, and at the same time one of the most gigantic works ever executed by man.' "

The Red Man is among the ancients of the earth; how old it is quite impossible to determine. Mr. Schoolcraft has done something toward writing his history. There is a wonderful unity in the race, while it is yet a remarkable variety. The Red Man will probably soon be as unknown as the mammoth or the ichthyosaurus, his only memorial in a novel or a tumulus. We call him Indian; we might as well call him Chinese or Persian. Once his race numbered sixteen millions; now it does not number two millions. It was a brave, a mighty people; a people, however, with ideas as fixed as those of the Chinese. Hence, when Mr. Catlin painted a buffalo, they told him not to take them away, or there would be none left to hunt. One was terrified lest his picture, living after his death, should haunt his grave and make him shadowless; while another, whose features were profiled, was taunted that half of his face was left out because it was good for nothing, which ended in a quarrel and produced the death of both. Who will tell of the race of the Mandans? There were two thousand when Mr. Catlin visited them, and there was a proverb that no Mandan was ever known to kill a white man. Infected by the small-pox, the whole of the tribe died. We have often thought of the death of Mah lo tah pe, (the four bears,) who recovered from the disease, and sat in his wigwam, and saw his whole tribe and family die around him, then covered them with rushes, and went to the hill determined to starve himself to death, remained there six days, crept back to the gloom of his wigwam, laid down by the side of his dead, and died after nine days' abstinence from food. The Red Man regards the white as an essential and undoubted liar; probably, we may hope, not only because he has tested the veracity of his white brother and found it wanting, but because almost every thing communicated must be opposed to his wall of fixed ideas. But he possesses an instinctive grace and grandeur of soul. What a pretty story is that which Catlin tells of the Pawnee, who rescued the poor girl of some hostile tribe from the stake, to

whom some ladies of New-York sent the medal with the letter, "Brother, accept this token of our esteem, always wear it for our sakes, and when you have the power to save a poor woman, think of this and us, and fly to her relief!" and the answer, so thoroughly Red Indian: "Sisters, this will give me care more than ever I had, and I will listen to white men. I am glad I heard of the good act I have done. I did it in ignorance: now I know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know I did good, but by giving me this medal I know it!" How great is that instinctive grandeur of soul which does good and yet does not know it! We quite agree with Dr. Wilson that the Red Man is one of our greatest ethnological mysteries. Did he come from Europe? Has he, too, Norse blood in his veins? The suggestion of Dr. Wilson is far from new: "It would be a most remarkable and unlooked-for result of the ingenious hypothesis of Rask and Arnot, if it were found to resolve itself into ancient tide-marks of two great waves of population; the one the broad stream of Indo European migration, setting forth westward toward the shores of the Atlantic, and the other an overflow from the western hemisphere, also setting westward, but within those higher latitudes of which history has taken no account, and only coming within the range of observation as it breaks and disperses in the shock of collision with the world's later stock." Wanderers by the oceanic route may, therefore, have begun the peopling of South-America long before the north-eastern latitudes of Asia received the first nomades into their inhospitable steppes, and opened up a way to the narrow passage of the North-Pacific. At any rate, the north-eastern movement of the tide of migration, and its overflow into America, have been too absolutely assumed as the chief or sole means by which the new world could be peopled from an Asiatic center.

We boast of civilization. The Red Indian neither admits the superiority of the white man nor believes in it. "What is this civilization?" says he: "I don't desire it." He regards it as a cumbersome and useless burden. He will not conform to cities, will rather die in his woods. There is much in him that reminds us of that most characteristic letter in the possession of Mr. Layard, and sent by some

Turkish cadi, in reply to some inquiries touching commerce, and population, and remains of antiquity, in the place where dwelt this worthy head of the law. If the reader has seen them, they are worth the reading again.

"MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND, AND JOY OF MY LIVER!—The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

"Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

"Listen, O my soul! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold, this star spineth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

"But thou wilt say unto me: Stand aside, O man! for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

"O my friend! if thou wilt be happy, say: There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death: for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit, (El Fakir,)

"IMAM ALI ZADE."

But it is the fate of the Red Indian, and of all such, to yield before the compact forces of that higher civilization of which he has no knowledge. We have abundant evidence of the possession by these people of the rudimental perceptions of our race;

instincts, Dr. Wilson calls them. Well, the term is sufficient as indicating soul. But that which these forests and mounds lay bare is used by our author as an argument to illustrate the large extent to which man has a self-developing power; how he, and he alone, because he is man, is able to cope with metals and fire, can delicately carve wood, and seeks to perpetuate his ideas and communicate them by picture and by speech. One of the most interesting chapters is that on "The Technological Instinct and Tools," in which the author says:

"A peculiarly interesting illustration of the use of shells for such purposes of personal decoration, by the Allophylian of the British Islands, during their primitive stone-period, is furnished by a discovery made in the year 1838, during the progress of improvements in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. An elevated knoll, known by the name of Knock-Maraidhe, or the Hill of the Mariners, was ordered by the superintending officer of the Royal Engineers to be leveled, when it was discovered that it was an artificial sepulchral mound, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and fifteen feet in height, concealing a cromlech, or megalithic tomb, composed of massive unhewn stones. Within this sepulchral chamber were found two male skeletons, with traces of other bones, including one supposed to be that of a dog. From the dimensions of the inclosed chamber, it was manifest that the bodies had been interred in the contracted position common in early British sepulture; and immediately under each skull lay a quantity of the common littoral shells, *Nerita littoralis*. These had been rubbed down on the valve, so as to make a second hole, for the purpose of being strung together to form necklaces, and the remains of vegetable fiber were discovered along with them, a portion of which was through the shells. Along side of these, also, lay a knife, or arrow-head of flint, and a double-headed pin, neatly formed of bone, but no traces of metallurgic arts. In the outer verge of the tumulus, four stone-cists were also discovered, each containing a small sepulchral vase, and calcined bones. The sepulcher evidently contained the bodies of one or perhaps two distinguished chiefs, to whom were accorded the most costly funeral honors of primitive times. The surrounding urns with their incinerated remains, and possibly also one of the skeletons in the megalithic chamber, point to the practice of human sacrifice, when the subordinate officer, the wives, and slaves, perished beside the bier of the great warrior, that they might pass with him to the world of spirits, there to renew the same servile offices they had performed on earth. Such examples of primitive sepulture have been repeatedly brought to light, and amply correspond with the barbarian ideas of the most lavish honors to the illustrious



dead. Manifestly neither labor or cost was spared. The huge magalithic chamber of the dead was reared, the ornamental cinerary urns were prepared, the bodies of the attendant victims were consumed on the pile, and their remains deposited with the urns in the surrounding cists, and then the earthen pyramid was laboriously piled over the whole, and the costly structure hidden for ages from the light of day. The occurrence exclusively of weapons, implements, and ornaments of the stone-period in such tombs is one of the strongest arguments that it was an absolute stone-period, without even the first transitional traces of metallurgic arts; and this idea, which I was led to form from the investigation of primitive British graves, has been strongly confirmed by the proofs of the lavish expenditure of the most costly treasures of the American Indian in his sepulchral depositories. In the Huron grave-mounds of the Georgian Bay lie the tropical shells of the Gulf of Florida, the carved pipe-head, the stone hatchet, and flint arrow-head, and along with these the copper kettle, the iron knife, and other metallic treasures acquired from the old French traders. So also among the Chinook and Cowlitz Indians on the Columbia and Cowlitz Rivers, the honored dead is deposited in his elaborately decorated canoe, with not only his native bow and arrows, his spear, paddle, and personal ornaments, but with the iron tomahawk, copper kettle, gun, and others of the most prized objects acquired from the Hudson's Bay factors, laid beside him. It may therefore be assumed that it was not because the copper, bronze, or iron weapon or implement was too costly a sacrifice to deposit in the magalithic tomb, that such so frequently discloses only the stone hammer or celt, the flint lance-head, the shell necklace, etc., but because these alone constituted the implements and personal ornaments of the era."

Who does not know, and know well, the story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp?" that lamp which you had but to rub when, promptly at your call, the palace rose; the golden bars borne by the hosts of obedient slaves. Such is the effect produced upon us by Mrs. Gray's book on Etruria, or Wilkinson's Egyptians. We do not indeed change our new lamps for old as we descend into the earth, into a realm of magic, and discover the lamp by which is opened to us the vault of ages.

Thus, how suggestive names are! Dr. Kitto, in one of his delightful papers, his *Bible Illustrations*, devotes some interesting remarks to the city taken by Israel as recorded in Joshua 15:15: "Kirjath-sepher," that is, the "Book City." There is something ineffably affecting in this constant flowing of peoples and nations to oblivion; still we have a right to console

ourselves with the great thought that nothing really divine or noble dies. When we behold man conquered by time and circumstance, we often are disposed to recall the great old Saxon myth of Balder—Balder, the bright and the beautiful—and it has seemed to us not only the most bright and beautiful of the myths, but we have regarded it as a prophecy too. He was the god of light, and grace, and manly beauty, splendor and manly excellence. But there was a prophecy that Balder would perish, and that prophecy troubled the gods; and an oath was taken from all created nature that no individual thing would harm him: all things swore except a sprig of mistletoe, too young to take the oath, and therefore excepted. The invulnerable young god offered himself as a mark, and maces, and axes, and spears fell harmlessly on his sacred frame. But Loki, the god of evil, put the sprig of mistletoe into the hands of a blind man, and, with this, the sole thing that could not be foresworn, he slew his brother. Then Odin descended to the abode of Hell to induce her to relinquish her prey; and he was successful. He promised to relinquish Balder if all created things would weep for him; and all wept save one old crone. She said: "Let Hell keep her dead, what have the gods done for me that I should weep for Balder?" It was Loki, the god of evil, who had assumed the old woman's form. So said the legend. Nanna, his wife, bravely and courageously would not survive her lord; so the throne of Balder was placed in the shadowy abode of hell, and the weeping virgins spread the eternal pall that was to do dreary honor to the god of light in the cold kingdom of darkness and of the invisible. Yet it was known that Balder was to rise again in triumph after the twilight of the gods and the destruction of the ancient world: he was to return in glory and in joy, and to reign in the world where there should be neither sin, nor sorrow, nor destruction.

What a sublime prophecy is this. How the destiny of man looks through these shadowy tales. Thus, man is perpetually overcome, and as yet we only see the generations passing in a long procession, troop on troop, to the grave. Yet we may rely upon it that the form only perishes, the being never; and we may rely upon it that nations and men only die when the object of their true exist-



ence can be no more answered by continuing on the platform of inferior relations. The great thought of pain presses upon us sometimes. How little is known! Martyrs even have died at the stake whose names are lost to us. And how little do we know of that silent household martyrdom which crowns and glorifies many a lowly life; how little do we know of the much-enduring and uncomplaining sufferings! What things are unwritten! We feel sometimes sad that all should be so unknown. What poems unpenned; what wit unrecorded; what heroism unwritten; what deeds unchronicled! The effort is made, and there is no honor, and death comes and bears away his victim. What

then? Let us say this and feel this: the value of the deed is to the doer. *History!* what is history? Rust on a gauntlet. Let us be sane, and count all tombstones worthless. On one page of history you may crowd twenty names that all seemed immortal in their day—lost now. We can not set the value of most of the names which shine in the *Encyclopædia*, beyond the names on the village tombstones in the country churchyard.

Dr. Wilson's very interesting volumes have suggested a train of remark somewhat too discursive; but we have several volumes before us which will enable us to return again to some ethnological speculations on unwritten history.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## T H E R E I G N O F T E R R O R . \*

"Two principles," it is justly remarked by M. Mortimer-Ternaux, "have, since the commencement of society, disputed the empire of the world—Liberty and Despotism. Despotism may have its throne in the street, as well as in the palace of kings; it can lean on a mob as well as on a prætorian guard, and be put in force by a committee of public safety, just as well as by a Tiberius or a Nero. Democracy is, strictly speaking, only one of the incarnations of despotism."

This great fact can not be too much pondered upon. In our own times, when all things have, more or less, a democratic tendency, when literature and even religion are called into its service, and the spirit, not of freedom only, but of aspiration to government on the part of the often uneducated masses, is becoming almost universal, it is well to reflect upon the examples given to us of democratic despotism in the United States, the liberty of the subject and of the press invaded,

and the last resources of despots of old put in force among a so-called liberal and enlightened people; as also to the still more flagrant and fearful example of democratic despotism, as compared even with the worst forms of regal, imperial, or dictatorial despotism, presented to us by the so-called "Reign of Terror" in France. The real liberty enjoyed by the subject under a constitutional sovereignty affords the most remarkable and pleasing contrast that can possibly be imagined, and honest and loyal constitutionalism can appeal to such with upraised head, when it lifts its warning voice against those demands for an unlimited suffrage or franchise, which must end, not only in supplanting a stable progress and prosperity by revolution, and a free constitution by despotism, but as our country is circumstanced, just as much as in France, by a collective tyranny a hundred-fold more rude, more tyrannical, and more cruel and insupportable, than any individual tyranny can be.

\* *Histoire de la Terreur, 1792-1794. D'après les Documents Authentiques et des Pièces Inédites. Par. M. Mortimer-Ternaux. Tomes premier et deuxième. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862.*

The difficulty that presents itself in the instance of the most flagrant of all these turpitudes, "conceptions of genius and

terrible dramas," according to some, is to determine when they began. What is the point of departure of the tyranny of the street and of the despotism of the mob?

"We hesitated a long time," says M. Ternaux, "for how many precursory signs preceded the horrible tempest that put all France into mourning! After long reflection, we decided upon the date of the twentieth of June, 1792, that is to say, upon the day when anarchy, after having, so to say, had its advent sanctioned in the sanctuary of the laws, by defiling there with its procession of drunken men and delirious women, dared to sully the inviolable asylum of Louis XVI., and to soil the venerable head of the unfortunate monarch with the red cap, in anticipation of the day when it should strike it down with the revolutionary ax."

True that the constitutionalists of the Assembly and of the departments protested vehemently against this outrage, but their voices were lost in the clamor of the streets, and a fatal discouragement took possession of them.

From that day the National Guard was morally dismissed. After a few courageous but isolated struggles, the bond of union was severed. Each followed the impulse of his own egotism, and the different members retired, panic-stricken, to their homes, hoping that they would individually be forgotten, and that the storm would pass over without involving them personally. The Reign of Terror was inaugurated; anarchy, which was to devour all things, domineered without opposition, and was not even troubled in its work of destruction by the cries of its victims. Like the Polyphemus of fable, it could select them on what day and what hour it pleased, could immolate them at its leisure, putting off to the next day the sacrifice of a portion of its prisoners, without any one daring to question its verdicts of death.

The first attempt made by the democrats to proclaim the sovereignty of the streets, inaugurate the reign of tumult, and tumble down the last foundations of the old monarchical edifice, was ably carried out. The discipline of the army was already much shaken, but it might, in the moment of extreme danger, take the initiative under energetic and respected leaders. It was to it, therefore, that the first efforts of the Jacobins in realizing the secret programme of their policy of dis-

organization directed itself. Symptoms of insubordination had begun to manifest themselves in many regiments. The National Guards gave the example at Paris, and it was soon followed by other regiments in Marseilles, Grenoble, and Metz.

A fête was organized in Paris to commemorate these acts of insubordination, and to feast its so-called "martyrs." It was fixed, amidst much opposition, for the fifteenth of April, and was to have that much-abused word, Liberty, and which in revolutionary parlance meant simply license, for its chief object. The Municipality undertook the necessary measures for preserving order. Ternaux and Louis Blanc have alike branded with infamy the articles which appeared in the revolutionary journals, more especially the *Père Duchesne*, upon this occasion. Both quote portions, and their violence, indeed, appears to be only exceeded by their insolent vulgarity. "*Aux piques! f—, brave sans-culottes, aiguisez-les pour exterminer les aristocrates qui osent broncher; que ce beau jour soit le dernier de leur règne; nous n'aurons de repos que quand la dernière tête d'aristocrate sera tombée!*" is a sufficient example.

The day selected was a Sunday. *Tableaux vivants* had been dispensed with till anarchy had made further progress, but the places of the forty men destined to carry the chains of the soldier-convicts were taken by forty virgins. The programme being responsible for the fact. The procession was opened with busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, and Sidney. These were followed by two sarcophagi, united by a band, on which was inscribed, "*Bouillé and his accomplices are alone guilty.*" And the names of the victims of the affair at Nancy were inscribed on the coffins. "*Magnanimous idea!*" says M. Louis Blanc. "*Noble reconciliation!*" exclaims M. Michelet. Eighty *sans-culottes* followed, carrying the banners of departments, to give the fête a national aspect. The citizens and citizenesses of the different Sections followed between lines of National Guards, with each an ear of wheat in his hand. Then came the Book of the Constitution, and the Table of Declaration of Rights, borne between two files of citizen-soldiers, and followed by the Municipality, headed by that incarnation of ridiculous vanity, *Pétion*. The authorities were followed by the chief object presented to the admiration

of the public—a convicts' galley. In the hurry to overthrow all that had been held previously in honor, and to put every thing that had been despised in its place, the post of honor had been given to the emblem of infamy. The forty virgins and the soldiers of Châteauneuf walked behind and around the galley, "like a crown of flowers," as the poetic Tallien expressed it, and they were again followed by some troopers of the old French Guard, who bore the flag and the keys of the Bastille.

The procession was closed by a car in the shape of a galley, drawn by twenty-four white horses, and bearing a colossal statue of Liberty, with incense smoking in front. The right hand of the statue held the red cap, and the left ears of corn, or the sword of the law? not at all a far more significant thing—a club! Renown hovered above, bearing on a scroll the statement that "*La France est libre*"—free in virtue of the club! Arrived at the Champ de Mars, the Table of the Declaration was placed upon the altar of the country, the car of Liberty was promenaded round the altar, and then the order of procession broke up, and, to use the words of M. Ternaux, "*Les citoyens et citoyennes exécutèrent les danses et les farandoles les plus patriotiques.*"\*

It is a curious fact, illustrative of civil broils, that Marie Joseph Chénier was the poet of the new worship—that of License—whilst his brother, André Chénier, who paid on the scaffold for his fidelity, inexorably branded the outrages committed against morality, reason, and justice, with eternal infamy.

The friends of order and of the constitution became seriously alarmed at the abyss that the Jacobins were digging beneath their feet, and first openly manifested on the occasion of the fête of the Swiss of Châteauneuf. They made an attempt to test the popular sentiment—which they hoped was only led away for a moment by curiosity—by celebrating a funeral fête in honor of Simoneau, Mayor of Etampes, who had perished a victim of his devotion to the law. Disturbances had arisen in that town on account of the dearness of corn. An armed crowd insisted that it should be taxed at a price

below what it fetched in the market. Simoneau naturally declared that this was not in his power, unless he made up the difference out of his own pocket. But this was the age of reason, and the mob insisting, and the Mayor being abandoned by the few mounted men who were with him, he fell beneath the blows and balls of the rioters, who afterward marched out of the town, drums beating, and the people shouting "*Vive la Nation!*" This Simoneau was a friend of the Revolution, so the Jacobins joined with the Constitutionalists on this occasion, in sympathetic condolence. The Assembly decided that public honors should be given to the defunct Mayor, and that a fête should be celebrated in the name of the French nation. The extreme party, however, waxed furious at the idea of a festival in honor of the law. Robespierre declared in his journal, *Le Défenseur de la Constitution*, that the Mayor of Etampes had been guilty before being a victim. The fête, however, took place in spite of Robespierre and of his fanatical followers, on the first Sunday of June, and the National Assembly honored it with its presence: so, also, did the Municipality and the National Guard. But the populace saw the procession go by, and did not mingle in it. The whole thing was denounced by the Jacobins as reactionary—a fatal word, then first coming into use. The sword in the hand of Law was also denounced, although Liberty had held a club, and ultimately the assassins of Simoneau became the heroes of an audacious and impious apotheosis.

It was now three months that the Girondists had been in power, and, thanks to their tacit connivance, the Legislative Assembly continued to sap the last foundations of the throne. On the twenty-ninth of May, after an animated discussion, the dissolution of the Constitutional Guard of the king was voted, and its commandment, the Duke of Brissac, was sent to join Delessart at Orleans. The decree excited a lively enthusiasm among the Jacobins, and they flocked to the Tuileries to announce their triumph by the significant intimation of "*Ça ira*," "That famous melody," said the Mayor of Paris, upon this very occasion, "which rejoices the patriots and makes their enemies tremble." Louis XVI. had the weakness to sign the decree which deprived him of one of his last supports.

\* "*Les frères embrassaient les frères et, selon l'humeur française, la fraternité pour les sœurs était encore bien plus tendre,*" wrote Michelet.

The dismissal of the King's Guard was followed by more important measures. A camp of twenty thousand sans-culottes was voted for Paris, while the troops of the line were to be dispatched to the frontier. The council of ministers recriminated, the National Guard protested, and a petition, signed by eight thousand persons, was presented to the Assembly against the project. Passions ran so high that the parties in opposition were on several occasions nearly coming to blows. The revolutionists began to openly advocate the assassination of the King. Marat called for vengeance against the ministers, generals, and deputies, who, he said, had come to an understanding with the court to strangle the patriotic battalions. The Jacobins denounced the insolence of the "Autrichienne," and the faubourgs were all preparing for definite action. The King, however, persisted in refusing to sanction the decree, and it was everywhere felt that things could not stop where they were.

Roland took the initiative, and wrote a letter to the King, which has remained famous in history. It was the ultimatum addressed by the Girondists to Royalty. The King, in his anger, summoned Dumouriez to his presence. The Queen, however, opened the conversation:

"Do you think, sir," she said, "that the King should submit any longer to the threats and insolence of Roland, and to the treachery of Servan and Clavières?"

"No, madame," the General replied; "I am indignant. I admire the King's patience, and I would urge him to change his ministry entirely."

"I would wish you to remain," interposed the King, "you, as also Lacoste and the 'bonhomme' Duranthon; but do me the service to rid me of those three insolent partisans, for my patience is exhausted."

Dumouriez accepted, but on condition that the King should sign the decrees. Roland and Clavières dismissed, appealed to the Assembly. But the King, hesitating to sign the decrees, Dumouriez, after a scene of recrimination at the Assembly, presented his dismissal three days afterward, and it was accepted. Thereupon the Assembly voted the appointment of a committee of twelve members to watch over the interests of the country. The next day a letter was received from La Fayette, denouncing the Jacobins as the

authors of all the disorders. It was the manifesto of the constitutional party, as the message of Roland, who had declared that the revolution should be completed at the sacrifice of life, had been that of the Jacobins. The Assembly handed over the letter to the Council of Twelve. As to the Jacobins, they felt at once that a duel for life had commenced, and they demanded that the new "Monk" should be summoned before the high court of Orleans. This was on the eighteenth of June. On the nineteenth the minister of justice, Duranton, announced to the Assembly that the King placed his veto on the transportation of the so-called turbulent priests, and on the projected formation of a camp of twenty thousand men in Paris.

M. Ternaux argues that the events of the twentieth were not the instantaneous response of the popular masses to the King's vetos. All, he says, had been previously prepared. This may be so far true as preparations for action were concerned, but there is no doubt that the refusal of the King to allow the populace to arm themselves was what brought the plans into action. Certain is it, however, that the leaders in the faubourgs, Santerre the brewer; the ferocious Fournier, called the American, because he had lived at St. Domingo; Saint-Huruge, a noble debauchee; Rossignol, a working silversmith; the butcher Legendre; and the Polish adventurer Lazousky, had intended raising the masses and planting a tree of liberty in the garden of the Tuileries on the sixteenth. Every thing, therefore, was ready, and the sections, after a violent address from a deputation from Marseilles urging them to action, sat in conference all the night of the nineteenth. A meeting was also held by Pétion, the same evening, at the mayoralty, and after hearing from the different leaders that the citizens were determined to present a petition in arms the ensuing day, it was actually proposed to legalize the proceeding by the Municipality taking a part in it, in order, as they said, to preserve order. The Directory of the department had, however, the good sense to refuse legalizing that which was illegal, and Pétion had no other alternative than to issue at day-break a manifesto against the meeting.

Municipal officers were also sent in the course of the morning to endeavor to influence the people and their leaders. There was much hesitation even among them.



The Section of Montreuil remained for some time undecided. Saint-Prix and Leclerc, commandants of the Bataillon Val de Grace, nearly came to fighting with the populace of Saint-Marceau, but, abandoned by their men, they had to succumb. The people insisted upon their rights to celebrate the anniversary of the oath of the "Jeu de Paume," and to plant a tree of liberty on the Terrasse des Feuillants. At twelve o'clock Santerre issued forth from his brewery, and took the lead. He was followed by the mob of sans-culottes, the guns, colors, and men of the National Guard, and the car that bore the poplar-tree. He was the hero of the day.

The Municipality had met the same morning, and issued an order to call the citizens to arms, but no motion was taken. The Directory met, and kept up communication with the Tuileries, the ministry, and the Assembly. The latter had also met, and were still debating when the sound of the mob approaching was heard, and the meeting became conscious that the popular flood was already beating at the doors of the National Assembly. The building stood near the Place Vendôme, parallel to the Terrasse des Feuillants. That terrace existed as it does in the present day, only instead of the railing that now separates it from the Rue de Rivoli, there was a dead-wall, so the mob proceeded by the Rue Saint-Honoré, turned down the Place Vendôme, and presented themselves at the Gate (so called) des Feuillants. Two municipal officers attempted once more to arrest their progress at this point, declaring that they could not exercise their right of petition in such numbers. But it was in vain. The mob invaded all the courts, passages, and approaches, till there was no means of retreat for those who were in front, and long before the Assembly, in which, as usual, the Right was opposed to the Left, had decided whether or not they should be admitted, the petitioners had obtained access to the hall. They had also broken down a doorway that led into the gardens, and a portion of the mob had dispersed themselves among the trees—a fact which M. Ternaux dwells upon with emphasis, as attesting that a first act of violence was committed before the petitioners had been heard by the Assembly, and because it has been denied, or passed over by his-

torians, who view the events of the twentieth of June as an "idyl in action."

The drums of the Bataillon des Quinze-Vingts beat to order, the crowd dispersed in the gardens rejoined the ranks, and the second act of the drama, which might at any moment have been converted into a frightful catastrophe, opened. Huguenin was the orator of the mob, and he addressed the Assembly at length. The petition was a formal declaration of war against the monarchy. This accomplished, and other petitions having been read, the multitude were allowed to defile under the direction of Santerre and Saint-Huruge. The procession lasted upward of an hour. There were men, women, and even children, some with arms, others without. Among them were also many National Guards. Many carried strange emblems; one, a worn-out pair of nether garments at the end of his pike—the emblem of the misery of the people—another bore the heart of a recently killed animal, with the inscription: "Heart of aristocrat!" Many shouted: "Long live the patriots!" "Down with the veto!" Most sang the "Ça ira" to the confused sound of the band and drums. Others, again, favored the Assembly with patriotic dances, and some wished to speak. But Santerre hurried them on, with loud orders: "En avant, marche!" The procession over, the latter thanked the representatives for the reception given to their constituents, presented them with a flag in testimony of their gratitude, and then hastened away with Saint-Huruge, followed by the mob, to the Place du Carrousel. The Assembly thought that all was over, and dispersed. It was then half-past three in the evening.

The mob crossed the garden, issued forth by the gate of the Pont Royal, and turned up the quays. Some battalions of National Guard were stationed in front of the Tuileries; the crowd defiled before them. As they passed the royal windows they shouted: "Vive la Nation!" "Vivent les Sans-culottes!" "A bas Monsieur et Madame Veto!" As to the National Guards, some blamed, others openly approved of the movement. As the crowd passed on to the quays, the royal family gained confidence, and fancied that the worst was over. But instead of following the line of the quays, the crowd turned into the Place du Carrousel, the

gates of which had already been taken possession of by the battalions of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Saint-Prix had also sent his two guns, and the men that served them, into the place. Romainvilliers, commandant-general of the chateau, had at his disposal ten battalions in the garden, two more on the terrace that overlooks the river, four on the Place Louis XV., five on the Place du Carrousel, and a battalion besides the guard on duty, and one hundred gendarmes within the Tuileries. The access to the approaches of the chateau, and still more so to the palace itself, could very easily have been prevented with such a force, but the commandant remained inactive.

There was one more gleam of hope. For a moment the crowd seemed as if inclined to make for the Rue Saint-Nicaise, and regain its quarters by the Rue Saint-Honoré. Colonel Rulhière, who was posted with two squadrons of gendarmes in front of the Tuileries, thought that all danger was so completely over that he got down from his horse and went to chat with some brother-officers within the court of the chateau. Unfortunately the mob did not disperse, but kept accumulating in the place, at that time much more circumscribed in space than in the present day, and encumbered with old and dilapidated buildings, so that it was soon full to inconvenience. This at once irritated and excited the masses. A group of some forty sans-culottes presented themselves at the gate of the royal court and demanded admittance. The gendarmes crossed their arms without vouchsafing a response. Still no decision was taken, no orders given. One Carle asked Romainvilliers what he was to do with the two hundred men under his orders. "Let them remove their bayonets," was the reply. "Why don't you tell me at once to give up my sword and take off my culotte?" retorted the indignant soldier.

Still the mob kept its place at the royal gate, shouting for admission. Mouchet, a municipal officer, who, according to Ternaux, appeared wherever the mob was about to force its way, but was little heard of after that day, insinuated that the right of petition was sacred. Whereupon one Acloque, chief of the second legion, offered to present twenty unarmed delegates to his majesty. About thirty presented themselves, and were allowed to pass within the court. But a more

important movement had begun, or followed upon this, among the mob. The populace and National Guard made a simultaneous rush toward the court, and the artillery followed up behind. They were even preparing to open fire, when a voice was heard exclaiming: "Do not fire; the gates will be opened." A moment more and the mob held possession of the royal court. There was still another railing at the further side of the court, under the arch that leads to the grand staircase, and an attempt was made to close and secure this, but it was too late. Besides, the soldiery would not act, and as there was no one who avowed the responsibility of opening the gate of the court, or of ordering it to be opened, so there was no one who was responsible for closing the great gate of the chateau itself. The rush of the populace being thus unopposed, it became so impetuous that one of their great guns was actually borne along by the mob as far as the third room, called La Salle des Suisses, the door beyond which it blocked up. This only served to augment the fury of the mob, who saw in it a gun loaded with grape and prepared for their reception. Boucher, Reine, and Mouchet had it removed by the free use of the ax, and carried to the bottom of the staircase, where it remained till the palace was evacuated.

Treating the Tuileries as a town carried by assault, and overthrowing everything that was opposed to their passage, the invading masses penetrated to the salle called the Œil-de-Bœuf, whose doors were closed, and to which they clamorously demanded admittance. The King, Madame Elizabeth in tears, three of the ministers, and a few officers, soldiers, and attendants were in the room. Acloque reached the same room with a reinforcement by a back door, and, rushing into the King's arms, begged him to show himself to the people, and declared that he would perish if he was subjected to insult. At the same moment one of the panels of the door gave way, and pikes, sticks, and bayonets were thrust through at those who stood before their sovereign. "Sire," said one of his defenders, "fear nothing." "I am not afraid," replied the monarch. "Place your hand on my heart; it is pure." He then gave orders to let the people in. The Chasseur Fontaine drew the bolt below, a Swiss drew the one above, and in a moment the mob

filled the room. The King was led into the recess of a window to avoid the crush. "What do you want?" he said, with great calmness. "I am your King. I have never infringed the constitution." The only reply was, "Down with Monsieur Veto! Au diable le Veto!" accompanied by insulting threats. One man even put himself in an attitude as if to run the king through the body. That horrible emblem—the heart reeking from the shambles—was there, as were also the other frightful trophies previously exhibited before the Legislative Assembly. Among the confused cries that echoed through the room, one seems to have been heard over others: "The recall of the patriot minister. He must sign it. We will not go till he does!"

The Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf remained for nearly an hour the theater of an indescribable tumult, "the most inoffensive disposition prevailing," according to M. Louis Blanc, "over the strangest disorder." At length the butcher Legendre apostrophized the king as "Monsieur," declared that he was deceitful and perfidious, and began to read a petition replete with threats and falsehoods. The King replied that he would do whatever the constitution and the decrees bade him do. This only excited new clamors of "A bas le Roi!" "Au diable le Veto!" But having put on a red cap handed to him by the indefatigable Mouchet, the clamors changed to loud applause, and were succeeded by shouts of "Vive la Nation!" "Vive la Liberté!" and even of "Vive le Roi!" The King also took a sword, decorated with flowers, from the hands of a woman, but nothing could extract from him a promise that he would withdraw his vetos upon the transportation of the priests and the formation of the camp of twenty thousand. On this point he remained firm.

But this very firmness caused the situation to remain the same. There was no solution for it but to get the King away, and he was counseled to withdraw. "No," he said, "I am well here; I will remain where I am." A National Guard passed him a glass of wine. "People of Paris," he said, "I drink your health and that of the French nation!" In the meantime, several deputies had, by extraordinary exertions, obtained access to the room. One of them, Isnard, raised upon the shoulders of some of the guards, ad-

dressed the mob, and endeavored to prevail upon the populace to withdraw. An evening sitting of the Assembly had been opened, in which the members of the Right denounced the pressure to which the monarch was subjected, and demanded aid, while the Left asserted more clamorously that he could not be safer than among his people. A young officer of artillery, "Captain" Bonaparte, was walking to and fro at the same time, his arms crossed, with a few friends in the crowd, which was at every moment increasing in numbers from the report having spread over Paris that the Tuileries were in the possession of the people, suppressing his indignation, and intimating that with a few great guns he would soon sweep the canaille away. It is a remarkable fact that in none of the modern revolutions in Paris—those that attended upon the overthrow of Louis XVI., of Charles X., or of Louis Philippe—has the effect of resistance upon the French populace been tried. The fusillade that inaugurated the new Empire was rather a matter of precaution than an act of defense. Does the problematic result of such a display of vigor remain yet to be tried?

Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, did not arrive till after the King had been for two hours at the mercy of the mob. He had then, he afterward said, to leave his dinner only half consumed. He found the monarch with the red cap on his head.

"Sire," he said, "I have only this moment heard of the position in which you are placed."

"That is rather surprising," indignantly observed the outraged monarch, "considering that it has now lasted two hours."

After some further explanations, Pétion endeavored to prevail upon the mob to retire; but without any effect. They still claimed the withdrawal of the vetos; and one fair young man told the King, to his face, that unless he yielded he should perish. Pétion then mounted upon a chair and addressed the mob, while Champion and a few other municipal officers, taking off their scarfs, shook them in the air, leading the way, in order to induce the people to follow. They did so, but slowly, murmuring that their demands had not been conceded. This was at the very moment that a deputation of twenty-four arrived from the Assembly. The representatives took their places, after some words of condolence, by the side of the



King, and the guard being enabled to form a kind of passage, the monarch was got out to the "Salle du let de Parade," and was enabled to make his escape thence by a side-door. "Son supplice," says M. Ternaux, "était fini."

The trials to which the Queen had been subjected did not cease quite so soon. It had required the use of actual force, when she heard that the King was exposed to the outrages of the populace, to prevent Marie Antoinette joining her husband. It was only when she was made to understand that her presence, by exciting the King, would certainly endanger his life, that she consented to go with her family and several ladies of the court into the Salle de Conseil. She was protected there by the Bataillon des Filles Saint-Thomas, and was apostrophized by Santerre, who exhibited her and the Prince Royal to the mob. The latter had, like the King, been decorated with the red cap, till Santerre himself, taking pity on the Prince, said: "Take the cap off that child, he is too warm." Michelet relates that a woman having grossly insulted the Queen, Marie Antoinette replied in a few words, so full of dignity, that the woman, taken aback, began to weep. But M. Ternaux says Michelet does not add that Santerre denounced the woman as drunk. After the King had been set at liberty, the brave Champion and some other municipal officers went to the Queen's succor, and at half-past eight she was enabled to join the King. When they met they threw themselves into one another's arms, and wept bitterly. The deputies were much affected, and Merlin de Thionville wept also. But recovering himself, he said: "I weep; yes, madame—I weep over the misfortunes of a sensitive and beautiful lady—of a mother; but it is not for the Queen. I hate queens and kings: that is my religion."

Pétion is said to have displayed more energy than he had manifested in any other part of the day in clearing the palace, and this accomplished, he repaired to the Assembly to report occurrences and explain his conduct. The Assembly was, as usual, in a state of great excitement. This was kept up by statements, bruited abroad, that the King had spoken of "my people," instead of the "French people." The Bishop of Colmar having also claimed a deputation to watch over the royal Prince, the Mountain at once denounced the pro-

ject as an insult to the nation. Pétion made an explanation, but his emotion was so great that he could only speak in detached sentences. At length, after much recrimination, the meeting broke up, to which Michelet or Louis Blanc, according to M. Ternaux, make no allusion.

From that day forth the popular masses knew the way to the Tuileries, and they were destined to enter upon it soon to overthrow the throne of Louis XVI., and after that to dictate their imperious will to the Convention. "Every thing," Ternaux remarks, "holds together, and events follow upon one another in time of revolution with an inexorable logic. The Girondins, who had saluted the first appearance of this new power, that of the street, and of an irresponsible mob, with their applause, will soon learn at their expense that it is written in the Gospel of Christ: 'He who draws the sword shall perish by the sword.' History has consecrated the words of Holy Writ with that immutable law of human policy: 'He who calls the street to his aid shall perish by the street.'"

The Ministry of the Interior and the Department of Paris concerted together the same evening as to the measures to be adopted to insure the tranquillity of the capital, as also to determine who had been wanting in their duty at so portentous a time. The Constitutionals also exhibited a praiseworthy courage in denouncing the rebels in the Assembly; but their eloquence in a just cause was treated with insolence and derision. A letter was read from the King, and simply handed over to the Council of Twelve. But notwithstanding the brutal treatment of the Constitutional party by the "Mountain," the Assembly was obliged, upon the summons of the Council-General of the Department, to pass a decree forbidding armed bodies of citizens presenting themselves before the authorities. They did not separate, however, without making an attempt to force upon the King the demands made the day before by the populace in arms; but the Mountain failed in carrying its motion.

All the good citizens of Paris were, at the same time, profoundly affected by the events of the twentieth of June. The National Guard was especially indignant at the position in which it had been placed. Pétion and Sergent were not only insulted, but even ill treated. The Mountain was pre-



pared on the evening of the twenty-first to make capital out of the incident, when the arrival of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was announced. The report turned out untrue; but it had extended even to the palace, where the young Prince, seeing his mother terrified, asked with touching simplicity: "Mamma, is not yesterday over yet?"

Pétion had been insulted the same day on presenting himself at the Tuileries. The "chef de bataillon," Roland de Montjourdain, was made responsible for this eighteen months later, and paid for his loyalty on the scaffold. The Mayor, however, obtained an audience from the King, in which he attempted to prove the constitutionality of the events of the preceding day. The King argued the matter with the Mayor in person, and contested that the Municipality had not done what was in its power to prevent so great a scandal. The Mayor insisting, the King at length bade him hold his tongue, and turned his back upon him. Pétion was obliged to withdraw. The Queen is reported to have said to M. Rœderer:

"M. Rœderer, do you not think that the King was rather hasty? It may, perhaps, do him an injury."

"I think, madame, that no one will permit himself to doubt that the King has a right to bid a man to hold his tongue who speaks without listening."

The Mayor had not, indeed, finished with his tribulations. On his return home he found letters from the Council of the Department, summoning him to account for his conduct, and from the Minister of the Interior, requesting him to take steps to insure tranquillity in the capital. Rœderer also announced that the troops would be assembled next day, and that the Parisians must be taught that the King ought to be free in his own palace, so that no excuse should be left to him to seek an asylum elsewhere. The Mayor thus found himself under the necessity of sending forth an address on the twenty-second, which met with but a very mediocre success. The faubourgs were by this time no more disposed to trouble themselves with proclamations from the Municipality than they were with laws or decrees from the Assembly. The Section called des Quinze-Vingts took the lead in admitting all, without distinction of sex or rank, to its deliberations, and openly avowing the failure of the last movement, resolved

upon another. The same kind of meetings were held in the charnel-house of the parish of Sainte-Marguerite, and attended by men, women, and children. The twenty-fifth of June was named as the day of action.

Louis XVI. presented a dignified and calm front to the fury of the populace. On the twenty-second he issued a proclamation, in which he avowed himself prepared for an overthrow of the monarchy; but he declared at the same time, that while ready to sacrifice himself, he would not prostitute his hereditary responsibilities to popular violence. The revolutionary party received this noble and well-meant missive as a declaration of war, and a placard to that effect was stuck up between it and the Mayor's address. The attention of the Assembly was called to this placard, in which the sword of justice was summoned to strike off the head of the monarch, so that his punishment might serve as an example to all tyrants, and which even Pétion himself designated as "frightful;" but they contented themselves with passing it over to the Council of Twelve, and it was never heard of again. It can not be said that in the case of the revolution of 1792 coming events did not cast their shadow before them.

An act was obtained, however, from the Legislative Body adding nothing to the powers that previously existed, but which was favorably received by the Department of Paris as a basis upon which to exact a strict execution of the laws. Rœderer, who was a superior to the Mayor as procureur-general-syndic, wrote to Pétion, recommending the dismissal of Romainvilliers as inefficient. Pétion was delighted with the alternative, as he fancied that it threw all the responsibility of recent events upon the commandant of the National Guard. He was, however, soon disabused by a letter from the department, asking, in reply to an impudent letter from himself, that he would send in his report, and that what the law prescribes would be done. The attitude assumed by the department was so energetic, and it was so manifestly determined upon a full investigation of the circumstances that had contributed to the sad scenes of the too infamous twentieth of June, that Pétion felt at last obliged to explain himself, which he did in a memoir entitled "*Conduite tenue par le Maire de Paris à l'occasion des Evénements du 20 Juin, 1792.*"

This absurd apology ended by saying: "Not a citizen received a wound in all this great fermentation. That is the greatest praise that can be given to the Municipality. Let us return thanks to the Supreme Being!" This contest between the Department and the Municipality did not, however, cease till one of them fell to the ground.

The Assembly went on in the mean time with the two obnoxious measures, which were never lost sight of. They were reproduced under a new form, and with a request on the part of the Assembly to the ministers to report what had been done in the matter of the two objects which they declared most occupied the minds of all; first, the necessity of putting a stop to religious troubles; and secondly, the pressing necessity for an army of reserve being placed between the frontier and Paris. This dragged the ministry into the volcano of the revolutionary party. To anticipate the formation of bands of sans-culottes, Lajard, minister of war, proposed the formation of a camp at Soissons of forty-two new battalions of voluntary National Guard. The Minister of Justice sent in a report declaring that religious troubles had virtually ceased. The Minister of the Interior declared that the existing laws against disturbers of the peace were not efficacious, and said that it lay with the Legislature to render them so.

The twenty-fifth passed over without any demonstration, save a letter to the Assembly from Santerre, "commandant du bataillon des enfans-trovés," who declared that the faubourg would only march against the enemies of the Assembly, and a manifestation on the part of Gonchon, who asked permission to appear before the Assembly in order to show that it was those who declaimed most against the events of the twentieth who had been exerting themselves to get up a new movement. Tactics ever in operation in Paris.

In the mean time, La Fayette was at his camp at Bavay when the news arrived of the events of the twentieth of June. It was in vain that the veteran, Marshal Luckner, told him that the Jacobins would cut off his head; he was determined to go at once to Paris. He arrived on the twenty-eighth of June, and at once presented himself before the Assembly. The violences committed at the Tuileries, he said, had excited the alarm and indignation of all good citizens,

and particularly of the army. He had received numerous addresses to that effect which he laid upon the table. He then demanded the punishment of the instigators as guilty of high treason, and the protection of the King and Constitution. The opposition of the Mountain declared itself by a motion of inquiry, if General La Fayette had leave of absence and right of petition; but it was beaten on this occasion by three hundred and thirty-nine to two hundred and thirty-four. Unfortunately, the Constitutional party did not follow up its victory. The petitions of La Fayette were passed over to the Council of Twelve, which was the same thing as if they had been put under the table.

From the Assembly La Fayette went to the Tuileries, where he was received with enthusiasm by the National Guard; but, unfortunately, with distrust by the King. When he had withdrawn, Madame Elizabeth observed: "We ought to forget the past and throw ourselves with confidence into the arms of the only man who can save the King and his family." Whereupon the Queen replied: "Better perish than be saved by La Fayette and the Constitutionals."

All sections of the Mountain now united to overthrow the common enemy. Brissot and Robespierre advocated the necessity of punishing La Fayette's insolence, as they termed it, and striking him down as guilty of treason. A small *coup d'état* was, in the mean time, concocted by the Constitutionals. The King was to review the legion commanded by Acloque, the most resolute of the party, on the twenty-ninth. La Fayette was to address it, and winning them over, was to proceed to action—but whether against the Assembly or the club of Jacobins was not determined. Add to this, the Queen persisted in her hostility to the Constitutionals, and caused the plot to fail. Even a modified attempt to induce the National Guard to march boldly upon the chief seat of disorder failed just as signally.

La Fayette, discouraged, left Paris for the army on the thirtieth of June, forty-eight hours after his arrival. His reign was over, and was succeeded by that of Pétion; but this latter was destined to have a still more ephemeral duration, and to conclude in a more fearful catastrophe; exile and the dungeons of the stranger awaited the one; outlawry, the anguish of an in-

cessant proscription and solitary suicide, attended upon the other.

A new reign had, however, been inaugurated; the mob was dictating its will to royalty and to the national representation. The spirit of revolt was already beginning to be systematized. As in all similar instances, people invoked the Constitution when it served their interests, and discarded it when it was opposed to them. Legality was utterly stifled by the clubs and demagogue journals. Law was a dead letter, interpreted just as any one liked, or altogether discarded and trampled under foot. In the Assembly, the Mountain, or revolutionary party, ruled with a tyrannical sway.

It is needless to relate the last attempts made by a few courageous men to stay the revolutionary flood, and the scandalous scenes of which the Legislative Assembly became daily the theater. We will only glance at such as had a decisive influence upon the march of events.

The departure of La Fayette brought about open war between the Girondists and the Mountain. The Right remained silent, whilst the Left frenzied itself in denunciations of the generals. If the Right ventured to urge that the clubs were dangerous, that the Jacobins were fomenting new insurrections, they were put down with a high hand. "The Jacobins are calumniated," the Left would shout. "Let the Assembly busy itself with its own concerns, and not with those of the popular societies!"

It was as this crisis that Dupont de Nemours and the advocate Guillaume (afterwards cast into prison during the Reign of Terror, but, being forgotten in his dungeon, he survived the fearful epoch) appeared before the bar with the petition of the twenty thousand against the Parisian Municipality and the commandant of the National Guard for their conduct on the twentieth of June. It was afterwards, in the Reign of Terror, enough to have signed this petition to be numbered with the proscribed. The left replied to it by disbanding the staff of the Parisian National Guard, inasmuch as many of its officers were opposed to the principles of its commandant and in favor of such as were constitutional. Thuriot Lacroix, Mailhe, and the Corsican Aréna, were the chief speakers, and the Mountain carried the day. On the second of July, Terrier Monciel, minister of the interior, was summoned

before the Assembly, and scandalously abused. Isnard, one of the fiery Left, exclaimed: "They ask where are the traitors; well, there is one." And he pointed to the minister, who was likewise subjected to personal ill treatment by the party who especially advocated "extreme liberty."

The King, it will be remembered, had opposed his veto to Servan's proposition for establishing a camp at Paris, but had consented to forty-two new battalions being raised and encamped at Soissons. Several municipalities went on not the less raising their contingents and expediting them toward the capital. The Left decreed the measures to be taken for the reception of the Federals actually marching toward the capital. The King most inconsiderately lent his sanction to the decree. "The battalions are on the way," it was said to the King and to the Assembly, "and it is necessary to regulate this violation of the law, since it can not be prevented."

It was the practice to prefer all documents and reports, especially of a ministerial nature, to the Council of Twelve. On the thirtieth of June, Pastoret and Jean Debry presented, in the name of the said Council, a general view of the situation of things, founded upon these documents, with a series of measures to be adopted in case of danger arising to the country. These measures were all adopted by the Mountain after a prolonged and bitter struggle. The army of the North had retreated from Belgium upon Lille and Valenciennes after firing the suburbs of Courtrai, and the Mountain was not in the best of temper, when the Girondist Vergniaud addressed to the Assembly that famous discourse which struck down a King, who was an honest man although weak and undecided, who held blood in horror, and who at the last moment, rather than shed such, delivered himself up to his enemies. According to the fierce and uncompromising denunciator of royalty, it was to the King that they were indebted for all the evils that had accumulated on their heads, or that they had to apprehend. He concluded by declaring the country in danger, and the ministers responsible for the King's betraying the people. This address was received with tremendous applause; it was ordered to be printed and circulated in the departments — only that what the

orator had put in a categorical or hypothetical form, it was resolved, upon the motion of Cambon, should be placed in the simple affirmative—that is to say, that steps suggested to be taken if such and such an event occurred were to be taken as if the event had really occurred.

Mathieu Dumas replied without effect to Vergniaud, and amidst the most violent opposition and constant interruptions. Torné, Bishop of Cher, advocated the safety of the people as the only law, and

the Assembly reserved to itself the right of declaring the country in danger without regard to the royal sanction, at which declaration all powers would be constituted *en permanence*, the National Guard called out, and every man, French or stranger, not wearing the tricolored cockade could be put to death. There was a wonderful depth of cowardice betrayed in such an enactment. It indicated that every man was afraid of his neighbor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A M O D E R N D A L G E T T Y .

THE German element plays so important a part in the present American civil war, that the preservation of the Union—should that consummation arrive—will be mainly due to their efforts. Ninety years ago matters were very different, when the young colony took up arms to assert its independence; for while in the present struggle at least eighty thousand Germans are contending on the side of the Federals, during the first War of Independence thirty thousand Germans, sold by their rulers to the English, were fighting against the young republic. It is true that the German nation can hardly be rendered responsible for such a state of things, which must be solely attributed to the outrageous conduct of a number of minor despots, who called themselves princes of the Holy Roman Empire. But the honor and renown of the German nation were sadly compromised by such bartering of human beings, and it is therefore gratifying to find the Germans, now settled in America (however mistaken we may consider their views) striving to rehabilitate themselves by brilliant conduct in the field.

Germany, however, was not entirely unrepresented in the ranks of the Americans who were fighting for their independence, and two names stand out most prominently—those of Frederick William von Steuben,

and John Kalb—who, as leaders of the Americans, exerted a marked influence upon the establishment of the Union. Both have met with an excellent biographer, Frederick Kapp, a countryman residing in New-York. The life of Steuben appeared four years ago, and excited considerable sensation at the time, and in the present paper we purpose discussing the career of his cotemporary.\*

Up to very recently a mysterious obscurity was spread over Kalb's life; his name was not even always written the same, and just as his birthplace has been claimed in turn by Germany, Switzerland, and Alsace, so the date of his birth has varied between 1717 and 1732. According to some writers he had been in the Prussian, Austrian, or French service in early life; according to others, he was employed as a French spy. And even in the history of the American War of Independence, Kalb only rises at intervals like a meteor. Thus he vacillated in a state of romantic uncertainty between all possible extremes, until Kapp succeeded, through careful researches, in throwing a true light on the life and actions of this remarkable man.

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\* *Leben des Amerikanischen Generals Johann Kalb.* Stuttgart: Cotta.



John Kalb was born on June 29th, 1721, at Hättendorf, in the principality of Baireuth. As the son of a simple peasant, he received the usual scanty school-education of the day, then became a waiter, and in that capacity went off into foreign parts at the age of sixteen. He must soon after have entered the French army, for toward the close of 1743 the former German peasant lad, Hans Kalb, turned up as Monsieur Jean de Kalb, lieutenant in the French infantry regiment Löwendal. It has not been possible to discover how he managed this; still, it can hardly be regarded as a serious offense that he turned his back on his fatherland, and, as a true son of the age, assumed noble birth to facilitate his advancement.

When Kalb was born, the principality of Brandenburg-Baireuth, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, had the honor of calling as its lord the Margrave George William, who drew an income of half a million of florins out of the poor little country. The subject had in those days few other privileges than the good pleasure of his seigneur conceded him, and the man only commenced with the baron. The last Margrave of Anspach shot a chimney-sweep down from a roof because his mistress expressed a desire to see the fellow tumble, and his serene highness, in a fit of unexampled generosity, gave the widow of the murdered man—as compensation—five florins!

Seeking his models at Versailles, and his talented tutors in the routés of the Regency, the Margrave indulged in the wildest luxury, for which purpose he called to his councils French adventurers and vagabonds; but half a million florins were naturally insufficient to imitate the sybaritic enjoyments of a Louis XV., and hence extraordinary sources had to be opened up. No long reflection was required: the soldiers of the country—Baireuth had in 1730 two infantry regiments, a corps of hussars, and one of horse guards—were let out to the maritime powers, England and Holland, which at that day was euphemistically called the settlement of the subsidiary treaties, and England paid during her war with the American colonies no less than three hundred and five thousand four hundred pounds for sixteen hundred and forty-four Anspach and Baireuth soldiers, among whom was a Lieutenant Gneisenau, who afterward became field-marshal. Had

Kalb remained at home, he would never have been able to break through the barriers which birth and position opposed to him; at the most, he might have become a non-commissioned officer in one of his regent's two regiments, or have been hired by foreigners. Possibly, too, he might, as a turbulent soldier, have behaved like one of the impudent fellows who, as the chamberlain tells us in *Kabale and Liebe*, stepped out to the front and asked the colonel how high the prince sold the yoke of men. "But our most gracious sovereign ordered all the regiments to be marched on to the parade-ground, and had the scoundrels shot: we heard the muskets crack, saw their brains spattered over the pavement, and the entire army shouted, 'Juche, to America.'" In this description Schiller did not employ any poetical license; his Most Serene Highness of Anspach-Baireuth put up with no joking in such matters, and ordered that any soldiers who displayed the slightest insubordination on marching away should at once be shot. The scene just described really occurred in April, 1777, at Ochsenfurt, with Anspach troops, and Schiller indubitably represented in his *Lady Milford*, "the virtuous vice," Lady Craven, the mistress and future wife of Charles Alexander, last Margrave of Anspach-Baireuth, who surrendered his country to Prussia.

Kalb, then, left betimes his fatherland with all its glories, and went to France, where, once he had entered the army, the same advantages and promotion were secured to him as to natives; for, although the Bourbons were despots of the worst breed, they understood how to employ profitably any available strength that devoted itself to them, and even favored foreign regiments, which they possessed of all nations, because they saw in them a protection against their own people in case of need. The idea of nationality was not known at that period; the omnipotent state destroyed all national distinctions, and hence it came that the nobility of all countries flocked to France, while the French nobles, in their turn, entered the service of all the princes of Europe. Kalb, therefore, only followed a long existing practice when he proceeded to a country to which a regular stream of his countrymen had set in; he entered the ranks of the military adventurers, so abundant in the last century, and who may be regarded as the last representatives

of the Lansquenets and knights-errant. To secure his advancement he credited himself with noble birth, but our author has been unable to find out when and how he obtained a knowledge of the forms of social intercourse and scientific education; we only know that Baron von Kalb toward the end of 1743 served in Flanders as a lieutenant, and took part in the victories which the French arms gained there under Maréchal de Saxe over the combined English, Dutch, and Austrians. In the course of 1744 he was present at four sieges, and in the following years, up to 1748, he distinguished himself in every important engagement. Taking advantage of his good fortune in being able to learn the trade of war in the marshal's school, Kalb soon obtained a respected position, and in 1747 was appointed captain and regimental adjutant.

On the outbreak of hostilities between the English and French garrisons in Canada, and on the Ohio and the Mississippi, in 1754, Kalb reflected on the most suitable preparations for carrying on the war, which seemed to him inevitable, and formed plans for sudden landings on the coasts of England. But the petticoat government at Versailles had neither inclination nor money for such things, and Kalb's propositions met with no attention. Promoted to a majority in 1756, he took part in the Seven Years' War, and especially in the battle of Rossbach, November 5th, 1757, where his corps suffered through Soubise's want of brains, but on the retreat met with an opportunity to save the French army from utter destruction, and enable it to reach winter-quarters in the Wetteran. During the further progress of the war, we find Kalb, who was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in 1761, twice on the battle-field, at Bergen and Wilhelmsthal, and on the conclusion of peace he was quartered at Landau, which then belonged to the French. In 1764 he married a wealthy Mademoiselle de Rebais, and was soon after placed on half-pay.

When the Duc de Choiseul, prime minister of France, entertained a lively wish, in 1767, to make advantage of the disputes of England with her American colonies to humiliate the former country, but for this purpose required an accurate knowledge of the temper of the Americans, Kalb was selected to undertake a secret mission across the Atlantic. Probably it was the

special interest which an examination of the state of affairs aroused in him, that induced him, in 1776, to accept the office of the American agent, Silas Deane, to enter the service of the United States as major-general. A young man of nineteen, a relative and protégé of the Count de Broglie, who was inflamed with a youthful enthusiasm for liberty and the rights of man, joined him under a similar agreement with Deane, and this young man, who was warmly recommended to him by the Count, was no other than—La Fayette.

The young Marquis, who was descended from an old family, the heir to a considerable fortune, and betrothed since his sixteenth year to the daughter of the Duc de Noailles, resolved to purchase a vessel: but the preparations for sailing to America had to be made with the utmost secrecy, for the English ambassador had his spies every where in Paris and the northern ports, and a denunciation on his part would have led to a prohibition of the undertaking, if not to the arrest of the parties implicated. After several delays the couple started for America on April 20th, on board the *Victoire*, and landed on June 13th, 1777, at Southinlet, in Georgetown Bay, South-Carolina, in order to proceed to the north by land. At Philadelphia, after the president of the Congress had received them most coldly, the head of the committee for foreign affairs explained to them that the Congress refused to sanction the engagements entered into by Deane, as he had exceeded his full powers; he had no authority to fill the highest ranks of the army with men of his own choice, and the native generals had threatened to retire in the event of such an encroachment on their well-earned rights. La Fayette, on hearing this, at once declared his readiness to join the army as a volunteer, without any claim to pay or pension, but the Congress taking into consideration the distinguished and influential family to which he belonged, soon after appointed him a major-general; but Kalb stood on his rights, or, in case of refusal, a pecuniary compensation to carry him home. The Congress would not indorse the agreements made with the foreign officers, but thanked them and paid them the traveling expenses which they claimed. Kalb was just on the point of returning to Europe, and was staying with some Herrnhut countrymen at Bethlehem, when a mes-

senger from Congress arrived with the news that on the very day of his departure he had been nominated major-general. On hearing this he returned to Philadelphia, and on October 4th, the day of the battle of Germantown, received his commission, dated back to July 31st, the day of La Fayette's nomination. On October 13th, he went to join the army, stationed in Montgomery county, to the north of Philadelphia, met with a most cordial reception from all the officers, and assumed command of a division early in November.

Kalb sent his patron, Count Broglie, the most detailed account of the progress of the war; but we will not enter into the historical portion, for although Kalb proved himself always and every where an excellent and distinguished leader, he rarely had an opportunity to take part in a general action. On the other hand, we must not omit quoting a passage in which he describes General Washington in his sensible and sober way:

"Washington is the most amiable, friendly, and honest man that can be imagined, but, as a general, he is too slow, too indolent, and much too weak; at the same time, he has his share of vanity and excessive self-esteem. In my opinion, any success he obtains must be ascribed to fortune and the mistakes of his opponents rather than to his own abilities. I may even say that he does not know how to take advantage of the greatest mistakes on the part of the enemy. He can not yet get rid of his old prejudices against the French. . . . He is a most brave and honest man; he has the best views and a very good judgment. I am convinced that he would perform great achievements if he could only act upon his own responsibility; but it is a pity that he is so weak, and possesses the worst advisers in the persons to whom he has granted his confidence."

Kalb expressed many well-founded complaints, not only about the supreme management of the war, but also in every other respect, and these complaints strip the colonial War of Independence—which has so often been displayed in such a highly romantic light—not only of every ideal charm, but remind us of the thousand pettinesses which give such a melancholy peculiarity to the present civil war between North and South. A circumstance which appears to us inexplicable,

that, in the time of the utmost necessity, when not a man can be spared and a decisive action is impending, entire regiments should march away because their time of service is ended, also astonished Kalb, and drew from him the remark that the fiend himself could not have arranged matters worse. The system of substitution, which enabled the well-to-do citizen to send a man to serve in his stead; the bad management of the hospitals; the wretched clothing, and still more wretched rations; the abominable conduct of the army contractors; the number of superfluous officials; the want of all discipline, especially among the officers—all this gives our German, who was accustomed to a very different system, occasion for just complaints, and taking all this into consideration, he is quite prepared for the overthrow of the cause for which he was fighting. The news, however, of a defensive and offensive alliance being completed between France and the United States on February 6th, 1778, produced a cheering effect upon the temper of the army. Kalb, from that moment, felt so certain of the success of the allies over the English, that, regarding their expulsion from the American continent as indubitable, he wrote in August, 1778, to France to secure himself an appointment in the French army; but these hopes soon utterly faded away, and he would have been only too glad to accompany La Fayette, when the latter took ship at Boston on August 23d, in order to spend some time in France. Fate had decided, however, that the two friends should part forever.

Times grew worse and worse; the warlike successes were insignificant; there were want and need every where, enthusiasm no where, and the troops were dissatisfied and inclined to mutiny. Washington, weakened by illness and want, was compelled to remain all through 1779 at West-Point, and confine himself to observing the English in New-York. In the spring of 1780, South-Carolina surrendered to the English under Clinton; Charlestown capitulated on May 12th, and the entire South was exposed to the plundering of the British troops under Cornwallis. In July the "grand army" of thirty thousand men under Gates, in which Kalb stood with his division, marched against them. Supported by the militia of North-Carolina, they advanced with great difficulty and under



immense privations, until, at two in the morning of August 16th, they came across the English in a pine-clearing near Camden, and both armies arranged themselves in battle array before daybreak.

On the American side, Kalb was intrusted with the formation of the line. He himself commanded the right wing, composed of the second Maryland brigade under General Gist, and the Delaware regiment, and, like the English left wing, it was protected on its right flank by a deed swamp. The North-Carolina militia, under General Caswell, formed the center, and the Virginian militia, under General Stevens, the left wing, while the first Maryland brigade, under General Smallwood, was placed in the second line as reserve. Two guns were placed on Gist's right flank, and two on the right and two on the left of the center. Armand's mounted legion was told off to cover the left flank of the American forces, but it was seized with a perfect panic during the night, and fled shamefully, so that it was not available in the formation of the line in the further events of the day. This want of cavalry was very severely felt during the action. From the mere disposition of the two armies, the far more advantageous position of the British can be easily seen. Lord Cornwallis's front was strong, not only through the personal reputation of his troops, who nearly all belonged to regular regiments, and were veterans when compared with the Americans, but also through the better arrangement of the artillery, while his reserve, before all the cavalry under Tarleton, was in a far better position. This compact and well-trained line was opposed on the American side by raw, unpracticed militia, who had never yet seen an enemy, and felt an exaggerated respect for the English. In addition to this, Gates committed the error that he drew up the first Maryland brigade in the second line instead of employing the raw militia as reserve, and that he had no artillery on his left flank. Through these varied deficiencies he made up for the disadvantage which Cornwallis would have suffered from under other circumstances, owing to his numerical inferiority. Not satisfied with the errors which he had already committed, Gates, on perceiving the position of the English at daybreak, unexpectedly gave orders to fill up a gap that existed between his center and right wing, a measure

which must have doubly injurious results in the presence of such a well-disciplined enemy, and through the inexperience of his own troops.

Lord Cornwallis, in fact, was too experienced a general not to take immediate advantage of the opportunity so recklessly offered him. When the new error on the part of his enemy was announced to him, he at once hurried to his right wing, himself gave Colonel Webster orders to attack, and also sent the same command to Lord Rawdon by an adjutant.

Gates behaved quietly, and seemed to be awaiting events. His adjutant-general led him to believe that an immediate bold attack on the English, who were engaged in deploying, would impart courage to his unskilled militia, and if it came off well would have great influence over the result of the day. "That is right," said the evidently helpless commander; "order General Stevens to attack at once with the left wing." The latter at first advanced boldly, but found the enemy already drawn up in battle-array. Williams then tried to draw their fire at the farthest range possible, in order to render it less formidable to the militia, and for this purpose obtained forty or fifty volunteers from General Stevens, with whom he really advanced, but did not succeed in his design. The English right wing, under Webster, advanced at this very moment in close columns, and with such shouts and impetuosity upon the American left wing, which was engaged in changing front, that the latter fell into confusion, and, seized by a real panic, threw away their loaded muskets at the first shot fired by the English, and ran away in a wild and breathless flight. No entreaties, no threats, no appeal to their honor were of the slightest use; in vain did General Stevens urge the runaways to remember their bayonets; but how could they do so, when they had only received them on the previous day, and were utterly ignorant of their use? The Virginians carried away the North-American militia with them in their disgraceful flight. Unfortunately, the warning and threatening officers had no cavalry to give effect to their words, or compel their fugitives to halt. It was not an action, in fact, but a mere hunting and escaping, so that ere the real engagement began, the entire American center and left wing, that is to say, two thirds of their strength, had disappeared almost before a



shot was fired. About four hundred of Dixon's regiment were the only men who held their ground a little longer, and fired a couple of rounds at the enemy.

Gates, who had taken up his position about six hundred feet behind the line of battle, in order to watch the course of the action, was carried away in the flight of the militia, and under the pretext of "bringing the villains back into the fight," hurried from the field, so that Kalb remained the highest officer in command there. The morning was so close and foggy that the gunpowder-smoke would not rise, but wreathed both armies in a cloud. Hence it was difficult to survey the field and obtain a correct estimate as to the state of the engagement. Owing to the mist Kalb was for a long time quite ignorant of the flight of the center and left wing, and ordered up Smallwood with his reserve to join with Gist; but the united brigades were not strong enough to cover the ground between the two swamps. While the first Maryland brigade marched under fire, the right wing under Kalb began the disproportionate action, and not only bravely held its ground against the enemy, but successfully repulsed their impetuous attack, so that the action gradually spread along the whole line, and victory was undecided. Kalb, in order to produce a rapid result, ordered the right wing he commanded to make a bayonet attack. The enemy were driven back, and a number of prisoners made; but at this moment the left wing, overpowered by superior numbers, and assailed in the flank, was forced to retire. It soon collected again, it is true, and renewed the battle, but it was again driven in, and once again returned to the front.

Owing to the losses they suffered, and in the heat of the action, which had gradually degenerated into a hand-to-hand fight, the two brigades had become separated, and had now a space of six hundred feet between them. This was the turning-point of the battle, and victory now began to incline to the English. Williams tried in vain to restore the broken communication, but when he reached the right wing, he found the English preparing to charge after a heavy discharge of musketry. Kalb was fighting at the head of the second Maryland brigade: he had advanced three times, and been driven back again by the numerical superiority of the enemy; but, for all that, he still had the

vantage. His horse had been shot under him, and he had been wounded in the head by a saber-cut. Jarquette, the adjutant of the Delaware regiment, bound up the wound as well as he could with his scarf, and implored his General to retire from the battle-field. Kalb, however, instead of paying any attention to this request, led his Marylanders on foot against the enemy. They advanced and fell back again over piles of corpses: his soldiers performed marvels of bravery, and contended every inch of ground. The enemy, however, pressed on them with continually increasing masses, and compelled them to surrender the slight advantage they had gained. The battle now became a sanguinary hand-to-hand fight, but when Lord Cornwallis, in the fear of losing his gain, concentrated his whole strength on this point, while a portion of Tarleton's horse surrounded the decimated ranks of the brave Delaware and Maryland troops, the last faint hope of retaining possession of the battle-field faded away. All that they could do was to save the honor of their flag. Once again Kalb marched against the enemy at the head of his faithful followers: it was the last time that his powerful voice echoed through the thunder of the battle-field, the last time that, pointing with his sword to the enemy, he excited his men, and made them follow him to the attack. While he was advancing, he was struck by several bullets, so that the blood poured from him in streams; but he still possessed sufficient strength to cut down an English soldier who had already pointed his bayonet at his chest. But Kalb's last hour had arrived: he was recognized through his epaulettes, and the cry of "Kill the rebel General!" ran along the English line. Mortally hit, and bleeding from eleven wounds, he fell powerless to the ground.

With Kalb's fall the battle was over, for no leader remained on the American side. It is true that Gist's and Smallwood's brigades assembled once more for an attack, and for the last time repulsed the British charge; but directly after, Cornwallis, who was savage at such an obstinate resistance, ordered his light infantry to turn the American left flank and attack them in the rear. This was done, and what English bayonets left undone was completed by the sabers of Tarleton's cavalry. The remnants of the two Maryland brigades then dispersed in a wild flight,

and only the swamps extending on both sides of the battle-field afforded a slight protection to those who were trying to escape the pursuit of Tarleton's dragoons. Not a battalion, not a company remained whole: Gist alone retired from the battle-field in order, with two hundred men, but all the bodies of troops were broken up or dispersed in the woods, and never was a more complete victory gained during the whole of the Revolutionary war. Eight guns, two thousand muskets, two-and-twenty ammunition and one hundred and thirty baggage-wagons, as well as eighty thousand cartridges, fell into the hands of the victors, who returned their loss at sixty-eight dead, two hundred and forty-five wounded, and eleven missing, or, altogether, three hundred and twenty-four men, while the Americans estimated it at five hundred or even seven hundred.

The American loss can not be accurately stated, owing to the hurried flight of the militia. Cornwallis himself estimated it at one thousand killed and wounded, and eight hundred prisoners. According to the American official returns, however, six hundred and fifty regulars were killed and wounded, or more than one third of their number; one hundred North-Carolina militia killed and three hundred taken prisoners, while the swift-footed Virginians had only wounded, and no dead. The brave Delaware regiment was as good as annihilated; the men left eventually only formed the cadres for two companies. In vain did Gist and Smallwood try to assemble the militia along the road, but they only succeeded in continuing their flight with a handful of regulars. Gates, who, as we said, hurried from the battle-field at the beginning of the action, must have had a very good and swift horse, for he slept on the evening of the battle at Charlotte, which is sixty miles from Camden.

But we will turn from the fugitive Gates, who left his troops in the lurch, to Kalb, who fought up to the last moment, and fell as a hero. We left him at the moment when he sank bleeding from eleven wounds, at the head of his troops. His adjutant, Dubuysson, scarce saw him fall ere he threw himself over him, and imploringly cried to the advancing foe, "Spare and save Baron von Kalb!" The faithful adjutant caught on his own body the saber-cuts intended for Kalb. The British soldiers rushed on both, seized the

General, placed him on his feet, and, while he leaned with his hands on a cart, stripped him to the shirt.

While he was standing in this hapless position, and the blood was pouring from him in streams, Cornwallis rode up with his suite. "I am sorry," he said to his defenseless opponent, "to see you so seriously wounded, but I am glad that I have conquered you." Cornwallis at once gave orders that Kalb should be taken care of, and his wounds bound up. From this moment the English treated their prisoner with all the kindness and humanity that the modern mode of waging war prescribes for the conquered.

Kalb wrestled for three days with death, and died on August 19th at Camden, whither he had been carried after the action. He was buried by his victorious enemies, among whom were many freemasons, with military and masonic honors. Up to the year 1825 an isolated tree alone marked his last resting-place.

It is true that the Congress soon after voted a monument to the deserving General, but the proposition was never carried into effect. That tree alone marked the spot where Kalb lay buried, and Washington, in 1791, displayed great emotion on visiting the spot, where, as he said, "the noble foreigner rests who came from distant countries to fight our battles and bedew the tree of our liberty with his blood." In the first twenty years of our century the inhabitants of Camden formed a resolution to erect a memorial over his grave, and La Fayette, in 1825, during his visit to the United States, laid the foundation-stone for it.

In the French National Museum at Versailles is Kalb's bust among those of the celebrated men of France; in America, there is a monument over his bones, and numerous streets and villages bear his name. Germany alone, his country which he honored so greatly in a foreign land, has, up to the present, made no proper recognition of his merits. Perhaps, though, Germany is waiting to crown with laurel one of her modern heroes in America; but we greatly doubt whether one of them, however it may be the fashion to praise them at present, will have the pluck to die on the battle-field like John Kalb. From their past conduct it is more probable that they will be inclined to follow Gates's example, and escape as far as they conveniently can from the battle-field. The only one of the

German leaders in America worth his salt is Sigel, and, considering that he managed to obtain the rank of lieutenant in his fatherland, we do not think that his military qualifications are such as to justify President Lincoln in appointing him in the place of General McClellan, who, whatever his enemies may say against him, is a good soldier, and proves it by running no

risk of defeat by leading into action the wretched militia placed under his command. Still, it is curious to find a counterpart of Bull Run in the battle of Camden.

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NOTE.—We regret that the author of this article is not better informed on some points.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

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From the London Eclectic.

## VICTOR HUGO: "LES MISÉRABLES?"\*

THIS is certainly a book. It is not often we give so much prominence to any work of fiction, but there is much in this which claims very special notice. It is a book; we may even call it not only a big book, it is a great book; it can not be called a good book. There are, in the very best sense, good things in it. It is a work of remarkable genius; it is the chief production of its distinguished author, and he evidences in it a great moral advance upon all his previous works; but there are many things which a really Christian mind can only regard as defilements. It is an epic of society, and the author designs his chief characters to be the eponyms of the chief institutions and characters of the age. But all the morbid passion of the author's nature hurls and hurtles through the pages of the book, even with more vehemence, we believe, than through any of his previous works. It is rather a brilliant than a beautiful book; it is probably the accumulated thought and observation of many years—the reflection of a life. Much in it is beautiful and admirable, but its passions are too vehement to be, in the highest sense, strong, and its life is too morbid, bilious, and unhealthy to be true. Referring to the English edition and translation, while we have no hesitation in according to it the merit of faithfulness, we

could wish it had been more faithful, and less. Some slighter things, which defile the book, might have been omitted, or have received a rendering more in unison with our English ideas; for great as is the advance of the work upon most of the cotemporaneous literature of French fiction, it would bear much pruning; and there are many passages and scenes we would not willingly see before the eyes of the family. While, on the contrary, the episode on prayer and on monastic institutions is representative of the mind of the author, and where so many less noticeable episodes are retained, certainly these should have been. Sometimes, too, we notice passages of extraordinary force and power, which might have received a more forcible rendering. We have, however, been glad to avail ourselves of this edition. We should have been still more pleased had it been thoroughly faithful. We can, however, well believe, as the translator says, that it is no child's play to translate a work like *Les Misérables*, which is studded with antitheses and epigrams, and our thanks are hereby heartily given accordingly for the result of the task.

M. Victor Hugo has been a prolific author, compared with many of his contemporaries, yet he is incomparably the first modern French poet. No one approaches him in power, beauty, or splendor of diction. It is easy to find innumerable pages which would seem to condemn this verdict, but we believe the criticism is

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\* *Les Misérables*. By VICTOR HUGO. Authorized English Translation. Copyright. In Three Volumes. Hurst & Blackett.

just. From the book before us pages of nonsense could be quoted, and yet he is not only brilliant, he is thoughtful. He is now sixty years of age. He was born at Besançon, in 1802, and his life has been a remarkably checkered one—a romance, which he has shadowed out in the character Marius in *Les Misérables*. Finally, we must remember, on all opinions pronounced upon him, that he is essentially a romanticist, in opposition to the classicist school; a follower not of Boileau, but of Rabelais.

M. Hugo has produced a great book, but he is not a book-maker; the book looks like the result of years. For this reason, too, perhaps it seems to lack form. The method the writer pursues is not that of a nice, neat, and graceful order; it is massive, shapeless, and amorphous. There are portions which seem to have the stamp of individual unity, and even almost—which we should think in any case a rare thing with the author—repose. Thus, the first chapters of the work, the portrait of the good bishop, M. Myriel: although their connection with the story is slight, or would seem to be so, we could not wish that most delightful portrait away. Stores of thought and observation are lavished on this portrait. We may say at once that it satisfies as a portrait, it does not satisfy as a character. The good bishop, like many other acquaintances of ours, had a religion very beautiful to look at, and far better than his theology. M. Hugo is a great believer in the mythical in character; he is great in apotheosis; his exaggerations are sublime; but still he often exaggerates. Nay, the great demerit of this book is its impossibility. It claims this notice from us, not because it is a singularly powerful fiction, but because it professes to be the result of the author's thoughts and researches upon society and the age. It is the history of the unhappy; it professes to deal with the causes of social unhappiness. The author says the book is written "to clear up and to combat prejudices in France, England, and the whole world." In this he is unsuccessful; that is, so far as clearing up. He says:

"The book which the reader has before him at this moment is, from one end to the other, in its entirety and its details, whatever the intermittences, exceptions, and short-comings may be, the progress from evil to good, from injustice to justice, from falsehood to truth, from night to day, from appetite to conscience,

from corruption to life, from bestiality to duty, from hell to heaven, and from nothingness to God. The starting point is matter, the terminus the soul; the hydra at the commencement, the angel at the end."

This is the author's noble estimate of the path of Providence, the path of the light shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day; and it must be admitted, that, noble as the design is, he does, in a very eminent degree, fulfill his design. Bad however as society is, and frightful as is its injustice, and frightful as are the injustices and inequalities of law even in our own country, it is certain that they are overstated. Law against the individual is the text from which we have this eloquent sermon. We said that the characters of the book are, the chief of them, certainly not merely epical, they are eponymical; they are vast and dilated forms intended to embody and shadow forth the characteristics of a whole class. We are not, therefore, perhaps, to take exception to the dramatic impossibility, the want of the true human proportionateness. There are many unhappy ones who move more or less prominently through the book; indeed, true to its title, it trails the garment of misery over almost every page; but the chief of the unhappy ones is Jean Valjean, a convict whom society had sinned against. He stole a loaf of bread, and suffered for this crime, and for repeated attempts to escape, nineteen years' imprisonment in the galleys. In his sympathetic determination to show the noble wealth of character which society and law crushes beneath its feet in its scorn, M. Hugo has given, in the portrait of this man, a being more than a saint; more than saintly; a saint with the strength of an archangel. He leaves the prison a mere ruffian, however innocent when he entered; he is capable of any deed of darkness; and he is converted through the saintly benevolence of the bishop; but novelists weave the texture of circumstances after the determination of their own minds, and in the obstacles which retard the return of the convict to society there is a complicity of circumstances such as never could meet. M. Hugo has ever, in all his writings, somewhat offended the finer tastes and sensibilities, by the introduction of characters who attach themselves to the reader as much by the revolt they create in his moral nature, as by the evolution of



some extraordinary development of character. Jean Valjean creates few such impressions. From the moment of his conversion, through every scene of the book, he is sublime. M. Hugo looks into the deepest dens of social life. He listens to the *De Profundis* which cries from thence; he sees the helpless, hopeless abjectness of utter poverty; he sees how it is cut off from protection, and from light and education; he sees the deep-settled gloom of ignorance which covers with its gross darkness the multitudes; he sees how slight the chances of such poverty and ignorance are against the despotism of wealth and capital and mere arbitrary law; he sees how near such darkness is to the jail; he sees how the souls of multitudes are altogether insensible to the voice and the alarms of conscience; but even when the voice has been heard, he sees how impossible it is even—strength, conscience, and intelligence in close co-partnership in the character—to emancipate from the evil conditions which society imposes on its victims. We believe M. Hugo has over-colored his picture, and overstated his case; but he believes that in the heart of the criminal lurk the capacities for great deeds of good: they need not so much fostering as really awakening; but even awakened, the man on whom society has, however unjustly, set its brand, society never forgives. He has received all these impressions, and Valjean, drawn with all the boldness and Titanic strength of which M. Hugo is capable, is the epical presentation of all these observations and thoughts. Perhaps in the development of this extraordinary character the reader will not find much to object. The story of the ride to the court of Arras, in which Jean Valjean, who has risen to be mayor of his town, suddenly appears to surrender himself to justice, to save from false imprisonment another arrested from some resemblance to him; this is narrated with extraordinary and most graphic vigor. It truly realizes the striking designation of the chapter, "A Tempest under a Skull," in all the successive adventures of the story, through hair-breadth and quite impossible escapes: the martyr convict, learning fortitude and resignation before the King of martyrs, while he commands the homage of the reader; as one of the most effective delineations of fiction, amidst heroisms, and self-denials, and munificences of

benevolence, and fastidiousnesses of conscience, which do not always awaken our sensibility, is M. Hugo's eponym of the possibilities of crime and ignorance alike in degradation and restoration, in despair and in hope.

M. Hugo has seen another thing, right or wrong, in his impressions of it. He sees Law, a thing of mere duty, without sympathy, without conscience; the dark angel, without a wing to protect, and only a sword to strike, hard, cruel, rather oppressive than regulative; cunning man-hunter, a disciplined beast, a well-behaved bloodhound, set to uphold authorities, and to administer, with no thought of right, indeed, with no thought at all; without the capacity of reverence or admiration; blind and deaf to every thing except "It is written;" substituting for virtue respectability, and fetters for principles. This is M. Hugo's idea of law in general as administered by magistrates and judges, and he has embodied and eponymized these impressions in the character of the evil genius of the book, Javart the Police Inspector. Our ideas on these matters would differ, we believe, materially from those of M. Hugo: that which to him would be the social rule, we should regard as the social exception. Crime, we believe, to be not certainly so tractable and tamable a beast as our author regards it. Education is not the best, the oldest, or the latest gospel. We have little doubt that law is in many sections of its operation entirely upon a wrong track; but we should like, in such a work as this, to feel altogether another pulse beating in the book. Evil is not, we venture to believe, an undeveloped quality of good; it is not, indeed, the earth or soil on which it is necessary good should grow. The work professes to be Christian in its theory, but we trace in it little, if any thing, beyond the crudities of Deism. We must believe, therefore, that the author has not touched the real spring of moral delinquency—has failed to comprehend either the fact of crime and its cause, or the nature of law. We do not, therefore, at all think of this book that it is, what evidently the author would regard it as being, a philosophy of society; but it is a brilliant photograph, a stereoscopic view of society in Paris. Humor is not our author's *forte*, nor even satire. His adventures in this way seldom rise beyond a grave and haughty irony of ex-

pression. Yet in the portrait of Gavroche, one of the *gamins* of Paris, he has evidenced humor, the almost solitary illustration of his power in this direction. With a bold, and strong, and most graphic pencil, he sketches Paris—old Paris; and in his exile he turns with fond and affectionate regret to the regions which he knows have all vanished beneath that spell of transformation to which we called the attention of our readers a short time since. We have again another series of those dark pictures which fascinated the eye in Notre Dame. Victor Hugo is the poet of Paris; he piles upon the city of his affections every term of exaggeration; he dwells upon the beauties, and even the deformities of the city, for they are not deformities to him, with a lover's passion and a lover's eye. Paris is the Mecca of his idolatry; it is his Israel, his Athens, his Jerusalem, his Florence, his Rome. Every aspect of its history is venerable to him: its revolutions and the stories of its barricades stir him with immense thoughts and emotions. We read all this, and enjoy it, and pardon it. To us it all seems most ludicrous. The terms in which the old city are lauded would be terms of exaggeration to adopt for the whole planet of which Paris forms a part. It is clear that to M. Hugo, as to most of his countrymen, the earth was created that France might be manifested, and France was manifested that Paris might be glorified.

Several of the more subsidiary portraits are given with all the poet's extraordinary vigor: M. Gillenormand, the royalist of the old school, and with at least equal power, yet with a very different kind of power, the ex-conventionalist and supposed regicide hermit and outcast. Many of these distinct studies are hung up throughout the volumes. Some not so admirable, and some, however true they may be to life and to M. Hugo's knowledge and experience, very disgusting. Some appear and vanish, and we see them no more. They influence the destinies of the creatures they have touched, and cursed, and forsaken. Thus of M. Tholomyés, whose sins and dissipation move the springs of the book. We only see him for a few pages, and then, "We shall have no further occasion to speak of M. Felix Tholomyés. We will merely say that twenty years later, in the reign of Louis Philippe, he was a stout country lawyer, influential and rich, a sensible elector, and a

very strict juror, but always a man of pleasure." *That* twenty years later is the critical point in the story. Meantime, M. Felix Tholomyés has laid a substantial foundation for a broken heart, and misery and ruin, in the life of Fantine, the beautiful mother of Cosette, and having done this, he vanishes in this graceful way from the reader's vision. It may be feared that all this is sufficiently life-like.

Certainly the book is well named *The Unhappy*. We have already said the reader moves constantly in the shadow of the night. The night is the theory M. Hugo forms of life. He is not the first, by many long ages, who proclaims the disconsolateness of the human soul. Such thoughts, so profoundly felt and expressed, command our veneration at all times. However held, they are far holier and far higher than the slipshod sensations of the epicurean or the indifferent.

"Let us take compassion on the chastised, for alas! who are we ourselves? who am I, who am speaking to you? who are you, who are listening to me? whence do we come? and is it quite sure that we did nothing before we were born? *The earth is not without a resemblance to a jail, and who knows whether man is not the ticket-of-leave of Divine justice?* If we look at life closely, we find it so made, that there is punishment every where to be seen. Are you what is called a happy man? Well, you are sad every day, and each of them has its great grief or small anxiety. Yesterday, you trembled for a health which is dear to you, to-day you are frightened about your own, to-morrow it will be a momentary anxiety, and the day after the diatribe of a calumniator, and the day after that again the misfortune of some friend; then the weather, then something broken or lost, or a pleasure for which your conscience and your backbone reproach you; or, another time, the progress of public affairs, and we do not take into account heart-pangs. And so it goes on; one cloud is dissipated, another forms, and there is hardly one day in one hundred of real joy and bright sunshine. And you are one of that small number who are happy: as for other men, the stagnation of night is around them. Reflecting minds rarely use the expressions the happy and the unhappy, for in this world, which is evidently the vestibule of another, there are no happy beings. The true human division is into the luminous and the dark. To diminish the number of the dark, and augment that of the luminous, is the object, and that is why we cry: 'Instruction and learning!' Learning to read is lighting the fire, and every syllable spelt is a spark. When we say light, however, we do not necessarily mean light; for men suffer in light, and excess of light burns. Flame is the enemy of the wings, and to burn without

ceasing to fly is the prodigy of genius. When you know and when you love you will still suffer, for the day is born in tears, and the luminous weep, be it only for the sake of those in darkness."

But our readers will not only ask, Is this all of life?—they will declare that this is not all; and especially they will be at issue with our author as to his receipt for happiness. Alas! it is very true, learning is still only the light by which man more distinctly reads the intelligence of his own unhappiness. It is the repetition of the old truth, To be absolutely happy is impossible while man is the creature of conditions; and it is true that even Christianity gives the patience in which the believer possesses his soul. The incomplete and the imperfect must ever be subject to the gusts of unhappiness, and even of misery. But the Christian believer, he has the consciousness which is rest. Experience worketh hope. He sets his foot upon Divine certainties, and he says, I stand here, and I am happy. There are not wanting passages of great beauty, in which this also seems to be the teaching of M. Hugo. But will our readers go with him in his teaching? Seriously he seems to preach that all life, that our life, is expiation. The great, and fruitful, and dangerous doctrine of Romanism is very plainly exhibited in the following otherwise most beautiful passage, describing Jean Valjean's refuge in the convent of Little Picpus. The extract is lengthy. It will illustrate the frequent beauty of our author's style:

#### THE PRISON AND THE CONVENT.

"God has his inscrutable designs, and the convent contributed, like Cosette, to maintain and complete the Bishop's work in Jean Valjean. It is certain that one of the sides of virtue leads to pride, and there is a bridge built there by the demon. Jean Valjean was perhaps unconsciously very near this bridge when Providence threw him into the convent of the Little Picpus. So long as he had only compared himself with the Bishop, he had found himself unworthy, and had been humble, but for some time past he had been beginning to compare himself with men, and pride was growing up. Who knows whether he might not have ended by gently returning to hatred?

"The convent checked him on this slope; it was the second place of captivity which he had seen. In his youth, in what had been to him the commencement of life, and again very recently, he had seen another, a frightful spot, a terrible spot, whose severities had ever appeared

to him to be the iniquity of justice and the crime of the law. At the present day after the hulks he saw the convent, and reflecting that he had been a member of the galleys, and was now, so to speak, a spectator of the convent, he anxiously confronted them in his thoughts.

"At times he leant on his spade, and fell into a profound reverie. He recalled his old comrades; how wretched they were! They rose at dawn and worked till night; they were scarce granted time to sleep; they lay down on camp-beds, and were only allowed mattresses two inches thick; their rooms were only warmed in the severest months of the year; they were dressed in hideous red jackets; they were allowed, as an indulgence, canvas trowsers in the great heat, and a woolen bandage on their back in the severe cold; they only ate meat and drank wine when they worked on fatigue parties; they lived without names, solely designated by numbers, lowering their eyes, lowering their voice, with shorn hair, under the stick, and in disgrace.

"Then his thoughts turned to the beings whom he had before him. These beings also lived with cropped hair, downcast eyes, and a low voice, not in disgrace, but amid the mockery of the world, and if their backs were not bruised by a stick, their shoulders were lacerated by the discipline. Their names had vanished too among human beings, and they only existed under severe appellations. They never ate meat nor drank wine; they often remained without food till night; they were dressed, not in a red jacket, but in a black woolen pall, heavy in summer and light in winter, and were unable to reduce it or add to it at all, and they wore for six months in the year serge chemises, which caused them a fever. They slept not in rooms warmed merely in the severe cold, but in cells in which fires were never kindled; they slept not on mattresses two inches thick, but on straw; lastly, they were not even allowed to sleep; every night, after a day of labor, they were compelled to get up, dress themselves, and go and pray in a freezing dark chapel, with their knees upon the stones. On certain days, moreover, each of these beings was obliged, in turn, to remain for twelve hours prostrate on the ground, with her arms extended like a cross.

"The former were men; the latter were women. What had the men done? They had robbed, violated, plundered, killed, assassinated. They were bandits, forgers, poisoners, incendiaries, murderers, and parricides. What had these women done? Nothing. On one side, brigandage and fraud, cozening, violence, lubricity, homicide, every sort of sacrilege, every variety of crime: on the other, only one thing—innocence, perfect innocence, which was still attached to the earth by virtue, and already attached to heaven by holiness. One side, confessions of crimes made in a whisper: on the other, confessions of faults made aloud. And what crimes, and what faults! On one side miasmas, on the other an ineffable perfume; on



one side a moral pestilence, closely guarded, held down by cannon and slowly devouring its plague-sufferers; on the other, a chaste kindling of all the souls on the same hearth. There darkness, here shadow, but a shadow full of light, and light full of radiance.

"They were two places of slavery, but in the former there was a possible deliverance, a constantly visible legal limit, and beside, escape—in the second perpetuity, the only hope being that gleam of liberty which men call death, upon the extreme horizon. In the former people were only held by chains, in the latter by faith. What emerged from the former? An immense curse, gnashing of teeth, hatred, desperate wickedness, a cry of rage against human society, and sarcasms hurled at heaven. What issued from the latter? Blessings, love. And in these two places, which were so similar, and yet so varying, these two so different species of beings accomplished the same work of expiation.

"Jean Valjean perfectly understood the expiation of the former, as personal, but he did not understand the expiation of the others, of these creatures who were without reproach or stain, and he asked himself with trembling: Expiation for what? A voice answered in his conscience, the most divine proof of human generosity, Expiation for others.

"Here we lay aside any and every personal theory; we are only the narrator, we are standing in Jean Valjean's place, and transferring his impressions. He had before his eyes the sublime summit of abnegation, the highest pinnacle of possible virtue, that innocence which forgives men their faults, and expiates them in their place; servitude endured, torture accepted, punishment demanded by souls which have not sinned, that they may absolve souls which have erred; the love of humanity swallowed up in the love of God, but remaining distinct and suppliant in it; gentle, feeble beings who have the wretchedness of those who are punished and the smile of those who are rewarded.

"And he remembered that he had dared to complain. He often rose in the middle of the night to listen to the grateful song of these innocent creatures, weighed down by severity, and his blood ran cold when he thought that men who were justly chastised only raised their voices to Heaven to blaspheme, and that he, wretch as he was, had threatened God. It was a striking thing, which made him reflect deeply, and imagine it a warning of Providence, that all the things he had done to escape from the other place of expiation, such as climbing walls, difficulties, dangerous adventures, and risks of death, he had gone through again, in entering the present place. Was it a symbol of his destiny?

"This house was a prison too, and bore a mournful likeness to the other abode from which he had fled, and yet he had never had such an idea here. He saw again the bars, bolts, and iron bars, to guard whom? Angels. The lofty walls which he had seen around tigers he saw again around lambs.

"It was a place of expiation, and not of punishment, and yet it was even more austere, gloomy, and pitiless than the other. These virgins were more harshly bowed than the galley-slaves: a rough, cold wind, the wind which had chilled his youth, blew through the barred and padlock cage of the vultures; but a sharper and more painful wind passed through the cotes of these doves.

"Why was this?

"When he thought of these things, all within him bowed down before this mystery of sublimity. In these meditations pride vanished: he felt himself insignificant, and wept many times: all that had entered his life during the past six months, led him back to the Bishop's holy injunctions—Cosette by love, the convent by humility.

"At times in those hours of the night when the garden was deserted, he might have been seen kneeling in front of that window through which he had gazed on the night of his arrival, turned toward the spot where he knew that the sister who was making reparation was prostrated in prayer. He prayed thus kneeling before this sister—it seemed as if he dared not kneel directly to God.

"All that surrounded him, this peaceful garden, these fragrant flowers, these children uttering merry cries, these grave and simple women, these silent cloisters, slowly penetrated him, and gradually his soul was composed of silence like this cloister, of perfume like these flowers, of peace like this garden, of simplicity like these women, and of joy like these children. And then he thought how two houses of God had in turn received him at the two critical moments of his life, the first when all doors were closed and human society repulsed him, the second at the moment when human society was beginning to hunt him down again, and the hulks were yawning for him; and that had it not been for the former, he would have fallen back into crime, and but for the latter, into punishment. All his heart melted into gratitude, and he loved more and more."

Very beautiful, but utterly false, we believe, and dangerous. And again we are at issue with M. Hugo, when he says:

"Destroy the cave, Ignorance, and you destroy the mole, Crime. Let us condense in a few words a portion of what we have just written. The social evil is darkness; humanity is identity, for all men are of the same clay, and in this nether world, at least, there is no difference in predestination; we are the same shadow before, the same flesh during, and the same ashes afterward: but ignorance, mixed with the human paste, blackens it, and this incurable blackness enters man and becomes Evil there."

Ignorance and crime are both evil fruits themselves of that which is lower;



and this, in the course of the reading of these volumes, it will be necessary to remember, because there is so much that looks truly Christian in the book. It is a noble production of genius, but it is deistical or pantheistical after all. No, knowledge will not accomplish all. Even in these volumes, which point to the cure of the ills of society, how much there is against which purity exclaims aloud, while that Providence which M. Hugo preaches is of a very doubtful character. God is a name so frequently used in the course of the pages, is used so lightly and recklessly, that we often feel that there is the infraction of that great command: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." We hear the rustle and the rush of wings, but it is impersonal power which surrounds the victims; and thus throughout the book, for all these unhappy ones—for convent nuns performing their melancholy expiations; for the outcast of men paying back the persecution and the curse of society in blessings and benefactions; for the lonely, disappointed, suffering hearts, poor, unnamed, and despised; for criminals wedged in the blackness of their dens, only coming forth upon some errands of cunning or cruelty—for all these, while there are words which run warm along the blood, there is only that which chills and shivers the soul.

His religion is the religion of the Socialist, or little more than this; and there is no place, apparently, in it for Divine grace, and for the ordinances and sacraments of religion; while conscience is not kindled or quickened by the Holy Spirit, but by sacrifice. Christ is a great martyr to imitate, not the ever-living, loving Sacrifice for sin. "I was praying to the Martyr up there," says Jean Valjean, "for the martyr down here, he mentally added."

It may seem strange to apply such tests to a work of fiction, but, indeed, the work is of the highest in invention, and it demands the highest tests.

The work should have been printed in such a manner as to separate the numerous historical episodes, which have no relation to the story, from the current of the story. The author tells with vigor, and great and rich interest, the tales of revolutions and barricades, the story of Waterloo, and the rise of Louis Philippe. In all these descriptions, the writer as-

sumes that tone of immense and ridiculous exaggeration in which French writers must express themselves, and more especially when they write history; and especially this is the case when Napoleon I. becomes the subject of the writer's grandiloquence; and yet, perhaps the most severe thing ever said of Napoleon is expressed in one of innumerable brilliant epigrams strewn so lavishly through these volumes. He is described as "Robespierre on horseback," and the battle of Waterloo is favored by another: "On June 18th, 1815, Robespierre on horseback was thrown."

In fine, the book is wonderful. We may say that, and still be far enough from regarding it as either true or healthful. It is full of wisdom, but as a book it is not wise. Our readers are all well acquainted with the author's painting. John Brown, that marvelous horror, that ghastly blackness, that dim gallows and suspended victim, faintly looming out of the darkness, like the hull of some wrecked ship, seen by night, night, thick night; no city, no form, a gibbet only, and a gibbeted form; the peculiar genius of the man lives in that bold and hideous, but truthful dream. A similar impression is produced on the mind by *Les Misérables*: it is also a picture of the night of the world, and has through the night the figures move like the hideous or beautiful but grievous specters; in the center the gibbet of law, and the victim strangled upon it. The artist seems to be one to whom it is impossible to be just. He is generous to one class, but he is unjust to another. He perhaps throws his whole picture and all its characters too much into the shade. We acknowledge the individual truth in most of the portraits: the selfishness of Gillenormand, the criminality of Thenardier, the hardness of Javert, the ingratitude of Cosette, the injustice of the town of M. sur M.; we acknowledge the wretchedness of Fantine, the wo of Valjean; but when we have acknowledged all this, we still feel that the impression produced is unjust: there is something more; and our author has failed to suffuse his picture in that soft light which surrounds all human existences, nay, all existence. He succeeds in imparting to the spirit of the reader the spirit of the book. It is impossible for any reader of sensibility to travel through it without partaking of the profound wretchedness

which it labors so successfully to describe.

We will not lay down the volumes without presenting to our readers some illustrative extracts which may also give some insight into the mental wealth of the book.

#### THE LIFE OF FAITH.

"Once, however, he seemed more dreamy than usual, while Madame de Lô was repeating all the details of their successions and 'hopes.' She broke off somewhat impatiently: 'Good gracious, cousin,' she said, 'what are you thinking about?' 'I am thinking,' said the Bishop, 'of something singular, which, if my memory is right, is in St. Augustine. *Place your hopes in the man to whom it is impossible to succeed.*'"

#### CHARITY.

"He never condemned any thing hastily, or without taking the circumstances into calculation. He would say: *Let us look at the road by which the fault has passed.*"

#### THE COURAGE OF FAITH.

"It came about that a worthy curé—I forget whether it were he of Couloubroux, or he of Pompierry—thought proper to ask him one day, probably at the instigation of Madame Magliore, whether Monsiigneur was quite certain that he was not acting to some extent imprudently by leaving his door open day and night for any who liked to enter, and if he did not fear lest some misfortune might happen in a house so poorly guarded. The Bishop tapped his shoulder with gentle gravity, and said to him: 'Nisi Dominus custodierit domum, in vanum vigilant qui custodiunt eam.'

"Then he spoke of something else. He was fond of saying, too: 'There is the priest's bravery as well as that of the Colonel of Dragoons. The only thing is that ours must be quiet.'"

#### THE SOLITUDE OF BISHOP MYRIEL.

"At times, even at an advanced hour of night, if the old maids were not asleep, they heard him slowly pacing the walks. He was then alone with himself, contemplative, peaceful, adoring, comparing the serenity of his heart with that of ether, affected in the darkness by the visible splendor of the constellations, and the invisible splendor of God, and opening his soul to thoughts which fall from the unknown. At such moments, offering up his heart at the hour when the nocturnal flowers offer up their perfumes, he could not have said himself, possibly, what was passing in his mind; but he felt something fly out of him and something descend into him.

"He dreamed of the grandeur and presence of God; of future eternity, that strange mystery; of past eternity, that even stranger mystery;

of all the infinites which buried themselves before his eyes in all directions; and without seeking to comprehend the incomprehensible, he gazed at it. He did not study God; he was dazzled by him. He considered this magnificent concourse of atoms which reveals forces, creates individualities in unity, proportions in space, innumerability in the infinite, and through light produces beauty. Such a concourse incessantly takes place, and is dissolved again, and hence come life and death.

"He would sit down on a wood bench, with his back against a rickety trellis, and gaze at the stars through the stunted sickly profiles of his fruit trees. This quarter of an acre, so poorly planted, and so encumbered with sheds and out-houses, was dear to him, and was sufficient for him. What more was wanting to this aged man, who divided the leisure of his life, which knew so little leisure, between gardening by day and contemplation by night? Was not this limited inclosure, with the sky for its roof, sufficient for him to be able to adore God by turns in his most delicious and most sublime works? Was not this every thing, in fact? and what could be desired beyond? A small garden to walk about in, and immensity to dream in; at his feet, what can be cultivated and gathered; over his head, what can be studied and meditated; on the earth a few flowers, and all the stars in the heavens."

#### AN OLD MAID.

"Mlle. Baptistine was a tall, pale, slim, gentle person; she realized the ideal of what the word 'respectable' expresses, for it seems necessary for a woman to be a mother in order to be venerable. She had never been pretty, but her whole life, which had been but a succession of pious works, had eventually cast over her a species of whiteness and brightness, and in growing older she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth had become in her maturity transparency, and through this transparency the angel could be seen. She seemed to be a shadow, there was hardly enough body for a sex to exist; she was a little quantity of matter containing a light—an excuse for a soul to remain upon the earth."

#### A SKEPTIC.

"He doubted every thing in a superior way, which is a great strength in the eyes of the weak. Hence, being ironical and bald, he was the leader."

#### A SERMON ON A NETTLE.

"One day he saw some countrymen very busy in tearing up nettles; he looked at the pile of uprooted and already withered plants, and said: 'They are dead, and yet they are good if you know how to use them. When nettles are young, the tops are an excellent vegetable.

When they are old, they have threads and fiber like hemp and flax. When chopped up, nettles are good for fowls; when pounded, excellent for horned cattle. Nettle-seed mixed with the food renders the coats of cattle shining, and the root mixed with salt produces a fine yellow color. The nettle is also excellent hay, which can be mown twice; and what does it require? A little earth, no care, and no cultivation. The only thing is that the seed falls as it ripens, and is difficult to garner. If a little care were taken, the nettle would be useful; but, being neglected, it becomes injurious, and is then killed. Here men resemble nettles! He added after a moment's silence: 'My friends, remember this—there are no bad herbs or bad men; there are only bad cultivators.' "

## LAWYERS.

"It is always a thing that contracts the heart, to see these assemblies of men dressed in black, conversing in a low voice on the threshold of a court of justice. It is rare for charity and pity to be noticed in their remarks, for they generally express condemnations settled before trial. All such groups appear to the thoughtful observer so many gloomy hives, in which buzzing minds build in community all sorts of dark edifices."

## WALKING BY FAITH.

"She felt in safety as she was with him. Jean Valjean did not know any more than Cosette whither he was going; he trusted to God, as she trusted to him. *He fancied that he also held some one greater than himself by the hand, and felt an invisible being guiding him.*"

## THE PANTHEIST'S CREED.

"There are prodigious relations between beings and things, and in this inexhaustible total, from the flea to the sun, nothing despises the other, for all have need of each other. Light does not bear into the sky terrestrial perfumes without knowing what to do with them, and night distributes the planetary essence to the sleepy flowers. *Every bird that flies has round its foot the thread of infinity; germination is equally displayed in the outburst of a meteor and the peck of the swallow breaking the egg, and it places the birth of a worm and the advent of Socrates in the same parallel; where the telescope ends, the microscope begins, and which of the two has the grandest sight? You can choose. A patch of green mold is a pleiad of flowers, and a nebula is an ant-hill of stars.* There is the same and even a more extraordinary promiscuity of the things of the intellect and the facts of the substance, elements and principles are mingled, combined, wedded together, and multiplying each other till they lead both the moral and the material world into the same light. In the vast cosmic exchanges universal life comes and goes in unknown quantities, re-

volving every thing in the invisible mystery of effluvia, employing every thing, losing not a single dream of a sleep, sowing an animalcula here, crumbling away a star there, oscillating and winding, making of light a force, and of thought an element, disseminated and invisible, and dissolving every thing save that geometrical point, the *Ego*; bringing back every thing to the atom soul, expanding every thing in God; entangling all activities from the highest to the lowest in the obscurity of a vertiginous mechanism, attaching the flight of an insect to the movement of the earth, and subordinating, perhaps, if only through the identity of the law, the evolution of the comet in the firmament to the rotatory movement of the Infusoria in the drop of water. *It is an enormous machinery of cog-wheels, in which the first mover is the gnat, and the last wheel is the Zodiac.*"

## TWO SISTERS.

"The two sisters wandered each in her own reverie, at the period when they were girls, and both had wings, the one those of an angel, the other those of a goose."

## THE DEATH OF VALJEAN.

"All at once he rose—such return of strength is at times a sequel of the death-agony. He walked with a firm step to the wall, thrust aside Marius and the doctor, who wished to help him, detached from the wall the small copper crucifix hanging on it, returned to his seat with all the vigor of full health, and said, as he laid the crucifix on the table:

"'There is the great Martyr.'

"When a being who is dear to us is about to die, we regard him with a glance which grapples him, and would like to retain him. Cosette and Marius stood before him hand in hand, dumb through agony, not knowing what to say to death, despairing and trembling. With each moment Jean Valjean declined and approached nearer to the dark horizon. His breathing had become intermittent, and a slight rattle impeded it. He had a difficulty in moving his forearm, his feet had lost all movement, and at the same time, as the helplessness of the limbs and the exhaustion of the body increased, all the majesty of the soul ascended and was displayed on his forehead. The light of the unknown world was already visible in his eyeballs. His face grew livid, and at the same time smiling; life was no longer there, but there was something else. His breath stopped, but his glance expanded; he was a corpse on whom wings could be seen. He made Cosette a sign to approach, and then Marius; it was evidently the last minute of the last hour, and he began speaking to them in so faint a voice that it seemed to come from a distance, and it was as if there were a wall between them and him.

"'Cosette,' he said, 'the moment has arrived to tell you your mother's name. It was Fantine. Remember this name—Fantine. Fall

on your knees every time that you pronounce it. She suffered terribly. She loved you dearly. She knew as much misery as you have known happiness. Such are the distributions of God. He is above. He sees us all, and he knows all that he does, amid his great stars. I am going away, my children. Love each other dearly and always. There is no other thing in the world but that; love one another. You will sometimes think of the poor old man who died here. Ah! my Cosette, it is not my fault that I did not see you every day, for it broke my heart. I went as far as the corner of the street, and must have produced a funny effect on the people who saw me pass, for I was like a madman, and even went out without my hat. My children, I can no longer see very clearly. I had several things to say to you, but no matter. Think of me a little. You are blessed beings. I know not what is the matter with me, but I see light. Come hither. I die happy. Let me lay my hands on your beloved heads."

"Cosette and Marius fell on their knees, heart-broken and choked with sobs, each under one of Jean Valjean's hands. These august hands did not move again. He had fallen back, and the light from the two candles illumined him: his white face looked up to heaven, and he let Cosette and Marius cover his hands with kisses—

for he was dead. The night was starless and intensely dark; doubtless some immense angel was standing in the gloom, with outstretched wings, waiting for the soul."

But we must quote no more; we have said sufficient, and quoted sufficient to assure our readers that in these volumes they have a powerful, a brilliant, nay, magnificent and dangerous book. It is like a mountain full of metals and spar, precious stones, blazing like wild, bright eyes in the darkness; also full of dens and caves where the horror is great, and the chance is that you alight upon creatures cruel and unclean, and steep mountain paths, and lone overhanging crags which whoso climbs must look out for night and danger, as well as for visions of blood-red sunsets, or sunrisings of doubtful import, previsioning the tempest; a place of thunders, and lightnings, and storms, and winds. Such language may seem hyperbolic, but we will beg the reader to know the book before he says it is.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR OLD MAIDS?"

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

IN the Convocation of Canterbury for this year of 1862, the readers of such journals as report in full the sayings and doings of that not very interesting assembly, were surprised to find the subject of Protestant Sisterhoods, or Deaconesses, discussed with a unanimity of feeling almost unique in the annals of ecclesiastic parliaments. High Churchman and Low, Broad Churchman and Hard, all seemed agreed that there was good work for women to do, and which women *were* doing all over England; and that it was extremely desirable that all these lady guerrillas of philanthropy should be enrolled in the regular disciplined army of the Church,

together with as many new recruits as might be enlisted. To use a more appropriate simile, Mother Church expressed herself satisfied at her daughters "coming out," but considered that her chaperonage was decidedly necessary to their decorum.

Again, at the Social Science Congress of this summer, in London, the Employment of women, the Emigration of women, the Education of women, and all the other rights and wrongs of women, were urged, if not with a unanimity equal to that of their reverend predecessors, yet with, at the very least, equal animation. It is quite evident that the subject is not



to be allowed to go to sleep, and we may as well face it valiantly, and endeavor to see light through its complications, rather than attempt to lecture the female sex generally on the merits of a "golden silence," and the propriety of adorning themselves with that decoration, (doubtless modestly declined, as too precious for their own use, by masculine reviewers,) "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." In a former article (*Celibacy v. Marriage—Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1862) we treated the subject in part. We now propose to pursue it further and investigate in particular the new phases which it has lately assumed.

The questions involved may be stated very simply.

It appears that there is a natural excess of four or five per cent of females over the males in our population. This, then, might be assumed to be the limits within which female celibacy was normal and inevitable.

There is, however, an actual ratio of thirty per cent of women now in England who never marry, leaving one fourth of both sexes in a state of celibacy. This proportion further appears to be constantly on the increase. It is obvious enough that these facts call for a revision of many of our social arrangements. The old assumption that marriage was the sole destiny of woman, and that it was the business of her husband to afford her support, is brought up short by the statement that one woman in four is certain not to marry, and that three millions of women earn their own living at this moment in England. We may view the case two ways: either—

1st. We must frankly accept this new state of things, and educate women and modify trade in accordance therewith, so as to make the condition of celibacy as little injurious as possible; or

2d. We must set ourselves vigorously to stop the current which is leading men and women away from the natural order of Providence. We must do nothing whatever to render celibacy easy or attractive; and we must make the utmost efforts to promote marriage by emigration of women to the colonies, and all other means in our power.

The second of these views we shall in the first place consider. It may be found to color the ideas of a vast number of writers, and to influence essentially the

decisions made on many points—as the admission of women to university degrees, to the medical profession, and generally to free competition in employment. Lately it has met a powerful and not unkindly exposition in an article in a cotemporary quarterly, entitled, *Why are Women Redundant?* Therein it is plainly set forth that all efforts to make celibacy easy for women are labors in a wrong direction, and are to be likened to the noxious exertions of quacks to mitigate the symptoms of disease, and allow the patient to persist in his evil courses. The root of the malady should be struck at, and marriage, the only true vocation for women, promoted at any cost, even by the most enormous schemes for the deportation of four hundred and forty thousand females. Thus alone (and by the enforcing of a stricter morality on men) should the evil be touched. As to making the labors of single women remunerative, and their lives free and happy, all such mistaken philanthropy will but tend to place them in a position more and more false and unnatural. Marriage will then become to them a matter of "cold philosophic choice," and accordingly may be expected to be more and more frequently declined.

There is a great deal in this view of the case which, on the first blush, approves itself to our minds, and we have not been surprised to find the article in question quoted as of the soundest common-sense. All, save ascetics and visionaries, must admit that, for the mass of mankind, marriage is the right condition, the happiest, and the most conducive to virtue. This position fairly and fully conceded, it *might* appear that the whole of the consequences deduced followed of necessity, and that the direct promotion of marriage and discountenancing of celibacy was all we had to do in the matter.

A little deeper reflection, however, discloses a very important point which has been dropped out of the argument. Marriage is, indeed, the happiest and best condition for mankind. But does any one think that all marriages are so? When we make the assertion that marriage is good and virtuous, do we mean a marriage of interest, a marriage for wealth, for position, for rank, for support? Surely nothing of the kind. Such marriages as these are the sources of misery and sin, not of happiness and virtue; nay, their moral character, to be fitly designated,

would require stronger words than we care to use. There is only one kind of marriage which makes good the assertion that it is the right and happy condition for mankind, and that is a marriage founded on free choice, esteem, and affection—in one word, on love. If, then, we seek to promote the happiness and virtue of the community, our efforts must be directed to encouraging *only* marriages which are of the sort to produce them—namely, marriages founded on love. All marriages founded on interest, on the desire for position, support, or the like, we must discourage to the utmost of our power, as the sources of nothing but wretchedness. Where, now, have we reached? Is it not to the conclusion that to make it a woman's *interest* to marry, to force her, by barring out every means of self-support and all fairly remunerative labor, to look to marriage as her sole chance of competency, is precisely to drive her into one of those sinful and unhappy marriages? It is quite clear we can never drive her into *love*. That is a sentiment which poverty, friendlessness, and helplessness can by no means call out. Nor, on the contrary, can competence and freedom in any way check it. It will arise under its natural conditions, if we will but leave the matter alone. A *loving* marriage can never become a matter of "cold philosophic choice." And if *not* a loving one, then, for Heaven's sake, let us give no motive for choice at all.

Let the employments of women be raised and multiplied as much as possible, let their labor be as fairly remunerated, let their education be pushed as high, let their whole position be made as healthy and happy as possible, and there will come out once more, here as in every other department of life, the triumph of the divine laws of our nature. Loving marriages are (we can not doubt) what God has designed, not marriages of interest. When we have made it *less* women's interest to marry, we shall indeed have less and fewer interested marriages, with all their train of miseries and evils. But we shall also have more *loving* ones, more marriages founded on free choice and free affection. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that for the very end of promoting marriage—that is, such marriage as it is alone desirable to promote—we should pursue a precisely opposite course to that suggested by the Reviewer or his party. Instead of leaving single women as helpless as possible, and

their labor as ill-rewarded—instead of dinning into their ears from childhood that marriage is their one vocation and concern in life, and securing afterward if they miss it that they shall find no other vocation or concern—instead of all this, we shall act exactly on the reverse principle. We shall make single life so free and happy that they shall have not one temptation to change it, save the only temptation which *ought* to determine them—namely, love. Instead of making marriage a case of "Hobson's choice" for a woman, we shall endeavor to give her such independence of all interested considerations that she may make it a choice, not indeed "cold and philosophic," but warm from the heart, and guided by heart and conscience only.

And again, in another way the same principle holds good, and marriage will be found to be best promoted by aiding and not by thwarting the efforts of single women to improve their condition. It is a topic on which we can not speak much, but thus far may suffice. The reviewer alludes with painful truth to a class of the community whose lot is far more grievous than either celibacy or marriage. Justly he traces the unwillingness of hundreds of men to marry to the existence of these unhappy women in their present condition. He would remedy the evil by preaching marriage to such men. But does not all the world know that thousands of these poor souls, of all degrees, would never have fallen into their miserable vocation had any *other* course been open to them, and they had been enabled to acquire a competence by honest labor? Let such honest courses be opened to them, and then we shall see, as in America, the recruiting of that wretched army becoming less and less possible every year in the country. The self-supporting, and therefore self-respecting woman may indeed become a wife, and a good and happy one, but she will no longer afford any man a reason for declining to marry.

It is curious to note that while, on the one hand, we are urged to make marriage the sole vocation of women, we are simultaneously met on the other by the outpourings of ridicule and contempt on all who for themselves, or even for their children, seek ever so indirectly to attain this vocation. Only last year all England was entertained by jests concerning "Belgravian mothers;" and the wiles and de-

vices of widows and damsels afford an unending topic of satire and amusement in private and public. Now we ask, in all seriousness, Wherefore all this ridicule and contempt? *If* marriage be indeed the one object of a woman's life — *if* to give her any other pursuit or interest be only to divert her from that one object and "palliate the symptoms while fostering a great social disease"—then, we repeat, *why* despise these match-making mothers? Are they to do nothing to help their daughters to their only true vocation, which, if they should miss, their lives *ought* to be failures, poverty-stricken and miserable? Nay; but if things be so, the most open, unblushing marketing of their daughters is the *duty* of parents, and the father or mother who leaves the matter to chance is flagrantly neglectful. Truly it is a paradox passing all limits of reason, that society should enforce marriage on woman as her only honorable life, and at the same time should stigmatize as dishonorable the efforts of her parents to settle her in marriage.

The spontaneous sentiment of mankind has hit a deeper truth than the theories of economists. It is in the nature of things disgraceful and abominable that marriage should be made the aim of a woman's life. It can only become what it is meant to be, the completion and crown of the life of either man or woman, when it has arisen from sentiments which can never be bespoken for the convenient fulfillment of any vocation whatsoever.

But it is urged, and not unreasonably—If it be admitted on all hands that marriage is the best condition, and that only one fourth of the female sex do not marry, how can we expect provision to be made for this contingency of one chance in four by a girl's parents and by herself in going through an education (perhaps costly and laborious) for a trade or profession which there are three chances in four she will not long continue to exercise?

It must be admitted here is the great knot and difficulty of the higher branches of woman's employment. It does require far-seeing care on the part of the parent, perseverance and resolution of no mean order on that of the daughter, to go through in youth the training which will fit her to earn her livelihood hereafter in any of the more elevated occupations. Nay, it demands that she devote to such

training the precise years of life wherein the chances of marriage are commonly offered, and the difficulties of pursuing a steady course are very much enhanced by temptations of all kinds. If she wait till the years when such chances fail, and take up a pursuit at thirty merely as a *pis aller*, she must inevitably remain forever behindhand and in an inferior position.

The trial is undoubtedly considerable, but there are symptoms that both young women and their parents will not be always unwilling to meet it, and to invest both time and money in lines of education which *may* indeed prove superfluous, but which likewise may afford the mainstay of a life which, without them, would be helpless, aimless, and miserable. The magnitude of the risk ought surely to weigh somewhat in the balance. At the lowest point of view, a woman is no worse off if she marry eventually, for having first gone through an education for some good pursuit; while if she remain single, she is wretchedly off for not having had such education. But this is in fact only a half-view of the case. As we have insisted before, it is only on the standing-ground of a happy and independent celibacy that a woman can really make a free choice in marriage. To secure this standing-ground, a pursuit is more needful than a pecuniary competence, for a life without aim or object is one which, more than all others, goads a woman into accepting any chance of a change. — Mariana (we are privately convinced) would have eloped out of the Moated Grange not only with that particular "he" who never came, but with any other suitor who might have presented himself. Only a woman who has something else than making love to do and to think of will love really and deeply. It is in *real lives*—lives devoted to actual service of father or mother, or to work of some kind for God or man—that alone spring up *real feelings*. Lives of idleness and pleasure have no depth to nourish such plants.

Again, we are very far indeed from maintaining that *during* marriage it is at all to be desired that a woman should struggle to keep up whatever pursuit she had adopted beforehand. In nine cases out of ten this will drop naturally to the ground, especially when she has children. The great and paramount duties of a mother and wife once adopted, every



other interest sinks, by the beneficent laws of our nature, into a subordinate place in normally constituted minds, and the effort to perpetuate them is as false as it is usually fruitless. Where necessity and poverty compel mothers in the lower ranks to go out to work, we all know too well the evils which ensue. And in the higher classes doubtless the holding tenaciously by any pursuit interfering with home duties must produce such Mrs. Jellabys as we sometimes hear of. It is not only leisure which is in question. There appear to be some occult laws in woman's nature providing against such mistakes by rendering it impossible to pursue the higher branches of art or literature or any work tasking mental exertion, while home and motherly cares have their claims. We have heard of a great artist saying that she is always obliged to leave her children for a few weeks before she can throw herself again into the artist-feeling of her youth, and we believe her experience is corroborated on all hands. No great books have been written or works achieved by women while their children were around them in infancy. No woman can lead the two lives at the same time.

But it is often strangely forgotten that there are such things as widows, left such in the prime of life, and quite as much needing occupation as if they had remained single. Thus, then, another chance must fairly be added to our one in four that a woman may need such a pursuit as we have supposed. She may never marry, or having married she may be left a childless widow, or a widow whose few children occupy but a portion of her time. Suppose, for instance, she has been a physician. How often would the possibility of returning to her early profession be an invaluable resource after her husband's death! The greatest female mathematician living, was saved from despairing sorrow in widowhood, by throwing herself afresh into the studies of her youth.

It may be a pleasantly romantic idea to some minds, that of woman growing up solely with the hope of becoming some man's devoted wife, marrying the first that offers, and when he dies, becoming a sort of moral Suttee whose heart is supposed to be henceforth dead and in ashes. But it is quite clear that Providence can never have designed any such order of things. All the infinite tenderness and

devotion he has placed in women's hearts, though meant to make marriage blessed and happy, and diffusing as from a hearth of warm affections, kindness and love on all around, is yet meant to be subordinated to the great purposes of the existence of all rational souls—the approximation to God through virtue. With reverence be it spoken, God is the only true center of life for us all, not any creature he has made. "To live unto God" is the law for man and woman alike. Whoever strives to do this will neither spend youth in longing for happiness which may be withheld, nor age in despair for that which may be withdrawn.

To resume. It appears that from every point of view in which we regard the subject, it is desirable that women should have other aims, pursuits, and interests in life beside matrimony, and that by possessing them they are guaranteed against being driven into unloving marriages, and rendered more fitted for loving ones; while their single life, whether in maidenhood or widowhood, is made useful and happy.

Before closing this part of the subject, we can not but add a few words to express our amused surprise at the way in which the writers on this subject constantly concern themselves with the question of *female* celibacy, deplore it, abuse it, propose amazing remedies for it, but take little or no notice of the twenty-five per cent old bachelors (or thereabouts) who needs must exist to match the thirty per cent old maids. *Their* moral condition seems to excite no alarm, their lonely old age no foreboding compassion, their action on the community no reprobation. Nobody scolds them very seriously, unless some stray Belgravian grandmother. All the alarm, compassion, reprobation, and scoldings are reserved for the poor old maids. But of the two, which of the parties is the chief delinquent? The *Zend Avesta*, as translated by Anquetil du Perron, contains somewhere this awful denunciation: "That damsel who, having reached the age of eighteen, shall refuse to marry, must remain in hell till the Resurrection!" A severe penalty, doubtless, for the crime, and wonderful to meet in the mild creed of Zoroaster, where no greater punishment is allotted to any offense whatsoever. Were these Guebre young ladies so terribly cruel, and *mazdiesnans* (true believers) so desperately enamored? Are we to imagine the



obdurate damsels dispatching whole dozens of despairing gentlemen in conical caps to join the society in the shades below—

"Hapless youths who died for love,  
Wandering in a myrtle grove!"

It takes a vivid stretch of imagination in England, in the nineteenth century, to picture any thing of the kind. Whatever other offenses our young ladies may be guilty of, or other weaknesses our young gentlemen, obduracy on the one hand, and dying for love on the other, are rarities, at all events. Yet one would suppose that Zoroaster was needed over here, to judge of the manner in which old maids are lectured on their very improper position. "The Repression of Crime," as the benevolent Recorder of Birmingham would phrase it, seems on the point of being exercised against them, since it has been found out that their offense is on the increase, like poaching in country districts and landlord-shooting in Ireland. The mildest punishment, we are told, is to be transportation, to which half a million have just been condemned, and for the terror of future evil-doers, it is decreed that no single woman's work ought to be fairly remunerated, nor her position allowed to be entirely respectable, lest she exercise "a cold philosophic choice" about matrimony. No false charity to criminals! Transportation or starvation to all old maids!

Poor old maids! Will not the Reformatory, Union, or some other friends of the criminal, take their case in hand? They are too old for Miss Carpenter. Could not Sir Walter Crofton's Intermediate System be of some use? There is reason to hope that many of them would be willing to adopt a more honest way of life were the chance offered them.

If the reader should have gone with us thus far, we shall be able better to follow the subject from a point of view which shall in fact unite the two leading ideas of which we made mention at starting. We shall, with the *first*, seek earnestly how the condition of single women may be most effectually improved; and, with the *second*, we shall admit the promotion of marriage (*provided it be disinterested and loving*) to be the best end at which such improvements will tend.

In one point there is a practical unani-

mity between the schemes of the two parties, and this we should desire to notice before proceeding to consider the ways in which the condition of single women may be improved as such. This scheme is that of emigration for women to the colonies. Here we have multitudes of women offered in the first place remunerative employment beyond any thing they could obtain at home; and further, the facilitation of marriage effected for large numbers, to the great benefit of both men and women. What there might appear in the plan contradictory to the principles we have laid down above, is only apparent, and not real. The woman who arrives in a colony where her labor, of head or hands, can command an ample maintenance, stands in the precise condition we have desired to make marriage—a matter of free choice. She has left "Hobson's choice" behind her, with the poverty of England, and has come out to find competence and freedom, and, if she choose, (but *only* if she choose,) marriage also.

It is needless to say that this scheme has our entire sympathy and good wishes, though we do not expect to live to see the time when our reviewer's plans will be fulfilled by the deportation of women at the rate of thirty or forty thousand a year.\*

An important point, however, must not be overlooked. However far the emigration of women of the working classes may be carried, that of educated women must at all times remain very limited, inasmuch as the demand for them in the colonies is comparatively trifling. Now, it is of educated women that the great body of "old maids" consists; in the lower orders celibacy is rare. Thus, it should be borne in mind that emigration schemes do not essentially bear on the main point, "How shall we improve the condition of the thirty per cent of single women in England?" The reviewer to whom we have so often alluded, does indeed dispose of the matter by observing that the transportation he fondly hopes to see effected, of four hundred and forty thousand women to the colonies, will at least *relieve the market* for those who remain. We can not but fear, however, that the governesses

\* We rejoice to hear that Miss Maria S. Rye, who has already done so much for this cause, is on the point of sailing to Otago with one hundred female emigrants, to superintend personally the arrangements for their welfare. This is doing woman's work in working style, truly.

and other ladies so accommodated will not much profit by the large selection thus afforded them among the blacksmiths and plowmen, deprived of their proper companions. At the least we shall have a quarter of a million of old maids *in esse* and *in posse* left on hands. What can we do for them?

For convenience, we may divide them into two classes. One of them, without capital or high cultivation, needs employment suitable to a woman's powers, and yet affording better remuneration than woman's work has hitherto usually received. Here we find the efforts of Miss Faithfull, Miss Crowe, Miss Rye, and the other ladies in combination with the society founded by Miss Parkes, laboring to procure such employment for them by the Victoria Printing-Press, the Law Copying Office, and other plans in action or contemplated for watchmaking, hair-dressing, and the like. We may look on this class as in good hands; and as the emigration of women will actually touch it and carry away numbers of its members, we may hope that its destinies are likely henceforth to improve.

The other and higher class is that of which we desire more particularly to speak, namely, of ladies either possessed of sufficient pecuniary means to support themselves comfortably, or else of such gifts and cultivation as shall command a competence. The help these women need is not of a pecuniary nature, but a large portion of them require aid, and the removal of existing restrictions, to afford them the full exercise of their natural powers, and make their lives as useful and happy as Providence has intended. Of *all* the position is at the present moment of transition worthy of some attention, and suggestive of some curious speculations regarding the future of women. Channing remarks that when the negro races become thoroughly Christianized, we shall see a development of the religion never known before. At least equally justly may we predict that when woman's gifts are at last expanded in an atmosphere of freedom and happiness, we shall find graces and powers revealed to us of which we yet have little dreamed. To the consideration, then, of the condition and prospects of women of the upper classes who remain unmarried, we shall devote the following pages.

All the pursuits of mankind, beside mere

money-getting, may be fitly classed in three great orders. They are in one way or another the pursuit of the True, the Beautiful, or the Good. In a general way we may say that science, literature, and philosophy are devoted to Truth; art in all its branches (including poetic literature) to the Beautiful; and politics and philanthropy to the Good. Within certain limits, each of these lines of action are open to women; and it is in the aspect they bear as regards women's work that we are now to regard them. But before analyzing them further, I would fain be allowed to make one remark which is far too often forgotten. Each of these pursuits is equally noble in itself; it is our fitness for one or the other, not its intrinsic sanctity or value, which ought to determine our choice; and we are all astray in our judgments if we come to the examination of them with prejudices for or against one or the other. In these days, when "the icy chains of custom and of prejudice" are somewhat loosened, and men and women go forth more freely than ever of old to choose and make their lives, there is too often this false measurement of our brother's choice. Each of us asks his friend in effect, if not in words—"Why not follow my calling rather than your own? Why not use such a gift? Why not adopt such a task?" The answer to these questions must not be made with the senseless pedantry of the assumption, that because to *us* art or literature, or philanthropy or politics, is the true vocation, therefore for all men and women it is the noblest; and that God meant Mozart to be a statesman, and Howard a sculptor, and Kant a teacher in a ragged school. The true, the beautiful, and the good are all revelations of the Infinite One, and therefore all holy. It is enough for a man if it be given him in his lifetime to pursue any one of them to profit—to carry a single step further the torch of humanity along either of the three roads, every one of which leads up to God. The philosopher, who studies and teaches us the laws of mind or matter—the artist, who beholds with illumined eyes the beauty of the world, and creates it afresh in poetry or painting—the statesman or philanthropist, who labors to make Right victorious, and to advance the virtue and happiness of mankind—all these in their several ways are God's seers, God's prophets, as much the one as the other. We could afford to lose none of them, to un-

dervalue none of them. The philosopher is not to be honored only for the goodness or the beauty of the *truth* he has revealed. All truth is good and beautiful, but it is to be prized because it is *truth*, and not merely for its goodness or beauty. The artist is not to be honored only for the truth or the goodness of the *beautiful* he has revealed. The beautiful is necessarily good and true, but it is to be loved because it is *beautiful*, and not merely for its truth or goodness.\* Like the old Athanasian symbol, we may say: "The Truth is divine, the Beautiful is divine, and the Good is divine. And yet they are not three divine things, but three revelations of the One Divine Lord." If men would but feel this each in his own pursuit, and in judging of the pursuits of others, how holy and noble would all faithful work become! We are haunted yet with the Romish thought that a life of asceticism, of preaching, of prayer, of charity, is altogether on a different plane of being from a life devoted to other tasks. But it is not so. From *every* field of honest human toil there rises a ladder up into heaven. Was Kepler further from God than any Howard or Xavier when, after discovering the law of the planetary distances, he bowed his head and exclaimed in rapture: "O God! I think thy thoughts after thee!" Was Milton less divine than any St. Theresa locked in her stony cell, when his mighty genius had soared "upon the seraph wings of ecstasy" over the

whole beautiful creation, and he poured out at last his triumphant Psalm—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good—  
Almighty!

Of these three great modes of Divine manifestation, it would appear, however, that, though equal in sanctity and dignity, the pursuit of the True and of the Beautiful were designed for comparatively few among mankind. Few possess the pure abstract love of Truth in such fervor as to fit them to become the martyrs of science or the prophets of philosophy. Few also are those who are endowed with that supreme sense of the Beautiful, and power to reproduce it in form, color, or sound, which constitute the gifts of the artist. Especially does this hold good with women. While few of them do not feel their hearts warmed with the love of goodness, and the desire to relieve the sufferings of their fellows, a mere fraction, in comparison, interest themselves to any extent in the pursuit of the abstract truths of philosophy or science, or possess any powers to reproduce the Beautiful in Art, even when they have a perception of its presence in nature. We may discuss briefly, then, here the prospects of the employment of women in the departments of Truth and Beauty, and in a future paper consider more at length the new aspect of their philanthropic labors and endeavors to do Good.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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From the Westminster Review.

## IDÉES NAPOLEONIENNES: THE SECOND EMPIRE.†

[As Napoleon and France are great subjects, we give also the opinion of the *Westminster Review* in addition to that from the *National*.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

\* See Victor Cousin, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*.

† *Ten Years of Imperialism in France: Impressions of a Flâneur*. Edinburgh and London. 1862.

The wildest schemer of modern times asked for the greatest realm on the Continent, to use it as the field for gigantic experiments, suggested by what he himself called his *Reveries*; and the gift was accorded to him without condition or reservation. When Louis Napoleon requested the French people to hand over

themselves and their territory into his single hand, if they did not thoroughly know the man, their leaders knew what his views had been, with one exception; and that exception was supplied by the very fact of his enormous request, which showed that he contemplated a perfect and absolute centralizing of the Government in the one. Despite the boastfulness common to every nation, and the fondness for wonderment that mankind has indulged in all times, there is, we believe, no adequate sense of the huge theoretical and practical problem involved in the Napoleonic experiment now working out in this year 1862. Huge problems, indeed, are commonplaces just now. Glancing abroad we see, apparently on the eve of a crisis, the long-maturing contest of nationalities against dynasties and bureaucracies—the Austrian and German Governments being in no way sufficiently daunted by the fate of the Italian monarchies to yield up with a good grace the obsolete prerogatives that they have heretofore contrived to retain in the face of awakened public opinion. At the same time, throughout vast regions of the world, intermingled with the perplexities of administration, but yet essentially distinct, are great questions of nationality; and convulsively yet tediously working out a semi-political and semi-ethnological problem, are immense tracts of Germany, Scandinavia, Poland, Pansclavonia, and Russia Proper—if there is such a thing. The question of its hierarchy is forced upon Catholic Christendom, about one quarter of which is prepared to handle the subject. Before our living eyes, Italy, for the first time in her history, is establishing herself as a consolidated nation. The theory propounded by Adam Smith in the days of our great-grandfathers is now marching substantially across the Continent of Europe, even into the precincts of protection, as in the case of France, Belgium, and the Zollverein. But in many respects, more startling than all these agitations is that problem which may be summed up in the single word France.

It is not very many years since statesmen and public writers were wont to discuss the condition of states foreign to their own, as dependent mainly upon the form of government, and we ascribed all the evils in France or Austria to the despotism of their rulers or the bigotry of

their official servants. We were encouraged to do so, because our knowledge of such countries was partial and uncertain, drawn principally through the library, through the imperfect reports of official documents, or patriotic accusations, with the very scanty and precarious addenda afforded by the observations of intelligent travelers. It is only in our own time that facilities of intercourse have so greatly multiplied the number of those travelers, and of residents in foreign countries, that we have to a certain extent procured a transfusion of society; and to the same degree we have got together the solid raw materials for a genuine international public opinion. In proportion as we have thus acquired an intimate knowledge of other countries, we English have been confirmed in our repugnance to the centralized despotic powers which maintained their rule by "keeping down" the public; but we have also discovered how much every policy of the kind was the product of the state of knowledge and opinion in each country, or derived its license to exist from deficiencies in the intellectual and moral condition of the people. In a general sense, it may be safely said that every government is an equation of the capacity of the people for managing its corporate affairs; and thus, while we have learned to regard the excesses and vices of the most obstinate despotism, if not with greater respect, at least with more charity, we have also been led to trace important distinctions between the tendencies and movements of the nations themselves. It would be absurd to imagine for a moment that any state in Europe is completely isolated, or has ever been so since traveling commenced. With regard to many countries, they have been subjected to external influences, and there are some few which have been the steady object of foreign interference. Italy, Poland, and France present conspicuous examples: the last in a more transitory fashion, the first ever since the Middle Ages; and in this instance the reasons are sufficiently obvious. The beauty of the land, and its richness in many resources besides those of mere material wealth, conspired to attract the ambitions of foreign princes; while at various periods the residence of the chief of the priesthood of Catholic civilization invited the intriguers of every court to make the capital of Italy their headquarters. It has



thus happened that, while some nations have been able to develop their own faculties and purposes in far greater freedom than others, Italy has been the most remarkable example to the contrary; her innate faculties, and the designs of her best reformers, having been of the highest order, but having been throughout the last ten centuries thwarted, baffled, and frustrated by combinations of every conceivable character. To recognize this influence of one country over another, is to admit the importance of international sympathies and of foreign action upon the development and growth of each body politic; and when once we have gone so far, we perceive how momentous it is to the growth of each nation, according to its own genius and convictions, that it should promote the development of countries harmonizing with it in its instincts and opinions. This truth has been more distinctly perceived heretofore by the preachers of loyal right divine and the advocates of perfectly centralized government, than by the champions of constitutional rule. Nevertheless, the gradual spread of intelligence and intercourse, with the inevitable impulse to freedom of thought through the material freedom of action, has resulted in multiplying the states governed by constitutional administration, and the influence of constitutional opinions has proportionately gained in strength as well as in territory. It has not been by any direct intervention. Hitherto, constitutional states have been content to reply upon a certain dogmatic form of political free trade, which they call the doctrine of "non-intervention," and for which they have undoubtedly many powerful arguments. No nation, they say, can maintain its independence until it has at least sufficient internal conviction and strength to assert that independence. The first step toward freedom is to abstain from needless interference with others. We must assume that foreign states desire to be as we find them; and if we wish to uphold respect for public law, we must not trespass upon the grounds of others. The liberty we assert for ourselves compels us, therefore, to abstain from meddling where we have no jurisdiction. It has so happened that empirical deviations from this doctrine, as in the case of Greece, have not turned out very happily. The result has been that, upon the whole, constitutional states have

deliberately observed this dogmatic species of self-restraint, debarring themselves from promoting the development of similar communities; although to multiply the number of governments of their own genus, and to enlarge the territory of constitutional rule, is practically to fortify the outposts of their own strength, and so far to secure themselves against the chance of those fluctuations in human affairs which have submerged many a state that believed itself above danger. It is perhaps only within the last year or two that statesmen have begun to see through the fallacy that has heretofore fettered the legitimate action of constitutional states in support of their younger imitators; but the question is brought to an issue in a manner so unprecedented and so close to us, the oldest and most powerful of constitutional states, that we, as well as the rest of the world, are compelled to study it intently. France constitutes bodily a problem which is the exact opposite of that worked out by England from the time of John downward. England illustrates the proposition of self-government, carried through local ramifications to the furthest extent; France embodies the reverse proposition—government by proxy through one man, the whole power of the state concentrated in his single grasp. It is now ten years since Louis Napoleon asked France to give him herself and her territory, with all her possessions and forces, in order that he might carry out that proposition; and amongst the many books that have been written upon so fertile a subject, there is not one that brings it to so distinct a focus as the unpretending anonymous volume entitled *Ten Years of Imperialism in France: Impressions of a Flâneur*.

Statisticians usually allow twenty years to a generation, and within the last four generations, France has appeared before the world in half a dozen aspects—as the ancient kingdom of the Most Christian King, governed by peremptory absolutism; as the savagest republic ever witnessed by that experienced and sage authority, history; as a military empire, less barbarous but more dangerous to foreign states, and more rapid in its encroachments and dictations than any previous invader; as a restored monarchy "by the grace of God" and the Duke of Wellington, moderated to suit modern prejudices; as a constitutional monarchy, established

by force of barricades, and existing by the grace of the *bourgeoisie*, and then, after the brief interlude of a didactic republic, as the second empire, which, with one remarkable exception, unites in itself all the natural elements of the previous *régimes* except one. It is the centralized personal authority of the old monarchy, restored by the universal suffrage of the first republic in the name of the first empire, with the original inspirations of its own author, the second Emperor; carefully excluding the ideas, the associations, and influences of that constitutional monarchy which spontaneously sought its own apotheosis under the sublime name of "Mr. Smith." Twelve years ago the existence of such a state as this new empire was the dream of one solitary man, who was regarded with indifference, if not contempt itself—now it is an established reality. Alone he did it. He has changed the entire face of the land—altered the outward picture of its great towns, imparted enterprise to its agriculture, re-created its army, and restored its potency for dictation abroad. But he has done far more than that—he has changed the manners if not the genius of the people, and bidden the mind of France to obey his will. The literature of the country has sunk, with its intellect, to be his servant. But he has worked even a greater miracle than that complete subjugation of the countrymen of Rousseau and Voltaire—he has made the Frenchman an active investing commercialist, and, wonderful as it may seem, a sailor. Although the thing has been done, it looks incredible; the more distinctly we present it to our eyes, the more difficult we find it of belief. To account for the fact, we impute it to various Machiavellian purposes; we lighten the burden of belief, by assuming that much of the pageant is spurious; but we only delude ourselves by struggling to force the facts into accordance with our own predilections, instead of studying them as they are, and plainly confessing the conclusions which they might teach us. It is worth while, at all events, to ascertain distinctly what Louis Napoleon has actually done, if only for the purpose of endeavoring to appreciate what he might do further.

One reason why the result is so difficult of comprehension is, that we begin by blinding our sight with prejudices against the man. We are not now about to consider how far he is bad or good, wicked or

beneficent, devil or angel. Our opinion upon his moral character has been placed on record, and it is not yet time to revise that estimate. Nor are we simply going to "give the devil his due." We have a harder task on hand, but one that, perhaps, concerns us and our interest somewhat more nearly. It is to ascertain the nature and measure of that thing called Louis Napoleon, as a natural phenomenon, and as one element in the political and social dynamics of the world. The moment we enter upon this examination, our past crude ideas and hasty judgment are rebuked by the marked contrast between the man as we appraised him and his performances. Few individuals have been less strangers in certain circles of European society. Louis Napoleon has resided in France, in England, in Italy; representative men of all Europe have met him in the drawing-room, on the race-course, at the dining-table; he has been an author, and his lucubrations, even before the still unfinished *Life of Cæsar*, have attracted attention less from their style and force than from the genealogy of the writer and the bold adoption of extreme opinions. A royal adventurer, with solemn countenance, he seemed to have proclivities equally for certain regions of London society which were either eminently didactic or somewhat "fast:" the race-course and the royal society in Albemarle-street, the society of accomplished *savans* and of a fair novelist, had equal attractions for that silent, grave-faced gentleman, who, though encumbered by an imperial name, seemed to walk about in a dream of half-intelligible reverie, and was by many supposed to have naught to say. Some who saw him as the regular attendant at the scientific meetings, thought that through the mask of impassibility they detected the inward dullness. To use plain language, he was regarded as a pretender, bursting with unsatisfied ambition, superstitiously imagining himself to be the special object of a wonderful destiny, yet discounting disappointment by a consciousness of inborn incapacity—in short, as a man at once pretentious, spurious, and stolid.

There were indeed not a few who knew better. More than one literary man of high repute had discovered under that exterior of inexorable gravity, evidences of remarkable understanding and power. Professors of the exact sciences had observed that the royal loungee was an un-

sually able mathematician, and his military works had attracted interest and attention. Others, who knew him more intimately, had noted a still larger range of faculties, including a curious power of enjoyment. But there was a reason for the public repute. From the working of motives that are not yet quite apparent—it might be partly policy, partly a natural openness not incompatible with habitual reserve, or the irrepressible force of inward instinct—the exile did not always conceal the confident expectation which he had of some day attaining to the throne of his uncle. Amongst his more intimate associates was an artist of the highest talent, who was conspicuous for his refined manners and fashionable associations. This gentleman formed one of a very gay party given by Prince Napoleon. The champagne and talk had inflamed the imaginations of the guests, and an English nobleman desired them to fill their bumpers and drink to the Emperor of the French, with three times three, or something very like it. The sudden coldness of Louis Napoleon, his grave and almost disapproving countenance, threw a damp over the fervor. There was an awkward pause; he seemed to be lost in thought; and then, suddenly conscious that the host was not making himself agreeable, he said, as if to account for his mood and to respond to the toast, "Ah! gentlemen, it will come," or words to that effect. The same intimates, however, observed, that as soon as he entered within the circle of more ceremonious and orthodox society, he instantly assumed that appearance of coldness and constraint which so many mistook for dullness. Nor is it wonderful if, with all this gravity, his actions made people account him a sort of solemn trifle. The aspirer toward the imperial crown dabbled in revolutions. He and his brother both appeared in the Roman insurrection of 1831; and Louis Napoleon had to fly. A few years later we see him appearing before the fourth regiment of artillery, the first corps entered by the original Napoleon, and inviting the soldiers to recognize him as heir, which they did with instantaneous and furious cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The sudden invasion of Boulogne in an English steamer, with a tame eagle as part of its theatrical properties, was still less felicitous. And the manner in which the constitutional Government of Louis Philippe con-

tented itself at first with sending the insurgent to the United States, and afterward with sentencing the Pretender to "perpetual" imprisonment at Ham, followed up by tacit permission to escape after a not profitless residence of six years, implied that he was accounted of slight importance. With wisdom acquired after the event, it is possible to form a juster estimate of the man; and we now read by fresh light his *Réveries Politiques*, published in 1832, followed by *Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur les Suisse*, *Manuel sur l'Artillerie*, and the *Idées Napoléoniennes* of 1839. But this was not all. During the thoughtful adventurer's seclusion at Ham, appeared a pamphlet, entitled, *Analyse de la Question des Sucres, par Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Fort du Ham, Août, 1842*, in which he not only showed a due regard for the *eau sucrée* interest, but proved that he had penetrated deeply into the peculiar nature of French agriculture and the relative interests of colonial and beet-root sugars.

A retrospective glance at these records of his thought, renders it plain that he assiduously and carefully studied the institutions, manners and customs, industries, and material progress of other countries besides his own; but we are not prepared to say that he understood our institutions as Englishmen understand them, any more than his Anglo-Saxon hosts understood him. There is a foreign bent in thought, sympathy, and even in the perceptions as well as in the tongue; and each nation has its own "accent" of thought and feeling. It is some such complete natural and national identity of sensation which accounts for the fact, that when a second candidature arose for the presidency of the French Republic, the people gave the prize to that man of whom we on this side of the Channel had formed so very humble an estimate. The Presidency, which was originally to last for a short term, was extended to a ten years' occupation, with something very like autocratic authority; and in December, 1852, by force of the bloody *coup d'état* and the sanction of universal suffrage, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte assumed the title, rank, and power of "Napoleon the Third, Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and the will of the people." The chief conspirator's share in the hideous stroke of state has been extenuated by ascribing the author-



ship to General St. Arnaud; but it was the master, not the man, who reaped the large profit.

He now set himself to produce an entirely new edition of the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, not in the form of a bound and printed volume, but of an empire entirely reëdited. It would take far more space than we can afford—a book ten times the size of that we are reviewing—to recount step by step the method in which this colossal labor was accomplished; we can only follow the fastigia, and indicate what has been done. One of the most important and most obvious results is the reconstruction of Paris, with a completeness and rapidity which appear to combine the power of magic with that of imperial engineering. The old houses disappeared; the very material of which they were constructed vanished into space, or rather, through cleverly managed contracts, they slinked into the new buildings, which arise with stone faces, architectural ornamentation, and a general symmetry unknown in the old Lutetia.

"Since the large works began, each year from eight hundred thousand to one million tons of cast and wrought iron, from forty thousand to fifty thousand tons of cement, four millions hectolitres of lime, and four hundred thousand stères of stone, paid duty. The transport of these materials required a permission each year for above thirty-five hundred wagons and above ten thousand carts.

"The demolition and reconstruction of houses, the building or repairing of churches, towers, palaces, markets, and barracks, and the opening of new streets and thoroughfares, represent only one side of the labor and cost bestowed on this work of regeneration. There is another which is equally important, and which comes under the general denomination of '*travail des ponts et chaussées*.' It comprises the construction and reconstruction of bridges and quays, new pavement, *trottoirs*, plantations, squares, and the extension of sewers and water-conduits. Three new bridges have been thrown across the Seine—the Pont Napoleon III., high up toward Charenton; the Pont de Solferino, opposite the garden of the Tuileries; and the Pont de l'Alma, connecting the boulevard of the same name on the two sides of the river. Nineteens millions of francs were required to redeem the tolls on nine bridges where they still existed.

"Great part of the embankment on both sides of the Seine has been removed from the Pont de Constantine down to the Pont de l'Alma—that is, well-nigh seven kilomètres of walls, varying from fifty to eighty feet in height—and provided with wharves and broad towing-paths. The

new thoroughfares have been provided with a complete system of sewerage and water-conduits; besides which new main sewers have been laid down in several of the old thoroughfares, nominally in the Quartier du Louvre. To this must be added the metamorphosis of the Bois de Boulogne, of the Champs Elysées, the Avenue de l'Impératrice, the planting of trees on the new boulevards, and a number of smaller squares opened out and converted into gardens.

"A length of about twenty thousand mètres of thoroughfares has been opened from the heart of the town in every direction. Other ten thousand mètres are already marked out for further openings. Indeed, as for plans, there is no want of them; the town has not in vain fifty thousand pounds to sixty thousand pounds for plans and *alignements* on its budget; the portefeuilles are full of them, and others are daily spoken of."

The work grew to the hand of the workman. The estimate of the year was exceeded by the expenses, and a balance was restored by extraordinary credits—one hundred and eighty-four millions of francs having been taken since 1852, for "extraordinary expenses" alone. The growing population and business of Paris have increased its revenues; its revenues have been laid out so as to render it more attractive; and by the incorporation of the *banlieue*, extending the city to the lines of the fortifications, it has taken in additional territory and population, with an augmented number of the taxpayers. The total outlay since 1852 has probably exceeded ten million pounds sterling, swelled by loans to more than eighteen million pounds sterling. The prospects of the city finance, however, are excellent; the receipts constantly advancing more rapidly than the outlay. But the money outlay does not constitute the only cost. The law of 1852 rendered the dispossession of house-occupants a summary process, by force of a simple decree, without any public notification or discussion. The plan has been recommended as a short cut to prevent jobbing, but people complain that it does not prevent injustice or favoritism. In the Boulevard de Malesherbes, for instance, "many private hotels of wealthy people not exactly conspicuous for their adherence to the Imperial Government, had to be razed to the ground, to the great inconvenience of the owners." The shopkeepers, a very stationary class in Paris, cried out loudly against the sudden removal, which was always inconvenient, and sometimes ruinous. Government employés and



others with fixed salaries, had to move off to the suburbs, the better houses demanding better rents; and with that rise has come a rise in the price of provisions and necessities. More beautiful than the old Lutetia, Imperial Paris is a great deal more expensive.

But there have been still greater changes. The prefect of the Seine has been converted to a species of Pasha; the municipality being transformed to a mere tradition, its business administered by a commission whom the Pasha names. The new board may be very able and equitable, but it is irresponsible, and many persons who have not succeeded in obtaining information or in influencing its course of action, complain that others have known its secrets beforehand, and have somehow or other contrived to buy cheap in unfashionable quarters which have subsequently been cleared out and converted into regions of palaces. But has the change been unpopular? By no means; the buildings employ considerable numbers of the working classes. Managed by degrees, the improvement of the city has, as we have said, attracted an increased number of residents and of visitors, and with them have come greatly increased trade; and greatly increased profits; the total effect being, that profits and wages have expanded in a corresponding degree for a larger number of people.

Nor is that all. The embellishment of Paris has incidentally been made to subserve another vast and surprising reform—the entire revision of the military system.

"Constantinople enjoys the official title of *Mahrusé*, which means the 'well-guarded.' Many people may think that this title might be claimed with more justice by Paris. Nor, perhaps, would they be wrong. The many broad thoroughfares lately opened are so many military lines for acting with large bodies of troops and cannon. They enable these troops to maintain sure communication between each other, and to isolate the number of small 'quarters' into which the town has been broken up by these arteries. A number of barracks, and other strongly built and detached public edifices, are dispersed all over the town, forming so many points for concentrating the military force in defensive positions. The fortifications round the town, above all, the forts outside, are in first-rate order, and have been increased; lastly, a corps d'armée, of three divisions, called the Army of Paris, is kept up *en permanence*, beside the Garde Impériale, a complete corps d'armée in itself, of foot, horse, and artillery."

The Garde Impériale introduced into the political headquarters of France splendid traditions and a magnificent force. It is a body of soldiers whose prosperity and privileges are peculiarly identified with the general prosperity of the army and with the one man who presides over the whole. For other regiments the expenses of Paris are too severe, and to be stationed there is accounted to be a tax rather than otherwise; but the Garde Impériale is in itself an army formed of promoted men, of picked soldiers, so that it concentrates the ambitions of the whole military order. Almost all its members are decorated, all have a higher rate of pay, and its officers have a mess such as they have in our own regiments; the result being that it constitutes a sort of democratic and military peerage, essentially destined to sustain the system which has created it. Another measure of reform was the creation of the *Dotation de l'Armée*, a sort of military fund, the staple of which is the money paid in for the exemptions of young men who are drawn under the conscription law of 1832, modified by the law of 1855, and expended in additional pay for re-enlisting soldiers and in pensions for retired veterans. The effect of this measure is twofold. In the first place, workmen, artisans, and laborers may, if they like, have their fling in the army, and retire while still in middle life upon that which to a Frenchman is a competency, either to resume their civil occupations, or to lounge about at ease. By favor of all the allowances, a man thirty-six years old may have an accumulated capital of six thousand francs, besides his pension of one hundred francs a year. In the second place, the soldier may persevere in the army, and rise to yet higher wealth and dignity. Although sixty or seventy thousand young Frenchmen are still annually drafted for service under the force of conscription, on the whole the force has been converted from a species of militia to a professional class, almost a caste, with interests divided from the rest of the population, its prospects identified with the continued elevation and expansion of the imperial authority. Incidentally this change of the whole military service has been attended by the removal of many abuses. Such, for instance, as the dealing in substitutions, a trade which defrauded private families and the State. The securities of the conscript for whom exemption was thus obtained,

remained always liable for the service of his substitute; and if deserted by that second man, which often happened, they had to purchase a fresh recruit, sometimes being thus called upon to pay several times over. Private families, therefore, regard the present system, under which the whole business of substituting is conducted through the *Dotation de l'Armée*, as a great practical improvement; and society countersigns the opinion of military men, that it is better than that which obtained under the Bourgeois King, who did not understand military matters. The army is entirely identified with the present, and its future is thoroughly cut off from the past. Its whole aspect is transformed—dress, armament, drill, material, have all been changed and improved. The traditions of the African army and its costume have disappeared, to be replaced by uniforms and standards which recall the glories of the Crimea and Italy, so that the soldier of Napoleon III. falls back upon nothing, but advances perpetually with his chief.

Of course this splendid luxury must be paid for, and so it is; but the bill is not quite so enormous as we might have expected.

“One million of francs for each one thousand men is about the average cost before 1848. The *Budget* of 1847 gives three hundred forty-nine and a half millions as the cost of the army; but from this sum sixteen millions must be deducted for Civil Government and other expenses in Algeria, which now figure in the Budget of the Colonies; so that three hundred and thirty-three millions remains as the cost of three hundred and thirty-seven thousand men, which was the effective during the year. The Budget of 1858 shows an expenditure of three hundred and seventy-seven millions for an average effective of four hundred and fifteen thousand men; and even these three hundred and seventy-seven millions include eleven millions of arrears of former years, so that properly only three hundred and sixty-six millions apply to the year itself, showing an increase of thirty-three millions above 1847.

“Thus at an expense of from thirty to forty millions of francs a year more, France has the gratification of knowing that she is able to go to war almost at a moment's notice.

“The financial report lately presented to the legislative bodies, announces a notable reduction in the effective of the army. The average, which was four hundred and seventy-six thousand men on the first of January, 1861, has been reduced to four hundred and forty-six thousand in 1862, and it is said to be farther diminished to four hundred thousand men. From

what was said above about the elasticity of the furlough system, and the latitude the Government has in calling out whatever proportion it deems fit of the contingent, it will be clear that this economy can be effected without impairing the efficiency.”

The Prince de Joinville acquired unprecedented glory by transforming himself from a French Prince into a genuine sailor, and teaching his men to become Jack Tars; but the Prince's father retired from business, the young man himself became an exile and a wanderer; and, excluded from marine employment, he has lately figured as a sort of tutor to his young nephews, who have been volunteers in the Federal army of America. Meanwhile the once contemptible exile has capped the glory of the Orleans admiral—he has called a navy into existence. He has been foremost in building rapid steamers on the most recent models, and his activity in creating an iron-clad navy has excited apprehension even in maritime England. And these results have been obtained at an expenditure of ten millions of francs under the lowest outlay of the July dynasty. Do we not begin to observe that the mathematician has displayed some talent for finance in naval as well as municipal and social affairs?

Ever since 1830 the revenues of France have shown a considerable elasticity, but the progress has been still greater during the last decade. At the same time the expenditure has more than kept pace with the revenue, insomuch that from 1840 downward deficit has been the rule without a single exception. Even in the years when there seems to have been a surplus revenue, it was owing to extraordinary resources, arising from loans, increase of the floating debt, and similar expedients. The revenue for the eight years ending 1859, for which the accounts are not yet quite made up, is calculated at twelve thousand five hundred and fifty-nine millions of francs, the expenditure at fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty-one millions, leaving a deficit for the eight years of eighty thousand millions, or more than one hundred and twenty-two million pounds sterling. It may be supposed that the two great wars of 1854 and 1859 were in part chargeable with the deficiency, but the contrary is the case. They were more than covered, severally, by the two loans of seven hundred and fifty millions and five hundred

millions; for of those sums they only consumed ten hundred and fifty millions, leaving two hundred millions for other purposes. But the surplus thus occurring was spent, and was not applied in reduction of the deficit indicated above. Many other extraordinary resources have also been used up for purposes of outlay; the reserve of the *Fond d'Amortissement*, seven hundred and fifty-six millions; consolidation of the Bank capital, one hundred millions; consolidation of the *Caisse de la Dotation de l'Armée*, one hundred and thirty-five millions; *Obligations Trentenaires*, for the completion of the railways, one hundred and thirty millions; increase of the floating debt, three hundred and seven millions; beside other little perquisites which it is difficult to specify with sufficient distinctness. The *Flâneur* reckons that the extraordinary resources thus employed in the ten years of Imperialism amount to not less than four thousand and nineteen millions, of which thirty-one hundred and forty-eight millions have been covered in the manner that we have mentioned. Still the floating debt is not large. The Treasury is a kind of general cashier and banker for the communes, and has divers public and private establishments under its guarantee; the liabilities which look so bulky are thus considerably dispersed, while the pressure of the floating debt is proportionately diffused and diminished. In the mean time the revenue continues to increase. Comparing the most productive year before the establishment of the Empire, 1846, with the last year of which we have accounts, we find that the revenue has increased from thirteen hundred and fifty-one to seventeen hundred and forty millions, or nearly twenty-nine per cent. But 1858 was a bad year, and the real increase is better indicated by 1859, in which it is calculated at nearly thirty-five per cent. The actual outlay and deficit are not the real cause of the uneasiness created by the constant growth of the expenditure, but it is traceable to the system of management. There is no solidarity in the Cabinet; there is no collective budget. Each department makes its separate report to the Emperor; and as each is anxious to distinguish itself by the efficacy of its public operations, it proceeds upon the principle expressed by the vulgar saying: "Damn the expense." With an increase in the necessities of life has come an increase of official salaries, and

the departments consume the more pay. The government of "Mr. Smith," thoroughly bourgeois as it was, "had to affect a cynical disregard of appearances;" the government of the Emperor is bound to be splendid, not only in the field but in the palace. The sole check upon the universal tendency to increased spending lies in the one head that thinks for all; and though we have seen that in certain very broad sections of the revenue a striking economy has been effected, the tendency still remains the same.

It is a common idea that the interference of the Government in public works, even in commercial enterprise and the regulation of industry, began with the Second Empire; but the writer of the book before us is right in describing that notion as a blunder. The interference did not originate with any one administration; it springs from the genius of the French people, which has called upon its central authority to play the part of a universal Providence, directing it in its social action, supplying all its public requirements, helping it under sudden calamities; the Government being thus far "merely a reflex of the nature of the people."

"There has been a succession of governments in France, bearing the most different names and titles, but all of them animated by the same jealousy against individual freedom, and equally bent on centralizing and meddling with every thing. It is easy to understand that such a system of tutelage, long continued, has contributed to weaken individual energy, and to efface by degrees, in the minds of the people, the line of demarkation between individual exertion and government interference. But either this line of demarkation must have been originally rather faint, or the individual energy weak, and consequently the idea of a tangible Providence on earth very attractive; for in all the violent changes within the past eighty years, we never see the slightest trace of a reaction of individual feeling against the system of tutelage.

"The rage is not against the pretension of the Government to act the part of Providence, but against the manner in which it has discharged this duty; against the favoritism which it showed for one class of the population, and the injustice which it committed toward another. Those who think that they have not their due share in the boons of terrestrial providence, rise in arms to assert their claims. It is always 'Jérôme Paturôt in search of the best of Providences'—one which should be even-handed, and find the means of satisfying every body."

The Imperial Government has proceed-

ed upon another principle. It has undoubtedly adopted the centralizing function more avowedly and explicitly than any of its predecessors. It has not only slighted the dictates of political economists, but in accordance with the reveries and reflections indulged at Ham and other residences, it has, almost in terms, accepted the office of coöperating with the industrial classes on socialistic principles, even courting rather than contesting their prejudices. Not only has the Emperor found work for the *ouvrier* in all directions, but under the fostering direction of the Administration, local bodies and public companies have been stimulated to look after the interests of the workman. Of course some part of the value of industry must be proximately expressed by the rate of wages, which must always regulate the relations of employers and employed; but in the new industrial school, the workman has been allowed something like a profit upon the business which he serves. In one case it has been a share of the sums saved in tools, fuel, and material; in others he has a still stronger inducement to promote the interests of the establishment, by being allowed a percentage upon the dividends. In 1860, the public body which has taken the lead in this way, the Orleans Railway Company, distributed eighty-four thousand pounds amongst its work-people, while its working expenses were lower than those of any other line in France, and its clear profit higher; the shareholders' dividend being twenty per cent on their shares of the capital. At the same time, however, that the ruling intellect has avoided clashing with the national or industrial predilections, it has by no means neglected the instruction to be derived from the dictates of political economy, and of that fact we have two evidences as conspicuous as they have been unforeseen. The Executive has so managed the distribution of Imperial patronage and aid for public works and improvements, as to diminish the proportion of the funds furnished by the State in comparison with other contributories, and, breaking through the hereditary and apparently indomitable prejudices of the French people, it has actually introduced free trade. It thus coöperates with the people rather than supports them out of the Imperial resources, and trains them into greater self-reliance; teaching the commune to rely

upon the improved condition of the commune, the shareholders in the railway upon the success of their project, and the people at large upon the energy of each and all to augment the resources of the community. One of the most interesting chapters in the volume which we are reviewing describes this plan of action, which the writer calls "the Imperial fertilizing system." "The first object to which this new method of government was applied was the railway system—a legacy bequeathed to it by its predecessors." In England and America the construction of railroads has been left to private enterprise, the Legislature aiding it by granting privileges, sometimes of great extent. In France the Government has acted on the opposite plan, furnishing a part of the original resources, and reserving the right to interfere for the advantage of the public. It has enlarged the period to be allowed before the property in the railway shall revert to the State, granting a uniform ninety-nine years' lease. At the same time it has made each company extend its lines; and to facilitate that work, it has divided the territory of France into so many regions, allotted chiefly to six companies. The official subventions are not entirely stopped, but they are reduced from thirty or forty per cent of the outlay, the old proportion, to twenty per cent or less; and in some recent cases a guarantee sum of four and sixty-five hundredths per cent as interest and sinking-fund on a certain maximum of expenditure, has been granted for fifty years. After 1862, all revenue over a fixed sum of old and new lines is to be shared with the companies by the Government. The companies have been rendered more independent in their administration, a far larger proportion of private resources has been called forth, and the success attending these changes has materially aided the process. The same principles have been applied to the departments, which have expended in roads, etc., ten millions a year more than before the Empire; while the communes and municipalities have "gone in" for local roads and works of improvement.

"These money-grants are a kind of gentle pressure and seduction, which is resorted to by the Government, not only in the matter of roads, but in all useful and ornamental works in which the coöperation of departments or municipalities is desirable. There is always plenty of such improvements which are either obvious,



or which are easily suggested to municipal councils—rivers require regulating, ports are insecure, quays and bridges are giving way, towns must be improved, streets widened, swamps and waste lands wait to be reclaimed, etc. Government is applied to, and always found willing to take the subject seriously. The only remaining question is the money. With all its good-will and liberality it can not undertake to defray all these large expenses; but it is ready to contribute a part under the condition that the municipalities do the rest. They are already too heavily burdened to bear so large an outlay, but there are plenty of capitalists who will advance the money; and the advantages resulting from the work will more than repay the outlay, or else the resources are growing so rapidly that a fancy may safely be indulged in now and then. The spirit of emulation does the rest. Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and other large towns headed the movement, and no one wants to remain behind, the country any more than the towns.

"This system of encouragement by grants of money is not confined to works undertaken by departments and communes; it extends in many cases to individual enterprises. With the view, for instance, of making coal accessible to the consumer at low prices, subsidies are given to mining companies for the construction of roads, canals, and tramways. In order to promote drainage, the *Crédit Foncier* is authorized to make loans to the amount of one hundred millions of francs on account of the Government, and this latter guarantees four per cent on them. In order to fertilize the plains of the Dordogne, dépôts of seaweed are formed at reduced prices. About ten millions of francs go every year to encourage agriculture; and lately, when the new commercial policy was decided upon, similar favors have been extended to manufacturers. A law passed in August, 1860, empowers the Government to make a loan of forty millions of francs to manufacturers for improvement of machinery, with a view to facilitate competition with foreign countries, and so on in an endless list, until the mind is quite bewildered by this attempt to revive the Indian god Vishnu, the many-headed and many-handed. Nothing seems too large for the power of Government, or too small to attract its attention."

Another lure to stimulate private exertion, and to encourage the investment of capital, lies in the promotion of public companies or commercial associations. The year 1846 is marked as the commencement of their rapid growth; but during the revolution they fell off from twenty-seven hundred and forty-seven to fifteen hundred and eleven. "They are now nearly close upon five thousand, or nearly double what they were in the most prosperous times before 1848. Institu-

tions of credit, insurance, railway, canal, mining, industrial, gas, and steamboat companies, etc., have sprung up with a rapidity quite astonishing, and have in most cases yielded large profits." "The direct initiation of the Government is reserved for cases where a new idea is to be applied. Thus agricultural shows, industrial exhibitions, horse-races, were almost unknown before the establishment of the Imperial régime." Under this stimulus French society has entirely changed its character, and from an uncommercial country France has become more commercial than Holland or England, has plunged into a "faster" style of money-making than New-York itself. The chapter on "Moneymania," with its *Mirès* episode, discloses nothing new, but forms nevertheless an essential part of the survey. It will require some little thought on the part of the reader completely to estimate the extent and power of this system, or the magnitude of its results; but if we reflect upon all the forms in which it has worked we shall attain at least a proximate idea of the change. We have seen that the new military system has furnished the soldier with the means of accumulating some amount of savings. The encouragement given to coöperative societies has afforded at once confidence and opportunity for such of the working classes as choose to become proprietors, or participating workmen, in undertakings of various grades from the humblest to the very largest. Under the same impulse the communes have found the means for their works of improvement—beautifying towns, extending approaches, restoring lands to utility; deriving the needful funds not only from local taxation, but from a resort to loans based upon the increased value under the improvements. Thus the bourgeoisie has found means for the investment of money which it would otherwise have kept as so much dead "savings." The upper classes, without distinction of birth, have plunged into commercial enterprises, either in some form with which they are connected locally, or in those international undertakings which are so well exemplified by the great stock-jobbing associations of the Bourse. It has been truly remarked that the Emperor Napoleon has thus taught the Frenchman to take his dead savings "out of the stocking," and, sowing them in the ground of agricultural progress,

town improvements, joint stock trade, or grand commerce, to reap a crop of profits, with a continual increase of seed for repeating the process.

But before we can understand the real design or the working of the system, we must take a yet further glance. It will already be seen how far every section of society down to the humblest individual, has been induced to look up to the one man at the head as the person who presides over the improving prospect of the whole, and there can be no doubt that a part of the influence exercised by the Emperor throughout the country, in all grades, must be traced to this practical form of realizing the *Idées Napoléoniennes*. If we examine the *personnel* of the larger commercial organizations we shall find another peculiar element. If, for instance, we ask who are the Directors of the Crédit Foncier or the Crédit Mobilier, we find amongst them men whose names we know in other capacities. The "Crédit Foncier de France" is an association established for the purpose of advancing money upon landed property; the "Société Générale de Crédit Mobilier" was to furnish similar advances upon tangible security not real property; but this latter company grew to be by far the larger, more wealthy, and more influential, its success having called forth a host of imitators. Now if we examine the directorate of these two modern institutions, we find one man in both: it is M. Emile Pereire, "the French Rothschild," as he is sometimes called. Amongst the directors of the Crédit Foncier is M. Drouyn de Lhuys, one of the most eminent of living statesmen, who has recently been spoken of as likely to resume his place in the councils of the Emperor. Amongst the directors of the Crédit Mobilier is M. Benoist Fould, the brother of Achille Fould, the Finance Minister, and the Count de Morny, whose relations with the Emperor and his councils are known to the world. Personal connections of this kind have furnished a machinery by which the influence of the one man is enabled to make itself felt through the widest ramifications in the most distinct manner. We English are wont to call this the centralizing system; but we now understand something of its converse, which we may call the radiating system. It places every part of the country in direct personal communication with the chief, in some degree de-

pendent upon him, in a greater degree co-operating with him, sharing his successes, and making its successes his.

But among the grand works of reorganization we must not omit that of the Government itself, newly constructed upon the universal principle of the present régime. It all centers in the Emperor.

"This man assumes the whole executive power, without control; he has the initiative of making laws; he declares war, makes treaties of peace, alliances, and commerce; fixes the order of succession, in one word, has unlimited sovereign rights; but he is 'the *responsable* chief of the French Government,' (Constitution, art. 5.) Article 6 defines this responsibility: 'the Emperor is responsible to the French people, to which he has always a right to appeal.' The constitution is thus, as it were, a realization of the 'pacte fondamental' of Rousseau. The Emperor claims his power from universal suffrage, and recognizes popular sovereignty as his judge."

In other words, he admits himself accountable to every body: a tolerably safe appeal, when we remember the propensity of opinions to conflict with each other, and his peculiar opportunities and powers for guiding, directing, and concentrating. Technically, the Emperor governs by means of his Ministers, the Conseil d'Etat, Senate, and the Corps Législatif. The Ministers, however, do not form any thing which we understand by our word cabinet. It is the Sovereign who is responsible, not they; and each man is kept pretty nearly to his own department, with the very trivial exception, perhaps, that some few of them have access to their chief as personal friends. At the sittings of our Cabinet Councils, the Sovereign is not present; it is so much the reverse in France, that the Sovereign at the head of the table initiates every subject to be discussed. He has previously known all the business that is to come before the board, and it is he who allots to each man, in his own department, the authority to open a discussion upon some particular branch of business. In their turn, all have their say; the Emperor listens in silence; and when the business is completed he graciously bows dismissal, and retires to determine in his own mind what shall be done, every act awaiting his pleasure. The Ministers, however, have one privilege—they may be impeached before the Senate; so we may imagine cases in which the Emperor might please to

take the initiative and the "responsibility," and they the punishment. This, again, resembles an obsolete proceeding at our court—the flogging boy. The members of the Conseil d'Etat exercise a certain consultative power in reference to amendments of laws and appeals of causes between the departmental administrations and private individuals. The Senate, whose members are appointed for life, is the "guardian of the pacte fondamental," and no law can be promulgated before it has been submitted to the Senate, which can oppose the project, if it be repugnant to the constitution, religion, morals, and so forth. The Senate is also the interpreter of all dubious points of the constitution, to which it may propose modifications. The Corps Législatif, elected by universal suffrage, is a purely consultative body; it can originate no measure, can amend none, in its public sittings; it can only discuss them. The amendments are made before commissions charged especially to examine the projects in question, including the budget itself. Even from this meager outline, it will be seen that the whole authority, with the initiative, the final disposal of amendment, and the check upon finance, resides with the One. An exception might be fancied to reside in the Senate, which is a sort of life peerage; but it is obvious that, constituted as the body is of high functionaries, it is always likely to be tractable; and whatever may be its independence, it can not in any respect alter the *status quo*. In a chapter entitled "Death and Resurrection," the Flâneur describes the complete extinction of self-government amongst the French; but he points to the manner in which the author of this recognized empire constantly reverts to his origin as the "elect of the people," and to successive steps in the direction of greater freedom, as indicated by peace conventions, commercial treaties, and similar movements. "The steps may seem but small," he says, "but the direction is unmistakable." It appears to us, however, that although impartial by temperament, the writer, by his very antagonism to opposite prejudice, is inclined to take an optimist view of the inscrutable man, and that he hazards assumptions for the future which go far beyond his data. What we have already ascertained, in great part by the help of his succinct and vividly concentrated memorandum, is, that the Emperor Napoleon, the student of

the various forms of government, the doubtful patron of constitutional Italy, has contrived for France the most centralized government ever invented amongst European peoples.

It is quite true that he has initiated the French people into the mysteries of fresh alliances, that he has given an impulse to enterprise, has actually introduced free-trade, and, as our author is careful to tell us, has promoted education; "about four thousand schools for boys and over seven thousand for girls having been opened since 1848, and the number of scholars having increased by more than one fifth." It is true that he has reconciled conflicting factions, and has restored a concord amongst the French people, or rather has created a solidarity of ideas and feelings amongst the vast majority, positively unknown in previous times. Thus, he may be said to have created that which will become one day a greater power than himself. The Flâneur's idea is, that having rescued France from the disordered and anarchical factions which have neutralized and prostrated all her powers, he is now instructing her in local self-government as the best apprenticeship for national self-government. "Local self-government would be at the same time the surest and safest way of rousing gradually the people from that state of political torpor and skepticism in which it is sunk, and to conjure those violent transitions from lethargy to extreme violence, which are so characteristic in French history." This is painting the "Terrestrial Providence" *en beau*; but we are not sure that Napoléon takes this view or has this intention; and if we pursue the inquiry a little further, we catch the glimpse of a very different and equally curious enterprise, perhaps the largest and most amazing task ever undertaken by an individual.

Throughout the whole system nothing is more conspicuous than the fact that the present Government in Paris has imposed restraints upon literature, upon discussion, even upon the private thoughts of individuals, as stringent, with one large exception, as any thing ever attempted by Austria with its espionage, by the Papacy with the Inquisition, or by the Washington Government during the present year. "There are," the Flâneur confesses, "no traces of a new Augustan era;" and he alludes with regret to that long

series of "acute thinkers, bold theoreticians, inspired poets, brilliant historians, charming novelists, inexhaustible dramatic authors, powerful journalists, clever painters and composers, inimitable actors and musicians, who have succeeded each other ever since the Restoration in France." The few who still survive, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Thiers, Michelet, George Sand, and others, are in exile, in disgrace, or in a practical restraint which they can not break through. A complete negative is imposed upon the spontaneous action of men in all its forms. Our author describes the transformation which the visitor perceives in every aspect of French society.

"Change, change, change, is written up every where. Men, ideas, pursuits, country, town, all things, living and insensate, proclaim it loud. But ten short years have passed, and a new world has arisen, old types gradually disappear, and new ones take their place. No one would recognize in the civilized being dressed *comme tout le monde*, swaggering up and down the asphalt of the Boulevard, the reckless, eccentric student, the inhabitant of the *Bobème* of Mürger. The gay, modest grisette of Béranger, that charming compound of affection and selfishness, devotion and '*gourmandise*,' has dropped her coquettish cap and '*robes de percale*,' and has been metamorphosed into the dashing Lorette. The timid French capitalist, who was invariably left behind by foreign enterprise, now hurries on headlong after the *Mirèsse*, and displays in his race a recklessness calculated to frighten even the bold Anglo-Saxon. The bourgeois national guard, infected as usual by the mania of his betters, seeks for a place where to hide his traditional '*bonnet de coton*,' and brings out his dear five-franc pieces, which he had been treasuring hitherto with such anxious care. The imaginative Frenchman, the plaything of theoreticians and agitators, always ready to follow any high-soaring Icarus into the clouds, turns now with scorn from the finest phrases, and has chosen as his motto the advice of Faust, 'that gray is all theory, and green the tree of life.' The gay, witty Gaul, with his keen sense of enjoyment, indolent and violent in rapid succession, finds now no time for rest or enjoyment, and hurries through life as if he wished to make up for the time he has idled and trifled away before. The very cabman and his horse, those emblems of all that was low and stationary, are trying to get the better of their aversion to rapid evolution."

But in this account he has omitted the most important metamorphosis, the complete expulsion of the keen logic, the pointed wit, the powerful reasoning, the playful grace, the inexhaustible invention, and

vivid illustration which have distinguished French literature, or that which we may call the spoken literature of society. It is an awful mutilation. We can not say that the race has been emasculated, but if we may allow the expression, it has been decerebrated. For intellectual and literary purposes it has been treated almost as Spallanzani treated his favorite toad, which hopped about around his garden with its brains scooped out, in order that the philosopher might ascertain how far an inferior creature could dispense with the intellectual department and get along with the remainder of its nervous system. The toad astonished the world by surviving the experiment, and so does France. But the experiment does not terminate at this point. We have said that there is one exception to the suppressive discipline of the Frenchman. Perfect freedom is granted in one direction; the French people are free to use their understanding, their wit, their playful, inventive fancy, their energies and courage, all upon the one condition that they use those powers in accordance with the leave and license granted to them from the supreme and central authority. If we may judge of motives by actions, the "Terrestrial Providence" does not intend to suppress French intellect, wit, and imagination; he does but set up a wall to surround it in all directions which he thinks mischievous to the national life, or at all events to his own purpose; but he leaves an opening in that wall for the intellect, etc., to travel forth if they so please in the direction that he destines. In other words, literally accepting the function of "God's Vicegerent upon Earth," he is undertaking to mold the national mind, direct the growth as well as movements of its thoughts, and thus to shape its purpose. He is seeking to identify the intellect and energies of all born Frenchmen with his own will and convictions. We have seen the degree of success which has attended his other transformations: but in this branch his prosperity has heretofore been simply negative: he has suspended the intellect, wit, and imagination of his country, and nothing farther.

In all the other departments which we have looked at, the success has been positive and great; let us glance but for one instant at the net result of the whole. The quondam frequenter of the Royal Society has been permitted to use France as



the corpus vile for an enormous experiment in political engineering with unexpected prosperity; let us note the grand total of the sum, so far as he has now worked. He had studied political science, especially in England; he used to say that our institutions were excellent for us, but that they would not suit his countrymen; and he has deliberately tried how the exact opposite would answer. He has undertaken to think for every body—to edit an empire, to be the ruling brain of the entire body politic—to guide its conduct, develop its instincts, direct its thoughts, regulate the very pulses of its heart. The enterprise we believe to be an impossibility in terms. “English prejudice!” he answers; “I have succeeded.”

If Napoleon is using France to work out so marvelous a problem, he himself constitutes a problem not less strange, and for the time far more obscure. We know what he has done already, but the knowledge almost renders it more difficult to discover what he may do hereafter. In working many propositions we can arrive at a conception of the unknown part by “producing” the lines of the portions which we know. The one before us looks very like an exception to that rule; but if we were to suppose that we might apply the method, it would suggest formidable considerations. Let us compare the estimate of Louis Napoleon as he lounged about London in 1847 with the Napoleon the Third who is doing these things in 1862. Let us, however, hastily sum up what he has accomplished as Cæsar, dynasty-founder, Pontifex Maximus for the Gallic people—soldier, economical philosopher, and author, who, having invested in ideas, is now realizing. We have seen how far he has revived the traditions of the first empire, but this new edition is given forth to the world with large additions and improvements. The first Napoleon caught at many ideas which France nourished in her bosom, although the most Christian kings had forbidden her ever to indulge or even to disclose them; but the “Petit Corporal” had neither the training, nor the intellect, nor the peculiar sympathies which enabled him to understand some constituent parts of the French mind and its longings.

More thorough insight into the genius of the French people enables the nephew to use it with the greater efficiency against that people; but throughout his really surprising success one trait has attended

him—it is his obstinate silence. The next thing is always a secret. In regard to the future which is to follow these astonishing ten years, the world is tantalized by surmises and rumors innumerable, and the Flâneur is as ready with them as all the rest. We might conjecturally indicate what the restless man is to do in Rome, either by stopping there or coming away, with the Pope maintained on the hereditary seat of St. Peter or brought off in tow. We might fancy that a French garrison will abide permanently in Mexico to vindicate the *anti-Monroe* doctrine. Quite recently, the letter to the fellow-students at Augsburg has indicated a tendency to court the sympathies of Germany—not the dynastic congeries of families and bureaucracies that pass by that name in the *Almanach de Gotha*, but the nationality, the millions, the multiple sovereign of universal suffrage that is to be. Alarmists point to the fact that he has created an army, and will shortly be more powerful than England on her own element. Optimists retort that he has reconciled France to free-trade, has taught her to invest, and has thus made her “give hostages to fortune;” the many forms of increased wealth growing up within her bounds being so many pledges to keep the peace. But how purely absurd and useless are speculative safeguards for a nation like England, who has at stake countless treasures of tradition and independence as well as wealth, in the presence of such power and ambition as are lodged next door to her! It may cost something to our taxpayers if we maintain army and navy at the standard which is now fashionable, but the expense is the fine we pay for residing in so distinguished a neighborhood; and to abate those material guarantees for our safety would undoubtedly cost much more in the end.

Louis Napoleon was thought an idler, a pretender made harmless by incompetency, a sensualist, and a dullard. If any one had supposed he dreamed of the measures we have described, contempt would have turned to pity for the madman; but he has done it. He has attested his power by our own great standard of success; and if we erred in our estimate of him, he may retaliate by a blunder not so irrational, far more gigantic, and proportionately calamitous. In the great programme of the past he consulted only himself, and he has been justified in the wildest egotism

of his self-estimate. Such a man, in such a position, might be led to think that where all others had been wrong he had been right; and that he alone had learned what to do with nations. He is the continuator of the First Consul, the Emperor Napoleon, who is now in the person of his heir recalled from Elba, the treaties of 1815 being torn to tatters. He sits on the throne of the great *German*, Charlemagne, "Emperor of the West," "Suzerain of

Italy," crowned by the grateful Pope as "Augustus Cæsar," with the prerogative of confirming the Papal election. He is studying the life of Julius Cæsar. These are the models whose glories he emulates, on whose experience he has improved. We remember our estimate of the man before 1848; we have before us his subsequent deeds; are we to calculate the future by the rule of three?

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From the Westminster Review.

## ENGLAND AND THE NORTH.

It was an unavoidable misfortune that all criticism of the conflict in America should at first be directed to its deplorable consequences rather than to the nature of the conflict itself. These consequences were flagrant, overwhelming, and touching our own interests so nearly, that a calm review of the causes which had brought them about was hardly at first to be expected. Every serious effort to understand the nature and purpose of the gigantic struggle brings with it new reasons for modifying most of those opinions which were hastily advocated by the popular organs of English opinion at its first outbreak. The daily press can not aspire to do more than give expression to the prevailing opinions of the time; it spreads, but can not, consistently with the very conditions of its existence, aspire to lead them. The symptoms of reaction in English opinion are now, as might be expected, becoming every day more decided, the time which has elapsed has allowed of study, the requisite information has been acquired, and before long, in spite of exasperated feeling, a more full measure of justice will be meted out to the North than it has yet received at English hands. The first indication of the reaction came from a quarter which authoritatively called upon all thinking men to pause before they joined in the popular outcry; and Mr. Mill's protest in *Fraser's Magazine*, coming as it

did in the heat of our exasperation at the Trent affair, could not, in spite of its masterly clearance of all extraneous matters, at once produce its legitimate effect. But every succeeding day brings thinking men to his side, while the courage he then displayed encourages others to come forward with the results of their investigations. No subject more requires patient inquiry. The complaint of the Americans that the nature of their struggle with the South was not understood in England, though laughed at and evaded, is found to be just and true. The first detailed attempt to master the elements of the subject has been made by Mr. Cairnes,\* to whose scientific review of the *History of Slavery in the States* we will only allude to at present. With Mr. Cairnes may be associated the Count Agenor de Gasparin,† who takes up the political side of the question, and subjects the whole progress of events, both in America and Europe, since the first secession of the Southern States, to a detailed criticism of which they stood greatly in need. He meets

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\* *The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and Probable Designs*; being an Attempt to explain the real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. CAIRNES, M.A. London: Parker & Son. 1862.

† *L'Amerique devant l'Europe*. Par Le C<sup>te</sup>. AGENOR DE GASPARIN. Paris: Levy, Frères. London: D. Nutt. 1862.

the advocates of the South at every point. The pretension of the Southern party that their only object is to relieve themselves from Northern oppression, and to protect themselves from unconstitutional attack, he reduces to its true value by pointing out, what ought to be the notorious fact, that they have in every point adopted the very constitution from which they have seceded, that they have altered nothing, but simply added fresh and oppressive clauses on the subject of slavery. The simple fact that the only motive of secession was to secure an outlet for their system of agriculture in the South and West, is brought out by both these writers with a clearness of evidence that cuts at the very roots of the controversy. The unreasonable reply that the North is no more abolitionist than the South is shown to be only tenable by those who do not understand the immense importance of the resolution of the Republican party that slavery shall at least spread no farther. This resolution, if not immediately abolitionist, is as ultimately fatal to slavery as the most revolutionary interference with the established rights of property in America. The resolution of the Republican party to make a legal stand against that system with which America has been so long reproached by Europe, instead of awakening those sympathies which might justly have been expected, has been branded as a half-measure, and a cordial recognition, which would have been of more value than an army, has been denied to a party who certainly had every reason to believe they could not fail to receive it. We are glad to see that Count Gasparin's work is about to be translated, and feel sure that it will have a great effect in aiding that change in English opinion which we look upon as inevitable. The advocates of friendly separation and European intervention to bring it about are singularly silent upon the terms they would propose, and the bases on which they imagine such a termination of the war possible. Europe could not for very shame intervene to give an extension to slavery in America, which the North has resolved shall no more be allowed to it; and is it supposed that the South would quietly submit to accept terms at the hands of Europe which they have taken up arms to resist, when merely declared desirable by their fellow-countrymen in the North? There is, however, from this very cause, very little real fear

of intervention. Before any interference on the part of European governments is to be practically dreaded, some formula must be arrived at in which it could be offered to the States. The principles on which Europe, even if it had the power, which may be questioned, could assume to settle the great question at stake, are still to seek; for such bald cynicism as would be implied in putting a stop to the quarrel without entering on its merits, would be too disgraceful to be avowed. If our only grounds of interference are a desire to escape from the disagreeable consequences which the continuance of the conflict entails upon ourselves, we should have no just cause of complaint if the antagonists were to conclude a truce for the purpose of resisting so purely selfish a proceeding. In fact, there is no possible ground of compromise; these the Americans themselves have long since exhausted. The principles at stake have now come face to face; they do not admit of mediation. The South have taken to the sword, and have but hastened the inevitable doom of that institution in whose defense they have drawn it.

The legal question of the right of the South to secede has been well argued by Mr. Rawlins,\* in answer to Mr. Spence, its great advocate. The limits of Federal and State rights have been a subject of controversy in America from its first existence as a nation; but there is little difficulty in showing that the legality of secession would have been energetically repudiated by all the great men who framed the Constitution, and still less that it is in flagrant disharmony with the Constitution itself. Whatever may be said in favor of the inherent and inalienable right of revolt against any government which oppresses its subjects, every particular case must stand on its own merits. Revolt is not laudable, but becomes so by the purposes it sets before itself. These purposes, in the present revolt of the Southern States, are simply revolting to every humane mind, and threaten to throw back the civilization of the world by a system of government alike at variance with humanity and progress. The difficulty of any solution of the question by European intervention will be seen by the proposals

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\* *American Disunion, Constitutional or Unconstitutional.* By C. E. RAWLINS. London: R. Hardwicke. 1862.

brought forward in the work by Auguste Carlier,\* in which, after detailing the impressions which a long stay in the United States has left upon his mind, he suggests terms of compromise which would be equally repelled by either of the contending parties.

The books we have just noticed are the best at present extant for the study of the American question, but those who wish also to see how it is debated in America itself, can not do better than consult Mr. Trollope.† The account he gives of his six-months tour in the North is a complete reflex of Northern opinion, to which, but not without some ineffectual struggles, the author is at last converted. Like every thing that comes from his facile pen, these volumes are amusing, graphic, and intelligent. Not the least amusing feature in them is the author's evident discomfort in his casual intercourse with the people he was visiting. Living, as he has so long intellectually done, in an atmosphere of country-houses and parsonages, he is constantly exclaiming against the absence of those complicated rules of social intercourse which have so long engaged his attention at home. Attached by taste and study to the varied color of English society, he can not reconcile himself to the simplicity of American relations, and constantly calls out when his English prejudices are roughly handled; but no sooner has he given expression to his wounded feelings, than a moment's reflection made him acknowledge that, after all, he should not have been hurt.

\* *De l'Esclavage dans les Rapports avec l'Union Amerique.* Par AUGUSTE CARLIER. Paris: Levy, Frères. London: D. Nutt. 1862.

† *North-America.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

The book abounds in good stories and judicious remarks, but also in endless repetitions and insufferably long descriptions; indeed, its really valuable information, in which it is far from wanting, might have been well conveyed in at most a quarter of the space he devotes to it. This diffuseness would not be objectionable in any subject on which the reader was well informed; but in so vitally important a question as that debated between the North and South, nothing but the closest argument on its merits can satisfy the majority of those who are anxious to come to some definite opinion. The treatment, however clever, of the momentary and passing features only of the American conflict, must be unsatisfactory. The great impulse which has driven the North-Americans to lay their hand on the danger which has so long threatened their republic, meets with but little recognition at Mr. Trollope's hands; *er sieht den Wald vor lauter Bäumen nicht*, and overlooks, or at least does not give the prominence it deserves to the simple question at stake. The passions aroused in the conflict, and the manner in which it is carried on, obscure his vision of the greatness of the conflict itself. The effort of the North to draw a Popilian circle round the institutions of the South is one big with the moral life or death of the States, and nothing is so much to be deprecated as description of the noise and dust of a battle on the merits of which no judgment is pronounced. With this reservation, Mr. Trollope's description of American society is a valuable addition to our knowledge of its forms and surface, and well deserves that attention which the author's abilities and reputation can not fail to insure it.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

# A B O U T   S T A R T S   I N   L I F E .

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

You know what a jibbing horse is. You know what a trouble it is when you have entered a public vehicle, thinking to save time, to find one of its animals a jibber. This was my case a few days since. On London-Bridge the frightful truth revealed itself. The way was blocked. The coachman strove, the conductor tugged. Quite useless. But the passengers saw the mode: "Bang the door!" they cried, in chorus. The door was banged, and the jibber proceeded.

You often hear of a wealthy man that he owes his riches to his industry. When a boy he was the veriest drudge; now, people say, his means are well-nigh boundless. The contrast is so prodigious, the thought of it is rather oppressive to persons not of strong nerves. There is awe in their faces as they tell you the story. And the man will give you the same account of himself. As you and he (if you are closely intimate) sit together after dinner, with every luxury around you, he will talk complacently of the time when he had not a penny. He wants you to appreciate the combined cleverness, perseverance, and thrift, which have effected this marvelous change in his condition. The greater the distance between what he was and what he is, the greater homage you will pay, as he judges, to the will and ability which have brought him to fortune.

And admitting wealth to be worthy of the sacrifice necessary to its attainment, the man is entitled to your praise. It is certain that had he not slaved and pinched, as he has described, he would not have become rich. But if he insists on his success being the inevitable result of his slaving and pinching, I shall differ from him. No doubt his striving and parsimony paved the way to wealth, and produced it to some extent, but they can not claim credit for the bulk of it. That is at-

tributable to his starts in life. Praise be to him for having put himself in a position to avail himself of these starts when they should occur, but, had they not occurred, his position would have been far short of what it is.

And by starts in life I mean certain opportunities of a stride upward, which present themselves to a greater or less extent in every man's career. I call it a start in life when the talented young barrister finds himself required, through the sudden illness of his leader, to conduct an important and difficult case; I call it a start in life when the effective preacher, who has been buried in a country parish, is invited to preach before a West-End congregation, one half of which are patrons of a host of rich benefices; I call it a start in life when an able and fluent speaker, who has been heretofore satisfied with the back rank in parliament, is invited by a great leader to address the House on a subject with which he is peculiarly well acquainted; I call it a start in life when the out-at-elbows surgeon happens to be by when a distinguished character meets with an accident, and the surgeon is blazoned in the papers as having rendered all the assistance that skill could suggest; I call it a start in life to the senior clerk in an old mercantile house, when the childless leading partner, having announced to him his speedy but unexpected retirement, intimates his wish that he (the clerk) should enter the firm. Every importantly favorable event or situation which does not immediately and directly arise out of a man's own efforts, I designate a start in life. And you will see at once how a man's welfare is influenced by the occurrence or absence of these starts in life. You know how poor Smith works, how hard he fares, and yet what little way he makes; he never seems to get a help onward through any fortunate circumstance; no living

friend takes him by the hand; he figures not in the will of any friend defunct; his labor just earns him a crust and clothing; and when he dies there will be only sufficient to pay the undertaker. Smith does not meet with actual misfortunes, and he may not be an unhappy man, but to him there come not starts in life. I own, myself, I regard the fickle goddess occasionally with a look any thing but benign. You, reader, also, unless you are a very favored person, must often have felt inclined to perform toward her a most ungallant action with your right foot. Something occurs which brings you within a pin's-head of "a start," and yet the start does not become yours; it falls to the lot of Brown, who never sought it, and does not prize it. In a certain condition of your affairs you see, or fancy you see, a turn of events which would make you so happy, and when events do turn indeed, but turn just the other way, it is impossible to refrain from gnashing of teeth. You remember the great start in life to Hogarth's industrious apprentice was his marrying his master's daughter. He made wonderfully rapid progress after that felicitous event. But supposing the morning of the intended marriage, the fair one's chamber had been found vacant, and the blankets and sheets tied together had been discovered hanging suggestively from the window, how would the case have been then? Both master and apprentice might have taken to drinking, and have become reckless and bankrupt together.

In the broader sense, education—physical, moral, and intellectual—and the choice of a pursuit, are starts in life. How sad it is to see one poor child upon crutches, and to hear of another that he will always be an invalid! And what a shock it gives you to witness a sight such as I saw this day, two little urchins in a policeman's grip, followed by another little urchin behind, likewise in custody, the whole hurrying to the police-court. I wonder how much of the offense which had been committed by these luckless children could, in fairness, be laid to their account. They were evidently in the depth of poverty; one, at least, was barefooted. I dare say they had stolen food. Let us say they had stolen a loaf. Now while this was going on, your children, dear friend reader, were very happy in their nursery. They had had a good breakfast, and now they were at high

play. You gazed on them with delight, you know, ere you started for your daily avocation. Will you ever forgive me for the thought I am about to suggest? What was the real difference between your children and these miserable outcasts? Shall I be far wrong in putting the case thus: these neglected objects, being hungry, were enamored of a loaf in an insecure place, and so committed crime because the temptation was *there*; your well-cultured children, having every want satisfied, were not open to unlawful fascination, and so did not commit a crime because the temptation was *not* there. Can you say that the true difference amounted to more than that? Those wicked hungry ones are now, I dare say, busy on the treadmill. And I do not object. But I am quite sure of this, that, by a better than any human tribunal, there will be taken into account such a vast variety of circumstances far beyond the scope of an earthly judge, that *surprise* will be one of the main features of a great coming day.

Still, in our present state of knowledge, we must be content with the surface. You remember the oft-quoted story of John Bunyan, who, on seeing a malefactor conveyed to prison, cried: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan." The undeniably good man, you observe, did not show much sign of traveling in my train of thought. He saw only a malefactor. No doubt, there was a malefactor, but *under what circumstances* was he a malefactor? If every point and feature in the lives of the two men had been laid bare, might not the gap between the two have wonderfully contrasted? However, friend reader, I will not resume my objection, I give you the benefit of John Bunyan's indirect testimony in favor of judging by the surface. I know you can hurl at me the broad fact that, put the case how I please, your children are delightful little darlings, and the ill-starred children I have been speaking of are thievish little ragamuffins. Yes; you are right; so the fact is. The latter's first start in life has been, indeed, a downward start. It is so sad, there is only one recollection can sustain us under thought of it.

And it is a very important thing that, in directing your boy to a pursuit, you should be sure that you really give him a start in life. True it is that a number of men who subsequently became great

in a particular department, began life in one quite different, and only struggled into the right path after much painful stumbling in the wrong. In these cases there may not have been material mischief, but in how many has the mistake proved fatal? Call to mind just one. The poet Cowper, desiring an income enabling him to marry, undertook the situation of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. He was altogether unfit for it. And that false start crushed him. He never recovered his failure. His mental health was irretrievably impaired. I doubt the wisdom of allowing a youth to choose his occupation. I suppose there is hardly a boy, who, after reading a couple of Marryat's novels, would not be enthusiastic about going to sea. I remember my youthful brain was fairly turned by a very large edition of the *Life of Bonaparte*, with great colored plates of the battles. The watchful, thoughtful parent must choose for the boy. His selection will probably be right, and if it be so, the youngster will certainly have been blessed with a good start in life.

Getting well married is a start in life. I am not thinking so much of the marriage portion or the increased connection. But it braces many a man for his daily task the thought of those at home, to whom he is so very, very much. An ordinary man will bear up wonderfully under the odious grind of almost unceasing labor, if the cash-books and ledgers be as so many mirrors reflecting the dear faces of wife and children. Still, here again a mistake is woefully injurious. There was an outcry recently about the selfishness of men not marrying. Men are sometimes very selfish in marrying. Some men clearly ought not to marry. They are destitute of all those qualities which make a good married man. They can not hit straightforward at difficulties; they can not bear minor troubles calmly; or, if they can fulfill one requirement, they can not the other. I am not married. If I were, I could face the butcher's bill, but I should cower under the results of "baby being washed." Rent-day might come, and find me equally unprepared and undaunted, but mamma scolding and Bobby screaming would throw me into despair. Another man could bear these small vexations, but would be weighed down by the serious responsibilities of married life. Neither I nor this man ought to marry. It would be a decidedly wrong start to do so. I

wonder why Macaulay did not marry. It has been stoutly denied that he was in any degree a selfish man. He may have felt that unmarried he could be of far greater use to the world than would be practicable should he clog himself with wife and children. A Mrs. Macaulay might have stood terribly in the way of those splendid literary labors. Yes, I maintain the good sense and unselfishness of some men in not marrying. I stand up as a champion of old bachelors in the mass. The man of all my acquaintance whom I should pitch upon for a clear judgment, a kind heart, and upright mind, and the possession of those qualities which are so very precious in every one, indeed, but especially in a husband and father, this man is not married. He who foregoes the undoubted pleasures of married life may have a very keen idea of those pleasures. It is seldom you know precisely what has kept him from the path into which most men so eagerly rush. There may be a perfect explanation of his seeming indifference, and you should hesitate to declare any inevitable connection between the old bachelor and selfishness.

And, unquestionably, a man who could have married well, and been happy in marriage, but who has remained single, has not availed himself of that which would have been a start in life. I pass over the bewilderment of the breakfast and the wedding-tour. I come to the time when he who has been temporarily an amiable lunatic recovers his senses and once more settles to the daily work. How different now is his position! What a long stride upwards he seems to have taken, and alas! I must add, how very much older he appears to have grown, since the responsibility of a household devolved upon him! But his influence has greatly increased. His connections are probably doubled. Moreover, (and this, as I have intimated, I look at most,) if the man have any thing in him, and be not troubled with those flaws in his nervous system to which I have alluded, the new claims upon him will strongly develop it. If he be stimulated by his new responsibilities, and not oppressed by them, his work will be all the better done on their account. His marriage will have been a very wise step, and he may safely regard it as one of his best starts in life.

But now as to some of those quicker, sharper turning-points which may be de-

signated starts in life. I have already enumerated a few; there are many others. To an industrious man struggling against difficulties through old scores, a round legacy is a most blessed start in life. To a clever man, willing to work, but who, perforce, has been long idle, the receiving a lucrative and honorable appointment is a start in life. To the literary character, the production of a book which at once produces "a sensation," is a start in the highest degree delightful and profitable. It is a common expression respecting a man hitherto unprosperous, who has met with an unexpected piece of good fortune, that he has been "set upon his legs." Some men are ever going down hill. Things turn against them with a persistency which at first sight is surprising. Their continued failure brings people almost to believe in luck and ill-luck. I have heard it said of probably the wealthiest financier in this country that he will have nothing to do with an "unlucky man." And this aversion may be either very creditable or very discreditable to his good sense, according to the grounds on which it is based. I admit at once that the man who is always in difficulties is well-nigh a hopeless character. If you connect yourself with him, you will not draw him out of trouble; he will drag you into it. I am not speaking, mark you, of a man who is not blessed with starts in life, nor even of the man who lets opportunities pass by, but I am pointing to the man upon whom absolute misfortunes crowd, until at last they overwhelm him. An unlucky man is a nonsensical phrase, but an invariably unfortunate man is oftentimes a fact, and a very sad fact. If I shrink from companionship with Jones, who has been going from bad to worse ever since I knew him, it is from no superstition about Jones's being an unlucky man. I have no belief in any man being haunted by a spirit of ill-luck. But I believe in a baleful influence working in Jones which practically amounts to pretty much the same as ill-luck. Either there is a dead-weight resting upon him in an inherent weakness of body, crippling his energies and benumbing his mental faculties, or those faculties are really so dwarfed and stunted as to be unequal to the toil and warfare of daily life; or else there is something quite wrong about the moral part of Jones. I feel confident that to one or other of these causes, or to all of them, perhaps, com-

bined, is to be attributed his unintermitting bad fortune. But while to Jones, in this sad condition, starts in life might present themselves again and again without benefit, the gleam of sunshine which unexpectedly visits Robinson meets with a very different reception. Robinson, mind you, may have been far from blameless. He may have slighted many opportunities in old time, which, otherwise treated, would have made him a great contrast to what he is now. Still, there is nothing radically wrong in Robinson. Vainglorious for a while, he played antics, and came upon his knees. It took him a long time to get up again. It cost a frightful amount of scrambling and scratching. And the bystanders generally would have let him sprawl until he expired through exhaustion. But a friendly hand was suddenly extended, a judicious lift was administered, a fresh footing was gained, and now behold Robinson prancing gayly under a new and vigorous start.

It is a powerful argument in favor of doing rightly, that you never know the bearing which any particular action may have upon the whole course of your life. I apprehend there are very few of us can look back without a sigh. How galling it is to remember the wretched folly which slighted that admirable opportunity, or the sheer idiocy which, when the right course was so clear, sent us headlong into the wrong. You see with such terrible plainness now how that small deviation from rectitude brought a cloud over your head for years. You are conscious of the utter blindness and besottedness which alone can explain your decision upon a point which has given a somber coloring to a large portion of your career. No man can say that the work on which he is at any moment engaged, however apparently insignificant, may not prove to him of vast concern. Once again I sit writing alone. I scarcely hear a sound. While there is nothing very meritorious in composing this essay, it is a useful occupation, and its design is good. But I might have been very differently employed to-night. London amusements are near to me, and prohibited gratifications, which possess some temptations to every one of us, enticingly beckon. Now the whole tenor of my life may turn upon the preference I have given this evening to the humble task which you, reader, have before you. Out of a trivial circumstance has often



arisen indirectly a great start in life, just as from a small beginning has many a man proceeded gradually to the extremity of transgression.

If you, reader, should be one of the successful in the earth, let me ask you to do a little good in the way of furnishing starts in life to those who, through want of them, are pining and fading. I am loth to believe of any bad or weak man that he is irreclaimable. Would you be kind enough "to bang the door"? You see you want to startle him out of himself. What the man needs is a new chance. My thoughts turn to my earlier school-days. I behold myself, a child of five or six, seated on a form. In my left hand is a slate, in my right a pencil. I am very miserable, for I am over a line in an addition sum where there are all high figures. I have not been able to master it, and consequently it has mastered me. It has mastered me so that I have become much distressed, so distressed that at last a deep thick fog has settled upon my puny faculties. I have been reduced to a state of utter helplessness. For the time I am an idiot—an obstinate idiot. No amount of goading would extract from me an answer to the simplest question. A dead-weight of despondency is upon me. I can but moan; my wretchedness is beyond all expression. The judicious school-mistress sees the state of the case. She releases me from the crushing burden. My scared wits return. I am free. I go away for a time, and afterward, when I set to work *afresh*, I come off victorious.

Now, you observe, it is this kind of treatment which many very big children require. They want a fresh start. The jibbing horse to which I referred at the outset cared not at all for the coachman's coaxing or the conductor's conciliatory patting. But the banging the door was irresistible. It threw him off his wrong train of thought. That banging of the door was so associated in his recollection with the resumption of progress, that his legs went forward in spite of him. And there are men who have gone wrong, whether through willfulness or weakness, into whom you must put quite a new spirit before you can get them at all right. If you can not do this all at once, you must do it by degrees. If I had a son, for instance, given to intemperance, I should hear with a grim sort of approval that he contemplated training for a prize-fight. It

would, indeed, be very shocking to think of such a degrading fancy possessing him, but then, you see, this fancy would be totally incompatible with his habits of drinking. In following it out, he would, at all events, have to surrender the worse propensity. And there would be hope in this. You know we are apt to say, when a pain which has been long worrying in one locality shifts to another, that it is a sign of its going altogether. And this fresh start of my son's, odious as it would be, would lead me to anticipate the final expulsion of the bad spirit which was in him. My good Christian reader, if you have any regard for one whom you see going gradually down-hill in measured, orderly fashion, as though his course were perfectly natural and right, oh! don't be contented with gently twitching his coat-tails and whispering that he has mistaken the way. Lay hold of him with all your might and main; drag his face round in the other direction. Scare him, frighten him out of his wits by your frenzied gestures, and thrust him back. And then, true philanthropist, when you have brought your wanderer into the right path, you must not at once quit him. There is something more to be done. *You must give him a fresh start.*

I am afraid that, in a general way, the weak and stumbling in the world's rough path receive no real consideration at the hands of the strong and sturdy. This seems a trite remark, and yet it probably would be contested. For the successful man will not grudge a little pecuniary help to the lame competitor in life's race. I do not think we can justly say wealthy men, in the mass, are uncharitable in the matter of money. You or I, reader, could pick out many men who, if we waited on them to-morrow, and faltered into their ears that we had not had a dinner for two days, would be quite sincere in their sympathy, and readily hand us five shillings. But how many men do we know who, if we went wrong for a while, would actively endeavor to set us right, find us a respectable occupation, ease our embarrassments, and give us a new start in life? And, my friend, let us not be hypocrites, is it not just this service—a material one, I grant—which we can not bring ourselves to do to poorly-placed men who hang about us? You bemoan the condition of half-starved Green. Out comes the trifle which you say he is very welcome to, if of any ser-

vice; you advise him strongly to try and make a fresh start, and then you hurry him off, because, you know, you don't want to have it thought you are in any way mixed up with him. Or, I will go the length of supposing that you would really like to help Green effectually. But what a vexing man is Green! Where is the man's energy, spirit, and determination? He does not respond to the call you make upon him. You are disappointed at his feebleness. You contrast the rustiness and imperfect working of his long-unused faculties with your own ready wit and prompt action. And you are disgusted. Your benevolence tires, and Green resumes his journey down-hill at a pace accelerated to a sharp trot.

There are many cases less severe than Green's where a kindly stimulating influence is still much required. I hardly think it possible for a man ever to do any thing very well which he has done repeatedly before, and, according to the universal voice, has done very ill. If to the indignant astonishment of Blondin, as he walked the rope at that frightful height, there had floated upward a roar of disapprobation instead of applause, and if time after time he had only elicited the same unfavorable judgment, I fully believe ere long he would have fallen. The effect of getting out of heart is very serious to some men. It threatens soon the getting out of truth and honesty, and all they at one time held dear. Encouraging words are to some persons positive starts in life. I know myself how pleasantly I hold in memory just two or three words uttered by one with whom I had but slight, though highly prized, acquaintance, to the effect that he had confidence but in few men, and amongst those few I was numbered. When I see it in the faces and trace it in the words of other men not worthy of comparison with that friend, how cheaply I am held and how little trust they repose in me, I fall back, so to speak, upon the support and comfort of that kind remark. But such words do not often come from the quarters whence alone they come with weight. Black, for instance, has never heard such words. And Black wants sustaining influence very much more than I do. For Black's knees are weak, and his head is bowed. Black's carriage is off the rails. Black is out of collar. And the world meets Black, and encourages him by pointing out the many

opportunities in life he has let slip, and dilates on what a prosperous man he might have been, and what a poor, wretched, shambling, deplorable creature he is become. Soon Black will begin to think his case hopeless, and if it was not so before, it will certainly be so then. You must not wonder next, if, out of the gin-palace in broad day, there comes forth Black. You must not wonder, then, if, presently, standing at the Old Bailey bar for felony, you behold Black. And finally, you must not be surprised if, soon after, you hear that among the convicts on their passage out who threw off their chains and mortal coil together, was Black.

I hold it, then, to be most Christian-like to try and start a man afresh, if only by inspiriting words. I quail at the bare thought of losing heart and hope. You know how sickening is the sensation on feeling, when you are ascending a high hill, the ground loosening under your feet. How completely your courage goes from you, how impossible it is at once to regain it. You are in great peril. If there be not something near which you can clutch till your heart has ceased fluttering, you will inevitably roll to the bottom. Now, kind words may be to the man rapidly sinking in despair, that *something near*. He may grasp them, and be saved; they may prove to him as a fresh start in life.

My friend, do you ever suddenly wake to consciousness how time is passing on? We let day by day, week by week, month by month, and even year by year, go by with scarce a thought. And then, without warning, there flashes upon the mind, with positively painful intensity, the full, broad fact, what a deal of life's journey has been performed, and how steadily the remainder of the way is diminishing. There may be a very merciful purpose in the start which this thought will occasion. The hour in which such thought shall fairly come home to a man, nestle in his heart, to leave it never more in this world, will be an hour which he will think of with increasing fondness as his days grow fewer. It has been said that time should be measured rather by events than by seasons. What a change this year, now so near its close, may have brought to us! What a start in the right or the wrong path! How the mind may have changed, acquired new stores, received new vigor! How the spirit may have soared upward, grown purer and holier! How the body

may have cast off weakness, and become healthy and strong! Or how all may have tended downward, the mind have faded, the spirit sunk, and the body have contracted the fatal disorder which but a little time hence shall close the scene!

It is not province, friend reader, to preach to you, and, if it were, this is no sermon-book. But ere ending these humble jottings about starts in life, I could not refrain from just making allusion to the all-important start after better and brighter things than any on this side the grave. You remember those few touching words of Sir Walter Scott as he lay dying: "Be a good man, Lockhart; nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here." In those words, you

see, is a broad, absolute, undeniable truth. There is only one way of preparing for that awful journey. There is only one way which will insure your waiting composedly the mysterious start which the doctor has told your half-scared friends down-stairs you are just about to take. To-morrow they will shut up the house, get the mourning ready, and arrange about the funeral. Some will be very sorry you are gone, (just the one or two the leaving whom made you so sad,) and others will talk jauntily of your many defects. But with you will be all peace, if you have but followed the great novelist's advice, and been "a good man" in this world below.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## T H E   S E L F - A C C U S E D   W I T C H ;

OR, THE FATHER OF SWEDENBORG.

THE province of Dalarne, or Dalecarlia, as southern nations call it, was known in old times as the right arm of Sweden, not only on account of its mines of copper and iron, but also for its high-spirited and independent peasantry, whom no feudal baron might oppress, and no foreign foe invade with impunity. Their weight thrown into the scale in times of civil strife, was generally sufficient to turn it in favor of their chosen prince or party. They had mainly helped Gustavus Vasa, first in freeing the land from the Danish yoke, and secondly in planting the Reformation and the Lutheran ritual firmly among its people. Stanch Lutherans and stout-hearted Swedes, the Dalecarlian peasants remain to this day; neither the wealth of the mines nor the spirit of the peasantry has been worked away in that out-of-the-world province. The strife between it and its neighbor Norway has burned out long ago, though it was the longest-lived of Europe's border-wars; so

has the epidemical dread of witchcraft, though its latest returns were among those hardy northern men; and the following tale, which occurred in the last of them, and proved its complete cure, is as well authenticated as Swedish records and state papers can make it.

While Queen Christina was reigning at Stockholm, patronizing science, corresponding with half the learned men of Europe, and with no thought of abdication, or turning Catholic, that her subjects were aware of, Dame Elsan Ketler was also reigning over her own *gard*; that is to say, farmhouse and steading, and over the village of Karlsopen, conducting its gossip, supervising its manners and morals, and firmly intending never to abdicate at all. The village of Karlsopen consisted of six *gards* beside her own, scattered along a narrow valley, which was sheltered on the north by an old pine-forest, and opening on the south to far-stretching upland pastures, which the

short Swedish summer covered with grass and juniper-bushes. The *bond*, or peasants, who lived there were all well to do in their station; had cows and sheep, oxen and old-fashioned plows, with which they tilled their farms, and got good crops of barley, rye, and turnips. The men of the valley were reckoned good farmers; the women were notable cheese and sausage-makers, spinners of wool and flax, bakers of barley-bread, and brewers of beer; but over them and over all their works and ways, Dame Elsan Ketler reigned and ruled without a rival or a gainsayer. It was true that Dame Elsan had a husband, but honest Hams had been brought into subjection during the course of the honeymoon, and having now borne the yoke for fifteen years, was too well broken in to be of any account, except in performing the duties she commanded. It was true that Dame Elsan had one son and two daughters, but they had been early taught to venerate their mother's wisdom, and acknowledge her indisputable authority. So Dame Elsan reigned over family, house, and farm; and in right of that rule, over the families, houses, and farms of the village too. The Ketlers had constituted, time immemorial, the rank and fashion of Karlscofen; their farm was the largest and most fertile, their stock of cattle and sheep was the best, their gard was the oldest in all the village. Ketlers had lived there before the Vasa's time; sons of theirs in the preceding generation had marched to Germany with the great Gustavus, and brought back spoils of silver cups and silk curtains, their gain from the Thirty Years' War. In short, they were the china, the cream, and the flower of the valley; and having talents equal to her ~~position~~—for in spinning, brewing, and sausage-making, Dame Elsan could give the most accomplished of her neighbors lessons—the spouse, and decidedly better-half of Hams Ketler took the lead, and kept it. Moreover, what does not generally happen to chiefs and leaders any where, was the case with her: Dame Elsan was satisfied with her own government at home and abroad. The house prospered under her management; it was strict and prudent, at times approaching the borders of stinginess; so the Ketlers grew rich. The neighbors with one consent acknowledged her superiority in every thing; Hams went in the way she

chalked out for him; son and daughters followed his dutiful example; the linen, the beer, and the sausages turned out well; yet, as all human felicity is found to have some drawback, there was one to Dame Elsan's abundant share of it—for she could never rear a calf.

The offspring of her cows, numerous as they were every summer, died after a few days', or at best a few weeks' trial of kine-life. Old and censorious people—there were such even in Karlscofen—ventured to whisper by their own firesides that the dame skimmed the milk her calves had, too closely. Her own account of the matter was, that she had tried every method a sensible woman could think of, but it was all of no use, not a calf would live; and when particularly exasperated on the subject, the dame was in the habit of hinting that there must have been something unlucky about her mother-in-law, with whom she had never been on good terms, and was not yet, though the grass of ten summers had grown about the old woman's headstone in the village churchyard. Dame Elsan was spinning in her farmhouse porch one warm afternoon in the middle of July, a season when there is long day and little night in Dalarne, when nuts grow brown in the forest, and grain yellow in the fields under twenty hours of sunshine, and every hand is busy getting in the various crops of the year, which come all at once to ripeness. Her husband and son were in the field with the reapers, cutting down the barley; her daughters and maids were making hay in the meadow; and she sat there alone, turning her wheel with a slow, steady hum, and musing on that one black spot in the general whiteness of her days. The population of Dame Elsan's cow-house had been increased that same week by two calves, but one of them had died on the preceding day, and the other seemed about to follow its example. It was very hard that all the Ketlers' cows were henceforth to be strangers, not reared on their own farm; very unlucky, the dame thought; all Karlscofen were remarking the fact; who knew what they might say about it? It was certainly no credit to the family. She would have given any thing to have that blot on their escutcheon washed away; but the dame was at her wits' end, and her recollections, as usual, went back to the long-deceased mother-in-law.



Suddenly, the deep stillness of the village street, which lay bare under the breezeless air and downward-sloping sun, was broken by a coming step, and looking up, the dame saw what was not common in Karlsopen, the face of a stranger. He was a tall young man, somewhat lank and thin, as if his fare had not been of the best; his black cloth gown and cap were worn threadbare, dusty and travel-soiled, but in the fashion of the time: they proclaimed him to be a young deacon or candidate for the Lutheran ministry, who, having finished his course at the university, was employed on what might be called the outlying business of the church, catechising the young, visiting the sick, and looking after the state of morals in remote and out-of-the-way villages. The deacons in those days were the poor scholars of Sweden, known to be college-bred, and therefore in high esteem among the northern peasantry, who, though rustic enough themselves, have always respected learning; known also to be poor, and therefore ready to accept, or rather to expect, hospitable entertainment. Thus Dame Elsan was not surprised when the stranger stopped at her porch with "Good-day, mother. Have you a drop of skim-milk, or small-beer, or even a cup of spring-water to spare a thirsty traveler?"

"Come in, sir," said the dame.

Prudent though she was, the Ketlers' house was not to be disgraced by stingy behavior to a deacon. The traveler was courteously invited into the family-room, established in the best seat—a huge arm-chair, ornamented with quaint carvings, and fixed hard by the hearth, on which the wood-fire burned low that summer-day. There he was served with the best of her new cheese, barley-bread, and home-brewed ale; and as the good-manners of Dalarne required, Dame Elsan brought in her spinning-wheel, and sat down opposite to enliven his repast with her conversation. Its chief subjects were of course Karlsopen and the Ketlers. The deacon inquired kindly after the whole village; Dame Elsan, being the head-woman, was able to give him a good account of them, including her own household. Hams was a good sort of a man on the whole, though rather stiff-necked and hard to advise at times; young Hams was like his father; but she did her best to manage them both. Emma and Elda would be good housekeepers,

she must say, though they were her daughters: she hoped they would get good husbands, and manage them well. The deacon appeared deeply interested in the whole family, as the new cheese disappeared before his knife. The dame entered into a more particular statement of household affairs—their crops, their cattle, the linen she had in store for the girls against their wedding-days, her great successes in all domestic achievements, and the causes of thankfulness the Ketlers had in general.

"You are a very fortunate woman, mother," said the deacon. "In all my travels, I have not met with any to whom Providence has been more kind; and I am glad to see you acknowledge it with a thankful heart."

"I do, sir, to the best of my recollection, in church on Sundays, and every night at my prayers; so does Hams, poor man, when I remind him of it. But, sir, there is one thing that troubles us both, principally me, because it is a housewife's concern, and Hams has scarcely sense enough;" and Dame Elsan made a full disclosure of her trials and regrets in the matter of the dying calves. It was not merely in hopes of sympathy that the good woman spoke; the belief in spells and charms to secure human wishes and ward off misfortunes was strong among the Swedish peasantry at the time, as it was among those of our own England, then under the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. Learned men of any profession were supposed to know, if they did not practice them. The deacon, though intended for the ministry, had studied at Upsala; a vague tradition of the pagan temple it had supplanted still hung round that university; and nothing could persuade the populace that occult learning was not cultivated there. Might not the deacon, then, in return for her hospitable entertainment and friendly confidence, be able to assist Dame Elsan out of her difficulty, and give her some charm to keep death from the cow-house? It was not indeed consistent with his holy office and expected call to the pulpit; but then he was a learned man, had been at Upsala: she would pay any thing he pleased to ask, and keep the secret all her life. The spinning-wheel was stopped, and her requests and promises made in a low hurried tone, as the deacon rose to go, for the cheese was finished, and the sun wear-

ing down. He stood leaning his arms on the back of the chair for a few minutes, as if in earnest consideration, while the dame pressed her suit, and plied him with every argument she could think of, the last being ten rix-dollars in hard silver. At length he looked up with a sort of smile; it was a good omen; Dame Elsan's courage rose. "Do, sir, for pity's sake, take them, and give me the charm. I know you can do it; you learned men can do any thing of that kind. It will take the disgrace off our house. No mortal shall ever hear a syllable about it from me; and I am sure the ten dollars will be of use to you."

"We never take money for such things, mother," said the deacon; "but if you make me a present of five dollars, as my gown is rather thin, and my shoes nearly worn out, I won't refuse it. Leave me alone here, and I'll write something which will be of service to you and the calves;" and taking out his pocket-book, ink-horn, and pen, he began to write something on a blank leaf, while Dame Elsan hurried out to the porch, turned her face to the east, and piously repeated her prayers, to keep off the evil spirits who might be at hand on such an occasion. While thus engaged, however, she chanced to lift her eyes, and saw her maid Roskin coming in from the field as she had been ordered, to assist in preparing the substantial supper which closes the harvest-day in Sweden. Now, Roskin's tongue was a weapon which even her managing mistress could not keep in order, and she had an eye keen enough to match: news-telling and gossip-carrying were her delights. If the deacon were seen writing or giving that paper, the secret must be known to all Karlscofen. In flew Dame Elsan with: "O sir! for goodness's sake, stop; there's Roskin coming." But the maid had observed her mistress, guessed there was something in the wind, and increased her speed. She was already on the threshold when the deacon folded up the paper he had been writing, sealed it with black wax, and the impress of a ring he wore, put up his ink-horn and pocket-book, and whispered: "Come out with me, and I will tell you what to do." Out went the stranger, and out went Dame Elsan, to the great amazement of her maid, who got a frowning order to make up the fire, and get on the soup-pot instantly. Roskin saw them walk away to the corner

of the cow-house, where they stood for a minute or two, while the stranger whispered something to her mistress, gave something into her right hand, took something from her left, appeared to bid her a civil good-day, and marched rapidly down the village street. The dame stood looking after him, then looked at her own right hand, passed what it contained under her kirtle, came back to the house, and fell to getting the supper ready, with a long account of the catechising and good counsels which the pious young deacon had given her. It was repeated with variations and enlargements to her household when they came in from work, and to all her neighbors in turn. Indeed, it was thought Dame Elsan made rather too much of the subject. "One would think a deacon had never come to a house in Karlscofen before," remarked the most censorious, of course very privately; but all the Ketlers were edified, except Roskin, who never could find out, and dared not inquire what had been given and taken at the corner of the cow-house.

It could not be expected that the maid would keep such a problem for her private meditation. All the housewives in the village heard, and endeavored to solve it with conjectures more or less charitable; but as they also stood in awe of Dame Elsan, no inquiries could be ventured on. If honest Hams ever got an inkling, he was a well-managed husband, and jealousy is not the failing of the hardy northern men. Besides, the young deacon never again made his appearance at Karlscofen, and the one eye-witness, Roskin, got married in the following year to a peasant living in a distant village. The tale of the cow-house corner died out, or was kept alive only by tenacious memories, yet from the time of its occurrence, all her neighbors remarked that Dame Elsan's calves lived and prospered, till her success in rearing them became as notable throughout the country as her failure had been before. In a land of such long hard winters, where cattle are so valuable, no success could be more envied or sought after; and how it got abroad nobody could tell, but strangers began to arrive from distant villages and outlying farms with the kindest inquiries after Dame Elsan Ketler, and generally bringing presents in their hands. They came and they went, to the wonder of Karlscofen; and as the nearest neighbors are the last to make any signal dis-

covery, they puzzled themselves over the fact to no purpose. Whatever influence brought the visitors and presents to her house, it was Dame Elsan's policy to keep them in the dark; and as the cup of her prosperity was now full, and the black spot washed out, she reigned over them with more absolute sway than ever.

Full cups and absolute sway are apt to grow empty and limited in the course of twenty years. That space of time brought great revolutions to many a land in the latter half of the seventeenth century: England was changed from a commonwealth to a kingdom; Sweden lost her Queen Christina, and got two successive kings instead; and Dalarne got a duke of its own, who governed the province prudently, and made a deal out of its mines. There were revolutions in the Ketler farmhouse, too, quite as important to its inhabitants, though they came more slowly and with less report. Dame Elsan's daughters grew up, married, and got the provided linen; honest Hams went to reside beside his oft-accused mother in the village churchyard; Hams the younger reigned or rather served in his stead, for, like a discreet Dalecarlian, he brought home a wife, as soon as convenient, to manage the house and him. His mother might have been thought sufficient for that business. She did not entirely approve of the match; it was the one thing in which Hams the second had gone against her mind. Her daughter-in-law was aware of that, and being a woman of the same spirit, open war was declared between them before the wedding festivities were fairly over. The dame set up her camp in one end of the farmhouse, which she claimed as her jointure, by the ancient laws of the province: her share of the cow-house and granary had to be portioned off the rest, her part of the farm-fields fenced in; but the rival queens contrived to have encounters nevertheless, concerning which the whole village asked with considerable astonishment, How Hams could live through the perpetual broil!

Making war on one's daughter-in-law, and receiving visitors on errands not to be explained, however well watched they may be, are not apt to improve one's temper or repute. The once thrifty, high-handed, and outspoken dame had become a cross, anxious, uneasy old woman; her prudence had narrowed into perfect parsimony,

though she was known to be the richest dowager in Karlscofen. Besides her part of farmhouse, stock, and land, nobody in the village could boast so much fine linen, or so many silver spoons, rings, and buckles, mostly paid in tribute by those far-coming visitors. But Dame Elsan's reign was over; the poorest cottage in Karlscofen disdained to receive her laws; the farm-servants took part with her daughter-in-law; the boys called her "Mother Miser;" and Hams's wife, after vainly endeavoring to make out what the visitors wanted, and claiming share of their presents, averred that there must be something particularly bad transacted in her mother-in-law's end of the farmhouse.

So the twenty years ran to their close, and as that came on, there came over all Dalarne, whence or how no man could tell—for who can trace out the spring of a popular ferment?—a mighty dread of witchcraft, and a general discovery of witches in every quarter. The strange sufferings and troubles of the people in consequence would fill a volume of very grotesque reading; they saw everything, from talking dogs to pigs drawing barrels full of fire; they heard all manner of sounds in the air, in the village churchyards, and in the dark corners of their own houses. Scores of people were accused, and confessed their guilt, with wondrous and most circumstantial tales of their nightly flights on broomsticks and dead pine-branches, carrying children with them to Blakulla, a rocky and desolate isle in the Baltic, many a mile from the nearest land, where they were received by the enemy of mankind in person, under whose superintendence they baked, brewed, feasted, and initiated the children into his special service. Ridiculous as these tales may seem to nineteenth-century readers, they fill the law-records and parish-registers of the period, and appear to be but a northern and later edition of the doings inquired after and legislated for by our own Long Parliament. The executions were far more numerous, though the ferment lasted only five years; eighteen persons in the parish of Mora were known to have been put to death in one day for witchcraft; and the number of the accused were so great, that Duke Charles refused to sign many of the death-warrants, for fear of depopulating his province. Either owing to its remote situation, or the less excitable character of



its inhabitants, Karlsopen was the latest in all Dalarne to find out a witch, but it came to the discovery at last.

In a battle of more than common fierceness, Dame Elsan's daughter-in-law, seeing that no share of the presents was to be had, launched forth in a denunciation of her husband's mother; declaring her conviction that the dame was a witch; that she had seen her, at unaccountable times and places, gathering hemlock, and otherwise singularly employed; and triumphantly referred to the unexplained visits as proofs of her accusation. The neighbors heard the charge, they had also heard the tales of witchcraft from distant villages; Roskin's observations turned up in the old people's memories. The dame was cross, unpopular, and given to hidden ways; at any rate, the visitors and the presents were undeniable. Sundry girls and boys immediately began to assert that she had been endeavoring to seduce them to Blakulla; some had discovered her in the shape of a black cat; some had seen her preparing to mount a broomstick; and some had escaped her spells only by boiling a horse-shoe, and carrying sprigs of the mountain-ash about them. These informations were given to the authorities, and Dame Elsan was arrested at her spinning-wheel. To the surprise of every body, she attempted no denial, no defense, but allowed herself to be conducted to prison in Skara, the nearest town, which, being the see of a bishop and the seat of a provincial court, was the scene of many a witch's trial, the Lutheran bishops having a special cognizance of such cases. The episcopal crosier was at that time wielded by a scion of the Svedburg family, newly promoted to the see, but known to be a conscientious and zealous bishop. His preferment was said to have been owing to his preaching before Duke Charles against the sins of the times, particularly the black and dreadful one of witchcraft, which he averred had been permitted to overspread the land on account of its giving way to foreign fashions and luxuries. The Bishop had come into his diocese with a publicly expressed determination to war against, and, if possible, root out that peculiar service of Satan, and Dame Elsan Ketler was the first name on the list of those to be tried before him. Her position in Karlsopen, her respectable life and connections, and the mystery which had puzzled her neighborhood for so many years, drew

a great concourse to the court on her trial-day.

The court-house was full of men, women, and children, all breathless and eager with ears and eyes. The Bishop in his robes, with clerks and assessors, took the seat of judgment, and the dame was brought to the bar.

"My lord," she said, in reply to his first question, "I am guilty; put yourself to no more trouble with me. I acknowledge that I have practiced witchcraft for twenty years bygone, and deserve to die. But O my lord! is there any chance of mercy for my poor soul?"

"Confess your crimes, woman," said the good Bishop. "I will give you time to repent and pray, and no truly repentant sinner shall be lost."

"I confess, my lord," said Dame Elsan, falling on her knees, though I have never gone to Blakulla, nor carried away any child, yet I have practiced witchcraft by means of a charm which was given me by a traveling deacon twenty years ago, when my mind was troubled concerning the calves that died from me; and it is sewed under the lining of my right-foot shoe."

"Take it out immediately, and show it to me," said the Bishop, looking as if a sudden recollection had struck him. The dame took off her shoe, ripped the lining, and produced out of it a minute leather bag, out of which she took a small, closely-folded note sealed with black wax. The Bishop took it, broke the seal, read it, and looked up like one found guilty himself.

"What did the deacon bid you do with your calves when he gave you this charm?" he demanded.

"He bade me give them four pints of milk that never saw water or skimmer, in a beechwood pail, after sunrise, at high noon, and before sunset, in the name of Mantecoras," said Dame Elsan—"to keep the charm in the lining of my right-foot shoe, and strike every calf three times with it before nightfall."

"And have you done so?" inquired the Bishop.

"I have, my lord, sinner that I am," replied the dame; "and also made much wicked profit by lending the charm to people far and near when their calves were in danger."

"Well, my good woman, rise from your knees, for it is my turn to confess now, and listen all you that can hear," said the Bishop. "This paper is no charm, but a



foolish rhyme which I wrote—to my shame be it spoken—when a traveling deacon in the village of Karlsopen. I chanced to call at this good woman's house; she hospitably entertained me, told me her troubles concerning the death of her calves, and finding that she was ignorant enough to take me for one skilled in magic, because I had studied at Upsala, I took a present of five dollars from her, because my purse happened to be empty at the time, advised her to give the calves good milk in a mysterious manner, and wrote on this paper:

'The calf may be white, the calf may be red,  
And if it's not living, it must be dead.'

This nonsense the poor woman has carried in her right-foot shoe, believed herself to be doing wonders with it for twenty years, and might have been executed on her own confession for the crime of witchcraft, through my foolish and inconsiderate frolic."

It was said there was nobody in all the court-house more difficult to convince of her innocence than the unlucky dame; but being at length persuaded by the arguments and exhortations of the Bishop, she went home satisfied that she was no witch, and, together with the daughter-in-law who had brought her to trial, led a more peaceable life afterwards. As for the Bishop, he discovered through that incident that the black and dreadful sin of witchcraft was not so real a thing as in his clerical zeal he had imagined, and his exertions were henceforth combined with those of a noble lady, far in advance of her time, the Countess de la Gardee, to put down the persecution. It has been already said that the tale is authentic; and English readers may be interested in knowing that the Bishop who played such an important part in it was the father of Swedenborg, the seer of so many visions, and the founder of a widely-spread sect.

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From the London Eclectic.

## COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.\*

"HAVE you read Paine's *Age of Reason*, sir?" some one inquired once of Robert Hall. "Yes, sir, I have looked over it." "And what, may I ask, is your opinion of it, Mr. Hall?" "My opinion of it, sir? Why, sir, it's a mouse nibbling at the wing of an archangel, sir." And this is exactly our impression of Dr. Colenso's book. It is ineffably weak and feeble. No doubt the man's will is good; he has purposed to do a very effective thing. In fact, of all the books, with any measure of pretense, attacking the veracity of the Pentateuch, this is incomparably the weakest. If it makes any impression adverse to sacred truth, it must be because there is no light in the reader's mind. There is

no grasp in the book; no breath either of emotion or vision. We will not merely say that moral questions, the great concerns of souls, the affections which embrace and the truths which ennoble man, are not to be tested as this Bishop tries them, by arithmetic, by addition, and subtraction, and multiplication; historic questions are not either to be settled in this way. The estimate of the power, and influence, and character of nations is scarcely to be settled by the same twopenny-halfpenny faculty which weighs out beef, and bread, and butter. It is, no doubt, a most remarkable circumstance that a Bishop of the English National Church should write a book to assail the veracity of the Bible through the first five books of it—not that this is altogether unprecedented and new. Eminent men have before now attacked the faith they were pledged to

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\* *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longman & Co.

defend. But we again repeat our conviction, that of all such attacks this is the thinnest, the weakest, and the most ignorant. Of course, it is reading universally, for faith in the Bible is with the minority, and the majority of persons are glad to hear all that can be said against it. Such a book, therefore, soon makes its audience. This book has been quoted by almost every newspaper. Thousands will read it through the libraries who do not purchase it, notwithstanding its cold, hard, unattractive, and unfeeling style, through which there does not ray one single light of sentiment or expression. How enviable must our Bishop's feelings be; able to bend the knee before his Master and his Maker, and to say, Set apart to minister in thy temple, I know not if I have ever been instrumental in converting any to faith; but at least I have this satisfaction, I derive some large gain from having shaken the faith of some. There is something very peculiar in the case of this Bishop. He never was a theologian. He was the author of some eminent books on arithmetic; and some time since, when he received an appointment to the bishopric of Natal, he astonished the world, and must surely have astonished the estimable prelate who has recently exchanged the primacy for his place in the skies, by publishing a letter recommending polygamy in our dealings with the natives as an introduction to Christianity. This was a considerable step toward Mormonism. He takes in this volume another step in advance, and publishes, while yet Bishop of his diocese, this volume, designed to set aside as worthless the largest portion of the sacred writings, by undermining the truth, and throwing a shade upon the moral consistency of those known as the books of Moses.

There is something to our mind shocking in this circumstance, this reckless trifling with sacred things. He intimates his disposition while doing this thing to retain his position and his emoluments in the National Church. He acknowledges that the decision of Dr. Lushington assures him he can not be touched by the law, by the ecclesiastical law of England, in his sacred office. He also acknowledges that he has given very little time to the study of the subject upon which he has published; not more, apparently, than about eighteen months; a short time indeed to devote to the consideration of

questions affecting the faith of many ages and many millions of people, not to say his own. Many persons have said to us, "And what effect has such a book on your mind?" and we have instantly replied: "None." But the question has then been put, "Why?" and we have replied: "Because we ourselves are subject to impressions and aspects of the book which overlook all that Dr. Colenso advances; and while reading this book we feel exactly what we felt when we read the *Essays and Reviews*, that other notorious publication with which the Church of England favored us some time since. Not one of its statements advances near, not to say does not touch, the place on which we stand. There are things which can not be shaken. Convictions are not usually shocked by matters of arithmetic. And it has been remarked that a man's religion is not made up of the five hundred things he does not believe, but of the two or three he does believe. We again repeat then, that those whose faith is shivered by Dr. Colenso's book, suffer that calamity because they have been too indifferent to fix their mind on any great central points of faith. It is true that some do feel sentiments of alarm, as if these spasms and hysterics were unprecedented and unexpected. On the contrary, prophecy points, alike in the words of our Lord and in the language of his apostles, to such times of agitation, and turbulence, and perturbation, when the defenders of the faith fall away from their consistency. Are not these "the stars which fall from heaven"? And when smitten by their blows, faiths reel and tremble. Are not these "the powers of heaven," of which it was prophesied they shall be shaken? "Yet once more I shake not earth only, but also heaven." Such terms are of course used in the very language of symbolism. If "earth" represents the world of the unconverted, the lower, the more natural state of humanity, as in the text, "O earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord," heaven represents the more exalted, the spiritual state. Both are to be shaken before the end comes; and after the shock it will be found there are things which can not be shaken: these will remain.

The age in which we live has been most truly called, beyond any other age of the world, the scientific age. Nothing is safe from the eye and the instruments of

science. Nothing is hallowed, holy, or venerable. Science dissects; science takes to pieces. Man has two great powers in his soul: he can take to pieces—that we call the analytic faculty: he can put together—that we call the synthetic. Which of these is the greatest? Which of these is the evidence of real power? Analysis is the science of death: synthesis is the science of life. A child can pull a flower to pieces; but it takes all the forces of nature and the universe to create a flower. An idiot could perhaps pull to pieces a watch, but an idiot could not put it together again. So science can dissect: it can analyze. It is easy for the surgeon to follow life through nerves, and muscles, and arteries, and it is easy for the murderer to destroy life; but to put together, to not only give life, but to keep alive, this is beyond his skill. Thus again we say it is with our age. We are great in putting material things together. That habit is what we call the philosophic. He who does this we call a philosopher. But we are also great in pulling moral things to pieces. This habit we call the skeptical, and this habit has exhibited itself in many singular ways; has, it must be admitted, been no more reverent with matters of literary tradition than with the sacred records and depositories of our faith. It has disproved not only the existence of Moses, but of Homer too, and has given to us not only the documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch, but has also disproved the unity of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and demonstrated them to be a collection of ballads of the old Pelagic world. The same nimble and adroit spirit of inquiry has taken to pieces the dramas of Shakspeare. The tricks of the analytic gentlemen with those somewhat famous productions is very edifying. Shakspeare's share in their production has been shown at any rate to be very slight; and among other hypotheses of the Colenso stamp is that which assigns them to the pen of Lord Bacon. And is it not very probable? How easy to construct an ingenious argument in favor of this paradox! And to this valuable order of books belongs the essay before us. Thus the truth of the Bible is evaporated away. Some there are who think that when the skeptic has tried his last forces and instruments on the book, still there will be found some indissectable and indissoluble things; some things which this kind of sophistical trifling will not avail to shake; things

depending not on costume, color, form, or expression, but, upon their acknowledgment, in the deeper consciousness of man—a mystery, a miracle of fitness, fellowship, and ministration of thought. Writers like Dr. Colenso in dealing with the Bible are dishonest. An honest mind in dealing with the Scripture would remember, that its earliest documents purport to be some three thousand five hundred years old. Its postdiluvian records touch a period even far beyond that. These records describe a state of society such as we have few means of knowing, few sympathies with. These records were written in a language utterly unlike ours. Not only is the language slightly known, but there are peculiarities of symbolism which give to all things conveyed in it a dim and shadowy meaning. Especially this is the case with the symbolic relations of numbers. Dr. Colenso is, we have no doubt, a very adroit arithmetician; but, while we are quite prepared for his infinite aims at Pythagorean harmony, we may perhaps remind him, and he will even condescend to admit, that numbers, figures, conveyed very different impressions to the mind to those like numbers convey now. He does not at all hesitate to imply his belief of the invention of numbers from their correspondence; but there may be evidently correspondence of signification—something more than a cunningly devised fable seems to be intimated—in the number forty: the forty days and nights of the flood; the forty days' and nights' communion of Moses with God on the mount, the forty years' wandering in the wilderness; the forty days' and forty nights' loneliness and fasting of Elijah on Horeb; the forty days' and forty nights' fasting of our Lord in the same region; the forty days' continuance of our Lord after his resurrection. It perhaps may not savor of unnecessary refinement to say, that the numbers of Scripture do seem to point to an internal sense, and are not to be rudely pushed aside in the Colenso fashion by dogmatic declarations of imposition. The frequent coincidence is against this. It is true enough that in the Bible "all is plain to him that understandeth." On the great matters, "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err;" but then the eternal condition for understanding any teaching is reverence.

"To humbleness of heart descends  
The prescience from on high."

This is the condition by which alone we know any truth. Moreover, truth is indeed one, and is always perfect, but the channel is imperfect, and the imperfect medium modifies its power. Almost all persons know how difficult it is to transfer to one language exactly the impressions and thoughts of another; and even languages have their *patois* and dialects. Is it too much to say we must remember these things when we read the Hebrew Scriptures? Dr. Colenso will remember none of these considerations, and we have said he knows nothing of different ages, or nations, or races, or costumes of thought. There is one consideration alone, and one faith alone, which holds him—two and two do make four—beyond this he never passes in this thoughtless, and irreverent, and disingenuous book.

We pity the Zulus with such a teacher. Why, what is our apprehension of the work of a Christian minister in coming into contact with an ignorant and infantile mind? To preach Christ to it! How? Through the books of Leviticus or Exodus? One would think not. The Apostle says: "We are not under the law, but under Christ." The Bishop tells us how the faith of a Zulu convert was staggered while he and the Bishop were translating a passage in the book of Exodus. Suppose our child to read the same passage, what might we say in the event of some such question? My dear child, wait before you read that, or ask any questions about that. Here is the life of your Saviour and teacher, Christ. Read this, and the words of those whom he appointed to follow him, and remember what he said there. Many things in those days were permitted or commanded because the hearts of those people were very hard. It is God's own Spirit, writing his laws upon our hearts and minds, which gives to us more tender sensibilities now. Instead of this, the Bishop informs us he went to those wild, savage nations, and beneath the Gospel dispensation he preached Exodus to them, and now returns to England to say they could not understand his Christless talk. In a word, "We are not under the law, but under Christ." The New Testament is the guide of life. Unconverted people have no business or concern with the Old Testament, save as a matter of literary curiosity. Again we say, What can children or ignorant persons know of the very key for the comprehension of the Old

Testament, of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, or the Prophets? Conversion first, and Christian discipleship, before we have the right to open those pages or to look upon them as our property at all.

"*Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?*" we say, as we advance from page to page. We travel through the book, and we find not one thing which may not be shaken, while all the real and sacred things are left unshaken; indeed, they are left untouched. The book, we again say, produces upon the mind the impression that it is dishonest and disingenuous. The argument is conducted in an unfair spirit. Some of the objections are matters of pure invention, and all are the result of sheer trifling with sacred things. We do no injustice to the man in saying, that Dr. Colenso can not have seen or felt the truth the Bible was intended to unveil. This awful book, these hoar and awful pages—awful if only for the hoar and amazing antiquity from whence they have descended; awful, if only for myriads of souls they have inspired and nourished; awful, if not the word of the living God; then awful, because they reared and sustained, by their civil and theocratical wisdom, the nation which of all nations has most influenced the world's destiny; awful, for they were read by His eyes and lips who spake as never man spake, and he pronounced upon them no doubtful verdict. These awful pages are treated like a school-boy's sum of practice or the rule-of-three. The highest order of spiritual truth is tested by arithmetic. He fancies he detects bad arithmetic, and so he changes the whole attitude of his mind toward the book. These are the objections of this master in Israel. There is also, we notice, a disposition to create objections, where he does not aid in their unacknowledged transmigration from some previous volume. Thus his argument that it was physically impossible for Judah at the time of his descent into Egypt to have had grandchildren by Tamar. He supposes Judah to have been only three years older than Joseph. How, then, are we to account for the fact that Dinah was of an age to attract the notice of Shechem during the journey of Jacob from Padan Aram to Bethel, which even by Dr. Colenso's reckoning would have been six years after the birth of Joseph? All the objections are arithmetical. The size of the court of the tabernacle was so



contracted, and the congregation of Israel so large, that it could not hold them. Yet we are told that five millions of persons have visited this year the Great Exhibition. Suppose some hundreds of years hence it should be said this was impossible, because the building would not contain at the most more than one hundred thousand. Would this militate against the actual fact? Again, Moses and Joshua are said to have addressed all Israel. But there could not have been fewer than two millions of persons; how, then, to the ears of such multitudes could they rehearse all the words of the law? Is this impossible? Is not a proclamation of the monarch made to the ears of all England—to twenty millions or thirty millions of people? The words of the proclamation are supposed to reach the ears of all, although only made here and there by a mayor in a market-place. These are the objections, and such as these. How could such a multitude exist in Egypt? How could such a multitude simultaneously march out of Egypt? How could they be sustained in the midst of the sandy desert? These are the objections, and such as these. These are the difficulties with which the Bishop thinks it worth while to detain his readers. He evidently renounces all idea of miracle, all homage to the supernatural in the history of Israel and in the narratives of the Pentateuch. He admits he knows little upon the matter; has not devoted any great portion of time to the consideration of these vast archaic questions. He never refers even to the work of Von Bohlen, where substantially most of his objections will be found expressed forty years since. The literature of the Pentateuch seems to be unknown to him. His numerous quotations range only over a few writers; as Kurtz, Havernick, and Hengstenberg. A synthesis of the Pentateuch never occurs to him. He would be content enough to take Haarlem organ to pieces, and throw its pipes and keys irreverently aside, utterly mindless of any tones or notes which awed or moved the listening multitude: a man to whom music is an affair of acoustics, and the genius of Holman Hunt or Turner an affair of color-grinding. Hence there is not one word of reverence for the amazing truths taught—the mystic, shadowy, and profound utterances of the book. There is little reverence, or rather there is none, for the Bible at all. He is a man who, had he seen that

great sight on Horeb—the bush burning with fire, unconsumed—would have felt no intimidation about drawing near to the vision. He would have been at no needless reverential trouble about taking off his shoes from his feet. He would only have used his shepherd's crook for the purpose of beating out and extinguishing the flame, in order that he might submit the whole imposture to some delicate refinement of chemistry. Our blessed Lord himself is charged with ignorance. And with reference to the matters in dispute, Dr. Colenso claims to know more than he did; while he distinctly denies the supernatural knowledge of the Son of God. He says:

"Lastly, it is perfectly consistent with the most entire and sincere belief in our Lord's Divinity, to hold, as many do, that, when he vouchsafed to become a 'Son of Man,' he took our nature fully, and voluntarily entered into all the conditions of humanity, and among others into that which makes our growth in all ordinary knowledge *gradual and limited*. We are expressly told, in Luke 2: 52, that 'Jesus increased in wisdom,' as well as in 'stature.' It is not supposed that, in his human nature, he was acquainted more than any educated Jew of the age, with the mysteries of all modern sciences, nor, with St. Luke's expressions before us, can it be seriously maintained that, as an *infant or young child*, he possessed a knowledge surpassing that of the most pious and learned adults of his nation, upon the subject of the authorship and age of the different portions of the Pentateuch. At what period, then, of his life upon earth, is it to be supposed that he had granted to him as the Son of Man, *supernaturally*, full and accurate information on these points, so that he should be expected to speak about the Pentateuch in other terms than any other devout Jew of that day would have employed? Why should it be thought that he would speak with certain *Divine* knowledge on this matter, more than upon other matters of ordinary science or history?"

Christ, who could raise the dead, and cleanse the leper, and forgive sins, and speak to the hearts of all mankind, and redeem the world, had not the knowledge of the affairs of his own kingdom and his own people. It is necessary for the Bishop to say all this, that he may escape from our Lord's condemnation of the heretics of this day: "If ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me; but if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?" Is there not something dreadful in turpitude like this calling itself Christian teaching?

Truly, while we read we thought of a little *jeu d'esprit* of Thomas Binney's, in a large meeting called to protest against the follies of another bishop, exhibited in his treatment of Mr. Shore—

"The men who keep Thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word;  
Grow wiser than their bishops are,  
And better know the Lord."

But after looking over the pages of Dr. Colenso, there come to the mind many considerations which overlook all the apparent inconsistencies of his numbers, but which appear to have produced no impression on his mind. Thus the book is an amazing fact. It is here. What avail all the little higgings of arithmetic against it? Dr. Colenso's treatment of the book reminds us of the vulgar traditions about Stonehenge; the peasants were wont to say that the stones could not be counted twice alike. There are most likely sixty-two: but whoever made sixty-two twice counting? But what a stern, mysterious fact it is, that wonderful block of stones, that group of solitaires in the wild wind-girdled desert! How did Stonehenge come there? We have not a shred of a word to say. Druidic age, Roman age, Saxon age, it is all dark; and just so the mystery of the book; it is the only ancient history; forms in it are dimly discried through the night of time. What shall we say of it, but that its very being is a miracle? Dr. Colenso believes nothing miraculous about it. We do. What, then, is the issue in our individual opinions? No, by no means; it is in the fact itself, and it is a stupendous fact. Dispute about figures, dispute about colors, but think of the awful age of the book; before Homer sung, before Herodotus traveled; what do we say? before England, before Rome, before Greece existed at all. This is the record of the world's first fathers, and the disputes about it are disputes about the hoar upon the walls or windows of a building, whose origin is lost on the horizon of all the ages: there it stands. These things of Colenso's are no new things, although he seems to think that such questions as he has raised have never vexed the minds of readers, or been agitated by scholars before: gentlemanly Voltaireisms or Paineisms. Go back as far as the first ages of Christianity. Men have said: "Go to; let us pull up this

mountain; and to begin, let us pull up this which has grown upon it, and these veins which run through it." Well, there stands the calm mountain still, a fountain of life on it and in it, springs gushing forth from the side of it, and millions upon millions of the sheep feed upon its herbage from age to age. We confess we can not rectify all the numbers in it. Some things *seem* to us plainly contradictory, but as we draw near, we see a great sight; its pages burn like the unconsumed bush: this is one of the things which can not be shaken. Thus remains the book; it is the most amazing literary mystery in the world. Look at its wonderful unity! Look at its harmony, so divine; then try to group into one consentaneous voice, the poets, the historians, the philosophers of Greece, or Rome, or even England itself. Try to make such a volume as that which has happened to be somehow the literature of that old Palestine. Could it be done? It could not be done. That this book is in some form a miracle is by far the most easy solution of its mysterious character. Earthquakes rock round it; they root it; superstition swathes it only to retire and to leave it the brighter: it can not be shaken, it remains.

This essential unity of the Pentateuch is not at all affected by what is called "the documentary hypothesis" of it. What if the one spirit took and informed and synthesized the long-accumulated range of traditions and facts! If God condescended for a purpose to inspire the history of England, would the history be less divine because it took up the traditions and facts of the times of Alfred or the settlement of the Conqueror? Of course, the things narrated in the Genesis had happened long before, and were perhaps recorded long before in some way, and were possibly known and believed. But what a folly to suppose that the book is therefore not trustworthy! Thus also with reference to the alleged twofold or threefold manifestation of God: it is said there are especially two distinct characters traceable in these documents; that in the elder God is revealed as the Elohim, and these are called the Elohist documents; in the later God is revealed as Jehovah, and these are called the Jehovist documents. What if it be so? It is alleged that the Elohim is the vast, the awful, and infinite Creator of the ends of the earth. The

Jehovah is the Lord, coming nigh to man, and making himself known to him. Strange that men are unable to see that that which to their analytic processes becomes an argument against the unity, is the very evidence of the unity alike of the book and its revelation. Another circumstance quite overlooked by Dr. Colenso is, that the history of the book is one story. It is the history of a divine family. This venerable and awful book all have sought to obtain possession of. The geologist, the ethnologist, the geographer, the philologist, the astronomer, the historian, all have kept a constant turmoil round it, seeking to wrest it for themselves. In fact, the Bible, or the Pentateuch, was never intended to teach us in either of these matters, nor to inform us upon the questions of science or of dietetics. It is the history of God's interest in human souls; it is the story of his covenant; always the same from the beginning to the close. This is the intention of the book; it is the story of the covenant. Men may differ as to the way in which they understand that covenant; but through the Bible, and through the whole of the Pentateuch, one consistent purpose runs; it is the story of a peculiar people, man, the exemplification of the glory of God. The substantial truth taught to the Jews is taught still; but to them it was taught with concessions, in stern outlines, or in fillings-up of shadows, and dim form and colors. Our Lord gave the principle of the whole when he said the Mosaic constitution was framed to meet the essential hardness of the people's hearts. The Tabernacle was a large illuminated missal; the services and the ritual were a large illustrated religious *Times*. Leviticus we may read if we will, but we have passed beyond it, and need it no more than we need a missal or a breviary. That law is fulfilled. The amazing folly of this book appears in that it really aims to make the very existence of the nation of Israel an impossibility, from the large number of the nation in Egypt as compared with the small number who went down into Egypt; but the Doctor, in his nicely refining calculations, has omitted to include the dependents and the companies of the tribe and the families. It is clear that it was a very large people by the measures taken to prevent their increase. But, in fact, with reference to all the questions raised by the Bishop

there is this answer: How are we to account for the submission of the Jews through so many ages to these laws, these burdensome ceremonies and restrictions? How are we to account for their reception of these traditions, which were all founded on the faith that the facts narrated in the book were authentic, and on that faith alone? Colenso remarks upon the impossibility of the whole multitude assembling to the service of the tabernacle. He flings about the charges of absurdity with adroit and agile good-will; but the absurdity will usually be found to be created only from his own conception of the circumstance. Thus his difficulty about the whole congregation being gathered before the door of the tabernacle to witness the consecration of Aaron and his sons. The Bishop takes out his foot-rule, and declares that there are so many people that there is no room for them to stand upon. The area of the outer tabernacle was only sixteen hundred and ninety-two yards: how could two millions of people stand on such a space? Why, really, the difficulty does not seem at all insuperable to the spirit of the most perverse ingenuity. It is quite easy to conceive Moses and Aaron, and his sons, and the attendant Levites, going through the ceremony of consecration within the tabernacle, and the whole congregation assembled outside; and it is also consolatory to know that there really is a plain, in front of Mount Sinai, where Israel most likely was encamped, which gives "ample room and verge enough" for all supposed to be there. Matters like these, abounding in this thin volume, justify the criticism that our writer, with his arithmetical speciality, is ready at figures, but wholly inapt at all the facts from which figures spring, and to which figures point. "He puzzles his head with numbers and dimensions, and overlooks facts which lie under his nose." In many aspects of the book there is a likeness to the celebrated *Life of Jesus* by Strauss. As Strauss sought to throw into myth all circumstances of the life of Christ, so Colenso has sought to throw into myth the history of Israel. Before his refining mind it does all become "a cunningly-devised fable," the fabrication of a later age. After allowing to the ingenuity of the Bishop the utmost latitude, still the mind remains where it was, impressed with the marvelous mystery and story of these people, unlike any

other in the whole range of profane history, and well denominated sacred. This is one of the things which can not be shaken, the story of the family. Take what exception we may to the complication of the numbers, there are thoughts which transcend all such considerations; all is constructed with reference to the family; the ceremonial law was to each member a constant memorial; a book, some page of which was ever before the eye; and we think with Professor Blunt, that the onerous and binding character of the law clearly exhibits the miraculous estimation in which it was held. However it may impress or affect our minds, it met the Jew by its justice and its benevolence; at every step it met them, with some restraint or other at every turn.

"Would they plow?—Then it must not be with an ox and an ass, (Deut. 22: 10.) Would they sow?—Then must not the seed be mixed, (Deut. 22: 9.) Would they reap?—Then must they not reap clean, (Lev. 19: 9.) Would they make bread?—Then must they set apart dough enough for the consecrated loaf, (Num. 15: 20.) Did they find a bird's-nest?—Then must they let the old bird fly away, (Deut. 22: 6.) Did they hunt?—Then they must shed the blood of their game, and cover it with dust, (Lev. 17: 13.) Did they plant a fruit-tree? For three years was the fruit to be uncircumcised, (Lev. 19: 23.) Did they shave their beards?—They were not to cut the corners, (Lev. 19: 27.) Did they weave a garment?—Then must it be only with threads prescribed, (Lev. 19: 19.) Did they build a house?—They must put rails and battlements on the roof, (Deut. 22: 8.) Did they buy an estate?—At the year of Jubilee back it must go to its owner, (Lev. 25: 13.) This last was in itself and alone a provision which must have made itself felt in the whole structure of the Jewish commonwealth, and have sensibly affected the character of the people; every transfer of land throughout the country having to be regulated in its price according to the remoteness or proximity of the year of release; and the desire of accumulating a species of property usually considered the most inviting of any, counteracted and thwarted at every turn. All these (and how many more of the same kind might be named!) are enactments which it must have required extraordinary influence in the Lawgiver to enjoin, and extraordinary reverence for his powers to perpetuate."

The Poor Laws of the Hebrews all point the same way, but specially all point to them as a peculiar people. Most mysteriously the idea of the covenant runs through the whole of these ancient books.

God keeps calling through the night of that distant time; through all those mysterious people, those wonderful biographies, those imperfect divinely used and divinely led men, the Abrams, the Isaacs, the Jacobs, and Josephs; how clear their history, how sharp, how distinct! This we take to be one of the strong crags of the book, its unity of intention, its one history, the deliverance of the people and the race. Dr. Colenso is very complimentary to the pages of Hindooism; those pages need all the compliments he can honestly give. Why, it is no doubt true that through many ages, and among many peoples, God has not left himself without a witness; our Lord told us as much in his teaching. Paul preached this doctrine on Mars' Hill, and argued it in the Epistle to the Romans; but the thing which cannot be shaken is, that in those pages is preserved the narrative of the highest history, and at the same time the ideal of the human family.

One of the supposed impregnable fortresses of the Pentateuch and of Mosaic institutions has been, that in it we have the most sublime and only satisfactory portrait of God; no idolatry disfigures here, here is no Shamanism, no Fetishism, no image of God; on the contrary, there is no Boodism, no Pantheistic abstraction, it is all personality, and it is all infinity; it is true that God is revealed to us rather as Power than Wisdom, and here is indeed a Divine coincidence. The Wisdom is the revelation of the later day, Christ was the wisdom, not less than the power of God; the ancient revelation is the revelation of Will, absolute will. God, long-suffering, merciful, gracious, pardoning iniquity, by no means clearing the guilty, and that which shadows with an awful gloom his character, but which in some way we do perceive fearfully marking all the dispensations of his providence then and now, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." It has been usually thought that it is beyond humanity to have conveyed such a portrait of God as is conveyed here. God is, and God communicates his will to men; but how different to *these* lineaments the book we have thought is of God, and in the delineation of the way in which God will be known and seen! God, God, God every where unfolding himself and seeking to win attention. This is one of those things



we have thought could not be shaken. Neither, indeed, does our writer refer to it much. In this book we have the more solemn, and vivid, and sufficient picture of God. He does, however, attempt to shade the portrait with the story of the slaughter of Midian. Some of those old narratives seem to favor slavery. "How," says he, "is it possible to quote the Bible as in any way condemning slavery, when we read here of Jehovah's tribute of slaves, thirty-two persons?" It is the stern and terrible history of a stern and terrible time; it was a time of war, and conquest, and of enslavement too; but surely these things in the light of what the world was, and in the light of that new dispensation which has taught us how rightly to regard these things, can not weigh very heavily with us? Again, we can not but wonder that an amazingly preponderant weight on the other side has not given to Dr. Colenso's pen a reverence and prudence which it wholly and entirely lacks. Revelation gives to us views of God most wonderful, views we can not transcend, but God has shown us constantly that he conditions himself in his dealings with his creatures by condescending to their necessities, and to the limitations of their knowledge and their characters.

One of the things apparently clearly perceived by Dr. Colenso, and we have already referred to it, is, that the writings of Moses and the word and the work of Christ sink and fall together. We have already referred to the word of our Lord, "If ye believe not Moses, neither will ye believe me;" it seems so: but the New Testament is a door which hinges on the Old, and especially on the books of Moses. The law was a school-master to bring to Christ. The whole of the Epistle to the Hebrews is constructed as an argument to illustrate to the Jews of that day how all the ancient ritualism meets, melts, and dissolves in Christ. The undesigned coincidences of the Epistle to the Hebrews—coincidences which look deeper than the analogy suggested—are amazing. This we take to be one of the things which can not be shaken; and we have the evidence of it in the writer of this book, who declares his intention to advance, to go on, if he shall see it necessary, to use the same dissection of the New Testament he has so irreverently used with the Old. He says, "I tremble" (he well may) "at

the result of my inquiries; rather I should do so, were it not that I believe firmly in a God of righteousness and truth and love, who both is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Should all else give way beneath me, I feel that his everlasting arms are still under me. I am sure that the solid ground is there, on which my feet can rest, in the knowledge of him 'in whom I live, and move, and have my being,' who is my 'faithful Creator,' my 'almighty and most merciful Father.'" It is impossible to read such words as these without a deep feeling of affectionate interest, but the principle of them we hold to be most fallacious. No! let the revelation of God's mind and will go, and we maintain that then all is gone. Nothing but a descent into the night, deep night. It is hopeless despondency and despair, and there is a tone in the preceding words which proclaims that it is so with this unhappy Bishop. What has that general and inobjective belief availed for either individuals or the world? "God hath forgotten me" is a poor foundation for confidence, and the only ground for believing ourselves unforgotten of God is, the genuineness and authenticity of these old books, especially their distinctive pointing to Christ, and Christ's distinctive pointing to them as the illustrations and prophecies of his divine mission.

The following extract is lengthy, but by the side of such thoughts, or rather thoughtlessness, as abound in Dr. Colenso's Essay, it may be read with profit:

"For, I have traveled through the writings of Moses, beginning from the history of Abraham, when a sojourner in the land of Canaan, and ending with a transaction which happened on the borders of that land, when the descendants of Abraham, now numerous as the stars in heaven, were about to enter and take possession. I have found, in the progress of this checkered series of events, the marks of truth never deserting us—I have found (to recapitulate as briefly as possible) *consistency without design* in the many hints of a Patriarchal Church incidentally scattered through the Book of Genesis taken as a whole—I have found it in *particular* instances; in the impassioned terms wherein the Father of the Faithful intercedes for a devoted city, of which his *brother's son* was an inhabitant—in the circumstance of his own son receiving in marriage the *grand-daughter* of his brother, a singular confirmation that he was the child of his parent's old age, the miraculous offspring of a sterile bed—I have found it in the several oblique intimations of the imbecility and insignificance of *Bethuel*—in the concur-

rence of Isaac's meditation in the field, with the fact of his mother's recent *death*—and in the desire of that patriarch on a subsequent occasion to impart the blessing, as compared with what seem to be symptoms of a present and serious *sickness*—I have found it in the singular command of Jacob to his followers, to put away their idols, as compared with the sacking of an *idolatrous city*, and the capture of its idolatrous inhabitants shortly before—I have found it in the *identity* of the character of Jacob, a character offered to us in many aspects and at many distant intervals, but still ever the same—I have found it in the *lading* of the camels of the Ishmaelitish merchants, as compared with the mode of sepulture amongst the Egyptians—in the allusions to the *corn-crop* of Egypt, thrown out in such a variety of ways, and so inadvertently in all, as compared one with another—I have found it in the proportion of that crop *permanently* assigned to Pharaoh, as compared with that which was taken up by Joseph for the famine; and in the very natural manner in which a great revolution of the State is made to arise out of a temporary emergency—I have found it in the tenderness with which the property of the *priests* was treated, as compared with the honor in which they were held by the King, and the alliance which had been formed with one of their families by the minister of the King—I have found it in the character of *Joseph*, which, however and whenever we catch a glimpse of it, is still *one*: and whether it be gathered from his own words or his own deeds, from the language of his father or from the language of his brethren, is still uniform throughout—I have found it in the marriage of Amram, the *grandson* of Levi, with Jochebed his *daughter*—I have found it in the death of Nadab and Abihu, as compared with the remarkable law which follows touching the *use of wine*; and in the removal of their corpses by the sons of Uzziel, as compared with the defilement of certain in the camp about the same time by the *dead body* of a man—I have found it in the gushing of *water* from the rock at Rephidim, as compared with the attack of the Amalekites with followed—in the state of the crops in *Judea* at the Passover, as compared with that of the crops in *Egypt* at the plague of *hail*—in the proportion of *oxen and wagons* assigned to the several families of the Levites, as compared with the different services they had respectively to discharge—I have found it in the order of march observed in one *particular* case, when the Israelites broke up from Mount Sinai, as compared with the *general* directions given in other places for pitching the tents and sounding the alarms—I have found it in the peculiar propriety of the *grouping* of the conspirators against Moses and Aaron, as compared with their relative situations in the camp—consisting, as they do, of such a family of the Levites and such a tribe of the Israelites as dwelt on the same side of the tabernacle, and therefore had especial facilities for clandestine intercourse

—I have found it in an *inference* from the direct narrative, that the families of the conspirators did not perish alike, as compared with a subsequent most casual assertion, that though the households of Dathan and Abiram were destroyed, the *children of Korah died not*—I have found it in the desire expressed conjointly by the tribe of Reuben and the tribe of Gad to have lands allotted them together on the east side of Jordan, as compared with their *contiguous* position in the camp during their long and trying march through the wilderness—I have found it in the uniformity with which Moses implies a free *communication* to have subsisted amongst the scattered inhabitants of the East—in the unexpected discovery of Balaam amongst the dead of the *Midianites*, though he had departed from Moab, apparently to return to his own country, as compared with the *united* embassy that was sent to invite him—I have found it in the extraordinary diminution of the tribe of *Simeon*, as compared with the occasion of the death of Zimri, a chief of that tribe, the only individual whom Moses thinks it necessary to name, and the victim by which the plague is appeased—and finally, I have found it in the prohibition recorded in Deuteronomy against multiplying *horses*, as compared with the actual absence of the horse from the history of the Israelites on so many occasions when we should have expected to meet with it.”\*

We must notice that of which Dr. Colenso takes no notice; the first thing we notice is, that the book of *the Pentateuch is prophetic*. We can only touch two prophecies of this ancient book. But how wonderful they are! That promise to Abraham—“In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.” Even so said our Lord: “Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad.” And is it not so? Blessed! The temple is in dust; the tabernacle scattered to the winds; Jews scattered out. Jesus makes the families of the earth blessed.

Three thousand four hundred years since God promised “salvation should be of the Jews,” and salvation is of the Jews. Abraham is dead, and the prophets are dead, but this can not be moved. “Prayer is made to him continually:” “He comes down like rain upon the mown grass.”

Another of the marvelous prophecies is that of that old man Noah: “God will enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.” Have we not in-

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\* *Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings both of the Old and New Testament: an Argument for their Veracity.* By Rev. J. J. BLUNT, late Margaret Professor of Divinity.

stances of this? Where is the Semitic race? And *where are the children of Japheth?* We have taken possession of his blessings, and Japheth is where the Jews were, England where Judea was.

We are quite aware with what contempt these views will be received by some readers. The views of Dr. Davidson on the Pentateuch are before us, with Colenso's. The work of Davidson\* is a book worthy of every patient and careful study. He *grasps* the study with all the tenacity, and more than the learning, of a Warburton. With all a Warburton's insolence, too. He scouts, and scatters, and scoffs all opinions that demand more spirituality and mystery than his own. But he too utterly denies, apparently, every thing that may be regarded as objective truth. He says:

"A man under the trammels of a sect in which religious liberty is but a name, is not favorably situated for the task of thoroughly investigating critical or theological subjects. Truth in its integrity is above sects, though they try to imprison it, each within its own Goshen; nor will they ever do it fitting homage till they get beyond the childishness of their little peculiarities, and breathe the free air of God's own church. Let it be borne in mind that personal religion does not lie in the reception of intellectual propositions or dogmas, but in the emotions of the heart toward God and man—in faith, hope, and charity. It is the life of God in the soul, manifested in a life of practical self-denial and benevolence, which human creeds and their defenders often succeed in choking. Strange that the many having yet to learn that fact decry the men whose critical studies go beyond or against their dogmatical prepossessions. *Putting religion where the Bible does not, they misunderstand its nature and caricature its spirit, by fashioning God after their own image, and expecting that others will see him as they do—a being malignant and partial—the creature of a corrupt imagination.*"

Views of the spirituality of the Pentateuch only "serve to fill up English books. Kurtz's are so far-fetched that nobody but one determined to shut his eyes would transcribe them." We will present our readers with another of Dr. Davidson's choice characterizations:

\* *An Introduction to the Old Testament, critical, historical, and theological*; containing a discussion of the more important questions belonging to the several books. By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D.

"Are smatterers in Hebrew the persons to lament over such men's treatment of questions that have nothing to do with religion, as though it were irreligious? Is it a heinous heresy to be out of the pale of what is called evangelicalism? Fortunate indeed it is, that they are out of the pale of that intolerable evangelicalism which thanks God, in the spirit of the Pharisees who went up to the temple to pray. As long as the stale attempts of Hengstenberg and his school to uphold the Mosaic authorship of the whole Pentateuch are dealt out in small doses in Great Britain, the criticism of the Old Testament is retarded, and a barrier set up against the tide of enlightened opinion, which must soon be swept away. The scholars of Germany may well wonder at the traditional *inertia* of English theologians who sleep over the Bible, and cry neology when new information is brought to their ears; but the latter must shortly awake out of their lethargy, and open their minds to the light of truth. Their old dogma of inspirational infallibility must be discarded: then will the results of scientific criticism have a chance of penetrating their understandings. We say the results, because it is evident that they are unable to estimate aright certain processes in the department of Hebrew criticism; or to separate *masters* from *apprentices* in Biblical learning. It is compassionately thought, that Germans are incapable of appreciating evidence; but the questions we speak of are those in which the evidence largely involves an intimate knowledge and acute perception of *Hebrew* writing. Of course it is necessary to assume that the poor Germans, whose acquaintance with the Bible records is immeasurably beyond that of this nation, are grossly deficient in reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and incapable of sympathizing in the pious feelings of the sacred writers; as if ignorance and superstition were the constituents of reverence. . . . Declamation, invective, pietistic horror, orthodox pity for the infidel Germans, answer no purpose but to impose on the vulgar; and as insertions in religious works, are utterly out of place. 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand.' Censorious judging, cowardly insinuation, uncharitable suspicion, stealing others' good name and character, constitutes the religion of many. Happy will it be for them, if it takes them to heaven sooner than the skeptics they hate."

Dr. Davidson may have suffered from the cruelty of some men, but in words like these he publishes the justification of their verdicts. We have quoted the passages above from many such, and we do not hesitate to say, we think less of the mind of Dr. Davidson, since he can so easily hand over to superstition and ignorance men whose conclusions and faith lead them

to results different to his own. Still the work of Dr. Davidson only suffers by these manifestations of temper. It is far nearer to the ordinary views of the church of the last three thousand years than Dr. Colenso's volume. It is patient, able, very scholarly, and simply evidences the sheer and utter inability of the author to deal with and grasp spiritual truth synthetically. He knows the principles of philosophic criticism, but seem to be unable to apply them.

Finally, we will express our faith that in attacks like that contained in this volume, there is no cause to fear. Some, who fasten their faith blindly to authority, have said, See, this is the boasted freedom of thought. Cling to traditionalism, and you will be free from these panics. Well, Romanists and semi-Romanists may taunt us with the result of departure, but we do not desire a change. Men may die as really from the poison of a stagnant river as from the storm of a free wind. We do not desire the clamping irons and

handcuffs for thought. We have pretty copiously expressed feelings for this book allied to indignation and contempt: indignation that a man pledged to defend the Christian faith, should lend his hand so assiduously to uproot it; and contempt for such an indulgence upon such a subject in the very frivolities of criticism, and for ignorance lagging so far behind the reading of the age. His work reminds us of a man who goes with a friend to climb a mountain, but insists on measuring it before he climbs, and so misses the prospect.

He has felt the fine linen of the old priest's vestments only to inquire how much was this a yard. The Ark of the Covenant is beheld by him, not an object of veneration and awe, but a thing to be taken to pieces. He reminds us of a man who, wishing to be expert in anatomy, must needs dissect his mother's body. The Bishop tests adulteration by sacramental bread, and to wash his hands, nothing will serve him for a ewer but a church-chalice.

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From the London Society Magazine.

## S K A T I N G O N T H E I C E . \*

AN Englishman takes naturally to water.

Insular as he is, his sympathies lead him to the element which surrounds his tight little island, and from childhood to old age he never loses his interest in the water. As a child, he must needs splash through every puddle, and even the very slop-basin has attractions for him when it is made the medium of swimming a half walnut-shell or a paper boat. As a boy he lies him to the brooks and rivers, and whether it be to bathe, to fish, or to launch his mimic fleet, he is tolerably sure to spend his half-holiday in the water. Who can

tell his delight when he first visits the sea, with its waves, its real ships, and its changing tides?

For my own part, when I was a very little boy, proceeding to Portsmouth on the top of a coach, I was half-mad with excitement, and could not be calmed by any offer of hard-boiled eggs or sandwiches. How well I remember the moment when, from the summit of a lofty hill, my attention was drawn to a space between two distant elevations, where a faint blue line was drawn, as if with a painter's brush, and I was told that there was the sea. None of the famous Ten Thousand felt more rapture at the sight of the sea than myself. I could not sit still. I wanted to get off the coach and run, for the vehicle seemed, to my excited imagination, to crawl at a snail's pace. Looking

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\* The art and amusement of skating is so fashionable and healthful to both sexes of humanity, and so beneficial in physical education, that we commend the perusal of this article to all our readers.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.



back to that time, I can realize the idea that I must have been a considerable nuisance to my fellow-travelers, for I fidgeted, and asked questions, and let no one have any peace till I fell asleep through sheer exhaustion.

How grand it is to the boyish feelings to indulge in a sail, the realization of many an ardent dream! How every thing seems as if it were part of a fairy tale, as the sun glitters on the white-crested waves, the boat leaps along as if instinct with life, and the sedate old sailor sits quietly in the stern, smelling very much of tar, and chewing real tobacco, just as sailors do in books!

Of course I thought that tobacco chewing was essential to a nautical life, and that no one could lay claim to the title of sailor without chewing a quid. So I begged a little piece of pigtail, and gave it just one bite. I never ventured upon a second, and nothing shall induce me to do so. How any human being can deliberately absorb that fiery mixture of pungent abominations is still to me a mystery. I would have given any thing to take the horrible, choking, scorching taste away. I drank water until further drinking was a physical impossibility. I nearly ruined myself in apples, and yet bore about that most atrocious flavor for the rest of the day. We hear that across the Atlantic, ladies are accustomed secretly to eat snuff in their boudoirs. Whether or not the snuff bears any semblance to pigtail tobacco, I can not say; but if there be the slightest shade, or penumbra of a likeness, those ladies must possess a strangely-organized nervous system.

To return to our young sailor. The joys of the sea can not last for ever. Black Monday summons its victims to school, and when next the schoolboy is set free, the winter has begun, and King Frost asserts his sway. No more bathing now, no more swimming, and no more boating, for the river is covered with a thick sheet of black ice, and any sports must now be conducted upon its surface rather than in its waters. See, the thermometer marks twenty-two degrees, giving ten degrees to spare before the ice is likely to soften; scarcely a breath of wind is stirring, the ground rings sharp and clear under the feet; there has been no snow to mar the glassy smoothness of the ice, and for those who can traverse the shining surface without falling, the day is

perfection itself. I can never find patience to take my breakfast quietly, but am always looking at the clock, fuming inwardly at the waste of time employed in mastication, and counting every minute as lost until I am fairly on my way to the ice.

To skate in comfort is an art which requires some little practice. The powerful and unwonted exercise will often do more harm than good unless it be performed upon a correct system; and the skater will return home fagged and exhausted, instead of feeling quite fresh and lively as he ought to do. The mode which I adopt is as follows:

I keep a pair of boots especially for this one purpose. They have rather thin soles, not very high heels, and fit exactly to the foot and round the ankle. Before starting for the ice, I screw the skates to the boots, slipping the straps loosely into the buckles, so that when the boots are drawn on, all that is required is just to tighten the straps. For walking to the ice I prefer a pair of thick-soled and very easy boots, as the relief to the feet by simply changing the boots is almost incredible. Just before starting, the skate-boots are placed in a little black leather bag, together with a guarded gimlet, a small knife, a tin box containing a piece of oiled linen, a sandwich, and a flask of sherry and water.

The coat ought to be of the shooting-jacket style, with as little skirt as possible, and fitting rather closely when buttoned. Nothing but a handkerchief should be carried in the pocket, as severe damage is often occasioned by a fall when any hard substance, such as a knife or a bunch of keys, is worn. I once knew a man killed by falling on a gimlet which he had carelessly placed in his pocket. He was a good skater, and would not have fallen had he not been knocked down by a clumsy novice, who ran against him just as he was performing a difficult evolution. A gimlet is necessary, because straps vary so much in elasticity on different days, that although they will precisely fit on Monday, they may be too short on Tuesday, and so it is often necessary to bore a hole in the strap so as to suit the foot.

On arriving at the ice, let no skate-man meddle with the straps. Pay for the use of his chair if you like, and leave your coat and other belongings in his charge, but let no one tighten a strap but yourself. Change the boots, put the walking pair into the bag, and draw up the straps of

your skates about half a hole tighter than you are going to use them. But on no account wear the straps tight, as some ignorant persons do, hoping thereby to gain a firmer hold of the ice. Skating ought to depend entirely on balance and not at all on straps, and if you feel the pressure of a strap upon the instep, be sure that your balance is wrong.

In point of fact, the only use of straps is to prevent the skate from falling away from the foot as it is raised, and an accomplished skater can manage without any straps at all. Some of the best skaters whom I know never use straps, but have the skates fastened firmly to the sole of their boots, the leather laces holding every thing firm and straight. These skates are rather expensive, inasmuch as a pair of specially-made boots is sacrificed to them. But they are delightful to skate upon, look very neat, and give no trouble at all to the wearer.

Skates with peaks should always be avoided. Peaks are terribly apt to hitch in any obstacle. I have been more than once thrown by finding the peak of my skate caught in the strap of another person's skate, in the hook of a hockey-stick, or in the folds of a lady's dress. No steel should appear in front of the skate, it is only a superfluity, and has an awkward aspect, increasing the length of the foot, which in most cases seems to be disproportionately large when the skate is on it.

Neither should the steel be cut off square behind, so as to leave a sharp edge, but be rounded evenly at either end. Many persons think that such skates are unsafe, because they do not know how to stop themselves except by the clumsy method of raising the toe and digging the heels into the ice. No real skater ever stops himself in this manner, no matter at what pace he may be proceeding. He knows that at the best it is a very awkward proceeding, and damages the ice sadly by plowing it into deep ruts. Moreover, it is possible to stop much more abruptly, and with much greater certainty, by pressing the outer edge of one skate, and the inner edge of the other against the ice, and so spinning round. In this manner, a good skater will stop himself within a circle of six feet in diameter, though dashing along with the speed of a race-horse.

After passing some five or ten minutes on the ice, by which time the skates will have settled to the feet, it is better to

loosen all the straps half a hole. At the moment, the skates will feel too loose, and as if they could not withstand the weight of the body. But in a minute or two they will be found to be perfectly safe, and the increased freedom of the foot becomes an absolute luxury. No one can skate with any comfort or elegance if the straps are drawn too tight. The circulation is stopped, the feet become icy cold and can not be warmed, and all the movements of the body are rendered stiff and ungainly. No graceful curve can be followed, no just circle can be drawn while the feet are stiffened by tight strapping, which takes away all the play of the instep, cramps the ankle, and causes no slight pain whenever the skate is placed on the ice.

Two straps are quite enough for any skater, namely, one across the toes, and another from the heel. None should be permitted to cross the middle of the foot, as is the usual custom, for in that position they do not hold the skate to the foot, and only interfere with the play of the numerous tendons that run along the instep. Whenever you see a person hobbling away from the ice, be sure that he has been skating with tightened straps. His feet are so cramped that they hardly hold the ground, his ankles are stiff, and refuse to play, and the blood that has so long been repressed is now rushing tumultuously forward into the foot, seeming as if it would burst the veins at every pulsation, and feeling as if molten lead had taken the place of blood.

I do believe that skating is the nearest approach to flying of which the human being is as yet capable. Gravity, which to a man in boots seems to fetter him to the earth, becomes to a man in skates the instrument of propulsion. A skater flies over the ice as if by pure volition, the impetus being obtained, not so much by the stroke of the feet as by the judicious sway of the body. Therefore, to a bystander, a good skater seems to keep up his graceful circles simply by his will, the gentle oscillations of the body appearing to be, not the cause, but the consequence of his movements.

The true carriage of the body is the great criterion of a skater, and is one of the last accomplishments that is learned. Books are mostly wrong on this point. They tell us that our right or left arms are to be raised or depressed in unison

with the corresponding feet, and give illustrations which, to the real skater, afford only food for ridicule. You may as well say that in walking, the hands are to be lifted alternately over the head, as to make that movement one of the rules in skating. I know that at the early part of the present century one admirably elegant skater was in the habit of so using his arms. But even in the master of his art, the waving arms had a decidedly affected aspect, and in an imitator the effect is simply ridiculous. No one ought to see that the skater is using any effort whatever, and the arms should hang easily and quietly by the side. Should the performer be afflicted with *mauvaise honte*, and feel himself embarrassed with his arms, perhaps he can not do better than clasp his hands, letting them fall loosely, and at full length.

No stick should be carried; the effect is as absurd as wearing spurs in order to ride in a cab.

No one can want a stick while skating, except, perhaps, for the purpose of castigating the tiresome boys with whom the ice is mostly infested, and who mar its bright surface by throwing stones, or deliberately break holes in it with the butt-ends of their hockey-sticks. Still, I have always found that boys are much more frightened by being run down than deterred by the fear of a stick; and if you dexterously cant a boy's head into the hole he has just made, and wet him to the skin with the splash, he will be a beacon and a warning to his companions to let the ice alone for the future.

Nor let the skater fancy that he will fall while he knocks over his foe. It is most curious, but not the less true, that as soon as the skates are firmly set on the ice, that substance is no longer slippery, but affords a firm hold which would astound a novice, who holds his feet wrongly, and feels them sliding away on two different errands. For it is only the edge of the skate that touches the ice, and any one can see how firm is its hold by pressing the edge of a knife against a piece of ice.

The various games that are played on the ice are mostly unworthy of a true skater's attention, and have the further drawback of seriously annoying those who use the skate for its legitimate purpose.

Hockey, for example, ought to be

sternly forbidden, as it is not only annoying, but dangerous. In its right place, hockey is a noble game, and deserving of every encouragement, but on the ice it is in its wrong place, and should be prohibited. Any weak place in the ice is sure to give way if the ball should happen to pass over or near it; for the concourse of fifty or a hundred persons all converging upon the same point is a test which no ice, save the very strongest, is able to bear. Even the "express trains," so popular on the Serpentine, on a fine frosty night, are not nearly so dangerous as hockey, because they distribute the weight over a large surface with tolerable equality.

Moreover, when a mass of human beings precipitates itself recklessly in any direction where a ball may happen to run, accidents are certain to follow. The indifferent skaters, or those who are only walking on the ice, are knocked down, and often severely injured by others falling on them; and if the ice should give way, as is likely to happen by reason of their accumulated weight, a fatal result is almost a necessary consequence. The unfortunate man, whose sad death I have lately mentioned, was knocked down during one of these hockey-matches.

The game moreover, is by no means what it ought to be, inasmuch as it is impossible to enforce the rules in such a miscellaneous assembly. No one keeps to any particular side, or aims at any particular goal; and any one who happens to have a stick, hits the ball in any direction that seems easiest. I should be truly glad to see the police interfere whenever hockey is commenced.

Again, when a party of really good skaters are indulging themselves with a quadrille, and performing the many graceful evolutions of which this charming art is capable, it is more than annoying to have the whole proceeding broken up by the irruption of a disorderly mob armed with sticks, and charging through the circle of skaters and spectators, to the imminent danger of all.

Cricket, again, the king of British games, is simply degraded by being transferred from summer and fields to winter and ice. I have seen several cricket-matches played on the ice, and must acknowledge that the game was the veriest farce imaginable. The bowler seems to be the only player who has a chance of

doing his duty. The batsman can do little but block the balls, or just draw them away, or perhaps make a feeble spoon of a blow without the least energy. He can not shift a foot, he has no firm basis on which to poise himself, and can not possibly deliver the free and dashing cuts that delight the heart of a cricketer. As to fielding, it is almost out of the question as far as stopping the ball is concerned, and the ice is so smooth that the ball goes shooting over its polished surface as if fired from a cannon.

Such games as "touch" and "warning," can, however, be played on the ice with excellent effect; and as they tend to the separation, rather than the convergence of the players, they are not so liable to break the ice as hockey, or even cricket. It is true that in some very cold seasons the ice is so strong that almost any liberties may be taken with it; but this is seldom the case, and it is always better to be on the safe side when the question may be one of life or death.

He, however, who wishes to put his skates to their legitimate use will never waste his time by playing at any game whatever. He will either run races, or learn to perform the figures, the latter being, of course, the more advisable plan; for, racing on skates is the surest way to ruin the style, and to give an ungraceful deportment to the body. A figure-skater is all ease and grace and compact elegance. His arms never project from the body, his back is upright as a dart, and his feet are managed as delicately as those of a dancer; whereas, one who runs races is forced to abandon all pretensions to grace, and looks about as awkward an object as can well be conceived. He stoops until he is bent nearly double, like an infirm old man; his legs work like the crank of a locomotive-engine; his arms are flapped backward and forward to help him on his course; and there are several noted racers who actually use their hands to push themselves along the ice.

This kind of skating is really useless, although the sporting papers seem to measure a skater's skill by the number of miles which he can cover in an hour; for this speed can not be kept up for any long time, and for really quick transit between distant places is much inferior to the simple Dutch roll on the outside edge, where the body is swung slowly from side to side, like a ship in a calm, and the feet are

scarcely moved from each other. For the first mile or two, the racer will be far ahead, but about the tenth mile his opponent will be seen slowly but surely gaining upon him, and when he passes, will be quite fresh and lively, whereas the racer will be out of breath, and his legs thoroughly fatigued. There is nothing like the Dutch roll for getting over the ice at a great pace without seeming to use any exertion. I was told the other day by a gentleman who had lived much in Holland, that even the market-women, carrying their loads and wheeling a barrow full of vegetables, would pass him with the greatest ease. They would actually play with him, letting him keep level with them as long as they chose, and then, without any apparent increase of exertion, they would shoot ahead, and leave him struggling behind.

Even the skates of a racer and a figure-skater are differently made. Those of the racer are long, rather low, and the edge of the steel is level from end to end, so that the skater can progress forward with much speed, but can form no curves or circles unless of a very great diameter, and is, therefore, debarred from attempting the figures as long as he wears "running" skates. But the skates that are employed for figuring are short in the steel, and have the edge so modeled as to form a segment of a circle. By this arrangement it will be seen that only a very little portion of the steel rests upon the ice, and that its curved form is exactly adapted for cutting circles and curves. These are by far the best skates to possess, for although a man on running skates can get over the ice with extreme rapidity, he can do nothing in the way of figuring. Whereas a skater who wears the figuring skates, can race with much speed in case of necessity, and is able to form any curve or circle that he likes.

Artists never seem to comprehend the real movement of the skater, and have a conventional method of representing it, which gives one a pain in the back only to look at.

Every one knows the conventional skater on canvas or paper. He is coming straight at you. His arms are folded. His coat-tails are flying in the air. He has a smirk on his manly countenance. He has a comforter round his neck. His spine is perpendicular, but his legs form an angle of sixty-five degrees with the horizon, and



the upper leg is lifted up straight and rigid, as if it were one limb of a pair of compasses. I should like to see the artist put himself in that wonderful posture only for a moment, and then make him write down his sensations. I think he would experience a severe aching about the waist and hips, which would give him a tolerable idea of the feelings of a prisoner just released from the rack.

Artists are apt to draw the oddest things imaginable when they get on sporting subjects. There are of course exceptions, among whom our old friend Leech is *facile princeps*; but as a general fact, the engravings in the many illustrated papers are positively ridiculous when they treat of subjects connected with bodily exercises.

See, for example, the impossible Leotards and Blondins that we have so often admired. Perhaps some of my readers may remember a large and handsome engraving of salmon-fishing, where the angler is supporting, with a slightly bending rod, a huge salmon actually in the falling waters of a steep rapid, where a personal friend is going to gaff the fish with a boat-hook, and a boy is trying to catch it in a butterfly net. If a sportsman be represented with a gun, and in the act of firing, he almost invariably has his wrong eye shut, and the remarkable piece of ordnance which does duty for a double-barrel, seems to have been modeled from the ancient snap-haunce rather than the modern fowling-piece. And if the shot from his gun did really hit the bird that is falling from the skies, the only inference to be drawn is, that his weapon was constructed to shoot round corners. In aquatic sketches, again, the oarsman and the coxswain are invariable out of time, and no draughtsman seems to recognize the fact that when rowers can engage in a match, they generally know how to feather their oars.

So it is with skating. I once undertook to superintend the draughtsman in illustrating a work on this art. I drew all the sketches myself, explained their bearing to the artist, and yet the perversity of human nature prevailed, and he insisted on returning to his conventionalities.

He put the skaters on the wrong edge of the skate; he made them look the wrong way; he drew the tracks of the steel exactly where the skater could not by any possibility have passed; he insist-

ed on reproducing the objectionable figure which has already been described, and, in fine, worried me to an almost unbearable extent. One drawing was, I think, sent back some eight or ten times. It represented some figure-skating; and in order to give the draughtsman a correct idea of the scene, I not only made the original sketch, but traced the figure on a piece of cardboard, and stuck pins on it to show the places and attitudes of the skaters. It was all useless, and even now, after repeated alterations, I find that one of the skaters has his head in a totally wrong position. It is right that we should pardon those who injure us, but I must say, that to pardon a perverse draughtsman, who *will* not carry out your ideas, is a very difficult matter.

There is now before me an illustration to a well-known work on these British sports, representing, or rather intending to represent, a lady and gentleman skating together. They are in irreproachable costume, and the daintiest of attitudes. But it is evident to any skater, that the inevitable result of the very next stroke will be, that as the gentleman is clearly the worse skater of the two, he will probably meet with an ignominious fall.

The lady is skating on the outside edge, and rests on her right foot.

The gentleman is skating on the inside edge, and also rests on his right foot.

Result of the next stroke, Collision. Q.E.D.

It is a most fascinating amusement, this skating, tempting one to postpone the departure from the ice hour after hour, and not unfrequently causing such fatigue on the first day, that a forty-eight hours' rest is needful before the wearied skater can recommence his amusement. Never, on leaving the ice, should the ankles feel that painful sense of fatigue which renders walking a trouble, and at night bids fair to preclude sleep. It is much wiser to economize amusement, to restrict the first day's skating to an hour and a half at the utmost, and so to gain the required strength by degrees. The ankles always suffer most, as upon those joints the greatest strain is thrown, more especially by inexperienced skaters.

I knew one lad who had a most original method of skating. He used to double his feet under him until the outer ankles rested on the ice. On the ankles he would run for a few paces, then jump on his

skates, and glide along with the impetus thus gained.

Skating is an art to which all ladies should attain. It is especially feminine in its character, graceful, elegant, requiring little apparent force, and yet affording good exercise. Ladies soon learn to skate. I have had the honor of initiating several ladies into the art, and have been surprised by the facility with which they learn it. Whether from some innate quality of the feminine sex, I know not, but it is invariably the case, that if a boy and a girl, or a gentleman and lady, of equal ages, and having enjoyed equal advantages, are put upon skates for the first time in their lives, the lady always manages to skate independently sooner than the gentleman. Of course the costume must be adapted to the occasion, and a lady can no more skate while encased in the modern fashionable wire-work, than she can ride while surrounded with those mysterious and voluminous productions of the ironmonger. There are few dresses more thoroughly becoming than the riding-habit, and the best skating-dress is neither more nor less than a riding-habit with short skirts.

I do not recommend fluted skates, or those with a groove or channel along the bottom of the steel. They certainly take an easier hold of the ice than the ordinary kind, but they can only be worn by light weights, and, in any case, are treacherous servants. The tiny shavings of ice which are cut up by the edge are sure to collect in the groove, where they become impacted into a solid mass which can hardly be cut with a knife. By degrees the groove is filled up, and, lastly, the compressed ice projects beyond the steel, and causes inevitable falls. Many a person has fallen repeatedly without any apparent cause, and has only regained the use of his skates when the groove has been cleared with a strong knife. This habit of the skate is termed "balling."

If you value your peace of mind, do not take off your skates until you reach the bank, and can walk away on the solid earth. At the best, the removal of the skates is like the clipping of an eagle's wings, and the slow, plodding walk contrasts painfully with the swift, gliding ease of your previous movements. But to walk upon the ice over which you have just skated is really too painful. The ice suddenly becomes slippery as soon as you

tread upon it with shoes. You have no hold upon it, and you slip about in the most contemptible manner. You have to walk slowly and circumspectly, lifting your feet perpendicularly, and setting them down quite flat; and you make your tardy way gingerly along, conscious of presenting a most ungainly aspect, over the very tracks where you lately wheeled on sounding steel, swift and lithe as winged Mercury.

My last piece of advice is, that no one should think of skating when there is the least doubt respecting the strength of the ice. The sport is not worth the mental anxiety suffered by any one who skates on doubtful ice. No one has a right to run such a risk for the sake of amusement, and, indeed, there are few accidents more perilous than the breaking of ice, even in comparatively shallow water. For even a good swimmer may find himself suddenly sucked under the ice, and from the mud raised by his fall, may find the water so tinted that he cannot see the hole to which he must return to save his life.

I have heard of one lad who saved his life in a very curious manner. He had fallen through the ice, and could not possibly return to the hole through which he had passed. He turned on his back, and looked up to see if there were any other mode of escape, when his father, who was on the spot, pointed out the direction in which he was to swim, and by walking quickly to another hole at a little distance, he guided his son to the place, and received him just in time to prevent him from sinking again from exhaustion. It is seldom, however, that such presence of mind on both sides can be found, or that the ice is sufficiently transparent to allow any person below to see through its substance.

Should any one who reads these lines be unfortunate enough to get under the ice, let him bear in mind that the only hope of escape is to remain quite still, looking upward to discover the spot where the light seems strongest, and then to make the best of his way toward it. Let him not attempt to get upon the ice, as it is sure to break again under the pressure of the knees, and its sharp edges cut like broken glass. But let him stretch out his arms upon it, and wait quietly until assistance arrives. Still, the safest plan is—never to venture on the ice whenever there is the least danger.

## SECRETARIES OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THE history of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is a part of the moral and religious history of our country. As such it can not fail duly to interest every one who rightly appreciates the facts—the elements which form this part of our national character. The American Board is now more than half a century old. As an institution for the diffusion of religious knowledge in foreign and pagan lands—for making known the Gospel of salvation to heathen tribes—for the instruction and religious renovation of the human race, its character and achievements are an honor to any country and to any age. No country or age has ever been honored with an institution which has done so much to enlighten and bless mankind in so many countries of the globe. The men who originated this Board of Missions, and who have had charge of its great and important concerns for more than half a century, are among the honored men of the land, who have filled her seats of justice, her pulpits, her stations of trust; are among her merchant princes, her learned professions, her private and influential citizens of wealth and education. These and others in large numbers have delighted to gather around in annual convocation to advance the sacred interests and usefulness of this renowned Board of Missions. Under the influence of these facts, we feel honored in presenting to our readers the portraits of five eminent men, who in succession were intrusted with the interests of this great institution as its chief executive officers. It is good to look upon their portraits. It is instructive to read even brief sketches of their lives. Four out of the five, though youthful in years, we had the honor of knowing personally, and knew only to revere their eminent character.

REV. SAMUEL WORCESTER, D.D.

Dr. Worcester was the first Secretary of the American Board. He was born at Hollis, N. H., in 1770; was graduated at Dartmouth College, with the highest

honors of his class, in 1795; immediately after, accepted the charge of the New-Ipswich Academy, at the same time pursuing his theological studies; was ordained and installed pastor of the church in Fitchburgh, Mass., in 1797; resigned his charge, on account of the dislike of some of his people for his Calvinistic doctrines, in 1802; and the next year was installed pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem. When the American Board of Foreign Missions was formed in 1810, he was chosen its Corresponding Secretary. In 1817, finding the duties of this office, in connection with those of his pastoral charge, an overmatch for his strength, he received the Rev. Elias Cornelius as a colleague in his ministerial labors. In January, 1821, with a view to the improvement of his health, as well as to see for himself the condition of the missions in the Southwest, he sailed from Boston to New-Orleans, and thence passed on to the Cherokee tribe of Indians. He had the pleasure of meeting the missionaries at Mayhew and Brainerd; but by this time his health had declined so far that he was unable to proceed further; and there, among the children of the forest, he died, on the seventh of June following. He was a man of great comprehensiveness and power of mind, as well as of remarkable executive tact and ability. What he accomplished for the cause of foreign missions especially is a monument to his honor, alike noble and imperishable. There was a certain manliness and force of character, a far-reaching insight into the future, and a heroic fidelity to his own convictions, that always made his presence an acknowledged element of power. He wielded a most vigorous pen, and in controversy was well-nigh matchless. His letters to Dr. Channing, in connection with the Unitarian controversy, especially the last letter, have been considered as almost unrivaled specimens of polemic theological discussion. His published sermons are rich in evangelical thought, logically and luminously presented, and show that his ministry must have been a highly edifying one. Intellectually, theologically, practically, he

might well be reckoned among the giants of his day.

#### JEREMIAH EVARTS.

Mr. Evarts was the second Secretary of the American Board. He was born in Sunderland, Vt., in the year 1781. After going through his preparatory course under the Rev. John Eliot, of Guilford, Conn., he entered Yale College, where he was graduated in 1802. He was hopefully the subject of a revival that occurred in college early in his senior year; and he connected himself with the college church. After spending some time in teaching an academy at Peacham, Vt., he studied law under Judge Chauncey, of New-Haven, and commenced practice there in 1806. In 1810, he removed to Charlestown, Mass., to take the editorial charge of the *Panoplist*, a monthly religious periodical, which had been originated, and for several years conducted, by Dr. Morse; and he continued to be thus engaged until 1820, when the work was superseded by the *Missionary Herald*, published under the direction of the American Board. In 1812, he was chosen Treasurer of the Board, and the next year a member of the Prudential Committee. The former of these offices he held until 1822. In 1821, he succeeded Dr. Worcester as Corresponding Secretary, and during the next and last ten years of his life he devoted himself with a martyr-like zeal to the duties of this most responsible office, accomplishing for the cause of missions what could scarcely have been expected in an ordinary life. In the early part of 1831, his health had become so much reduced—partly, no doubt, from his excessive labors—that he found it necessary to intermit his active exertions, and use some special means for his restoration. He accordingly sailed for Cuba in February, and, after remaining there a few weeks, came to Charleston, S.C., where he stopped with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Palmer, and on the tenth of May entered into his rest. His personal appearance was by no means imposing, but he had a mind and a heart that made him a prince in the domain of intellect and of goodness. He was far-seeing, cautious, earnest, firm, conciliatory—every thing, in short, to render him an eminently suitable person to conduct one of the grandest of human enterprises. His memorial is in the record of his wise

plans successfully carried out, of his untiring labors cheerfully performed, of his manifold sacrifices patiently submitted to, and of the joy unspeakable and full of glory that filled his soul while the gate of heaven was opening to receive him.

#### REV. ELIAS CORNELIUS, D.D.

Dr. Cornelius was the third Secretary of the American Board. He was born at Somers, New-York, July 31st, 1794, and hopefully converted while in Yale College, where he was graduated in 1813. He studied divinity under the direction of President Dwight, and afterward with Dr. Lyman Beecher, and was licensed to preach June 4th, 1816. Immediately after this he was commissioned to act as an agent of the American Board. After performing a highly successful agency in the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, on the ninth of April, 1817, he received ordination as an evangelist. He was then sent on a special agency to the Indian country in the South-west, in aid of the now venerable pioneer of the Indian missions, Dr. Cyrus Kingsbury. At Washington he had repeated interviews with the heads of departments, as to the best means of meliorating the condition of the aborigines by schools, husbandry, and the mechanic arts. Arriving at Brainerd, he was joyfully welcomed by the missionaries, and his services to the mission were various and important. In this tour of eight or nine thousand miles, Mr. Cornelius preached three hundred times in behalf of the Board, and collected seven thousand two hundred dollars. He was present at the formation of a church at Brainerd, the first among the Indian churches.

Mr. Cornelius was installed colleague pastor with Dr. Worcester in the Tabernacle church at Salem, Massachusetts, July 21st, 1819. He was afterward chosen Secretary of the American Education Society, and in its service traveled from fifteen to twenty thousand miles, and raised funds in aid of its object to the amount of a hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We well remember the ardor and untiring zeal with which he pursued these labors. Upon the decease of Mr. Evarts, he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Board, but did not see his way clear to accept the office till near the close of the



year. He went to Boston in January to consult on future operations, and preached in a number of churches on the cause of missions, and early in February he left for New-York, where his family resided. At Hartford he was prostrated by a fever on the brain, which terminated his invaluable life, February 12th, 1832, when he was scarcely thirty-eight years of age, greatly lamented by the churches and his numerous friends in many parts of the land.

BENJAMIN B. WISNER, D.D.

Dr. Wisner was the fourth Secretary of the American Board. He was born September 29th, 1794, in Orange county, New-York; was graduated at Union College in 1813, where he performed the office of Tutor from 1815 to 1818; afterward went through a course of theological studies in the Seminary at Princeton, and was ordained pastor of the old South Church in Boston, February 21st, 1821. In 1832 he was elected one of the three Corresponding Secretaries of the American Board, and continued in the discharge of the duties of that office till his death, which occurred after a brief sickness, February 9th, 1835, in the forty-first year of his age. Dr. Wisner was endowed with great executive abilities. He was a member of the Prudential Committee during four years previous to his election as Corresponding Secretary, and was therefore amply qualified for the faithful discharge of his duties in that office, in which he rendered eminent service to the cause of missions to the end of his useful life.

WILLIAM J. ARMSTRONG, D.D.

Dr. Armstrong was the fifth Secretary of the American Board. He was born at Mendham, New-Jersey, October 29th, 1796. He became hopefully pious while a member of the College at Princeton, where he was graduated in 1816. After a course of theological studies under the direction of his father, and in the Seminary at Princeton, he devoted two years to a home mission in Albemarle county, Va., laboring principally in Charlottesville and in its vicinity, near the residence of President Jefferson. Infidelity and irreligion greatly prevailed at that time. No church had been organized there, and the Lord's Supper had never been administered. With the young missionary's ar-

dor and singleness of aim, and with the peculiar pathos of his eloquence, he could not but command attention. Success attended his labors. A number of interesting conversions occurred even among infidels. A Presbyterian church was gathered, which still exists, and the face of society was much changed for the better. He afterwards labored three years as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Trenton, New-Jersey. In the spring of 1824, he succeeded Dr. John H. Rice in the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Va., where he remained ten years. On the death of Dr. Wisner, in 1835, Dr. Armstrong was chosen Secretary of the Board for the home correspondence. In this office he remained till September 27th, 1846. When on his way from Boston to New-York, in the steamer Atlantic, from Norwich, in a furious tempest, the vessel was dashed in pieces upon the shore, and among the lifeless bodies found on the beach was that of this excellent servant of God. His watch had stopped soon after four o'clock, and it was probably at that time, on Friday morning, he entered the haven of rest. Survivors relate that he was conspicuous among the passengers throughout the day and evening of Thursday, as a minister of Christ, addressing to his companions in danger appropriate religious instruction and consolation, and commending them to God in prayer. Just before the wreck broke upon the reef, and the falling deck and the overwhelming waves swept him lifeless into the sea, he said to one: "I hope we may be allowed, if God will, to reach the shore with our lives; but if not, I have perfect confidence in the wisdom and goodness of 'Him who doeth all things well.'" This was his dying testimony to the goodness of God, and his own faith in him. His remains were forwarded to New-York, where his funeral solemnities were attended by a vast assembly of mourning friends in the church of Dr. Adams.

We have derived the materials of these brief sketches from the *History of the American Board*, written by Rev. Dr. Anderson, who has been one of the Secretaries of the Board for almost forty years, who has visited the distant missions of the Board in India and in Western Asia, and who has just sailed, January 12th, on a visit to the missions of the Sandwich Islands, which he has done so much to promote.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## PERILOUS ADVENTURES WITH SNAKES.

A RESIDENCE in India, Siam, and Burmah has very much the same influence upon individuals as a residence in London, in at least one respect—it makes you wary of your life. In London you pause and take every precaution to avoid the possibility, amidst the immense throng of vehicles, of coming to any calamitous hurt, and by these precautions duly exercised may, with God's blessing, avoid the daily catastrophes recorded in the papers. So also in India, the quantity and deadly venomous quality of snakes of all sizes and shapes, from the cobra de capello to the tiny but equally deadly carpet-snake, puts people upon their guard against the intrusion of such foes by such resorts as are never dreamt of by people in Europe. Such, for instance, as carefully examining every portion of your bed and bedroom, of violently shaking boots and clothes before wearing them, and which is an operation not unfrequently attended by the outfall of a scorpion, or a snake, or mayhap a comfortably coiled up cobra under your pillow.

One of the first Tamul words which becomes familiar to European infants and adults alike, is the word "pambo," signifying snake. I well remember an instance of a baby in arms, who could just manage to prattle, being instrumental in all probability in saving the life of its native amah, or wet-nurse. The woman, as is the custom, had laid herself down upon a mattress on the floor, whence she could the more easily rock the child to sleep with a foot or an arm without disturbing herself from her recumbent position—nay, almost without thoroughly awakening from that heavy lethargy which falls upon this class of people after a plentiful supper of curry and rice. Apparently the child had been lying awake for some little time, gazing, perhaps, as infants often do, at the bright flame of the wreck of the cocoa-nut oil lamp, when of a sudden it uttered piercing screams, which thoroughly aroused not only the nurse, but the mother and father, and all the palanquin-bearers that

usually slept in the verandah. Rushing in to see what was the matter, the child distinctly shrieked out the word "pambo," pointing at the same time to the hurriedly displaced bed-covering which the amah had removed on the first alarm. Warily lifting this up, the bearers, who were armed with stout bamboos, discovered a large snake coiled up in the folds, to which they very speedily administered a *quietus*. It is no uncommon thing for these poor barefooted palanquin-bearers, whilst carrying you through the jungle, to set foot upon some snake or other reptile, which sometimes succeeds in inflicting a mortal wound upon them. And if, as on a clear moonlight night, the bearers espy one of these their deadly foes crossing the high road, they will very unceremoniously drop the palanquin at the cost of a considerable shaking to the unhappy inside passenger, if not fractured limbs, and immediately assail the snake, leaving you to keep out like intruders as best you can, until they have dispatched the common foe, and can return to give relief.

Perhaps one of the most perilous encounters that I ever had with a snake occurred to me in a little up-country civil station called Chittoor, in the Arcot district, Madras Presidency. We had an out-house or go-down, as these stores and warehouses are called in India, where we kept our annual supply of European wines, beer, spirits, preserved fruits, jams, etc., which were precious treasures in such an out-of-the-way place as Chittoor, and which we kept under the safe custody of a huge padlock, the key of which was always a tenant of our waistcoat-pockets. Notwithstanding the professed religious antagonism to strong drinks and European abominations, there were many of our servants (especially the coachman, an old, rascal who had been half a century with various members of the family, and invariably got drunk on pay-day and every opportunity that presented, and then thrashed his poor old wife unmercifully)

who had what the Irish call a "*strong weakness*" for liquor of any description. It was a daily duty of one or the other of us to serve out to the head-dubash, or butler, such requisites as were required for consumption. One fine morning I had preceded the dubash, who was busy entering the cook's morning market account, and entering the store, walked across it to the further end in search of some hermetically sealed viands and vegetables, which were not procurable in the place at that season of the year for love or money. The place was lighted only by the entrance-door, through which, however, there entered a sufficient flood of brilliant daylight to answer all my purposes. I had just laid my hand upon a tin case of green pease, and was speculating upon the best means of opening it, when a sudden scuffling, squeaking, and hissing, close behind me, attracted my notice; and turning abruptly round, I saw that a huge cobra and an angry rat had tumbled just by the door of entrance, and were engaged in deadly combat. The former had in all probability intruded upon the latter's nest of young ones some where in the rafters of the roof, and met with a hostile reception. Springing up with all the agility of fear upon a strong projecting shelf, for I durst not make a rush at the door under peril of my life, I became an unwilling spectator of this most unequal contest. The rat for some time, conscious of the venomous foe it had to contend with, kept leaping round and round, like an agile prize-fighter, availing itself of every opportunity to rush in and bite the snake, which had worked itself into a frenzied state of rage, and hissed and darted at the rat with its protruded forked tongue in a manner that was truly awful to witness, whilst its little venomous eyes sparkled again in the sunlight with rage. At last the cobra succeeded in inflicting a deadly wound upon the brave little animal, who, apparently conscious that soon all would be up with her, put aside all previous caution, and rushed boldly in upon its adversary, fixing itself firmly close under the left eye of the snake, and never letting go its hold, notwithstanding all the desperate lashing about of the tail and body of its much more powerful opponent, till the convulsions of death forced it to let go, and fall prostrate before the snake. The cobra, who had evidently received a severe, if not

mortal wound, to my terror made its way direct to the shelf where I had taken refuge, and was wriggling up one of the posts that supported it. I had nothing in the shape of a weapon of defense of any kind or description. But there chanced to be on a shelf over my head some heavy bags of a rare kind of rice, grown some where in the interior of Bengal. I clambered up to this shelf, and seizing a heavy bag, waited until my ugly aggressor had wriggled itself half-way across the shelf below, when I let drop the sack, and so completely crushed the snake. It was not long, you may be sure, before I retreated from the storehouse. I caused every article in it to be removed (displacing and killing in the operation a whole family of young cobras) to a more commodious warehouse where such venomous reptiles could easily be discovered, and as quickly dispatched.

On another occasion, when I was stationed at Tellicherry, on the Malabar Coast, I had dangerous and ocular demonstration of the liking evinced by these cobras for eggs. We kept a great many turkeys, and in the extensive compound attached to the house, which (the compound) covered nearly four square miles of garden and tope and waste land, the hens used to stray in all directions, making their nests and depositing their eggs in all kinds of secluded spots, whence, sometimes, after a disappearance of a week, they would return to the poultry-yard, accompanied by a young retinue of turkeys. One day I tracked one of these hens to a considerable distance, keeping behind hedges and trees, so as best to conceal myself; finally she went into a bush, whence, after a short time, she returned with all the cackling satisfaction of a newly-made mother. I waited till the bird had disappeared in the direction of the poultry-yard, and then scrambled into the bush, where, in a roughly-made nest, I saw what I conceived to be some eight or ten fine-looking eggs. Stooping to possess myself of this treasure and transfer the eggs from the nest to the coat-pocket, I was shocked by an ominous hissing close beside me. Leaping back with all conceivable rapidity, I saw a monstrous cobra de capello standing upright as an arrow in the center of the bush, and shaking its ugly head to and fro, previous to making a dart at me as sure and as deadly as a poisoned shaft. To turn and run for

my life was the impulse of the moment. I never paused to see whether I was pursued or not, but rushed into the house and closed the door abruptly behind—a proceeding which, together with the bang of the door, very much astonished the rest of the inmates. Seeing the field clear, I loaded my gun with duck-shot, and accompanied by one of the servants, retraced my steps to the turkey's nest. There, sure enough, was the cobra comfortably coiled up, and sucking away contentedly at the newly-laid turkey-egg, of which he had previously pierced the shell with his fangs. That snake was sagacious enough never to show itself to the bird and so frighten her from returning to the nest. The contents of my double-barreled Manton gave the venomous brute its *quietus*, and then we discovered that every egg had been as successfully emptied of its contents as it could have been by any practiced bird-fancier or stuffer, the incision made being barely perceptible to the naked eye.

At this very same place I subsequently had a very unpleasant encounter with another cobra during their breeding-season, at which time they are more than usually vindictive. Strolling out in the cool dusk of the evening, I fancied I saw a snake slide under an isolated myrtle-bush, and, to make sure, very foolishly began throwing stones into it. This speedily caused the snake to rear itself up and dart out straight at me. I had presence of mind, however, to leap aside so that the snake

shot past me, and before he could contrive to turn I was flying in an opposite direction as fast as my legs would carry me. The venomous brute followed me for a considerable distance, but I had a fair start, and succeeded in reaching the stable, whence to my rescue sallied forth some half-score godawallahs (grooms) and grass-cutters armed with stout bamboos, with which they soon dispatched the intruder.

One more snake adventure and I will bring this little narrative to a close. It happened to a friend of mine, a Colonel W——, of the Madras Horse Artillery, who was traveling down from the interior to the sea-side, accompanied by his wife, who was in extremely delicate health, and with the object in view of sending her back to England by the first opportunity that offered. They were in the act of dining at one of the old-fashioned, tumble-down travelers' bungalows before the new bomb-proof ones were erected, and were seated at opposite ends of the camp-table. Suddenly there flopped down from the ceiling upon the center of the table a vile cobra, who, recovering itself, reared up its expanded head, and threatened instantaneous death to the poor invalid, who, perhaps fortunately for herself, fainted away, and fell off her chair. Seizing the dilemma the snake seemed to be in at the sudden disappearance of its victim, the Colonel rushed to the corner for his saber, and, unsheathing it, with one blow struck off the brute's head.

## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

**GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.** By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," "Leisure Hours in Town." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 307. Cambridge: Printed by H. O. Houghton, on tinted paper. 1863.

THE contents of this volume are embraced in seventeen chapters, well filled with rich sustenance for the minds and hearts of all serious readers. Its subjects are grave and important, instructive and edifying to all who look upon human life in its true relations to a future and immortal life in a pure and perfect world. The author is well known, and his

reputation as a gifted writer will commend the productions of his pen to all who appreciate instructive and valuable thought.

**A PRESENT HEAVEN, addressed to a Friend.** By the author of "The Patience of Hope." Boston. Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 172. University Press, Cambridge. 1863.

THE title of this neat and beautifully printed volume reveals its subject, and informs the devout reader what he may justly expect to find upon its instructive pages. Heaven and happiness are either



identical, or they are twin sisters in the human mind, or in the celestial world, the immortal home of the soul. The object of this volume must commend itself to the minds of all serious readers.

**ESSAYS.** By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, author of "A History of Civilization in England." With a biographical sketch of the author, and his photograph. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 209. 1863.

THE name of this author must be familiar to all the readers of *THE ECLECTIC*, from the reviews of his works which have been printed on these pages. His reputation as an author, and his gifted pen, will secure attention to this new volume.

**THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA, CRITICALLY EXAMINED.** By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 226. 1863.

THIS is a strange book, with strange opinions, to come from the pen of a Bishop of the Church of England. It is no less than a direct and wicked attack upon the authenticity and historic verity of the sacred Scriptures—the oldest and most venerated records of the human race. These ancient books of the Bible have commanded the belief and the reverence of the greatest and the best men, as well as the most learned *savans* of the human family in all ages. But here comes up an upstart whose name is scarcely known in the learned world, save as the author of some books on arithmetic; who has studied theology about eighteen months, upon his own showing; who has the arrogant presumption to attempt the overthrow of human faith in the historic records and revelations of God to his children of the human family.

We hear Paul say just here, "Let God be true, and every man a liar," including Bishop Colenso, as he most certainly is. About the first thing this author did after entering upon his bishoprick, in which he is a disgrace to the Church of England, was to publish his opinions in defense of polygamy among the natives of Africa—very like Mormonism. He may seem honest in his intentions, he may think that in this infidel attack on the Pentateuch, he is doing God service; but he will find that he has mistaken the service of God for the service of the great enemy of God and man, and will be quite sure to receive his reward in due time. The Pentateuch will stand and the Bible will stand unmoved under all such attacks, as it has done in all ages. Against this immovable rock Bishop Colenso may dash his brains out if he will, but the Word of God will stand. Bishop Colenso may disgrace the Church of England, ruin his own soul, and destroy the faith of thousands, and shipwreck their souls by his wanton attack on the sacred books, but he will find a bitter reward. The truth and authenticity of the Pentateuch are not to be impaired or destroyed by arithmetic. And we pity those whose faith and confidence in the Word of God are impaired by such arithmetical attacks as those of Bishop Colenso. And yet we fear the minds of many will be poisoned by these, in some respects, specious arguments against the verity of the Pentateuch. We can only caution such against the opinions of this enemy of the Bible. We have only room to call attention to an article in review of Bishop Colenso in this number of our journal.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF BROOKLYN will give their next concert in the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, January 24th. Arrangements are being perfected to present a series of musical performances of high order and brilliancy.

THE BROADWAY MENAGERIE AND ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTE is under the management of L. B. Lent, Esq., near Houston street.

This is an interesting and attractive School of Natural History, which all persons should visit, and gaze upon those mighty inhabitants of the desert, the elephants, lions, bears, tigers, etc. The lesson is very instructive.

BANVARD'S PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI is now on exhibition in the New Hall of Art, No. 652 Broadway.

**NEW METHOD OF GIVING CHLOROFORM.**—At a recent meeting of the Obstetrical Society, in London, Dr. Simpson described a plan of administering chloroform which he has now adopted in preference to that at present in use. The present mode is to fold up a handkerchief and pour into the hollow a quantity of chloroform, and then hold it a distance from the face, so as to admit of atmospheric air being inhaled along with the vapor. The new plan is to lay a single layer of handkerchief over the face, and let the chloroform fall on it drop by drop. The advantages are these: 1. That there is less danger to the patient from the small quantity applied at a time. 2. That anæsthesia is more speedily produced. 3. That the quantity of chloroform required is less. Various gentlemen who had made trial of the plan confirmed the value of this process, and Dr. Young, in particular, stated that he kept a patient narcotized for ten hours with two ounces and a half of chloroform.

**CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAPEL.**—Her Majesty, on the recommendation of Mr. Gilbert Scott, has commanded that the entire vaulted roof of the chapel attached to St. George's at Windsor, and popularly known as "Cardinal Wolsey's," shall be covered with mosaic figures, ornaments, and inscriptions, all standing out from a ground of gold enamel, in the style of the finest mosaic workmanship at Monreale or St. Mark's. Such a mosaic work, in its extent covering some thousand English square feet, will be the fitting crown of the various other beautiful and appropriate decorations, the frescoes, the stained-glass windows, etc., of which the expense will be wholly defrayed from her Majesty's private resources, and by which it is intended to render "Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel" a fitting memorial to the Prince Consort. Chevalier Salviati, we are informed, has undertaken to execute the work within the term of two years.—*Morning Post*.

**A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.**—The Icelanders scrupulously observe the usage of reading the Scriptures every morning, the whole family joining in the singing and prayers. When the Iclander awakes, he salutes no person until he salutes God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the Author of Nature and Providence, then steps back into the dwelling, saying to his family: "God grant you a good day!" What a beautiful illustration is this of the Christian obligation on the part of a household to recognize and worship God!

**GROWTH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.**—The *Sources Gazette*, of St. Petersburg, has the following remarks on the progressive increase of the Russian empire:

"In the time of John III., that is to say, in the second half of the fifteenth century, it only occupied a surface of 18,000 square miles. In the reign of Alexis Michailovich, in 1650, its extent had already reached 237,000; under that of Peter the Great, 280,000; under Catharine II., 335,000, and under the present reign, 392,000 miles. The result is that the most considerable increase took place under Peter the Great and Catharine. The former conquered a part of Finland, the Daghestan, and some other Caucasian provinces, and the country of the Kirghises, and also annexed to the empire Kamchatka and some islands in the Pacific Ocean. The western provinces, Courland, the rest of Finland, the Crimea, a part of Bessarabia, some other Caucasian provinces, and Georgia, were subjected to the scepter of the Czarina. The country of the Amour, an extent of 92,000 square miles, has been annexed under the present reign. The surrender of Schamyl pacified some provinces which may consequently be considered as having been added to the Russian territory. The population of the empire has increased in an equal proportion. In 1722 it was fourteen millions; in 1813, thirty six millions; in 1829, fifty millions, and at present it amounts to sixty-five millions."

**THE POPULATION OF ROME.**—According to a statistical account just published by the Vicar-General of Rome, the population of that city in 1658 was 180,359; in 1859, 182,495; in 1860, 184,049; in 1861, 194,517; and in 1862 it was 197,078. The increase has therefore been continual in the year just closed. There are at Rome 29 cardinals 35 bishops, 1629 priests, 339 seminarians, 2309 members of religious communities (men), 2031 nuns, 609 members of colleges 1427 girls brought up in convents, 928 boys and 1200 girls in charitable establishments, 4893 postoffice soldiers, 331 non-Catholics, and 4466 Jews. The French troops are not reckoned among the population.

**STAMPING FRUIT.**—A German journal publishes the following: "At Vienna, for some time past, fruit-dealers have sold peaches, pears, apples, apricots, etc., ornamented with armorial bearings, designs, initials, and names. The impressions of these things are effected in a very simple manner. A fine fruit is selected at the moment it is beginning to ripen—that is, to take a red color—and paper, in which the designs are neatly cut out, is affixed. After a while the envelope is removed, and the part of the fruit which has been covered is brilliantly white. By this invention the producers of it may realize large sums."

**FRANCE EUGENE ASSASSINATION PLOT.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Star*, writing to that journal, says: "All the Ministers left Paris on Saturday evening en masse for Compeigne. As they did so very unexpectedly, this circumstance had the effect of strengthening a current report that the Emperor was fired at the same evening by a soldier of his body guard. All Paris is this evening filled with stories of the conspiracy, to which I alluded in my last letter, as the cause of the inauguration of the Boulevard du Prince Eugene being put off. I did not like to give a circumstantial account of what I

had there heard, passing from mouth to mouth, on the subject, feeling that it was too serious to treat as a mere on dit. But as there is now, for a wonder, some reason to think that there is a basis of truth for this report, I do not feel the same hesitation about going into some details when speaking of it. The story goes that fifteen men, armed with pistols, who are generally said to be Italians, were to have been posted along the Boulevard du Prince Eugene when the Emperor was to be passing. If one failed in carrying out his object, the second was to have made an attempt to accomplish it, and if the second failed, the third was to have taken his place, and so on till one of the fifteen had succeeded. I have also heard, but I do not know whether it is the truth or not, that all the conspirators have escaped, and that the Government is in a state of great alarm. As for the Parisians, they are, from the Arch of Triumph to the Barriere du Trone, and from Massmartre to the Barriere du Maine, calling to mind the clairvoyant's prediction that a terrible catastrophe is to occur about the end of the decade which commenced with the destruction of the Republic. I know several persons whom all this talk has so alarmed that they will not go to see the pageant which is to come off on the seventh of December, lest they should meet with a stray projectile. Several ladies, I am told, also refused to order court dresses till after the first week of December shall be tidied over by the Government in safety, so as not to have their wardrobes filled with useless finery in case any public catastrophe should meanwhile take place. The feeling which prevails here can only be compared to the panic which some years since took place in different parts of the United Kingdom in consequence of some sensation-preachers having announced that, according to their calculations of the prophecies, the world would be destroyed on a certain day. The Emperor, it is believed by many of his subjects, is also influenced by the same fears as to what the end of the decade may have in store for him. The Emperor has also, by always professing to believe in fate or destiny, done much to originate the popular superstition of which I speak."

**AWFUL AND SOLEMN DEATH.**—The Scotch papers report an accident, which, though it involved only one life, contains more of the true elements of horror, strikes more sharply on the fine chords of human terror, than many a great and meaningless catastrophe. Thomas Lock, a dock laborer, was working on a ship, just beached near Wigton, when she heeled over, and the bulwark fell on his chest. The tide was fast coming up, and it was evident that in an hour the wretched man would be drowned, unless the weight could be removed from his chest. All the place turned out to help, but the weight was immovable, and the tide flowed on remorselessly. A clergyman stepped forward into the water, and prayed with the unhappy victim. A napkin was at his own request placed over his face that he might not see the tide, and so, apparently without complaint, he lay till the waters closed over his head, while the townspeople, gathered round in helplessness, sobbed aloud.

THE passions may be humored till they become our master, as the horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mastery, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.

**OLD TIBER.**—"Old Tiber shall no more tell tales of Christian Europe bearing chains, of dark credulity and wild infatuation, of monstrous miracles and apparitions false; of visions, crimes, enchantments, wrought of juggling priest or disobedient martyr. The dismal gloom, the barbarous degradation, the gross, pathetic ignorance, the rude, unlearned corruptions of the darker ages are all gone—past like the river current, or what vestige still remains we chase with waking eyes, as when disturbed in sleep, by some absurd, gigantic vision, we wake, and say, consolingly, 'Twas but a dream.' Tell on, old stream, of happier histories; how Poetry, from time to time, adorned thy banks with wreaths and songs of victory, sublime lays and heroic meters. Tell us of tears shed over thee, or valor, joy, and pleasure, and then of those whose sorrow only was, the day is past, and we have done no more—Titus in the multitude; of bards, how long since moldered, who sang of love and glory; of chiefs who felt compassion for the less happy than themselves; of memorable spirits, too, who chanted in lone tombs, apart from other men but still in reach of thee, the praises of their Saviour, whose face they now behold."

**A GOOD MAN.**—The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the deity sits enthroned with unrivaled influence, every subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."

**"MOTHER."**—Mother! Oh! word of undying beauty; thine echoes sound along the walls of time till they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that holiest word has not sounded. By the golden flow of the river, by the crystal margin of the brook, under the leafy shade of the forest tree, in the hut built of the bamboo-cane, in the mud-thatched cottage, by the grand peaks of mountains, the wide-spread valley, on the blue ocean, in the changeless desert where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet waters of the wilderness, wherever the pulses of a human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of failing life, there is that sweet word spoken, like a universal prayer—"Mother."

**GREAT VIRTUES.**—Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million blades of grass when he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

**HUMAN LOVE.**—After all the thousand daily distractions, and perplexities, wherein threats of the house-mother are summed up, it is no small satisfaction to her to know that she is the dispensing center of happiness to so many dependent ones. True, all over the house resounds unceasingly the cry, "Where's mother?" but what a blessed thing to be a mother. How quickly, when a little head is laid upon the lap, and bright eyes look up into hers, does she forget all her weariness and sleepless nights of care, or, not forgetting, accept them cheerfully for their sweet sakes.

**HAPPINESS.**—The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation

of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

**HOW TO GET AT IT.**—No one knows what he is capable of doing, until necessity has pinched him into active exertion. The best tea in the world must be put into hot water before you can develop its real qualities. The best coffee you can get must be "done brown" before you can begin to ascertain what it is good for. And precisely so is it with human beings. In ordinary life they may be dull, insipid, commonplace, and apparently without a particle of individuality. But get them into "hot water." Let fortune turn tail on them, and "do them up very brown" indeed. Let the world roast them well, and then you'll ascertain their exact flavor. If they have any thing in them whatever, it will come out at such a time. If made of common stuff, such a trial will only render them more insipid than ever. If made of raw material, the exigency will bring out in bold relief their latent excellences, and they will charm us with a freshness and vigor they never exhibited before, because inexorable circumstances never demanded it.

**THE last ascent of Mr. Glaisher in a balloon, at Wolverhampton, is full of interest; he ascended to the unprecedented height of upwards of six miles, the reading of the barometer being at that height about eight inches; the temperature of the air was exceedingly low, at least thirty-seven degrees below the freezing-point of water; the readings of the instruments at the very highest point were rendered impossible by Mr. Glaisher having become quite unconscious, and Mr. Coxwell, the aëronaut, nearly so, indicating that an altitude of between five and six miles is nearly the limit of human existence.**

**THE DUTY ON PAPER.**—The public press all over the country is waiting impatiently to give immortal honor and fame to that member of Congress who shall first move to take the tax off newspapers. Let him speak boldly, and be not afraid.—*Troy Times.*

There is another tax much more important than this, and in which a great many people besides newspaper publishers are interested, which ought to come off first—and that is *the tariff on imported paper*. The import duty on foreign white paper is thirty per cent—which, under the present rate of exchange is prohibitory. And it is only in consequence of this duty that our own paper-makers are able to take advantage of a scarcity of rags, and by combining together to force prices up their present enormous rate. But for the duty publishers could resort to the foreign market, and by introducing a new element of competition keep prices here within reasonable bounds. But under the existing tariff such printing-paper as we use could not be imported and sold here for less than *twenty-two cents a pound*—our manufacturers, therefore, feel quite safe in fixing prices at or even above that figure.—*New-York Times.*

**GARRICK, in order to cover his own stinginess, is said to have spoken of his partner Lacy's love of money; and Murphy asked: "Why on earth doesn't Garrick take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?" "Simply because he is not sure," replied Footo, "of selling the timber."**

**EXTRAORDINARY CLOCK-WORK.**—Amongst the most extraordinary pieces of modern clock-work are those at Strasburgh and Lyons, which are very eminent for the richness of their furniture and the variety of their motions and figures. In the former a cock claps his wings and proclaims the hour, whilst an angel opens a door and salutes the Virgin, and the Holy Spirit descends on her. In the latter, two horned men encounter, and beat the hour on each other, a door opens, and there appears on the theatre a Virgin, with the child Jesus in her arms; the magi, marching in order, present their gifts, two trumpeters sounding all the time to proclaim the procession.

These, however, were excelled by two, which were made by English artists about a quarter of a century ago, and sent as a present from the East-India Company to the Emperor of China. These clocks were in the form of chariots, in which a lady, in a fine attitude, was placed, leaning her right hand upon a part of the chariot. Underneath, a clock of curious workmanship, little larger than a shilling, struck, repeated, and went eight days. Upon the lady's finger sat a bird, finely modeled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded in a flying posture, and which actually fluttered for a considerable time, on touching a diamond button below it. The body of the bird (which contained part of the wheels, which in a manner gave life to it) was not the size of the sixteenth part of an inch. The lady held in her hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which was a small round box, to which a circular ornament, set with diamonds, not larger than a sixpence, was fixed, which went round nearly three hours in a constant, regular motion. Over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted pillar, no bigger than a quill, were two umbrellas. Under the larger a bell was fixed, at a considerable distance from the clock, and seemed to have no connection with it; but from it a communication was secretly conveyed to a hammer, which regularly struck the hour, and repeated the same at pleasure, by touching a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady, was a gold dog, before which, from the point of the chariot, were two birds fixed on spiral wings; the wings and feathers were set with stones of various colors, and appeared as if flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, was contrived to run in a straight, circular, or any other direction. A boy, that laid hold of the chariot behind, seemed also to push it forward. Above the umbrellas were flowers and ornaments of precious stones, and it terminated with a flying dragon, set in the same manner. The whole was of gold, most curiously executed, and embellished with rubies and pearls.

**THE TURKISH EMPIRE.**—The Ottoman Empire includes within its boundaries some of the fairest and most fertile portions of the world, and comprises some of the earliest and most celebrated seats of learning and civilization. The total area of the empire, including the tributary provinces, is estimated at 1,836,478 square miles, and the population of the several grand divisions in Europe, Asia, and Africa, at 35,350,000. The revenue of the year 1862 is set down at £14,432,961, which will give an excess over the expenditure of about £898,482. The paper money in circulation and the floating debt are estimated at £18,284,000. Of this sum £6,000,000 is to be paid off with the proceeds of the new for-

eign and home loans, leaving a balance of £12,282,800 to be converted into a consolidated stock.

**BIRDS OF A FEATHER.**—It is curious that in Austria a conflict of the same kind as that in Prussia has just arisen between the Government and the Upper Chamber on the one side, and the Chamber of Deputies on the other. The Chamber of Peers has maintained the increase of salary proposed for the Ambassador of Austria at Rome, and for the President of the Military Commission of Frankfurt, without taking any notice of the vote by which the Chamber of Deputies had suppressed the augmentation demanded. The Government has taken part with the Upper Chamber, declaring that no assurance of an expense inscribed in the budget can acquire a legal and obligatory character until it has been sanctioned by both Chambers and by the Crown. It will be seen that this new constitutional theory is precisely the one which has been put forward by the Prussian Chamber of Peers and by Count Blumenthal-Schönhausen.

**A STRIKING SCULPTURE.**—"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the vast channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the willows on its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands. We are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but still the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course, in youth and manhood, is along a wider, deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not be delayed: or rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants—till of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal!"—*Heber*.

**PLOT AGAINST THE EMPEROR.**—Since the discovery of the Boulevard Prince Eugene plot, which every day assumes larger proportions as facts crop out, the police service at Compiegne has been tripled. The most minute precautions have been taken. The famous Corsican Guard, which is always about the Emperor's person in plain clothes, is divided into three sections, and watches day and night without intermission. The Emperor has been advised to resume the coat of mail under his shirt, which he left off wearing in 1859, on account of the great discomfort of it.

**A LETTER** from Alexandria states that a plan is in contemplation of prolonging the Egyptian Railway as far as Upper Egypt, with a branch which would join that country to the Red Sea. This work—the realization of which is so important for the interests of the country—would serve in some measure as the complement to the Suez Canal.

Among the animals presented to the Emperor of the French by the King of Siam, is a royal tiger of colossal size. In the passage from Bangkok to Siam this animal bit off the hand of a passenger who had the imprudence to caress him.







WILHELMINE AND HER TWO OLD MAIDS OF AUSTRIANITY

cution of her brother Guilford Dudley, and his blameless and gifted wife Lady Jane; and then, when at length the three remaining brothers were dismissed titleless and landless from the Tower, happy that they had escaped with their lives, the eldest, John, reached Penshurst only to die there three days after. But while the Dudleys met such severe treatment, a singular measure of favor seems to have been extended to the young knight so closely allied to them. Although, as he naïvely wrote many years after, "neither liking nor liked, as I had been," not only did he pass through these troublous times without even fine or forfeiture, but on the eighth of November, 1554, he received a charter confirming all his former honors and offices. On the twenty-ninth, Philip, their eldest child, was born, and we can almost pardon the gratitude of the parents that bestowed on their first-born the hated name of Philip of Spain.

In contemplating these troublous times, we find it difficult to comprehend how men, who during the following reign stood forth so sternly as Protestants, could have passed unscathed through the fires of persecution that were blazing so fiercely around them. On the part of some there was doubtless much unworthy, though, when the dangers of the times are considered, almost pardonable, compliance; but others seem to have been strangely protected, although well-known adherents to the reformed faith; and among this class Sir Henry Sidney and Lady Mary may be placed. The first two years after Philip's birth Sir Henry spent apparently in close retirement at Penshurst; and then, having been appointed to a subordinate office, he accompanied Lord Fitz-Walter, the new Lord Deputy, to Ireland, where he continued until the accession of Elizabeth, having been meanwhile raised to the office of Lord Chief-Justice. During these years young Philip, with his sister Mary, his junior only by a twelvemonth, continued at Penshurst, under the care of an excellent mother, who, to the talents of the Dudleys, added the high moral and religious principle to which few indeed of that gifted but unprincipled family could lay claim. There, wandering about the pleasant grounds, the two beautiful children, almost twins in age and similarity of feature, laid the foundation of that devoted attachment which has been celebrated in so much sweet verse. We have

no account of Philip's earliest education. Probably he and his sister spelt out their horn-book at their mother's knee, and probably learned their Latin primer from her teaching; but, happily, the age of Elizabeth, though an age of profound scholarship, was no age for the encouragement of precocious talent, and thus the two beautiful and gifted children were allowed to wander at will until the age of seven years, when their education, according to the strict rule of that day, commenced in right earnest.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Sidney had received the appointment of Lord President of Wales, and now kept almost regal state at Ludlow Castle—that castle the very ruins of which are hallowed ground to the lover of English poetry, to the lover of Milton and his exquisite "Comus." The vicinity of Ludlow to Shrewsbury, and yet more, his friendship for the master, who had been a fellow-collegian, doubtless induced Sir Henry to send his son in his tenth year to Shrewsbury grammar-school, and place him under the care of master Thomas Ashton. Here, by a singular good fortune, Philip had for school-fellow Fulke Greville, his life-long friend and affectionate biographer, who tells us how rarely endowed he was, even from childhood: "His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry made his worthy father style Sir Philip in my hearing, though I was unseen, *Lumen familiæ suæ.*"

It was sad for the father, so justly proud of his gifted son, to be deprived of opportunity of constantly watching over his progress; but in 1565 Sir Henry was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and thither he proceeded, at the close of the year, with his wife and younger children, leaving Philip under the care of his "discreet master," as he calls him in that delightful letter most probably addressed about this time to "my little Philip," and which, although so long, we think Mr. Bourne has done wisely to give entire. Two years after, Sir Henry returned to England, and then entered his son as a student at Christ Church, Oxford. Here, in addition to the society of Fulke Greville, who accompanied him from Shrewsbury school, he formed that equally lasting friendship

with Edward Dyer. Although nephew to the powerful Earl of Leicester—undoubtedly as to influence the first subject of the realm—neither Philip nor his father seemed hitherto to have received much benefit from him. Cecil, however, appears to have been greatly interested in the son, and alludes to him, in more than one letter, as even at that early age giving promise of very superior abilities.

Soon after, a proposal of marriage, between his son, although only fourteen years of age, and Cecil's eldest daughter Anne, about a year younger, was made by Sir Henry Sidney; but "cautious Cecil," who even then seems to have had an eye upon the young nobleman who eventually became his son-in-law—the Earl of Oxford—replied to the offer in a very characteristic letter, acknowledging the courtesy, but hinting, though with much hesitation, his doubts of the extent of the poor Lord Deputy's purse. In this emergency application seems to have been made to the powerful uncle Leicester, who arranged the marriage settlement with Cecil, and apparently with great liberality; but for some cause, now impossible to discover, though probably political, the alliance was broken off. That Philip felt any disappointment at this, as Mr. Bourne hints, is simply to apply the standard of the nineteenth century to the sixteenth. It is not unlikely that the children never heard of the plan until after it had been both arranged and broken off; but we think we can perceive that from this time the Earl of Leicester patronized more openly than heretofore his gifted nephew, and Cecil, although still most courteous, became far less friendly. Philip's stay at Christ Church was not long: indeed, he quitted Oxford, as was the usual custom then, at an age earlier than students in the present day enter, being only sixteen. Nor, although afterwards celebrated for classical knowledge as well as other attainments, did he take any degree, or, as far as we can ascertain, distinguish himself in any way. The story that he finished his studies at Cambridge rests upon no valid foundation, and it is most probable that on leaving Oxford he joined his family, Sir Henry Sidney, sick in mind and sick in body, having returned from Ireland in the spring of 1571.

The case of the poor Lord Deputy at this time was especially trying. After having expended large sums of money,

and almost ruined his health in the diligent discharge of his onerous duties, the reward which the Queen proposed was to raise him to the peerage. Cecil had been thus rewarded the year before; and thus it seems to have been a politic arrangement on the part of the Queen, not only to honor an old and trustworthy servant, but to gratify Leicester by placing on an equality with the "Lincolnshire Knight" and his wife the daughter of her brother's schoolmaster, Sidney, in whose arms that brother had breathed his last, and the Lady Mary Dudley, whose father, with kingly power, had maintained an almost kingly state. But alas! while rich in good fame and the blessings of those over whom he had ruled so mildly and so well that his name as "the good Lord Deputy" was a household word in Ireland even down to the days of Strafford, Sir Henry Sidney was now a far poorer man than when he quitted pleasant Penshurst; almost too poor, indeed, to sustain even the humble estate of knight. From letters extant, applications seems to have been made for some addition to his income, or, at least, for the payment of debts incurred in the discharge of his official duties; but as neither, it appears, could be obtained, the only alternative was to endeavor humbly to decline the royal offer. There is a very touching letter, among the domestic correspondence in the State Paper Office, from Lady Mary Sidney, which Mr. Bourne has given at length; and sad it is to see how anxiously and importunately, even as though asking a boon rather than refusing a peerage, the poor lady entreats Burghley on behalf of her husband, "who truly I do find greatly dismayed with the hard choice that is offered him, either to be a baron, now called in the number of many far more able than himself to maintain it withal, or else by refusing it to incur her highness' displeasure;" and therefore the daughter of Northumberland, the sister-in-law of "Queen Jane," humbly prays the fortunate statesman who in earlier days had humbly waited in her father's presence, "that it may please you of your great goodness only to stay the motion of this new title being any further offered him."

The appeal was successful, and Sir Henry was allowed to remain in the obscurity which his honorable poverty compelled him to seek. These revelations of the hard fate of his parents become ex-



tremely interesting when viewed in connection with their gifted son. Among the favorable influences upon his yet unformed but blameless character, these severe troubles, that bitter *res angusta domi*, must be placed; and many a beautiful passage in his writings, and, more important still, that gentle sympathy with all suffering which formed the crowning grace of his life, had perhaps been wanting but for the keen pressure of early trial.

It was his father's desire that Philip should be educated for a statesman; and therefore, doubtless with a pleasure that in some measure counterbalanced his recent troubles, it was that Sir Henry, just after declining the peerage, saw his son set forth with the Earl of Lincoln, ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, in the spring of 1572. It is probable that Philip owed this appointment, and the means of defraying its expenses, to his uncle the Earl of Leicester. The Queen's license permits him to "go beyond the seas, with three servants and four horses, and to remain for two years, for his attaining the knowledge of foreign languages." To this Leicester added a letter of introduction to Walsingham, rather remarkable for the cool way in which he refers to him. "He is young and raw, and no doubt shall find those countries and the demeanors of the people somewhat strange unto him; in which respect your good advice and counsel shall greatly behove him for his better directions."

Paris was in the heyday of festival and merriment when young Philip arrived. The court was pleased with the special embassy, which it was hoped would advance the projected marriage of Elizabeth with Alençon, and the populace were eagerly looking forward to the shows and largesse which would accompany the marriage of the young King of Navarre to the King's sister. Even Catholic and Huguenot had met in amity, all forgetful, it seemed, of their former bitter feuds. So here, during the summer, the young traveler staid, under the friendly guardianship of Walsingham, receiving marked attention from the King and his mother—an attention we are rather inclined to believe he owed to his relationship to Leicester than to his own graceful manners, especially as we find the King bestowing upon him, a stranger, the singular though highly honorable office of "gentleman in

ordinary of his bed-chamber." The time, doubtless, passed pleasantly away, for there were many learned men in Paris to whom Philip was introduced. Probably Henry Stephens was among the number—that illustrious scholar and printer with whom, in the cities of Germany, Sidney afterward had much intercourse, and who held the young scholar in such high estimation that he dedicated one of his Greek publications to him. There was, indeed, much in Paris at that time far more attractive to Sidney than the festivities of a licentious court. The great leaders of the Huguenot party were all there: Coligny, the Prince of Condé, La Rochefoucauld, Du Plessis, Mornay. With all these he associated; while his loving biographer tells us that Henry of Navarre himself treated him even as a friend and equal. But all was changed ere long, and in the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew Philip Sidney witnessed horrors which he never forgot, but which bound him henceforward with a life-long devotion to the Protestant cause. It is a strong proof, we think, of the awe which Protestant England, unsupported as she was, inspired, when we find that not only Walsingham, but even the meanest Englishman under his roof, was safe as in the King's own palace; while it affords even stronger proof of the perfect organization of that deadly plot. How well must the whole plan have been arranged, and how powerful must that unseen hand have been that held the bloodhounds in leash until the very moment the tocsin sounded, and then kept them off from the haughty Englishmen, who boasted Protestantism as their birthright, while they hunted down the trembling Huguenots, who held the same faith upon mere sufferance.

A few days after, Sidney quitted Paris, and took his way to Germany, visiting various cities, and after some months arriving at Frankfort, where he lodged for some time at Wechel's, a celebrated printer of Greek and Hebrew books. It was here he met with one of his most valued friends, Hubert Languet, a learned man, and at this time one of the leaders of continental Protestantism. Although a solitary student, and far more than double the age of the young traveler, a strong attachment toward him seems from the first to have sprung up in Languet's mind—an attachment resembling that of a devoted father toward a highly-gifted

son. This attachment was warmly reciprocated by Sidney, and the youth of eighteen to whom every thing was bright and new, and the civilian of fifty-four well experienced in the wiles of European politics, became linked together in a life-long friendship, which to us, in this colder age, seems strangely romantic. From Languet, however, Sidney, as he repeatedly acknowledges, received much valuable instruction: indeed, from some lines in a poem in his *Arcadia*, we think he was greatly indebted to him for more serious views of religion:

“Languet the shepherd best swift Ister knew  
For clerkly rede, and hating what is naught,  
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.  
With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew  
To have a feeling sense of Him who sits  
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits.”

In company with his new friend, Sidney, after some stay at Frankfort, proceeded to Vienna, and from thence went alone into Hungary, and then, returning to Vienna, set forth for Italy. Would that, instead of these “*epistolæ*,” in which in choice Latin we can just discover some meager notices of his travels, we could lay our hand on the letters which Sidney doubtless addressed to that beloved sister, always foremost in his affections, however numerous his friends might be—letters, doubtless, carefully preserved and read over—telling, in that delightful style which distinguishes Sidney’s prose, and not without those pretty quaintnesses which make his *Arcadia* such pleasant reading, “how he did scale

The craggy rocks of the Alps and Apennine,”

and visited the chief Italian cities, studying rules of grammar, learning astronomy, “getting a notion of music,” making acquaintance with Tintoret and Paul Veronese at Venice, and sitting to the latter for his portrait at Languet’s earnest request. What a precious possession must that picture have been—what a prize for our National Gallery!

Sidney, naturally enough, wished to visit Southern Italy; but Languet, who occasionally seems to have exercised somewhat of parental authority over him, peremptorily forbade his approaching that

especial seat of all iniquity, Rome. We should have thought that Venice, then rising into the discreditable fame of being the great Vanity Fair of all Europe, would have been the more dangerous place of sojourn to the young man of nineteen, beautiful, accomplished, and, by the irresistible fascinations of his manners, as likely to attract those Venetian syrens as they to allure him. But the solitary old man seems to have dreamt of no danger save from the Pope and the Spaniard, and thus, while he prohibited his journey to Rome, he expressed himself anxiously even about a short visit Sidney made to Genoa: “For Genoa is so bound up with Spain that you can not possibly be safe there.” At length Sidney returned to Vienna, to make glad the heart of the old man, who had just before written: “If any mischance befall you I should be the most wretched man in the world, for nothing gives me pleasure save our friendship and the hope I have of your manhood.” Thus early, doubtless, old Languet perceived the statesmanlike qualities of his gifted young friend.

After a visit to Poland, and another rather long stay at Vienna, where he took lessons in “the noble art of horsemanship,” in which he afterward became unrivaled, Sidney returned by a very circuitous route to England, in June, 1575, having been absent just three years. He found his parents in affliction at the recent loss of a younger daughter, and still annoyed by straitened circumstances, though residing in vice-regal pomp at Ludlow Castle. It was to him, therefore—the hope of the house, the *lumen familiæ suæ*, as the father had so fondly termed him ten years before—that his parents now looked to repair the losses and advance the honor of an ancient family; and when they saw the young man of twenty, so rich in personal attractions, so graceful in manners, so accomplished beyond the ordinary standard of courtiers, most naturally they anticipated a brilliant career for him, and perhaps trusted that, high as the uncle stood in the Queen’s favor, the nephew might advance even higher.

It was rather a favorable time for young Sidney’s introduction at court. The more important affairs of state were laid aside, for the Queen to enjoy her usual summer progress. Those progresses—so much abused, because so much misunderstood by superficial writers, but which did

more to diffuse knowledge and civilization throughout the remote parts of our land than twenty "commissions on education," and which, more important still, bound monarch and people together by the tie of mutual acquaintanceship and reciprocal courtesies, until, in the "Armada year," each depending on the well-tried faith and love of the other, flung back stern defiance to united Catholic Europe. This year the Queen's progress was more extended than usual; and it commenced with her visit to Kenilworth, where Leicester provided those "princely pleasures" which have been so often celebrated. Sir Henry Sidney and his wife, with their son and daughter, were of course there; but we do not find the uncle distinguishing his nephew by any particular marks of favor. Philip, however, seems to have been considered as belonging to the court, for he accompanied the Queen to Chartley, and throughout her long series of visits, which ended at Woodstock. Meanwhile Sir Henry had once more returned to Ireland, to assist his friend, the Earl of Essex; while his wife and daughter, who soon after became Lady Pembroke, continued at court. Still the all-powerful Earl seems rather to have stood aloof from his gifted nephew, who about this time became very intimate with the Earl of Essex, now under a cloud at court.

And here the romance, though a mournful one, of Sidney's life, was to begin. The beautiful eldest daughter of Essex, Penelope Devereux, although a mere girl, made thus early an impression on his heart which was never to be effaced, and the father, who seems to have regarded Sidney with the warmest love, openly expressed his wish for their future marriage: indeed, from some allusions, it would seem as though a contract had been entered into, although not completed. Meanwhile Essex returned to Ireland, ruined in fortune and sick at heart, and there died, after scarcely three months' sojourn, eagerly watching for Philip's arrival, and exclaiming: "O that good gentleman! tell him I sent him nothing, but I wish him so well, that if God do move their hearts, I wish he might match with my daughter. I call him son—he is so wise, virtuous, and godly." It was beside the lifeless body of Essex that Philip Sidney listened to this touching message. Is it strange that he never forgot it?

The orphan family of Essex awakened

much commiseration. Even Leicester, who had never been friendly with the father, afforded liberal aid to the children, and apparently gave a hearty assent to the project of his nephew's marriage with Penelope Devereux. "All the English lords do expect what will become of the treaty between Mr. Philip and my lady Penelope," writes Waterhouse to Sir Henry Sidney: "truly, my lord, I must say as I have said to my lord of Leicester and Mr. Philip, the breaking off from their match, if the default be on your part, will turn to more dishonor than can be repaired with any other marriage in England." Surely, then, Philip Sidney was justified in claiming Penelope Devereux as his own lady-love, although, with his present prospects, the marriage might for some time be deferred. Eventually Penelope became ward of the Earl of Huntingdon, uncle by marriage to Philip, and thus there seemed little doubt but that the dying wish of Essex would be fulfilled.

Philip about this time seems to have been more patronized by Leicester than heretofore. Although only twenty-two, he was sent on an embassy of congratulation to Rudolph II., and on his return, to William the Silent. To this last great man Sidney became strongly attached, and William on a subsequent occasion waxed even eloquent in praise of the young ambassador. And high praise did he receive on his return; and although we can not find out what particular office he held at court, he seems to have been in constant attendance and high in favor. There was much, indeed, to interest him just now. The old Norseman spirit of maritime discovery had been awakened, and dreams of far-off lands, lovelier than the fabled Islands of the Blest, more gorgeous than the gem-strewn East, now possessed every mind. Frobisher, too, was about to set forth on his second voyage, not only to discover, if possible, that nearer passage to Cathay, but to bring home stores of gold! What wonder that the imaginative young man, poet as he ere long was to prove himself, entered eagerly into plans that had so much of adventure and mystery? He wrote to Languet an enthusiastic account of Frobisher's discoveries, but received in return a freezing sermon on "the cursed hunger for gold," and the pride which increase of territory might bring. The stern, matter-of-fact



Huguenot could not comprehend that noble, religious spirit in which our early mariners set forth, taking possession of the new-found country on their knees, "chiefly," as Frobisher says, "to thank God for our safe arrival; secondly, to beseech his Divine Majesty long to continue our Queen, for whom we took possession of the country; and thirdly, that by our Christian study and endeavor, these barbarous peoples might be reduced to the knowledge of true religion, and the hope of salvation through Christ the Redeemer." Grand old discoverers! noble leaders of the gallant company who have planted the flag of England on the uttermost shores of the earth, were these men. It is not surprising that Sidney, even to the last year of his life, felt a strong interest in maritime discovery, and on more than one occasion desired to take part in it. At present, however, his advancing favor at court made it important, both for his father's sake and his own, that he should continue there.

About this time, we think, his acquaintance with Spenser began, and to some of the sonnets in his *Astrophel and Stella* we should be inclined to assign as early a date. That he had already displayed poetical skill is evident from his being employed by his uncle to compose a masque, against the Queen's visit to him at Wanstead. This is entitled, *The Lady of the May*, and is in great measure what a masque should never be—a kind of burlesque. That it is altogether a failure may be well imagined, when we remember how essentially undramatic was the muse of Sidney, and how utterly unsuited to the character of his mind were rough jokes and clumsy ridicule; although the intention was creditable enough, for it was to satirize the affectation of a preposterous phraseology then fashionable. Sidney's muse was wholly lyrical; and it is among his songs and sonnets that some of the sweetest specimens of our early poetry will be found. Very pleasant was the circle of friends that now surrounded Sidney: Edward Dyer, Edmund Spenser, Gabriel Harvey, a pleasant companion, albeit on occasions a bitter satirist; Fulke Greville, his earliest friend; all devoted to literature, all young and accomplished; no wonder that his letters to Languet were scarcely so frequent as heretofore. Sidney, however, did not forget his old friend, nor indeed his other illustrious cor-

respondents, though we doubt whether the most laudatory letter from Henry Stephens, or even the high honor of one from William the Silent, afforded him half the pleasure as did that little book, "imprinted at the signe of the Gylded Tunne, in Creed Lane," which early in 1579 offered itself—

"As child whose parent is unkent  
To him that is the President  
Of noblesse and chivalrie:  
And if that envy barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee  
Under the shadow of his wing."

Truly, to be the earliest patron of Spenser, to have the *Shepherd's Kalender* dedicated to him, was more joy to Sidney than the choicest laudations of scholars. And yet Sidney had no wealth to bestow. At this very time his father was complaining of straitened means and unpaid debts, and his own standing at court was but precarious; but he had taken his place both as patron of poets and a poet himself, and from henceforth he claims a name, and no mean one, in our literary history.

It was well that his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, and the offense he gave to the Queen by his spirited letter addressed to her on "the French match," exiled him during the summer of 1580 to the more congenial privacy of Wilton, and the more loving society of his sister Mary, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, and, poet herself, the encourager of all his literary projects. It was here, in this pleasant retreat, that the *Arcadia* was now planned, and probably begun. Here, too, were doubtless written those bitter poetical "dispraises" of court-life and courtiers; and here, doubtless, many of the sonnets now comprised in the collection entitled, *Astrophel and Stella*. As the notice of these, while important as specimens—the most important, we think—of Sidney's poetical genius, involves also the question, never, we think, satisfactorily explained, of the true character of Sidney's attachment to "Stella," we will anticipate a year or two of his life, and endeavor to place the whole details before the reader.

We have seen how, when the Earl of Essex, in 1576, lay broken-hearted on his death-bed, he recognized Philip Sidney as his son-in-law, and died with his blessing on his lips. We have seen, too, how Waterhouse, Sir Henry Sidney's chief



secretary, considered the engagement between Philip and Lady Penelope so binding that "the breaking off from their match would turn to more dishonor than can be repaired with any other match in England." Subsequently, Penelope became ward of the Earl of Huntingdon, uncle by marriage to Philip; and under his guardianship she remained until, some time in 1580, Lord Huntingdon, in a letter to Burghley, recommended Lord Rich as "a proper gentleman, and one in years very fit for my lady Penelope Devereux, if, with the favor and liking of her Majesty, the matter might be brought to pass." For the guardian to have the sole disposal of his ward was law, as it then stood: it is questionable, therefore, whether this letter was more than a simple notification. However, the marriage took place; the poor girl, now about eighteen years of age, unavailingly protesting against it, and, as recorded in the proceedings on her divorce five-and-twenty years later, "protesting at the very solemnity, and ever after." Lord Huntingdon's seat was in the north of England, and it seems that Sidney knew nothing respecting the marriage until it was announced. The anger and grief of the young lover may be well imagined, and the sympathy of his friends; but it certainly does appear strange at first sight, that instead of fleeing from the woman who had become wife of another, he went back to court in the autumn of the same year, avowed himself still her lover, and for more than two years after addressed to her some of the sweetest and most graceful poems he ever wrote. To account for this some of his greatly puzzled biographers have imagined that the difference of morals in the courts of Elizabeth and Victoria was the cause, apparently forgetting that the seventh commandment was just as well understood then as now; while others, and Mr. Bourne among them, attribute it to a wild outburst of youthful passion, which, disgraceful while it lasted, yet, bitterly repented of in after-years, produced most beneficial results.

But what shall be said when we find that by Sidney's friends and relations this attachment was viewed as no disgrace—that there is not the slightest evidence that Sidney himself ever repented; while

after his death his nearest relations seem to have been actually anxious that the story of *Astrophel and Stella* should be brought before the world! The case really is, that during the whole of this supposed *liaison*, Sidney's uncle, Liecester, treated him with marked favor, although, Lady Rich being his step-daughter, he must have felt keenly the disgrace, if disgrace there had been; his sister, Lady Pembroke, was as affectionate as ever; and during its continuance he was not only at Wilton going on with his *Arcadia*, but engaged in their joint metrical version of the Psalms; while his father was setting him forth as a lofty pattern to his younger son Robert. "*Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and the loving direction of your most loving brother. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions. He is a rare ornament of this age. In truth—I speak without flattery of him or of myself—he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man." And this high praise, which we might fairly attribute to the pardonable weakness of a fond father, we find echoed by others; while the most Puritan of all Elizabeth's ministers — Walsingham — eagerly sought the lover of Lady Rich as the husband of his only daughter. Surely, then, Sidney's conduct could not have appeared to those best qualified to judge, so censurable as it does to his biographers. Nor did Sidney ever express himself, so far as we have record, in the language of repentance. "All my life has been vain, vain, vain," was his remark on his death-bed; and this most natural lament was the extent of his expressed remorse for his past life. It was then that he requested the manuscript of his blameless *Arcadia* should be burnt—a strange, morbid feeling this. But there were the manuscript songs and sonnets, his *Astrophel and Stella*, but not a word did the dying man breathe about these. All this is strange; but strangest of all is the conduct of the Sidneys after his death. Hitherto none of his works had been printed; but a year or two after, not only the *Arcadia*, but the *Astrophel and Stella* poems were published, the latter actually first. Some time after this Spenser published his monody, *Astrophel*, which he dedicated to Sidney's widow. In it he

perfectly ignored the wife, while he celebrated Stella as the one "for whom alone he cared"—

"His life's desire, and his dear love's delight."

And that this publication was sanctioned by Sidney's family, we have proof in the beautiful poem written by Lady Pembroke, *The Doleful Lay of Clorinda*, in which with such loving regret she mourns her loss, and which is introduced into the monody as its chief ornament.

Now, what explanation can be given of these strange anomalies, save the one which we think will meet every objection? that Sidney believed the contract with Penelope Devereux to be still binding, and therefore determined to assert his right, and set aside the pretended marriage. Viewed in this light, we think every difficulty will disappear. That a contract had been entered into we have seen, and also that it was viewed as so binding that it could not be broken off without greatest disgrace. Now, although our forefathers held divorces almost in abhorrence, the setting aside of marriage on the plea of precontract was of very frequent occurrence. Indeed, there was right royal authority in the case of the Queen's father and Anne of Cleves, while there were few noble families in that age of early contracts which could not point to similar cases. Why, therefore, should "all-accomplished Sidney," so admired at court, the nephew, and actually heir-presumptive, of the powerful Earl of Leicester, calmly and meanly see his lady-love wrested from him? No; rather, like one of his own knights, he would publicly claim her, and do battle for her in the mimic tourney, and wear her colors, and fling down his glove in defiance of the "rich fool" who by force and fraud had snatched her from him.

In this light much of Sidney's poetry acquires a new interest. There are some verses of much quaint sweetness, entitled *A Dirge*, among his miscellaneous works. It begins:

"Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be  
spread,  
For Love is dead!  
All love is dead, infected  
With plague of deep disdain;  
Worth, as naught worth rejected,  
And fair Faith scorn doth gain."

But after lamenting his crushed hopes in two other verses, he suddenly exclaims:

"Alas! I lie; rage hath this error bred!  
Love is not dead!  
Love is not dead, but sleepeth  
In her unmatched mind,  
Where she his counsel keepeth  
Till due deserts she find."

Do not these two verses vividly paint Sidney's deep disappointment when first made acquainted with Stella's marriage, and then the fullness of his joy when he discovered that it had been compulsory? The following sonnet was evidently written during the visit of the French embassy in the spring of 1581, when, as we learn from many sources, Sidney was foremost both in planning and taking part in all the gorgeous court-festivals:

"Having this day my horse, my hand, my  
lance,  
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes  
And of some sent by that sweet enemy  
France,  
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,  
Townfolk my strength; a daintier judge  
applies  
His praise to sleight, which from good use  
doth rise;  
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;  
Others, because of both sides I do take  
My blood from them who did excel in this,  
Think Nature me a man of arms did make.  
How far they shoot away! The true cause is,  
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face  
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my  
race."

The summer and autumn of 1581 appear to have been spent pleasantly, probably at Wilton, and during the winter we find Sidney at court. The court at this time, although magnificent, was not "idle and pleasure-loving," as Mr. Bourne imagines. Far better for Sidney had it been so; for then his father might have received some portion of the large arrears of the debt he had incurred in Ireland, and his son, the admired of all, might have obtained some place at court more worthy of his transcendent gifts. But, unfortunately, Elizabeth's courtiers just then were far from idle; for the beginning of 1582 saw the commencement of that bitter feud between Leicester and Burghley which for more than two years divided their followers into two hostile parties, each pledged to the

overthrow of the other. We think we may trace Sidney's long and profitless attendance at court to this feud; for to oppose Leicester's nephew, and presumptive heir, would of course be a part of wily Burghley's policy; and if the solution which we have offered of Sidney's attachment to Stella be accepted, we shall find the reason of his still openly claiming her as his own lady-love evident enough. Burghley had, as we have seen, been consulted about the marriage. It had doubtless therefore taken place with his consent; consequently, under *any* circumstances he would have given but a reluctant assent to its dissolution; but now, what better trial of strength could Burghley wish, than to oppose Leicester's nephew in the object nearest to his heart? And that nephew, attached of course to his uncle's party, proud, as he has told us, of the name of Dudley, surely he had an additional motive for pursuing his claim, for in his own triumph his uncle's powerful rival would suffer defeat.

Notwithstanding these feuds, the new year of 1582 witnessed a brilliant season. The Duke of Anjou was at court, paying, as it proved, his last visit; and when he took his leave, Burghley must have seen with vexation that Leicester was appointed to conduct him to Antwerp, and that with him were Sidney and his two bosom-friends Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer, together with a large company. From the shows and feastings at Antwerp, Sidney returned in March, and during the whole of the ensuing summer he was in close attendance, and evidently in high favor, with the Queen. Probably this was the most pleasant summer of his life; and perhaps the autumn closed with dreams of happiness which in this world he was never to enjoy. The Burghley party however, during this time, were gathering strength, and the recall of Lord Grey from Ireland—"Sir Artegal, the champion of the right," of the *Fairy Queen*—on the peal of having exercised undue severities in the case of the Spanish garrison at Smerwick, was viewed by them as a triumph. With Lord Grey, Spenser returned; and pleasant must have been the meeting between the gifted men, whose very poetry exhibits so much of a kindred spirit. And with a kindred spirit of bitterness, too, must they have regarded Burghley; and there is little doubt that some time during 1583 the bitter satire, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*,

was written. Very delightfully does Spenser here paint Sidney as

"The brave courtier in whose beauteous thought  
Regard of honor harbors more than aught,"

and, characteristically enough, Burghley's grasping policy:

"All offices, all leases by him leapt,  
And of them all, whate'er he liked be kept."

The recall of Lord Grey was followed by the proposed appointment of Sir Henry Sidney, for the fourth time, to the vacant office. On this occasion, however, he requested that his son might be associated with him, and, together with other advantages, that he should now bear the title of Lord Lieutenant. This was probably a suggestion of Leicester's; but the request was not pursued, and Sir Henry returned to Ireland unable to obtain even repayment of his debts, while his son, still unable to find a suitable office at court, had now to fear a counter influence in Leicester's family working against him, and perhaps his most cherished hopes too, in the great partiality which his uncle openly displayed for his stepson the Earl of Essex, now a handsome, accomplished, but a most haughty youth of seventeen. Brought up under the guardianship of Burghley, young Essex was brought up of course to hate the powerful Earl, who was said to have broken his father's heart, and then with such indecent haste privately married his mother; and so, with a feeling natural enough, he expressed "stiff aversation" of his stepfather. But the heir of a family with sixteen quarterings in their shield, and who on his mother's side was actually kinsman to the Queen, was too important a piece in the game which Leicester and Burghley were so keenly playing, to be neglected. His studies at Cambridge being finished, the young Earl was at length persuaded by his mother to be presented at court; and once arrived there, Leicester "so dealt with him," himself presenting him to the Queen, that the Cecils and their followers were compelled to acknowledge themselves completely out-manuevered. From henceforth young Essex was a constant guest of his stepfather, treated with especial kindness by the Queen, and even thus early marked out as the undoubted successor of Leicester in the royal favor.

Now, all this must have been sadly disheartening to Sidney, while with respect to Stella it would place him in a far less favorable position. What if her marriage with Lord Rich were set aside: Rich was very wealthy, Sidney poor as his father; and the whole family of the Devereux, all were poor, Essex himself "not having lands to maintain the poorest earl in England;" how much better, then, that the "rich fool," who might perhaps have wrongfully married the sister, should be suffered to hold his prize quietly, than another trial of strength be entered into with Burghley? Such would be the feeling of the needy, extravagant, and certainly selfish young Earl who had already taken Sidney's place in Leicester's affection, and who, with his mother, exercised great influence over him. It is in this part of Sidney's history that we so greatly miss his private letters. Had Languet been alive, we might have had some dim allusion to his circumstances at this time; but the old man died in the autumn of the preceding year. In a letter to Leicester just before Christmas, 1582, there is a humble request that he may absent himself from the court, as "some occasions both of health and otherwise do make me much desire it," but still, "beseeching your lordship to know your discretion, which I will willingly follow, not only in those duties I am tied to, but in any thing." Might not Sidney feel himself disinherited, and therefore have no heart for court favor? His request, however, was not complied with; for, on New Year's Day, 1583, he was at court, and presented the Queen "a golden flower-pot, garnished with diamonds," as a New Year's gift. On the eighth Sidney received knighthood, as "Sir Philip Sydney, Knight of Penshurst," and on the thirteenth he acted as proxy for Prince Casimir, who was then made Knight of the Garter. Still he was anxiously seeking for a place, and had written to Burghley repeatedly, but without success. It is irritating to observe the style in which these letters are written; but in that day even a demand for a right was offered in the form of a humble petition. A strange gift, however, was about this time bestowed on one of the most accomplished scholars of the day — one who had just received knighthood! This was a license "to discover, search, find out, view, and inhabit certain parts of America not yet discover-

ed"! and "thirty hundred thousand acres of ground and wood" of this *terra incognita* were gravely assigned to him. Mr. Bourne discovered this document in the State Paper Office, and he thinks it was granted on Sir Philip's petition. But although Sidney had ever expressed much interest in maritime discoveries, and had accepted Hakluyt's dedication of his first volume of voyages to him just before, he was least of any fitted for the exploration of unknown lands—for the stern rule of rude men sent forth to reclaim a wilderness. The only solution appears to us to be, that in the eager expectation of untold wealth from these sources, grants like this had a certain money-value, though perhaps but small, and therefore might have been given in lieu of a more suitable grant. We think this was the case, for we find, in July of the same year, Sidney transferred "all the royalties, rights," etc., of this unknown possession, to "Sir George Peckham and his associates."

The reason for this transfer Mr. Bourne finds in Sidney's "recent marriage" with Walsingham's daughter. This, however, could not possibly have taken place so early, for in the eighty-third sonnet of *Astrophel and Stella*, we find him speaking of himself as "Sir Philip," and as still her lover, thus making the date certainly later than the spring of this year. Mr. Bourne's chief reason for so early a date, is Sir Henry Sidney's curious autobiographical letter, which bears date March 1st, 1583. But it seems to us that this letter must certainly be placed a year later. On the thirteenth of January, 1583, Sir Henry, as Knight of the Garter, took part in the investiture of his son, who was proxy for Prince Casimir. Festivals succeeded, and scarcely before the end of the month could he have set out for Ireland. The journey both by land and sea was long, often two or three weeks; he could scarcely, therefore, have had time to prepare—even if already written—that very long document which is dated the first of March. But a more important objection remains: in this letter Sir Henry Sidney expressly says, "I am fifty-four years of age:" now, on the first of March, 1583, he had not completed his fifty-fourth year.\* In a mere gossiping letter a man within three weeks of completing that age might say so; but a Lord Deputy,

\* He was born March 21st, 1529.



putting forth claims to compensation for long service, to a Secretary of State, would never have dared to make so illegal a statement, although only twenty days were deficient. We think, therefore, the letter was written in March, 1584, and thus, according to legal usage, would be dated 1583.

It is unfortunate that of the events of both 1583 and 1584 we have scarcely a single record; for it was certainly during these years that Sidney's engagement to Lady Rich was broken off, and his marriage took place. That it was not without great struggle and suffering Sidney gave up his lady-love, we have proof in many sonnets contained in his works; but we can not consider that any of these speak the language of remorse. That sonnet which tells "Desire"—

"I have too dearly bought,  
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless  
ware"—

breathes the language of stoicism rather than repentance, and might have been written after some bitter lovers' quarrel; while that very beautiful one, "Leave me, O love!" is no farewell to an unworthy mistress, but a turning from earthly enjoyments to heavenly:

"O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide  
In this small course which birth draws out  
to death;  
And think how evil becometh him to chide,  
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly  
breath.  
Then farewell, world, thine uttermost I see:  
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me."

But if the reader would see Sidney's desolation painted by his own hand, let him read this "cry of a broken heart:"

"Oft have I mused, but now at length I find,  
Why those that die, men say 'they do  
depart.'  
Depart! a word so gentle to my mind,  
Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly  
dart.  
But now the stars with their strange course  
do bind  
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my  
heart.  
I hear a cry of spirits, faint, and blind,  
That, parting thus, my chiefest part I  
part.  
Part of my life, the loathed part to me,  
Lives to impart my weary clay some  
breath;

But that good part, wherein all comforts be  
Now dead, doth show departure is a death;  
Yea, worse than death: death parts both wo  
and joy;  
From joy I part, still living in annoy."

Of the circumstances which led to the failure of Sidney's hopes, as well as those which led to his marriage—and this part of his history we agree with Mr. Craik is very extraordinary—we are in total ignorance. From July, 1583, when he executed the transfer of the lands, to July, 1584, when he set out as ambassador to France, we have not a single record, except what we can gather from Sir Henry Sidney's letter of March 1st to Walsingham. In this he gives a sorrowful detail of his troubles. "I am now fifty-four years of age, toothless and trembling, being five thousand pounds in debt, yea, and thirty thousand pounds worse than I was at the death of my dear King and master Edward VI. I have not from the crown so much land as I can cover with my foot. All my fees amount not to a hundred marks a year." Still, although so poor, "in the matter of the marriage of our children I joy in the alliance with all my heart. As I know, sir, that it is for the virtue which is, or which you suppose is, in my son, that you made choice of him for your daughter, refusing, haply, far greater and far richer matches than he, so was my confidence great, *that by your good means I might have obtained some small reasonable suit of her Majesty*; and therefore I nothing regarded my present gain, for if I had *I might have received a great sum of money for my good-will of my son's marriage*, greatly to the relief of my present biting necessities." What a complete "bargain and sale" this seems to have been! Sir Henry then details at length all his services to the crown, and finally concludes: "And now, dear sir and brother, an end to this tragical treatise; tragical I may well term it, for it began with the joyful love and great liking, with likelihood of matrimonial match, between our dear and sweet children, and endeth with declaration of my unfortunate and bad estate." Mr. Bourne seems to accept this mere complimentary phrase—meaning just as much as "happy couple"—as proof that "all-accomplished Sidney," who until so lately had been the lover of Lady Rich, had now enshrined in her place the mere girl

who had scarcely completed her sampler. Frances Walsingham could not be much more than fourteen; she was probably not deficient in personal beauty, but none of Sidney's biographers think it worth while to mention aught about her.\*

The date of Sidney's marriage can not be ascertained, nor where the remainder of the year was spent; but Fulke Greville tells us that his mind was now wholly set on devising some scheme that should curb the power of Spain; "for this wakeful patriot saw that this immense power did cast a more particular aspect of danger upon his native country," and therefore he was earnest in his endeavors to urge "a general league among free princes." This was Walsingham's great wish, and on this subject he and his son-in-law seem to have labored hard. We think it very likely that Walsingham was influenced by political motives in seeking Sidney for his son-in-law. Although not ostensibly of either party, Walsingham's learnings were always toward Leicester: now, by alliance with his nephew—one so well known and respected among continental Protestants—how greatly might that foreign policy which he, in opposition to Burghley, had always maintained, be strengthened! And may we not believe that Sidney himself, when his last hope left him, might think that by its failure he was sternly driven back to that course which Hubert Languet so long ago had almost pledged him to—the aid of Protestantism abroad? Perhaps he felt his life would be short, and therefore bent all

his powers to its fulfillment. Certain is it that, during these last two years, to humble the power of Spain was his sole thought. Still there seemed no opening for him on the continent; and then we find him and his constant friend Fulke Greville joining with Drake in planning an expedition to the New World. The scheme was unknown to Walsingham until the vessels were about to sail—sure proof that the attachment of father and son-in-law was far from cordial—and then a special messenger was sent to restrain Sidney and Greville from sailing. But Sidney continued at Plymouth, determined to proceed "Westward ho!" until a second message, and from the Queen, was sent, commanding him instantly to return, but promising him employment in the Low Countries. So Drake, with his fleet of twenty vessels, set sail from Plymouth on the fourteenth of September, and Sidney was compelled to return. About this time his only child was born, on whom the Queen bestowed her name as sponsor, and on the sixteenth of November Sidney quitted England forever to become Governor of Flushing.

Mr. Bourne supplies us with many interesting letters written by Sidney during his stay, all complaining of delay in sending stores, of want of men and of ammunition; and the earnest, almost prayerful desires for victory over the Spaniards, which nearly all his letters display, prove that to live and die the champion of the reformed faith was the great object which that most accomplished Englishman now exclusively set before him.

But many were the trials even of the last few months of his life. His uncle became jealous of his greater military skill; his earnest uprightness made him many enemies at home; and in a letter to Walsingham he assures him that only the hope of the "great work in hand" enables him to bear up. "I had before cast my count of danger, want, and disgrace; and before God, sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cause doth so far overbalance them all, that, with God's grace, they shall never make me weary of my resolution." Thus wrote Philip Sidney in March. The end is well known; the gallant fight of Zutphen, Sidney's chivalrous charge, his deadly wound, his Christian sympathy with the dying soldier. No wonder, when his uncle's barge conveyed him to

\* No lady of Elizabeth's court seems to have been so insignificant as Frances Walsingham. On the death of Sidney she returned to her father's house, from whence, during his last illness, she eloped to form a private marriage with the Earl of Essex. The Queen, on hearing this, threatened Essex, and Frances was taken back to the safekeeping of her mother until the time she was permitted publicly to assume the title of Countess. During Essex's brilliant career we have no notice of her, and during his disgrace we merely find that when prisoner in the Tower she was with him. In the efforts to procure his pardon, in which Lady Rich, now her sister-in-law, was unceasing, she seems to have taken no part; but after his execution she quickly found solace in a third marriage with Lord Clanricarde, while, forgetful of her Puritan education, and the Puritan tendencies of both her former husbands, she became at his desire a Roman Catholic. In passing from this subject we may remark, that although Lady Rich eventually lost her place among "honorable women," no suspicion of her conduct seems to have arisen until many years after Sidney's death.

Arnheim, even the rudest men-at-arms wept bitterly.

But the end was not yet to be. For twenty-five days Sidney lay a severe but patient sufferer at Arnheim, astonishing his medical attendants by his calm endurance, and the preachers who gathered round him by his Christian resignation. For sixteen days his recovery was confidently looked for by his anxious friends; but that Sidney had from the first that premonition of approaching death which we so often observe in the death-doomed, there is little doubt. Even on the battlefield he had whispered thanks to God, who had not taken him suddenly away, but granted him some time for preparation; and in all his conferences with his favorite preacher and friend Master George Gifford, his references to approaching death were constant. A very minute and touching account of Sidney's last days was prepared by him, and from this, and Fulke Greville's narrative, Mr. Bourne quotes largely in his excellent epitome. On the eighth of October the hopes of his anxious friends were crushed, for mortification had begun. Sidney alone was unmoved. "I have bound my life to God," said he, "and if the Lord cut me off, and suffer me to live no longer, than I shall glorify him and give up myself to his service."

Yet he was afraid that the pangs might be so grievous that he might lose his mental vigor before life was gone. But he knew how to relieve himself from this and every other trouble. He summoned into his presence all the ministers in attendance, and before them, as Fulke Greville relates, "he made such a confession of the faith as no book but the heart can feelingly disclose." Then he asked them to accompany him in prayer, and, "to the surprise of many, desired their leave that he should himself conduct it, seeing, he said, that the secret sins of his heart were best known to himself, and that no one was so able as he was to draw down the blessings of which he stood in greatest need. And he did pray, with words so earnest and eloquent that the whole company was moved. Sighs and tears interrupted them, yet could no man judge whether the rack of heavenly agony whereupon they all stood were forced by sorrow for him or admiration of him." During these last days his talk was more than ever of celestial things; "not that he

wanted instruction or assurance, but because this fixing of a lover's thoughts upon those eternal beauties was not only a cheering up of his decaying spirits, but, as it were, a taking possession of that immortal inheritance which was given unto him by his brotherhood in Christ. . . . Soon it was plain to every one that he must quickly die. He steadfastly declared himself ready, and very anxious, since thus his earthly pains would be over, and his heavenly joys would be commenced."

On Sunday, the sixteenth, he wrote that touching little summons to his friend Wierus, the physician, "*Mi Wiere, veni, veni. De vitâ periclitor et te cupio.*" But, alas! the faithful friend could not arrive on the morrow. Sidney was then rapidly sinking, but his hope was firm; and after long conference with Gifford, lifting up his hands and eyes, he exclaimed: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world!" He then called for his will, and added a codicil; and when some admiring friends reminded him of the comfort which godly men were wont to feel at the hour of their death, from recalling those passages of their lives in which God had helped them to work most purely and most to the enlargement of his glory, the reply was: "I have no comfort that way: all things of my former life have been vain, vain, vain." It was, doubtless, during this temporary depression that, according to a biographer who has not given his name, but who was probably Edward Molyneux, he gave directions that the manuscript of his *Arcadia* should be burnt. Well was it for the youth of succeeding generations that this morbid wish was unfulfilled. But as death drew nigher, Sidney recovered his calm confidence; he bade a loving farewell to his broken-hearted brother Robert, to whom his last words were addressed, clasping his hand: "Love my memory; cherish my friends—their faith to me may assure you they are honest—but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of the world and its vanities." He then sank down almost lifeless, and his friends watched anxiously for some last sign.

" 'Sir,' said Gifford, 'if you hear what I say, if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand.' Immediately the hand which they thought powerless

was lifted up, and held out for a little while at full length, a circumstance we are told which caused the beholders to cry out with delight. About two in the afternoon his friends asked him for a fresh token of his mental power and spiritual confidence. Could he show them that he was still leaning in prayerful trust upon God's mercy? He could not speak, he could not open his eyes; but straightway he raised both his hands, and set them together on his breast, and held them with joined palms, and fingers pointing upward after the manner of those who make humble, earnest petition to the Most High. But he had not strength if he had the will to remove them. The watchers saw that they were becoming chill and stiff in death, so they gently placed them by his side. A few minutes more and he had ceased to breathe."

Thus holily and happily, ere he had completed his thirty-second year, Sir Philip Sidney passed away; not too early for himself or for his fame, but too early for his loving friends and for the whole nation which mourned his loss with a deep sorrow—a sorrow never equaled, save perhaps at this season last year, when our joy was turned into mourning by the death of one who, in his rare endowments, mental and moral, bore a strong resemblance to "all-accomplished Sidney."

NOTE.—The author, doubtless, means his late Royal Highness, Prince Albert.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

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## M A G N I F I C E N T M E T E O R

SEEN ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, 1862.

BY E. J. LOWE, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., ETC.

ANOTHER of those curious strangers that now and then make their appearance to astonish and puzzle us, was seen on the twenty-seventh of November.

Before describing this phenomenon, it will perhaps be desirable to say a few words, *en passant*, on meteors in general. These bodies vary considerably in size, shape, velocity, and appearance: some are so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye; others, on the contrary, are two or three times the apparent diameter of the moon. Some are visible and gone again almost instantaneously, others lasting a number of seconds. Respecting their shape, they are oval, circular, kite-shaped, sharp and well-defined, or a confused mass of light—occasionally assuming extraordinary forms.

Nearly all the large meteors give the impression of being within a few hundred yards of the observer, showing how fallacious our estimate frequently is as to the

distance and size of bright bodies; and this remark may also apply with equal truth to dark bodies. In a total eclipse of the sun, the dark surface of the moon has been seen apparently within two or three hundred feet of the earth, and yet it was, in reality, thousands of miles away. The meteor that has just occurred was thought to be within a few hundred yards of an observer near London, and equally near to others who viewed it from Grantham. At the latter place a gentleman was certain that it was on this side of the Woodhill Tunnel, until it was pointed out that were this the case, there must have been a line of brighter light along its path reflected on the ground. The distance, however, had no increase of light, and the darkness caused by a steep hill on this side of both the moon and meteor was not diminished; clearly showing that it must have been far beyond this hill. From the appearance and position, as



seen from Dover, (one hundred and fifty miles south-east,) it seems to have been at least three or four hundred miles distant from Grantham. As regards size, this is also fallacious; an incandescent body of a known size does not decrease in its apparent dimensions by removal to a greater or less distance: for in some experiments it was found that the source of light appeared greater at a quarter of a mile away than it did at a hundred yards. A row of lamps in a street is not seen to decrease by distance in the same manner when lighted at night as when viewed in the daytime.

Occasionally these large bodies are seen to burst, a noise as of distant thunder is heard, and the meteor itself, or fragments, appear to fall to the ground—the actual bursting taking place at some miles' elevation above the surface of the earth.

There are several distinct features in the light emitted from these large bodies: *first*, there is the light of the meteor itself; *second*, a train of sparks or continuous streak left in its path; and *third*, a discharge of balls from the head of the meteor. As regards the first case, there seems to be great differences of opinion. From my own observations I greatly doubt the self-luminosity of a meteor; the intense light always comes from the front-edge of the body, as if caused by becoming ignited, or igniting something in the region through which it passes. The great difficulty is to imagine what that something can be on the confines of the air, if not actually above the atmosphere. Aurora borealis at the same height exhibits a flame: it must, therefore, be a light-bearing region, perhaps magnetic. The friction produced by the velocity of a large body may cause the ignition. Our ordinary flame is not bright enough to produce the intense light of a meteor; the brightness of electrical light would be nearer the truth.

With regard to the train of sparks, or continuous line or streak of light often left after the meteor itself has vanished, and which in the case of a train of sparks only lasts a second or two, whilst as a streak or line of light it has been known to last upwards of a quarter of an hour—this more closely resembles a phosphorescent luminosity, that when once luminous it is with difficulty extinguished. I have seen it as a long line that has been gradually bent into a wavy line

by currents. I have also seen the two ends of a straight line of this light actually unite and form a circle with stars shining within the inclosed ring. The meteor which produced the phenomenon had departed in one direction, whilst this phosphorescent luminosity was borne along at right angles to the meteor's path. The velocity is so very different; a meteor, when recorded as moving slowly, moves many times more rapidly than is the case with this luminosity—the latter is always *very sluggish* in its movements. The balls projected from the head of the meteor, usually (but I think erroneously) considered the bursting, always fall perpendicularly. The impression given is, that fragments are split from the outer edge of the body, which fall, by the law of gravitation, to the earth. The appearance of these balls is not confined to the bursting of the meteor—that is, immediately before its disappearance they are seen to be emitted as showers, sometimes at frequent intervals along its path; and these displays were of frequent occurrence with the meteor of November 27th.

The accounts given of these almost instantaneous appearances require to be taken with caution. With those unused to observation there is certain to be a want of 'steadiness; amazement bewilders the brain and frequently exaggerates the appearance; then again, the want of proper words and terms of description, and also of the knowledge of the various features to be examined—all operate against a faithful account. This is to be regretted, because each meteor puts on a different appearance, according to the position of the observer; and this will be apparent when examining the accounts of the late meteor as seen from Grantham and Dover—two places one hundred and fifty miles from each other.

The meteor of twenty-seventh November was seen by myself on the platform of the railway station at Grantham under the most favorable circumstances—so much so, that there cannot be an error of five seconds in time, nor of one minute in space.

The meteor was somewhat kite-shaped, being nearly equal to the moon in breadth, and above twice her apparent diameter in length. (This estimate being taken by looking at the meteor and the moon at the same time.)

The light was an intense blue, but only

intensely bright in the front, mostly as a crescent, but occasionally expanding to almost a circle; the remaining portion *milky-white*, and dim in comparison.

A train of sparks was left in its path, yet these only lasted from one to two seconds; balls of a blue color, of large size, (almost equal to the apparent diameter of Mars,) also fell from the head of the meteor, perpendicularly downwards, not continuously but at frequent intervals, (more especially between  $\beta$  Ceti and Fomalhaut.) These balls threw out other smaller balls, which burst into star-like sparks of a yellowish color, not unlike the shower seen from a rocket at a distance, but infinitely more beautiful.

The meteor gradually increased in size, but not uniformly; an occasional decrease in size and brightness taking place. It vanished at its maximum brightness, not bursting, but as if going behind some opaque body.

I did not see the commencement, owing to a building; but from the testimony of the Grantham station-master (who was on the other side) it must have commenced very near to where I first saw it: if the path were produced backwards, it would almost cross the Pleiades.

This meteor gave a very strong impression that it was a *non-luminous* body—the light being produced by the *friction of its velocity on the air*.

Mr. H. P. Finlayson saw this meteor from Sandgate, near Dover, and his remarks add great interest to this appearance:

“Although the moon was extremely bright and clear, its light was lessened by that of the meteor; and I have little hesitation in saying that if a transit had occurred the meteor would have been seen as a bright body on the moon. There were no colored balls seen to fall from its head, but a train of red sparks was left in its path.

“Had its path been continued backwards, it would pass about midway between the moon and the planet Mars; and if a line touching the horns of the moon and produced till it intersected the path of the meteor, it would have been nearly at right angles with it.”

It will thus be seen that near Dover the meteor first came into view at the point where it disappeared at Grantham; that it was *white* instead of *blue*; that it was not nearly so large, but apparently quite

as bright, and that no colored balls fell from its head.

The Rev. John Burdor saw the formation of the meteor from English Bicknor, in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire; he saw a stream of sparks for an instant, which gathered, as it were, into the meteor—one or two solitary sparks at first, increasing to a stream until the meteor was formed, and then the meteor itself increasing in glory and volume until it vanished. The color most intense blue. The height above the horizon was guessed to be sixty degrees.

At Streatham Hill, London, it had the appearance of being in a state of incandescence, surpassing the electric light in brilliancy, if possible. It disappeared without any apparent explosion about five degrees beyond, where it became invisible at Grantham.

At Sutton Courtney, near Abingdon, Mr. John Kent says there was a slight explosion similar to that of a percussion-cap, and this attracted his attention to it; he considered it remarkable how suddenly it disappeared, there being apparently no obstacle to hide it. Mr. J. Seeley, who saw it from Hazeby Heath, Hants, was also struck with the suddenness of its disappearance.

At Bridport, in Dorset, Mr. Charles Walker saw it rise in the north-east, move horizontally, and disappear in the south-east. We estimated its greatest height at about twenty degrees; its shape conical, with a circular base, the latter moving foremost. The apparent length was rather greater than the diameter of the full moon, and the greatest breadth about half its length.

Mr. Philip Barrington saw the meteor from near Bray, county Wicklow. It appeared almost due east, and moved rapidly to about due south-east, lasting only a few seconds. It seemed about four times the diameter of the moon in length, and half its diameter in breadth at the head, tapering down to the extremity of the tail. It moved nearly horizontally at an altitude of five degrees or six degrees. A number of sparks were left behind in its progress, and just before its disappearance it threw out the most brilliant light, blue and green, like the explosion of an enormous rocket.

Mr. A. P. Falconer, of Lymington, Hants, saw a great light issue from the sky, and increase in size as it approached him. He says: “I was then standing in a line due south with the needle rocks; as

it advanced to this line, suddenly it cast off sparks in the same way as is seen to fly off from the blows of the smith's hammer off a piece of hot iron; on its north-east limb and under it these lumps of fire and flame flew off in curls, some falling down whilst part formed a broad expanse of light behind it, *crimson-red* interlined above with *greenish-blue*, and below *bright-yellow*. The ball of light was *bright-blue*, and it was like a Roman candle. I fancied as it cast off these sparks it seemed impeded in its course, and apparently to

forge its way along. Its size increased as it approached me; I feared these sparks, discharged so abundantly, would set fire to my hay and straw ricks; these ceased, it turned more southerly, then quickly whirled to the south, (*due*,) between the earth and the moon, (which was then over it,) and vanished away."

The meteor, as Mr. Falconer observes, was impeded in its course; there was at Grantham a momentary check in its velocity each time it discharged a shower of balls.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## A N O L D , O L D S T O R Y .

LITERATURE, like the theater, has its stock-pieces. Among them, none is surer of periodical revival than the worn-out farce of *The Decline of the Drama*, with its stale lamentations over the illiberality of managers, the incapability of actors, the want of originality in authors, and the want of taste in audiences. We are not going to defend the modern stage here, but simply to show that the cry of Theatrical degeneracy is common to every age.

Some dramatic doctors sigh for large theaters, supported by a combination of all the histrionic celebrities of the day. They forget that theatrical free-trade was adopted as a panacea for the wretched condition of the stage in the latter days of the patent houses; when one manager proved before a parliamentary committee that spectacles and pantomimes were the only performances that paid their expenses, while another excused himself for turning his theater into "a singing-booth and managerie," on the ground that Shakspeare brought no money into the treasury, while Van Amburgh filled the house to overflowing; thus justifying the complaint of the Edinburgh Reviewer, that "Wit is not understood, poetry is not heard; rank and fashion avoid the theater as a place unsuited to noble tastes;

critics sneer at it, and the people frequent it no longer."

When Kean was in his meridian glory, shining in conjunction with Kemble, Young, Elliston, Bannister, Liston, Mathews, Munden, Miss O'Neill, Miss Kelly, and a crowd of famous actors and actresses, Hazlitt lamented that neither tragedy nor comedy could be properly acted—nothing redeeming their degeneracy save the ingenuity of the machinist, the skill of the painter, and the cleverness of four-footed performers. Kean saved Drury Lane from bankruptcy. So we are not surprised at learning, just before his advent, that "nothing is more universally admitted and more truly alarming, than the present degeneracy of the stage. The managers are struggling against a torrent of mummary, machinery, song, and spectacle, consequent on the love of bombast, show, and splendor; the public taste is vitiated, our plays are a heterogeneous mixture of insipid pun and unnatural fustian, the authors of which never astonish by their brilliance, instruct by their philosophy, or affect by their pathos." This is pretty severe; the critic doubtless believed with the epigrammatist—

"When Sheridan's genius pervaded the dome,  
His partner Apollo was always at home;

But since Whitbread has taken the stage into keeping,  
If Apollo's a partner, it must be one sleeping."

But when Sheridan *was* manager, he was accused of exercising his talents in exhausting the resources of the theater for his private purposes, of leaving manuscripts unperused while he obtruded the compilations of his boon-companions on the public, the said public flocking with avidity to patronize plays in which indecency, novelty, and buffoonery were substituted for wit, sentiment, and sense. Cumberland writes: "I have survived all true national taste, and lived to see buffoonery, spectacle, and puerility so effectually triumph, that now to be repulsed from the stage is to be recommended to the closet, and to be applauded by the theater is little else than a passport to the puppets' show." Sheridan himself declared before a Commons committee, that the theater was threatened with total extinction, being deserted by persons of taste, although John Kemble, Farren, Palmer, Lewis, Suett, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan were among the ministers to their enjoyment.

While Garrick lorded it at Old Drury, we find an acrid-minded critic, who only went to the theater to see how far the weakness of the public could go, exclaiming pathetically: "Ah! *I* remember Booth; *he* never had recourse to tricks and bo-peeps, but nature did it all!" Another laments that Roscius is no longer Roscius; while as for his companions, they sink to criticism's darkest shade, their Covent Garden rivals being

"A motley indigested group  
Where lights are all so faint and shades so strong,  
Where right so seldom takes the place of wrong;  
Where ignorance prevails, with boundless pride,  
And talent, which might please, is misapplied."

The manager, Colman,

"In naught but human Fantoccini dealing,  
Wages fell war 'gainst genius, sense, and feeling."

The author of the *West-Indian* is quite as unmerciful; his brother-playwrights, *however*, are the objects of his diatribe:

"Various the shifts of authors nowadays  
For operas, farces, pantomimes, and plays.  
Some scour each alley of the town for wit,  
Begging from door to door the offal bit;  
Plunge in each cellar, tumble every stall,  
And send, like tailors, to each house of call.  
Others to foreign climes and kingdoms roam,  
To search for what is better found at home.  
The recreant band, oh! scandal to the age,  
Gleans the vile refuse of a Gallic stage."

Cumberland seems to have no hope left, not even the miserable one from which an anonymous cotemporary draws consolation? "Matters must mend now, having come to their worst, with the snip-snap changes, witches, demons, paltry ballads, facemaking, tumbling, and jumping of pantomimic mummeries; the stage, increasing in decoration as it has decreased in acting merit, is splendidly insipid. Tailors are the only poets now, and carpenters the actors. Sadlers' Wells would be laughed at should they attempt tragedy and comedy, why then should our Royal Theaters trespass on the prerogative of buffoonery?" Garrick himself tells us why, complaining of his patrons, that

"They in the drama found no joys,  
But doat on mimicry and toys.  
Thus when a dance is in my bill  
Nobility my boxes fill,  
Or send three days before the time  
To crowd a new-made pantomime."

An accusation borne out by Kitty Clive, who says, in one of her capital letters, that bad rhymes set to old tunes drew full houses, when Shakspeare, Garrick, and Mrs. Cibber could do no more than pay expenses. This naturally enough irritated the lady of Cliveden, but would not have astonished her neighbor of Strawberry Hill, for Walpole thought little of Garrick's acting, an opinion shared by Montagu and the poet Gray.

At an earlier period of the career of the great English actor, we find critics equally well known to fame, in the same depreciatory vein. Johnson defines the tragedy of his day as the mere recital, in a sonorous manner, of some fifteen hundred lines of blank verse, and supported his definition by producing *Irene*. Good-natured Goldsmith loses patience and temper in contemplating the condition of the stage, speaking out with extraordinary bitterness: "Old pieces are revived, and



scarcely any new ones admitted. The actor is ever in our eyes, and the poet seldom permitted to appear; the public are obliged to ruminate over those ashes of absurdity which were disgusting to our ancestors, even in an age of ignorance; and the stage, instead of serving the people, is made subservient to the interests of avarice. We must now tamely sit and see the celestial muse made a slave to the histrionic demon. It is somewhat unlikely that he whose labors are valuable, or who knows their value, will turn to the stage either for fame or subsistence. We seem to be much in the situation of travelers at a Scotch inn, where a vile entertainment is served up, complained of, and sent down; up comes worse, and that also is changed; and every change makes our wretched cheer more unsavory. What must be done? Only sit down contented, cry up all that comes before us, and admire even the absurdities of Shakspeare! The revival of those pieces of forced humor, far-fetched conceit, and unnatural hyperbole, is rather a trick of the actor who thinks it safest acting in exaggerated characters; and who, by outraging nature, chooses to exhibit the ridiculous *outré* of a harlequin under the sanction of a venerable name."

After this, it is not surprising to find Fielding, smarting at his failure on the boards, stigmatize the theaters as nothing better than puppet-shows; indeed, his sneer is justified by the fact of the rivalry of the Salisbury Change puppet-show, proving so ruinous to the flesh-and-blood players, that they successfully petitioned the King to order its removal. Egerton sighs for the fine thinking and versification of Dryden, the fire and enthusiasm of Lee, the pathos of Otway, the wit of Wycherley, the humor of Farquhar, the spirit, art, and grace of Congreve, and tells Mrs. Oldfield that the stage is not worth beholding save when she is on it. Another writer complains that the actors, lacking talent themselves, treat authors with contempt, and by their Smithfield fopperies have driven the upper classes from the theater; and in his utter despair would place the management in the hands of a "Committee of men of Quality, Taste, Figure, and Fortune."

Colley Cibber, whose literary and histrionic reputation ought to have saved him from Pope's malignant blunder, while he eloquently upheld his old master, Bet-

terton, as the greatest actor of his age, considered his cotemporaries, both authors and actors, to be far inferior to the dramatic celebrities of the Restoration, while these again were not to be reckoned equal to their predecessors before the civil wars, "who could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter and goodness of the action, without scenes and machines." In this, he but reëchoes the verdict of the dramatists of Charles II.'s time, when, according to Pepys, the aristocratic patrons of the theater grew weary of the pride and vanity of the players, and when nature and wit gave place to gaudy nonsense and dull grimaces. The Duke of Buckingham declares:

"Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,  
And with their comedies they make us cry."

And his burlesque hero, Bayes, says: "For scenes, clothes, and dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us, and these are the things you know that are essential to a play." Shadwell, too, while claiming praise because he, "while stealing from the French, conceals his name," thus sketches the deterioration in matters theatrical:

"Infected by the French, you must have  
rhymes,  
Which long to please the ladies' ears did  
chime.  
Soon after this came ranting fustian in,  
And none but plays upon the fret were  
seen:  
Such roaring bombast stuff, which fops would  
praise,  
Tore out best actors' lungs, cut short their  
days.  
Then came machines, brought from a neigh-  
boring nation—  
Oh! how we suffered under decoration."

Dryden—himself a great offender, prostrating his genius to please the evil taste of the time, by improving Shakspeare and tagging his verse with rhymes—complains that nothing but scenes, machines, and empty operas reign; that his brother-playwrights write what no man would steal, exhausting their wit in concocting a prologue, while their audiences assemble neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding.

Under the Commonwealth, matters were still worse; with its ancient foes in power, the drama of course went to the

wall. There was little encouragement to genius to enlist in the Thespian ranks under ordinances inflicting stripes upon players, and fines upon their patrons. But the decadence commenced ere the civil strife began. We have Herrick's authority to the fact, that

"After the arch-poet Jonson died,  
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's  
pride,  
Together with the stage's glory, stood  
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.  
The cirque profaned was, and all postures  
racked,  
For men did strut and stride and stare, not  
act!"

Sir Richard Baker, the chronicler, has recorded his belief that no age can hope to see such actors as Burbage, Alleyn, and Tarleton, again; but an indignant poet less inclined to admire the actors of Bankside and Blackfriars, probably from the contempt bred out of familiarity, vows:

"Not a tongue  
Of the untuned kennel can a line repeat  
Of serious sense."

A friend of Ben Jonson assures him that he can not write any thing bad enough to please the depraved taste of the public,

and the poet himself describes his audience as

"Composed of gamester, captain, knight,  
knights-man,"

and in his noble lines on Shakspeare, despairingly apostrophizes his dead friend and fellow-laborer, thus:

"Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage  
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping  
stage;  
Which since thy flight from hence, hath  
mourned like night  
And despair's day, but for thy volumes'  
light!"

We have reached the fountain-head; we have traced the dramatic stream to its source, and at every turn find the dwellers on its banks assuring us, the waters are foul and muddy compared with the current higher up. Shakspeare and his contemporaries, we know, created the English drama; can it be possible that its degeneration commenced with its birth? It can not be. The ever-recurring lamentation over the decline of the drama is but one of the everlasting cries of that ever-existing sect which seeks to glorify the Past by depreciating the Present.

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From the Leisure Hour.

## C U R I O S I T I E S O F S L E E P .

In considering the phenomena of sleep, the first subject of inquiry that presents itself is, in what does the state of sleep differ from that of waking? In what does sleep essentially consist?

The most obvious difference between the waking and sleeping state is the suspension of voluntary power, not only of that habitually exercised over the muscles, but also of that exercised over the trains of thought in the mind. The power of sensation, though weakened, is not wholly suspended; for unusual impressions on the senses are felt, and instinctive *movements of the limbs*, consequent on

constrained posture or other causes, takes place. But the power of receiving external impressions gradually diminishes as sleep deepens, and the mind loses the power of arresting and detaining the sensations conveyed from without. Meanwhile, the organic or vital functions go on without interruption. The circulation of the blood and other fluids steadily proceeds; respiration is regular; and the functions of digestion and assimilation are even promoted by sleep. The mental acts are either suspended or leave no trace on the memory; yet in dreaming there is an exception to this general statement. The

condition of the mind in dreaming is, however, distinguished by two different circumstances: that the succession of thought (though modified by external sensation) is not regulated by the will, and that the images which pass upon the mind are considered as realities.

Such are the phenomena of sleep. As to the causes of them, there has been much controversy among physiologists; but every one can admire the beneficent arrangement of the Creator, by which the mind and body, exhausted by thought or toil, are refreshed and reinvigorated.

There is much yet unexplained and mysterious about the phenomena of sleep, and to those who wish to speculate on the subject, the following facts relating to dreaming and somnambulism may be interesting.

Whispering in the ears of a person asleep will sometimes produce curious effects. An officer in the expedition to Louisburgh, in 1758, was often practiced upon by his companions. After the army had landed, he was one day found asleep in his tent. The cannonading plainly disturbed him, and he was made to believe that he was engaged. He expressed great fear, and was evidently disposed to run away. He was then remonstrated with; but at the same time the groans of the wounded and dying were simulated, and on his frequent inquiries after those who were down, the names of particular friends were mentioned. At length he was told that the man next to himself had fallen, when he instantly darted from his bed and out of the tent, and was awaked by falling over the tent-ropes.

A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, and deserted. He was captured, taken back, tried, sentenced to be shot, and led out for execution. Preparations were made, and a gun was fired. He then awoke, and found that a noise in an adjacent room had both caused his dream and aroused him from it.

Dr. James Gregory dreamt of ascending the crater of Mount Etna, and of feeling the warmth of the ground under him, when he had gone to sleep with a vessel of hot water at his feet. He had ascended Mount Vesuvius, where he felt this sensation of warmth whilst mounting up the side of the crater. He also dreamt of wintering at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering acutely from the cold. On awaking

he found that a portion of his bed-clothes were off. A few days before, he had been perusing an account of the condition during winter of the country of which he had dreamt.

A gentleman and his wife during a period of great excitement both dreamt at the same time of the expected French invasion. In the morning it was found that a pair of tongs had fallen in the room above, and the noise made by this accident was believed to have caused these concurrent dreams. Dr. Reid states that when the dressing of a blister on his head had become ruffled so as to cause considerable discomfort, he dreamt that he fell into the hands of savages, who scalped him. A patient in the Edinburgh Infirmary talked a great deal when asleep, making frequent and very distinct references to patients who had been in the ward two years ago, at which period she herself had been there. Her allusions had no reference to those cases which were then in the ward. A gentleman who had been chased by a bull forty-five years before the period to which our statement refers, had almost invariably dreamt of his perilous adventure ever since it occurred, whenever he had eaten much supper, or any thing indigestible.

A gentleman connected with a bank in Glasgow was paying money at the tellers' table, when a payment of six pounds was demanded. The person who made this demand was impatient, and somewhat noisy, and, although his turn had not arrived, a gentleman requested that he might be paid and got rid of. Eight or nine months after, a deficiency of six pounds was discovered in the accounts of the bank. Several days and nights were vainly consumed in efforts to discover this error, and the gentleman who had made the payment just mentioned, went home greatly fatigued. He then dreamt of the whole transaction with the impatient client, whose conduct had annoyed him at the moment, and awoke with the belief that this dream would bring about an extrication from the difficulty in the bank-accounts. On examination, he found that this sum of six pounds had not been entered in the book of interests, and thus the deficiency was accounted for. Dr. Abercrombie, to whom we are indebted for this and many other of our facts, considers this case "exceedingly remarkable."

A gentleman of landed property in the

vale of Gala was prosecuted for considerable arrears of teind, or tithe, which he was said to owe to a noble family. He believed that these tithes had been purchased; but, after examining his father's papers, the public records, and those persons who had transacted law business with his father, he was unable to obtain evidence of such a purchase. He therefore resolved to ride to Edinburgh, and compromise the affair as well as he could. Going to bed with the intention of putting this plan in execution on the morrow, he dreamt that his father, who had been dead many years, appeared to him. He inquired the cause of his son's trouble; and when the gentleman had replied, and had added that the payment was the more unpleasant, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not owing, although he could not prove that to be the case, "You are right, my son," answered the father; "I did acquire right to these teinds for which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never, on any other occasion, transacted business on my account. It is very possible that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." The gentleman rode to Inveresk, and inquired of Mr. —, a very old man, if he had transacted a certain business for his father. The old gentleman could not remember; but when the Portugal piece of money was mentioned, the whole came to his mind, and he at once sought for the papers, and found them.

Some years ago, an investigation was made in the north of Scotland respecting an atrocious murder. A man came voluntarily forward, and stated that he had dreamt of a house near to which a voice had seemed to tell him the pack of the murdered peddler was buried. The spot mentioned was examined, and the pack was found near to it, but not precisely at the place. The individual accused was convicted; he confessed, and in the strong-

est manner exculpated the dreamer from any knowledge of or share in the murder. It appeared, however, that immediately after the murder the two men had been together in a state of almost continual drunkenness, and some statements had probably then slipped from the murderer, which his companion might not remember when he was sober, but which the dream now recalled.

A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire—which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned, along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion, in the Frith of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement; his companions went and were all drowned. Dr. Abercrombie declares these anecdotes to be "entirely authentic."

A clergyman went to Edinburgh from a place at a short distance, and was sleeping there, when he dreamt of seeing one of his children in the midst of a fire. He awoke, and instantly returned home, and when he came within sight of his house he found it on fire. He arrived in time to rescue one of his children who had been left in a dangerous situation.

A gentleman in Cornwall dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons. A small man entered, wearing a blue coat and a white waistcoat; and immediately after another man, wearing a brown coat with yellow basket metal buttons, drew a pistol from under his coat and fired at the first man, who instantly fell. Blood issued from a wound a short distance beneath the left breast. The



murderer was seized, and the dreamer saw his countenance. He awoke, and told the dream to his wife, who made nothing of it; but in the same night the dream was repeated three times, with precisely similar circumstances. He felt greatly disposed to warn Mr. Percival, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer; but some friends whom he consulted told him that he would be treated as a fanatic. Shortly after this gentleman heard of Mr. Percival's death, he was in London, where he saw a picture of the murderer in the print-shops, in which he recognized the countenance and dress of the individual seen by him in his dream, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the yellow basket-buttons on Bellingham's coat, corresponding precisely with what he had seen. Dr. Abercrombie received the particulars of this case from the gentleman himself.

Dr. George Moore is our authority for the following remarkable anecdote: An individual, whom he knew well, dreamt that he was in a churchyard reading the epitaphs, when a new grave attracted his notice. A remarkable stone at its head contained the name and the date of death of a friend whose company he had that evening enjoyed. This dream strongly impressed his memory; but, thinking it superstitious to regard such a matter, he thought little or nothing of it till seven months afterward, when the death of his friend occurred at the precise time of which he had dreamt. A young lady of Ross-shire dreamt that she saw her lover slain at Corunna on a particular day, and the dream proved a true one.

Dr. Macnish dreamt of the death of a relative who was three hundred miles distant, and three days after he learned that his dream was correct, although there had not been the least expectation of his death.

A gentleman, whom Dr. Darwin mentions, was so deaf that for thirty years it had been necessary to converse with him by writing or by signs. He told Dr. Darwin that he never dreamt of hearing persons speak, or of conversing with them, but by the fingers or by writing. Two persons who were blind also assured him that they never saw visible objects in their sleep since they had lost their sight. But Dr. Blacklock, who became blind when a few months old, had a consciousness in his dreams of the possession of a sense

which he had not when awake. He fancied that he was joined to objects by a species of distant contact, which was effected by means of strings or threads.

After forty years of total blindness, Huber dreamt of the sights of his childhood. Dr. Gregory says that he has employed thoughts in his lectures and writings which occurred to him in his dreams. He even used the expressions in which they were conveyed. Condorcet said that he more than once made calculations in his sleep; and various instances of literary composition during sleep are on record.

A distinguished lawyer was consulted upon an important and difficult case, which he studied for several days with anxious care. His wife then saw him rise in the night and go to a desk in the bedroom. He sat down and wrote a long paper, which he carefully placed in the desk. He then returned to bed, and in the morning told his wife that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion about a case which had greatly perplexed him, and that he wished he could remember the train of thought of his dream. She directed him to the desk, and there he found the opinion clearly copied out, which proved to be correct.

Moffat, the missionary, after wandering for some days in an African desert, without food or drink, says: "The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished-for waterfall; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard was the distant roar of the lion; but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely. I felt as if engaged in roving among ambrosial bowers, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed, and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These pleasures continued till morning, when we awoke speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal."

Somnambulism and dreaming appear to be closely allied. Possibly the truth may be that when dreaming we are not perfectly asleep, and that the somnambulist is still more awake, without being fully in

possession of the physical and mental powers which he has when completely awakened. He is half-awake. But more probably the phenomena depend on some special condition of the nervous system not yet ascertained.

Horstius mentions a young nobleman who rose in his sleep, wrapped himself in a cloak, and passed through a window in the citadel of Breslau, to the roof. Here he tore the nest of a magpie in pieces, and, wrapping the young birds in his cloak, he returned to his room and went to bed. In the morning he stated that he had dreamt of doing these things, and could not be persuaded that his dream was a reality, until the birds in his cloak were shown to him. Dr. Prichard tells of a man who rose, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the place where a market was held, all in his sleep. Martinet states that a saddler was accustomed to rise and pursue his calling when asleep; and Professor Upham tells of an American farmer who rose in his sleep, went to his barn, and there threshed five bushels of rye in the dark, and yet he separated the grain and straw with the greatest accuracy. Many cases are recorded where somnambulists have studied or composed.

Dr. Abercrombie received the following case from an eminent medical man, whose pupil the somnambulist was. This pupil was a botanist, and had lately received the first botanical prize from a public institution. One night, after a long botanical excursion, his master heard a heavy, measured footstep on the stairs; and on going into the passage he found his pupil, in his hat and shirt, with his tin-case slung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. "His eyes," says his master, "were more open than natural; but I observed he never directed them to me, or to the candle which I held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Going by water, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'May I go with you, sir?' 'Yes, sir; but I am going directly; therefore, please to follow me.' Upon this I walked up to his room, and he followed me, without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed, I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin-case from his shoul-

ders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing he knew my face very well—he had often seen me at the river's side." A long conversation then passed between the pupil and the imaginary boatman, which continued for three quarters of an hour, and in which he never made an irrelevant reply. But when asked, in this conversation, who had gained the first botanical prize, he named another gentleman, but did not mention himself. "Indeed!" was the reply; "did he gain the highest prize?" but he said nothing. And when asked, "Do you know Mr. —?" after much hesitation he answered: "If I must confess it, my name is —." With these two exceptions, he never hesitated in the conversation. He now lay down in bed, saying that he felt tired, and that he would wait until the Professor came. But he soon sat up, and conversed with another gentleman with correctness, and without hesitancy, even in uttering long sentences. After talking for about an hour, he said: "It is very cold on this grass; but I am so tired, I must lie down." Shortly afterward he did lie down, and was quiet through the night. In the morning he was quite unconscious of what had passed, and could not remember that he had even dreamt of any thing.

An orphan girl employed in tending cattle, slept in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from another, which was often occupied by an itinerant fiddler. A benevolent lady took her under her care, and she became her servant. Some years afterward, when she was still in this family, beautiful music was heard in the night-time, which was at length traced to the bed-room of this girl. She was found to be fast asleep, but singing in a tone exactly resembling the sweetest sounds of a small violin.

Another remarkable case is recorded on the authority of a highly intelligent clergyman. A girl, his servant, was greatly addicted to talking in her sleep; and it was found that in this way she passed through all the transactions of the past day, and that she repeated every thing which she had said in its proper order. Her tone and manner were changed to suit the circumstances of the different occasions on which she had spoken. She often rose in her sleep, and followed her usual occupations, and at length she passed into a state of continued unconsciousness to external things. She was aroused more than once

from this condition, but was subsequently removed home. She recovered in several weeks, and her peculiarities gradually disappeared.

Von Hoven, as quoted by Treviranus, mentions a student who talked in his sleep, and began every night exactly at the point where he had left off on the preceding night. A continuous and connected dream was the topic of his nocturnal ramblings. This affection continued about three weeks. Combe refers to a case described by Major Elliot, Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy of the United States at West-Point. A young lady of cultivated mind had an attack of somnolency, and when she came out of it all her acquired knowledge had vanished. She applied herself to rudimentary studies, and was regaining her lost acquirements, when

a second attack of somnolency occurred. She now at once recovered her lost knowledge, but remembered nothing of what had passed in the interval between the two attacks. A third attack again reduced her to the state of ignorance in which she had been after the first, and in this manner she passed through these alternate states for four years, retaining in one state all her original knowledge, and in the other all that she had acquired since the first attack. Thus, in one condition she wrote beautifully, and in the other her penmanship was poor.

Some of these cases defy explanation. But they may tend to show that both the body and the mind of man are greater mysteries than some philosophers would have us to believe.

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## G L I M P S E S      O F      G O E T H E :

### HIS GENIUS, HIS THEORIES, AND HIS WORKS.

BETWEEN the literary representatives of France and Germany the points of resemblance are many; those of difference are many more. They are alike in their many-sidedness, the extent of their labors, also in their being the two first poets whose genius appeared between the old world of Poetry and the new world of Science, and who exhibited their united tendencies. Each marched at the head of their century, above which their works, both in magnitude and merit, remain the most prominent literary landmark and monument. Their popularity was a natural consequence of their respectively embodying in the largest degree, the prominent traits of the national mind: in Voltaire, however, the prose element, wit and logic, predominated; in Goethe, imagination, sensibility, and judgment. Synthetic rather than analytic, his genius was not only of an infinitely higher poetic, but

of a far more profound philosophic order. The throne of the one is of thunder, that of the other of sun-cloud; and as the first was a destroying minister of the past, so the second—in the leading idea of his philosophy, at least—may be regarded as the herald of a productive future. Nevertheless, among the hundred serio-comic volumes of polemics, politics, satire, drama, and ribaldry, with which Voltaire kindled the revolutionary volcano, and on which he built so formidable and sinister a fame in his day, we should, perhaps, search out the series of *Poems and Discourses in Verse*, if we would discover the real individuality of the writer. This series of didactic compositions are much more original than Pope's essays, and as they were written in moments of calm, appear to be the truest reflection of the nature, character, principles, and aspirations of the old dictator of Ferney as a man and philosopher.

On the other hand, Goethe has imaged himself in all his works, they embody each phase, physical and emotional, through which he passed during his long career of eighty-one years. While Voltaire was perpetually engaged in creating external effects, Goethe, regarding the European horizon with calm indifference, seems to have had no other object than self-development. Even in their minor works their characteristics are strongly marked; and thus, while Voltaire wrote sparkling clusters of *vers de societe*, Goethe composed the charming series of lyrics and occasional verses, graceful and ideal, whose character is that of beauty rather than brilliancy.

Schiller has said of Goethe, that it was the distinctive characteristic of his mind to seek for unity in generality, and hence his theism appears to have been of an eclectic character, one which, based on the pantheism of Spinoza, reverentially recognized Christianity as the chief moral manifestation, and development of an everactive God, whose revelations to man, through the mind of man, were perennial.

"To hear people speak," he once said, "one would almost believe they were of opinion, that the Deity had withdrawn himself into silence since the old times, and that man was now placed on his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God, and his daily invisible breath. In religious and moral matters, indeed, a divine interposition is allowed, and in matters of science and art it is believed that they are merely earthly, and nothing but the product of human powers. But let any one try to produce something equal to Mozart, Raphael, or Shakspeare, who, divinely endowed, rose above ordinary human nature, and, after all, what does it come to? God did not retire to rest after the memorable six days of creation, but, on the contrary, is as constantly active as on the first. It would have been for him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and keep it rolling through the sunbeams from year to year, if he had not had the plan of founding a nursery of spirits upon this material basis; so he is now constantly active in higher natures to attract the lower ones." Actuated in early life by those ideas, it became his principle and practice to turn the events of life and their reaction on his mind and feelings, to poetic purposes, estimating the value of all things by the

effects produced in him for culture and creation. The "artistic indifference" which he exhibited, appears, indeed, to have, in part, arisen from his pantheistic contemplation of the universe. If every thing visible and invisible is a part of the work—a trait of divinity—it matters little on what object time is occupied, as all display the beauty, wisdom, and power of the great originating Intellect. The study of creation becomes a religion. Thus, a sunset, a flower, a bone, a ray of light, a passion, a picture—any phenomenon of nature, any phase of humanity, were regarded by him as alike sacred and worthy of contemplation. Looking at life from this point of view—one which enabled him to reconcile all inconsistencies, which, apparent to others, seemed to him but the lights and shadows of a general unity, we find him studying nature and life solely for the purposes to which they might be turned as objects of art and science. In his latter life, however, he set a higher value on the latter than the former; on a theory constructed or a truth discovered, than our imaginations embodied; as more permanent, universal, and godlike than the excursions, however splendid, of the creative fancy. In poetry the soul reflects forms and attributes according to the arbitrary medium of its own laws; but in discovering a universal law of matter or life, it stands face to face with Deity itself, and looks into the very heart of the omniscient and omnipotent Artist. Culture and production were the leading ideas of Goethe's life-philosophy; hence, to him, time was the most valuable of all things, and to keep his being in harmony with nature his constant endeavor, so as thus to create the conditions on which all vital and permanent work depends. His avoidance of all violent emotion was, it is said, partly constitutional; but this tendency he appears to have cultivated with the object of insuring the free action of his mind on all subjects, annihilating every passion and even affection which threatened to interfere with its vigorous and severe development. Thus his philosophy was essentially one of fruit, and each year of his long life realized the ideal of a being and becoming.

The pantheistic view of the universe which forms the basis of the leading systems of German philosophy, appears in its different aspects in some of the most elementary philosophical and religious sys-



tems of mankind. It is found in the poems of the Hindoo theosophists, Mamarisa and Capila. There is a difference, however, between the pantheistic doctrines expounded in the Vedanta of the first, and the Sanc'hya of the latter. In the Sutras of the one, God is regarded as the universal soul of the world; as a being eternally coëxistent with matter; but though the human soul is itself an emanation of the *anima mundi*, the changes through which it passes, the emotions and thoughts by which it is disturbed, isolated and individual, no more affect the tranquillity of the supreme mind than the tremblings of the sun's image on water the condition of the remote sphere from which they radiate.

The spiritual philosophy of pantheism is, however, confined to the Vedanta, and differs widely from the cosmical views set forth in the Sanc'hya, which infolds the principle in its materialistic aspect. According to Capila, the first principle of all things is uncreated matter—life and intelligence being secondary and developed therefrom. Thus the philosophy of these early thinkers, which may be called atheistical, bears, as far as can be seen, a resemblance to that of the Chinese Taoist sect, who hold that matter existed before spirit, and that existences and gods, the powers inferior and superior, have been called into being by the necessary development of the laws of matter.

Pantheistic doctrines of both varieties, spiritual and materialistic, appear also to have affected several of the schools of philosophy, ancient and modern; the Greek Stoics believed, like their remote forerunners in Hindostan, that the human soul was a principle and portion of deity, located for a period in matter, previous to its reabsorption into the general soul; while the spiritualism of Malebranche, to whom the external world was but an ideal impression, and who "beheld all things in God," is but an enlarged and modified reflection of the conception of Mamarisa. This resemblance between the most "advanced" views of the modern Germans, who have embraced as a support the cosmical theory of La Place, and those of the earliest thinkers among the Indians and Chinese, (for the Taoist sect antedates by several thousand years that of Confucius,) would, indeed, be curious, did we not reflect that the search after the absolute causes of things, forms natur-

ally the theme of the most primitive as of the latest contemplations of metaphysics. In abandoning the sphere of faith and reason, and adventuring into the void after the impossible, the human mind has thus revolved in a circle in the series of ages between the dawn of life and noon of civilization. To the absurdity of all forms of pantheism no allusion is requisite; the evidence of intelligent design every where apparent throughout the universe, is a stumbling-block which no theory attempting to explain the origin of order, life, intelligence, from the blind conflux of particles, or successional states of senseless matter, can remove. The two forms of pantheism above alluded to, as originated by the earliest thinkers, appear to have arisen from a contemplation of the inseparability of mind and body, the development of the first from the latter; or again, to the preëxistence of a spiritual element to whose superior power matter seemed naturally subordinated. Such primitive ideas projected into the external world, by the Pagan mind, seem eventually to have grown into the synthesis involved in the pantheistic doctrines.

Despite the philosophic eclecticism of Goethe, however, the study of Spinoza appears to have had a more permanent influence on his mind than that of any other writer, excepting, perhaps, Skakpeare. Naturalist and poet, his intense love of nature, of vegetation, and life, his adoration of intellect, his doctrine of culture and its application to his own being, sensitive and intellectual; his study of physical laws, and of the passions and emotions—all seem, as may be gathered from his works and conversations, to have had a relation to the pantheistic aspect in which he viewed the universe. To such a mind as his, in its poetic phases especially, it is indeed easy to conceive that this vague but all-embracing principle should have exercised a strong and attractive influence.

In his early days we can imagine the young poet, with mind serious and brilliant, sensitive and enthusiastic, wandering forth beneath the summer morning sky, and applying the theory of Spinoza to the objects of the surrounding universe for purposes of pleasure and elevation; seeing and feeling the direct presence of Deity in the glowing sun, in the fresh richness of the leafy woods, in the blossoming fields and balmy airs—nay, in the

feelings rising in his heart, and the fancies passing through his mind, through whose external impressions and inner movements he conceived himself thus brought into direct *rapport* and united with the bright, bounteous, all-pervading Presence. He feels himself God-surrounded, God-pervaded; all sensible objects, the playing lights, the flowing stream, the whispering leaves—all inner emotions and thoughts which thence emanate become lovable, for all appear manifestations of an all-permeating Power. He reclines under some tree, and turns his imaginations to shape; hours pass, and the external world disappears beyond the bright abstract sphere of ideation in which being is concentrated. Hours pass, and in the unrecognized interval, some poem has been sketched or embodied; something permanent has resulted from a day of life; and as the ideas called into existence float in music through his brain, he feels the intense and tranquil happiness arising from a creation accomplished; a harmony with surrounding nature, ever active, ever producing.

As the sun sets, as the twilight deepens, as the myriads of stars sparkle through the blue firmament, the relations between his soul and deity amplify, and mystic and sublime aspirations rise within him as the innumerable centers of matter and life remotely drawn upon the view, expanding the conceptions of an everlasting power, a universal soul, permeating planet and particle; present on the earth—present in the infinite. In such hours, in such mental phases, life becomes elemental—spiritual; intellect and existence harmonize with and embrace the great All; and every thought and pulse of being flashes and throbs in unison with the living symbols of Divinity, near or distant—the undulations of the kindly air, the coruscations of the remotest orb. In such contemplative alliance with nature, all the cares, ambitions, vanities of life and earth vanish; the west wind is sweeter than flattery, the evening star brighter than fame, and the poet-soul, exalted by its relations with infinite nature and existence, centers in one bright aspiration of mirroring for utility, and turning to music for pleasure, the wisdom and beauty of Spirit and Matter of which the universe is made.

Could the genesis of great poems be traced, the history of their progress from floating element to defined form would

constitute an interesting psychological curiosity. This, in all works of high conception at least, is, perhaps, impossible; the action of the creative power in all minds being mysterious; the individual, for the time, being mastered by the prophetic force and *afflatus* of the imagination. Such cometary inspirations of the mind follow laws of which the mind itself is ignorant. Milton, when engaged in the composition of his majestic epic, frequently, as he tells us, lay awake for hours at night—his mind, the while, blank as the starless heaven; until suddenly the nucleus of a conception would arise as from the void, the mighty dream take shape, and the forms of things unseen expanding before his “soul’s imaginary sight,” body themselves in picture and music, supernatural and sublime as the strain of an incantation!

How miraculous are the workings of the conceptive powers are best seen in the poet whose works form its amplest illustration—Shakspeare, the nine tenths of whose scenes and characters, each of which leaves the impress of truth and nature, could never have come within the limits of his observation and experience! Had he been asked where Hamlet, Lear, Imogene, etc., came from, his only answer possibly would have been, that his imagination conceived, he knew not how, their ideal, and that they evolved in creative trance, he knew not how, according to the laws of eclectic intellect acting on the world of inner nature. In such spiritual conceptive moods, imaginative souls develop powers which raise them toward the creative sphere of deity; and when they descend to earth, the powers by which their work has grown and become fashioned into perfectedness, “won from the void and formless infinite,” remains enshrouded in a hallow of God-like mysteriousness.

Speaking to Eckermann of the poem which was the most characteristic fruit of his many-sided genius, Goethe said: “*Faust* is something altogether incommensurable, and all attempts to bring it more within the region of the understanding, are in vain. It would be well, also, if readers of this work would bear in mind,” he added, “that the first part had its origin in a somewhat dark condition of the writer’s mind. But, it is this very indistinctness that charms men, and *Faust* is not the only insoluble problem on

which they have to exercise their wits. In the second part there is hardly any subjectivity; a more elevated, more expanded, more clear, and less impassioned world is there revealed; it is, however, only those who have seen and lived something, who will be able to understand the latter." *Faust*, the composition of which spread over thirty-one years, was the result of many elements, many moods of mind, changes of study, and phases of life. The leading idea, grafted on the old legend—a legend as grand as the Prometheus—had been familiar to him from childhood; but it was not until his residence at Strasbourg, in 1770, after he had passed six months absorbed in the study of alchemy, that the fancy of embodying his peculiar state of mind and fusing his experience into this story, occurred to him. In 1714 he commenced the work, composing the ballad of the *King of Thule*, the first monologue and the first scene with Wagner; during his love-affair with Lili, the scenes in which Gretchen appears, the street and chamber scenes, those between Faust and Mephistopheles, those in the walk and the street and garden pictures. In his Swiss journey, the interview between Faust and Mephistopheles, the scene before the city-gates, that between the Student and Mephistopheles, the Auerbach cellar scene, and also the plan of *Hellena*, afterward modified, were written and outlined. When in Italy, he read over the old ms. and added the cathedral scene, that in the Witches' Kitchen, and that in the forest. In 1797, he remodeled the whole work, adding the prologues on heaven, the Walpurgis-night, and the dedication; and in 1801, completed the first part, as we now have it. The *Hellena* was not completed until 1830.

The first part of *Faust* reflects the Gothic, as the second the spirit of the Classic imagination. Though rather a series of scenes than a drama, scarcely any other poem embodies so many elements—the spirit of philosophy and poetry, of the past and present, the legends of the middle age and the mythology of antiquity, intermingled with the experiences of the writer's existence, human and psychical. In working out the theme, Goethe has displayed alike the genius of the poet, philosopher, and phantast; reflection, imagination, knowledge of life and nature, feeling, thought, grotesque-

ness, and sublimity, are found embodied in its various scenes, many of which, in their wildness, strangeness, and rapidity, resemble the fantastic phantom-like pictures shown by a magic lantern. It is, indeed, the most characteristic production of German poetic genius; and, as an imaginative creation, stands alone, like the *Divina Commedia* of Dante.

From the melancholy beauty of the Dedication to the last tragic scene in the dungeon, the whole poem has an air of witchery, more like the dream of a magician than an elaborate production of art, though nothing can be more artistic than the principles on which its segments are constructed, its contrasts of scene, situation, and character, etc. In the first prologue between manager and poet, we have the spirit of prose and poetry brought into opposition; then comes the splendid hymn chanted by the archangels in space, which preludes the audacious prologue in heaven—a lyric, perhaps, the sublimest in German literature, both in its conception and the sonorous majesty of its pictorial language. How impressive, too, is the opening of the drama—the solemn monologue of Faust—who represents the ideal of imagination, and intellectual ambition—in his chamber; his meditation on the worthlessness of knowledge; the address to the moon shining among his books with melancholy familiar light, like the face of an old friend; his reflection on the worthlessness of life; his invocation of the spirit, previous to his contemplated suicide; the sudden terror produced by the advent of the potent minister; the aspiration expressed in the—"O spirit! how deeply I desire to resemble thee!" and the unearthly reply: "Thou canst resemble spirits whom thou comprehendest—not me!" The entry of Wagner; the commonplace, contented savant, who is made to contrast with the aspiring character of Faust; and, after the exit of the former, Faust's final resolve on self-destruction, interrupted by the song of the angels heralding the anniversary of the Resurrection-morning. Passages of the finest poetry and poetic conception are scattered through the work—the address to the sun; the meditation in the forest, and others.

The exquisite love-scenes between Faust and Marguerite, especially that in the garden, with the flower-scene and declaration of faith, need no allusion. For na-



ture, simplicity, and beauty, they have few parallels; Dante's *Francesca*, and the scenes between Ferdinand and Miranda, in the *Tempest*, bear the nearest parallels. The cathedral scene, in which Marguerite's prayer is interrupted by the evil spirit behind her, and the occasional bursts of the *Dies Ira*, is wonderfully dramatic. As a scene of dramatic power and tragic depth, the death of Marguerite is certainly equal to any in Shakspeare, whose influence is, indeed, seen in many parts of *Faust*, in which appears combined the speculative ideal of *Hamlet*, and the witch element of *Macbeth*; nay, the scenes between Faust and Mephistopheles—between the noble, aspiring, sensitive nature of the one, and the withered, dark, designing intellect of the other, insensible to good, intent only on evil, realize the ideal of a Hamlet—but more ambitious and poetical—and that of an Iago, embodied and brought into juxtaposition.

In a word, there is hardly a scene in the work which Shakspeare might not have written, though, had he molded its elements, he would have given them a greater unity and a stronger dramatic interest. It must be confessed here, that much of the interest of *Faust* depends on its fragmentary composition, and its somewhat irregular picturesque arrangement. How fine a touch of this latter sort, for instance, is that scene of a few lines, in which Faust and Mephistopheles are seen riding from the "Witch's Sabbath," over the desolate plain, against the leaden streak of night sky! Vastness, wildness, beauty, feeling—a mixture of all elements—incommensurability, in Goethe's words, constitute the ideal of the poem.

*Faust* was the life-work of Goethe; from the commencement of the first part in his twentieth year, to the completion of the *Hellena*, sixty years elapsed. This latter is indeed a singular composition, altogether different in subject and spirit from the first; but though abounding in fine conceptions, mature reflections, and rich poetry, it must be regarded as an inferior work—one which holds the same relation to *Faust*, as the *Paradise Regained* to the *Paradise Lost*, or the *Paradiso* to the *Inferno*. It is rather a phantasmagoria or mask than a drama—a series of scenes strung on an allegory; but though lacking the real interest, in which all compositions of this nature are defective, its effect, when read for its

spiritual meaning, is hardly less strong than that created by its forerunner. In the old middle-aged myth, one of the magical incidents is the amour of Faust with Hellen; adhering to this tradition Goethe has, in the commencement of the *Hellena*, resuscitated the ancient life of Greece, and in the series of such scenes has had a fine field for exhibiting his imaginative power of realizing the form and spirit of the ancient poets, which he had previously expressed so well in the *Iphigenia*.

The dialogues, scenes, and choruses of the interlude, are like a reflection of Sophocles in German, and while the middle portion, in which the chivalrous life of the middle ages is depicted, evinces the study of Calderon, the conclusion, Faust's death and salvation through the prayers of the spiritualized Marguerite, though altogether different in form, have much of the air of Dante.

As in the first part we have a Gothic, so in the second we have a classic Walpurgis-night, in which instead of witch and goblin, the old mythology of Greece is embodied. Altogether, the *Hellena*, which German critics tell us is an exposition of the philosophy of art, is a singular work, the result, as it appears to us, of a series of annotations made from his studies, classical, historical, philosophic, and artistic, turned into dramatic and poetic forms and scenes, consistent with a continuation and conclusion of the *Faust*—which, however, far exceeds the *Hellena* in imaginative spontaneity and poetic vigor.

In *Faust* there is reality, nature; Marguerite, Mephistopheles, Wagner, etc., all impress us as real being; in the *Hellena* all the figures, except Faust and Mephistopheles, after they have played their parts turn into shadows, and nothing is left but the allegory, for which, and its poetry, philosophy, and reflection, the work has alone an attractive interest. It is like a beautiful desert region adorned with the richest radiance, in which, while there is an occasional oasis, beautiful in its reality, there is a vagueness, a want of interest, a monotony, only relieved by the mirage—which the greater number of its scenes in their beauty and unreality resemble.

Whenever Goethe adhered to his ideal of poetry—pure reality in the light of a mild glorification—he succeeded. Thus all the finest forms in his poetry were ori-



ginated from some model in actual life. In Faust he has depicted the intellectual aspirations and ambition of his intellect and imagination in youth; in Marguerite we have Lili; in Mephistopheles his friend Merk, a man of singular character and appearance, whose arid logic and unsympathizing nature he idealized in the famous figure of the fiend—not of ignorance but knowledge. In the Phillina in the *Wilhelma Meister*, he has painted the wild coquetry of Madame Von Stein; and in Mignon a little singing-girl whom in his youth he met at Mayence, and whose sadness, earnest ways, and beauty, remained on his mind until after many years his imagination gave her character shape in his famous novel.

A French critic has remarked that poets who have displayed the imagination for sublimity, have invariably been distinguished for their love of the grotesque, and he instances Dante as a case in point. Wherever this element appears in the *Commedia*, however, it is evident that the pictures so treated are not original conceptions of the poet, but are to be referred—like the witch scenes in Middleton and Shakspeare—to the wild caprices of existing popular tradition. Judging from Ariosto, and other writers in prose and poetry, the grotesque seems rather the product of fancy than imagination; while it abounds in Spenser, there is scarcely a trace of it in the great delineations of Milton, whose sense of sublimity was too pure and powerful to delight in pictures of mere wildness and extravagance, of which the grotesque is the characteristic, such as the Giants and Lucifer of the *Inferno*, *Astolphos's Journey to the Moon*, in Ariosto.

In its proper place, however, an introduction of the grotesque element gives a work of poetic fiction a singular charm, whether it takes the form of unearthly awe or humor; and no where is its spirit better embodied than in the *Walpurgis-night* of Goethe. Among the numerous compositions which have been based on the legendary ideal of Faust, we may allude to the beautiful and fantastic little poem of Gautier, entitled, *Albertus*; which, while grotesque in subject, and full of picturesqueness and color, displays a fine, though, as in the case of most French poets of the new or romantic school, a somewhat artificial strain of imagination. A hideous old sorceress, Ve-

ronica, becomes possessed of a demoniac desire to ruin a human soul. The poem opens with a description of a summer night in a lonely region, and of the garret in which she lives, a gloomy chamber in the gable of a tall and solitary Italianesque old house. Every thing is minutely painted; the window shadowed by lilacs, through which the green lizards spring from branch to branch in the warm moonlight; the old weeds on the roof; the silvery tracery left by the snails on the moldering bricks, etc., etc. The progress of this little drama is magical; the time is confined to an hour, and the distant bell in the clock-tower chiming the quarters, heralds a new scene. The witch has selected a young painter, Albertus, as her victim; as the clock sounds nine, she utters an incantation, a spirit appears of whom she demands that he will change her into a young and beautiful woman; the painter, led by demoniac power to her chamber, becomes enraptured, and presently by repeating certain talismanic words, resigns his soul into her power.

Presently in the middle of this singular *seance*, his attention is drawn off by the noise of something beating against the panes of the window; he looks out, and, though it was a summer's night a quarter of an hour before, the ground is now covered with snow, the drifts of hail are seen coursing across the desolately transformed landscape. Again the clock chimes; and being now thoroughly under the control of the sorceress, they depart together to the Witches' Sabbath, held among the mountains. Here it is that Gautier's grotesque fancy chiefly displays itself; the horrible and beautiful sights that pass before Albertus, the wild revel, the impious songs and utter devilry of the scene, are quite Germanesque. Suddenly, and by chance, as he is whirling round in a maddening saraband with fiery figures, he utters the name of God—and the unreal world around him vanishes, the lightning falls in revengeful flashes; and as the blue morning breaks over the hill-road, the corpse of Albertus is found by some early peasants.

This little poem is full of grotesque fancy in its scenes, and even language, and it is in treating such themes that Goethe excels. When, however, as in some of his works—such as *Cromwell*—he attempts the pure sublime, he fails in a disastrous manner, and becomes, as it

were, affected with *goître* by ascending too high into the regions of grandeur and snows.

With the exception of the epic, Goethe attempted and succeeded in almost all other descriptions of poetry. In his dramas, we find his power of drawing character with a large hand in the grand outlines of *Egmont*, his power of inventing dramatic incidents in *Goetz*, and of conceiving situations in *Tasso*, whose ideal is the contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of convention; but in none of his works of this order has he united all the elements of dramatic and poetic art. Next to the *Faust* which, as a conception, stands by itself, like the *Divina Commedia*, perhaps the finest of his larger poetic compositions are the Roman Elegies, in which he has embodied the antique Latin spirit with a profounder instinct than any other writer, Shakspeare excepted. As in the *Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, we gain a more perfect idea of the Roman character than we can derive from ancient history; so in those Elegies we realize the Pagan pastoral life of old Italy far more perfectly than from the Virgilian Eclogues. Modeled on Theocritus, these latter, indeed, are rather Greek than Latin, like all the compositions of the Augustan period; nor does the true Roman spirit make its appearance until the decline of the empire—the age of Lucan and Tacitus.

Goethe's two journeys to Italy bore two fruits—the Elegies and Venetian Epigrams; the first is redolent with the sensuousness, passions, and *pleausance* of Pagan adolescence; in these the river of life flows strong, sweet, and ebullient; they appear to have been written with all the vigor and *abandon* of the imagination, tintured with the bright associations and glowing sun of the peninsula. In the Epigrams, on the other hand, we find the play of the matured reason, serious, brilliant, and ironical; in these the wine of poesy has become clearer, bitterer—a tonic, not an intoxication. In the *Herman and Dorothea* the old pastoral life of Germany is exquisitely portrayed. As an idyllic genius, indeed, Goethe has no approximate rival among modern poets, except Tennyson. It is chiefly by *Faust* and his lyrics, however, that he is best known to English readers, by the *Bride of Corinth*, *God and the Bayadere*, the *Fisher*, the

*Prophecy of Bakis—God, the World, and the Soul*. Nothing can surpass the grace, freshness, and purity of outline which distinguish those charming compositions—*naturali pulchritudine carmen exsurgit*—or, the simple melody in which they are evolved, while, like the lyrical ballads of Schiller, Uhland, and the Germans generally, while embodying an incident, picture, or emotion, they have each an inner spiritual meaning, like a parable—each is at once a little drama and an allegory. Many of his songs, *zinein*, and fugitive verses, also, are full of beauty, wisdom, and suggestiveness.

Goethe's labors in the department of prose fiction are too well known to need reference. Though sentimentalism is no longer the taste of the day, as when *Werther* appeared, that somewhat wild book has, at least, the merit of originality; several of the scenes, though rather *outré* from the intermixture of German homeliness, still impress from their poetry, truth, and pathos; and though the work was, doubtless, modeled on the *Heloise*, its painting generally is closer to nature than that of the Rousseau romance; except perhaps, the lake-scene in the latter. In *Wilhelm Meister*, Goethe originated the philosophical novel, and this work, despite the triviality of its earlier portions, and its want of construction, still retains a prominence in a domain of composition which Bulwer has so successfully cultivated. Many of the delineations are true creations; and while readers will long find an interest in the ideal beauty and novelty of conception displayed in *Mignon*, in the wild graces and natural coquetry of Phillina, and the antique Odyssean air and outline of the old harper, thinkers will recur to its later chapters, abounding as they do in matured reflection on many subjects, nature, life, art, education, etc. Exclusive of his other larger novels, *Stello* appears to us by far the best, though many of his short tales and romances are charming.

To create and live were, with Goethe, ideas essentially connected, his long life was one of work, unresting, unhastening, like the star in his *zinein*; and it was thus he sought to realize his conception of deific existence by keeping his own in harmony with the everlasting productiveness of nature. In one sense, Work may have been said to be his god; and

the lines of the French poet, in which its perennial relation to the universe is recognized, his motto:

“La Travail est mon Dieu: lui seule regit la monde.

Il est l'ame de Tout; c'est en vain que vous dit,

Que les dieux sont à table, ou dorment dans leur lit—

J'interroge les Dieux—l'air, et la terre, et l'onde,” etc.

Though turning every experience internal and external to account, it can not be said, as some of his biographers have asserted, that Goethe's love of art was greater than that of humanity, for no man exhibited affectiveness in a more prominent and exalted degree; the uninterrupted exercise of his spiritual powers, the highest development of creative law on this planet, he regarded as primary, and like Milton, the action in poetic conception and scientific discovery, as constituting the supremest phase of human life. This stoical isolation from all that contributes to the pleasures and happiness of ordinary mortals, to insure creative spiritual existence, or their reception solely for purposes of art, gives an air of antique strength to the character of this modern prophet of culture—this sun-born genius of Light.

The versatility or comprehensiveness which he exhibited in his studies, and in his reflective and creative labors, arising from the synthetic nature of his intellect, characterizes, also, the poet-philosopher in his speculative and religious aspect. His credo was eclectic, uniting something of the physical worship of Paganism with the moral worship of Christianity, and recognizing as genuine only that which stands in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which ministered to the highest development of being.

“If I am asked,” he once said, “whether it is my nature to pay Christ devout reverence, I say—certainly; I bow before him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is my nature to revere the sun, I say, again, certainly; for he also is a type of the Highest Being and the most powerful we, children of the earth, are permitted to behold; I adore in him the light and productive power of God, by whom we and all creation live, and move, and have our being.” A pro-

found conviction in the eternal duration of the soul, naturally followed from his view of the eternal vitality of the universe, and thus to him death formed but the *point de depart* to other spheres of activity and development. One evening, in his old age, returning with his secretary from a drive through the wooded valley of Rudolstadt, he caused the carriage to stop at a place where four roads met, to enjoy the prospect of the red sun sinking over the river and distant hills, and shedding his tranquil light through the splendid avenue of black Italian poplars. After viewing the descending orb for some time, turning to Eckerman, he said, cheerfully, “When one is seventy years old, one can not fail at times to think of death. The subject I contemplate in the most perfect peace, for I have a firm conviction that the soul is an existence of an indestructible nature, whose working is from eternity to eternity. It is like yonder sun, which, to our eyes, indeed, seems to set, but properly speaking, never sets—shining on in unchangeable splendor;” adding that to him, the idea of the soul's immortality flowed from that of its *activity*; “for if I progress in intellectual activity in the same proportion as my bodily tenement weakens, nature thereby seems to pledge herself to bring me into a state of existence more suitable to the ripe state of my inward man.”

Although the lives of poets and philosophers generally are little marked by variety, Goethe's biography—a panorama of eighty-one years—presents many vistas, unfolding situations which are not a little interesting in a picturesque point of view. Now we get a glimpse of him as a child, when, in the ripe harvest-time, his parents took him out to spend an evening in the fields; where, with his comrades, a little drama was extemporized among the corn-sheaves, interspersed with songs, and terminating with a feast and dance in the autumn moonlight. Now as a youth of twenty, during his residence at Strasbourg, where he and his companions were accustomed to assemble in the evening upon the broad and lofty gallery of the cathedral, to salute the setting sun with brimming goblets of Rhine wine, the calm landscape stretching for miles before them, as they pointed out the several spots which memory had endeared to each. Later, during his Italian travels, we see him rambling in meditative trance

now, amid the starlit ruins of Rome—now, floating amid the serenade rippling night of the Venetian sea in the gondola, from which, in one of the Venetian epigrams, he afterward shaped the following striking image: "This gondola, with its warm-cushioned cabin and black roof, resembles both a cradle and a coffin; thus it is with us, between both, we float thoughtlessly along the grand canal of life;" now, on some warm Sicilian morning, botanizing amid the verdurous and leaf-colored ruins of Arigentum—now, mingling in the careless summer life of Naples. Still later, may be noted the interview between him and Schiller, on the night of the thirty-first of December, 1799, when the two poets met to celebrate the sinking sun of the departing century.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting picture, is that which Goethe has painted of himself in his eighty-first year; when, in the summer, having removed for a time into a rural region, some distance from Weimar, he wrote to Eckerman: "I enjoy here both good days and good nights. Often, before dawn, I am already awake, and lie down by the open window to enjoy the splendor of the three planets which are at present to be seen, and to refresh myself with the increasing brilliancy of the morning red. I pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me, and of which I could tell you wonders. I also

write poems again, which are not bad; and if it were permitted me, I should like always to remain in this situation." Many of the conversations and situations in the poet's biography have a relation to the sun; and in some of the most striking of the latter, the figure of this worshiper of light and the glorious orb, appear in appropriate juxtaposition and companionship. On the morning of his death, just as he had finished his last labor—the commentary on the zoölogical dispute between Cuvier and Gregory St. Hilaire, he was seated at his study-window, rejoicing in the renewal of spring, already animating the barren earth with leaf, and flower, and song, and anticipating a renewal of life with the renewed vitality of the year. He was gazing at the rising orb, when suddenly the shadow touched him; he fell senseless on the sofa at the casement overlooking the hedges of rose-trees, which were trained around its sides, his grandchild watching and ministering to him while life remained. For a time visions passed before him, as his fragmentary murmurs indicated; then the pulse began to ebb, the breath grew faint; he instinctively arranged himself on the couch, so as to front the rising sun; as the shadows of death gathered, he was heard to murmur, "More light, more light!" and in this prayer, so cognate with his genius, passed away, like Frederic the Great, and other eagle-souls of the earth, gazing on the sun.

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## T H E R E I G N O F T E R R O R . \*

It has been said of the French, by one who was no flatterer of people or parties, that they partake of the character of the monkey and the tiger; and the scene enacted at the Assembly on the seventh of July, and immortalized under the name of the "Baiser Lamourette," or Lamourette's kissing incident, would certainly vindicate the cynical aspersion. Lamourette, Bishop of Lyons, rose upon that occasion, and, with

a mild unctuous voice, declared that at the moment that measures were being proposed to save the country the best thing to do would be to cut off all chances of danger by the root, by a general union of parties—of free men equally opposed to feudalism and to anarchy. When foreign countries saw France united, they would hesitate, and France would be saved.

A prey to an indescribable enthusiasm, in the extreme pleasure of a loophole to

\* Concluded from page 188.



their fears having suddenly presented itself, the whole Assembly rose up; the Left descended towards the Right, the Right stepped forward to meet the Left. Jancourt embraced Merlin; Dumas, Basire; Albitte, Ramond; Gensonné, Calvat; Gentz, Chabot; those most hostile to one another shook hands and fraternized. Even Pastoret and Condorcet, who that very morning had exchanged the most acrimonious epithets in their respective journals, fell into one another's arms! The King himself was sent for to participate in the universal joy, and to complete the touching scene. Shouts of "Vive le Roi" mingled with those of "Vive la nation," and enthusiasm was at its culminating point.

Alas! the illusion was but of brief duration. The factions were no longer open to conciliation. The leaders of the Jacobins—Danton, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and others—designated the "Baiser Lamourette" as the kiss of Judas, and the whole scene became a matter of ridicule. An attempt on the part of the Council-General of the Department to depose the Mayor, Pétion, and the Procureur, Manuel, sufficed to arouse all the most virulent passions of old. This deposition had been demanded on account of the part taken by these two officials in the invasion of the Tuileries on the twentieth of June. The King referred the question to the Assembly, which was no longer in the same temper as it had been in the morning, when, according to Rœderer, "the revolution had been consummated by the Baiser Lamourette." News had arrived that the Royalists had occupied Jalès and the château of Bannes. The cry of the country in danger was once more raised. The ministers gave in their resignation. The sans-culottes appeared at the bar, many of them with their shovels on their shoulders and their hods on their backs. Masuyer, the Girondist, (who was condemned to death the twenty-ninth Ventose, An. II.,) denounced the Council of the Justices of Peace as a "tribunal de sang." On the twelfth a royal message confirmed the suspension of the Mayor and of the Procureur. Delfau, Dalmas, Daverhoul, (a Belgian colonel, who, disgusted at the violence of the Mountain, withdrew from the Assembly, and shot himself in consequence of the events of the tenth of August,) and a few other Girondists, supported the King, but the Assembly decreed the suspension to be removed.

The next day, the fourteenth, the festival of the "Federation" was celebrated. Pétion appeared in triumph, dragging, as it were, Louis XVI. behind his car. It was the last in which royalty appeared before it full under the demagogue axe. The Marseillais who were among the Federals had sent in an address, which was the programme for the tenth of August. "A hereditary royalty," it said, "consecrated in favor of a perjured race, is a privilege subversive of liberty;" and it added, "let the executive power be named and deposed by the people, like all the other functionaries." Martin of Marseilles denounced the address as the work of a faction, but in vain. The King appeared on the altar of the country, in the words of Madame de Staël, like a victim voluntarily presenting himself to the sacrifice. All the honors of the day were given to Pétion—the real king of the moment. "Pétion or death!" was shouted on all sides, inscribed on the banners, or written in chalk on the hats. The very same day, a year afterwards, the same populace were shouting: "Death to Pétion!" So much for mob popularity.

The Jacobins, aware that La Fayette stood in the way of their designs, sought to bring him under the ban of public accusation. The arrival of Marshal Luckner presented them with the wished-for opportunity. It was eliminated from the Marshal that La Fayette had wished to march the army to Paris, to the assistance of the King in danger. A temporary invasion of the gardens of the Tuileries by the insurgents, whose delight it was to sing to the Queen,

"Madame Veto avait promis,  
De faire égorger tout Paris,"

put a stop to the proceedings on the twenty-first of July, but they were resumed the next day, and continued on the twenty-eighth, by which time a letter had come from La Fayette, denying the charge in the most explicit manner. Marshal Luckner was also obliged to retract his statement.

The Assembly had declared the country in danger on the eleventh of July, but the decree was not publicly promulgated till the twenty-second and twenty-third, on which days it was announced by the ominous discharge of guns on the Pont-Neuf at six o'clock in the morning. Drums

were beat, processions paraded the streets, and temporary amphitheatres, decorated with the tricolor flag and crowns of oak-leaves, were raised to enroll volunteers. Robespierre and Danton declared that before troubling themselves with repelling the enemy that was without, "the traitor whose existence threatened the tranquillity of France must be punished." The Federals from the departments seconded this revolutionary programme, and openly demanded the deposition of the King. A central council of Federals was constituted, which soon became a focus of insurrection, where even the decrees of the Assembly were disregarded.

On the twenty-sixth of July a popular banquet was organized on the ruins of the Bastille, in the hopes of fomenting an insurrection. Santerre, Lazouski, Fournier the American, Vaugeois, Westermann, Carra, Guillaume, and other chiefs of the insurrection, were assembled at the public-house called the Golden Sun, opposite to the Bastille. A project of attack upon the Tuileries was discussed, but Mandat, commandant of the National Guard, having collected some six or seven thousand men for the defense of the place, Pétion deemed it wise to announce that every precaution had been taken, and the insurgents had better disperse, which they did, after dancing a few civic dances and singing as many revolutionary songs. The plot failed, but it left a new sore behind it. The Assembly decreed the next day the establishment of a council of surveillance to assist the Municipality, which, established after the tenth of August, filled the prisons with pretended suspicious persons, and had them massacred on the second of September. "Demagogy," says M. Mortimer Ternaux, "invariably proceeds after one fashion; it begins by lying and calumniating, and it ends by imprisonments and assassinations."

Pétion and Manuel had been for a long time past busy organizing the tumultuous and disordered Sections of Paris. A central office of correspondence was established on the seventeenth of July by a municipal decree for the Forty-eight Sections. It held its meetings at the Hôtel de Ville. Forty-eight deputies had to attend every day to communicate what had passed in their Sections, and to hear what had been adopted by the others. Thirty-two Sections responded at once to the municipal appeal. Others only joined later. Thus

a new power, without rules, responsibility, or guarantee, was established in the city, and that without the concurrence of the Assembly or of the Executive. Worse than all, they arrogated to themselves the right of speaking in the name of the people of Paris. Thanks to the establishment of this central office, the revolutionary movement was generalized. If an insurrectionary movement manifested itself in one section, it was as quickly adopted and often amplified by the remainder. The Section of the Lombards, for example, advocated the formation of a camp at Paris, and not only was the question of the forfeiture of the crown discussed, but Robespierre took the lead in his club or section of the Rue Saint-Honoré, in debating what kind of government should succeed that of the King.

We shall see as we proceed that a most remarkable retributive justice awaited the greater number of the originators and actors in the revolution of 1792. The fate of most of the commissaries of Sections, who, next after the club of Jacobins, played the most important part in instigating insurrection and murder, was peculiarly remarkable in this point of view—one which we have not seen eliminated before. There were, it must be kept in mind, only three commissaries to each Section. Few but were arrested at one time or other by the terrible Committee of Public Safety, at the head of which was the secret yet powerful conspirator Robespierre, and to which the Convention had delegated its sovereign powers. Deltroit, commissary for the Section of the Louvre, was guillotined in company with Robespierre himself under the number 2665. Dervieux, an advocate and commissary for the Section of the "Postes," perished the same day as No. 2697. Hébert, journalist, was guillotined as No. 505, when thirty-five years of age. L'Huillier, a solicitor, committed suicide at Sainte-Pélagie. He was one of the three representatives of the terrible Section of Mauconseil. Jérôme, Section Arcis, suffered as an accomplice of Robespierre. Faro, an artist, Section Poissonnière, was guillotined as No. 2673, at thirty-one years of age; and Pelletier, wine-merchant of the same Section, met the same fate, as No. 2671. Individuals were, indeed, only known as numbers on the scaffold. Bernard, a married priest of Sainte-Marguerite, Section Montreuil, was decapitated as No. 2645; Turlot, of the

same Section, as No. 2738. This is the second instance of two commissaries out of three having perished on that scaffold which they so materially assisted in raising. Simon, shoemaker, of the Section Théâtre Français, jailer and preceptor to Louis XVII., was guillotined under No. 2650. Gobeau, Solicitor, Section Croix Rouge, perished as No. 2648; Bigaut, artist, Section Sainte-Genève, as No. 2667. Mercier, bookseller, Section of the Gobelins, was guillotined as No. 2676. Thus, of eighty-two persons who figured at the Hôtel de Ville on the nights of the ninth and tenth of August as commissaries of Sections, eleven perished on the scaffold, and three others came to an untimely end.

The arrival of the battalion of Marseillais at Charenton on the twenty-ninth of July had a marked influence upon the progress of events. M. Ternaux describes these so-called Marseillais as "des bandits émérites," expedited by the revolutionary societies of the South to overthrow the constitution, and plunge France into anarchy and disorder. Even ultra-revolutionary historians, as M. Louis Blanc, calls them "intrepid adventurers," and M. Michelet speaks of some as "fait au sang," "très endurcis," "rudes hommes des peuple," "sans peur ni pitié;" and of others as young people "dans leur premier accès de fureur et de fanatisme," "vouées au vertige, telles qu'on ne'en voit guère de pareilles que sous ce violent climat." The national hymn called "La Marseillaise" had nothing to do with these banditti; it was improvised at Strasburg by Rouget de Lisle, and was first chanted at the house of the Mayor Dietrich, who was afterward executed upon the declaration of two apostate priests, Philibert Simond and Euloge Schneider, both of whom soon followed their victim to the scaffold.

Two young Marseillais, Rebecqui and Barbaroux, who had been some time in Paris, went forth to meet the battalion accompanied by Fournier, the American. Rebecqui drowned himself in the port of Marseilles to escape the "sbires" of the Committee of Public Safety; Barbaroux was guillotined at Bordeaux, after being taken out of a ditch where he lay wounded in an attempt to shoot himself. A plan was concocted, the details of which are given by M. Ternaux from the *Mémoires de Barbaroux*, to invade the Tuileries the

next day; but it failed on the thirtieth as it had failed on the twenty-sixth, from the auxiliaries not coming to their posts. The Marseillais, about five hundred and sixteen in number, were only received by two hundred Federals, and some couple of dozen Parisians with pikes and cutlasses. They were, however, further welcomed by a group of Jacobins on the ruins of the Bastille, and afterward refreshed at a cabaret in the Champs Elysées. Unfortunately, some grenadiers of the battalion of National Guard, Filles Saint-Thomas, were dining at a traiteur's close by, and a quarrel ensued, in which several were grievously wounded and one killed. Thus did the Marseillais inaugurate their first day in Paris! The matter was brought before the Assembly, but as usual denied and scouted by the Mountain.

On the second of August the Marseillais presented themselves before the Assembly to notify their arrival in an official manner, and to demand vengeance against their adversaries. At the same tumultuous assembly a crowd of men and women invaded the bar, declaring that one hundred and seventy Federals had been poisoned at Soissons, and seven hundred sent to the hospitals. The act, they averred, had been committed by the "aristocrats," and they added: "If we had only exterminated them to the very last at the commencement of the revolution, it would have been now completed, and the country would not be in danger!" Next day it was ascertained that not one Federal had been poisoned, and that the rumor had originated from some broken glass having become accidentally mixed with the bread.

Every thing, indeed, was now trouble, anarchy, and confusion in the Assembly, in Paris, and all over France. Serious disorders manifested themselves in every direction. It was under such circumstances that appeared the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, declaring it to be the intention of the Emperor of Austria and of the King of Prussia to vindicate the rights of royalty in France, to reestablish order, and, if opposed, to punish summarily the guilty. M. Ternaux denounces the manifesto as a "signal monument of folly." It certainly was not wise, for the Austrians and Prussians not having been able to carry out their programme, their intervention materially affected the safety of the King and Queen.



But had Providence ordained otherwise, and they had succeeded, the lives of the King and Queen would have been saved, royalty and constitutionalism reëstablished on a sound basis, anarchy and rebellion put down, and myriads of lives afterward sacrificed on the field of battle and the scaffold have been spared. It was not, therefore, in its intentions, at all events, so bad as French historians—even to M. Ternaux—unite to represent it to have been.

The King addressed the Assembly, declaring that he remained faithful to the constitution, that he would not receive the law from foreigners, and that he would maintain with his last breath the national independence. He even implored the love of his people, but the Mountain had no sympathy. Pétion appeared at the head of a deputation from the central committee of the Sections, demanding “the dismissal of the chief of the executive power.” The address was referred to an extraordinary commission, and the Assembly now first began to be seriously damaged in the opinion of the insurgents. This feeling of exasperation was further increased by their dismissing the celebrated decree Mauconseil, (one of the Sections of Paris,) which declared Louis XVI. to be no longer King of the French. It is another remarkable instance of retributive justice that the only two persons who signed this decree—Lechenard, president, and Bergot, secretary—perished afterward on the scaffold, one as No. 2737, the other as No. 2695.

On the fourth of August the Section of Gravilliers declared to the Assembly that if it would not save the country, they would have to take upon themselves that onerous duty! But on the fifth some slight signs of réaction manifested themselves. The Section of the Bibliothèque declared to the Assembly that they took no part in the unconstitutional decree of the Section Mauconseil and the Section of the Arsenal, led by the celebrated chemist Lavoisier, denounced the document as a ridiculous and absurd manifesto, representing the folly of a handful of anarchists as the language of a whole population. The courage of the Girondists was so enhanced by this action of two of the Sections, that they actually declined to permit the delegates of the Sections who approved of the Mauconseil decree and their friends to defile before them, and

resolved upon admitting only twenty deputies. They then separated, says M. Ternaux, proud of this signal act of independence, and believing that they had saved the country!

Among the various propositions which emanated from those fertile hotbeds of sedition, the Sections, was one from that of the Gobelins, that the Swiss Guard should be dismissed from the Tuileries, and a camp formed there instead. The municipality expressed itself in favor of a certain number of citizens belonging to different battalions of the National Guard taking their turn of service at the palace. The Sections demanded a new staff, that no orders should be obeyed save such as came from the civil authority, that the field-pieces belonging to the sixty battalions should be distributed among the Sections, and that select companies should be suppressed as being contrary to equality. Some of the grenadiers had even set an example to the same effect by disembarrassing themselves of their epaulettes and shakos, and hoisting the red cap. One of the most violent of these fanatics, Marino, was a victim of the sanguinary drama known as that of the “chemises rouges,” because its victims were led to the scaffold in a dress which had previously been reserved for parricides and regicides.

The permanence of the Sections, finally conceded in a moment of weakness by the Assembly, contributed materially to exalt the fever of agitation which had taken possession of the populace of Paris. This permanence became the signal for the most frightful anarchy. Decrees supposed to represent the opinion of the people were thus passed at any hour of day or night, when perhaps only two or three conspirators were present, who improvised a president and a secretary, or registrar, among themselves. When the Jacobins wanted a vote from a Section, in order, according to the expression of the day “la mettre au pas,” they dispatched emissaries, men without a home, even women and children, in order to constitute a majority. “The plébiscites,” M. Ternaux says, “brought to the bar of the national representatives in the name of the population of Paris were only vain phantasmagoria, prepared by skillful and audacious scene-shifters.”

The Assembly having had the courage to reject the motion for the accusation of La Fayette by a majority of four hundred



and six against two hundred and twenty four, they were insulted and grossly maltreated on leaving the Chambers. The next day Girardin complained of having been struck by insurgents in red caps.

"Where were you struck?" ironically shouted the Mountain.

"Behind," replied Girardin; "do assassins ever strike elsewhere?"

The proceedings of the Assembly were going on amidst the usual interruptions, exclamations, insults, applause, and howlings, when Rœderer appeared at the bar to announce that the insurrection was ready, and that the Section of Quinze-Vingts had decided that it should commence at midnight at the sound of the alarm-bell and the beating of drums, if the Assembly had not voted the downfall of the monarchy before that time; but at the same time he announced that precautions had been taken, and reserves had been established in the Place du Carrousel and the Place Louis XV. Mandat declared that the National Guard could be depended upon. Pétion assured the meeting that he was prepared to bear the responsibility which the law imposed upon him, and, thus falsely reassured, the deputies withdrew at seven in the evening, leaving the field open to the insurgents.

Historians have generally admitted that the events of the tenth of August, 1792, have been more disfigured by misrepresentations than any others of ancient or modern times. It has, in the words of Michelet, been buried under falsehoods as deep as many alluvial deposits. We have at least the novelty of following now the details accumulated by one who has no regard for the misrepresentations of the past, and who fears not to dissipate the monstrous exaggerations of the day.

The general in command of the National Guard on that day was Mandat, formerly a captain of the French Guard; a brave soldier, and faithful to his oath, he was prepared to defend the inviolability of the house and person of the King to death. Unfortunately, he could not augment the ordinary service without the authority of the Mayor of Paris, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the arch-conspirator Pétion was induced to permit any increase in the forces charged with insuring the safety of the approaches to the palace. The troops were under the command of Marshal de Boisseau, but he had only under his orders nine hundred mounted

gendarmes and about thirty on foot. There were no regiments of the line, no cavalry, or artillery in Paris. The Swiss, about nine hundred and fifty strong, had their own officers. Neither gendarmerie nor National Guard could be depended upon. Pétion was to have a guard of insurgents posted at the mayoralty to prevent his going out! This had been an understood thing for some days previously. But having gone first to the Hôtel de Ville, he was detained by the other members of the Municipality, who insisted upon his going to the Tuileries, where his duty called him. Arrived there, Mandat inquired abruptly how it was that cartridges were refused to the National Guard, whilst they were freely distributed to the Marseillais? "Because," replied the traitor, "you were not in the rule when you asked for them."

It was a splendid night, and its calmness contrasted strangely with the febrile agitation of the populace. The Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine was illuminated from one end to the other. The Section of Quinze-Vingt which deliberated in that street had hoped to gather the other Sections around it, but finding by eleven o'clock that this did not answer, it entered into communication with the central committee at the Hôtel de Ville. At midnight, the alarm-bells of the churches within the influence of the Sections, Gravilliers Lombards, and Mauconseil, began to ring, and the drums to beat. The "générale" for the insurgents, the "rappel" for legal resistance. Some battalions of troops took their way to the Tuileries, some to the Hôtel de Ville, others remained in their quarters. There was no order or discipline, no head to direct.

The Sections had assembled at the Hôtel de Ville at two in the morning. Huguenin, president of Quinze-Vingts, was called to the chair; Tallien was appointed secretary; Robespierre, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Billaud-Varennes did not make their appearance until the ensuing day. Danton, who, after the victory, appeared at the head of a battalion of Marseillais with a great sword, as if he had been the hero of the day, went to bed. Camille Desmoulins followed his example. Marat hid himself in a cellar, which had before answered the purposes of a place of refuge.

Mandat had posted National Guards at the bridges, to prevent the insurgents of

the two sides reinforcing one another. The Pont-Neuf was intrusted to the battalion of Henry IV., commanded by Robert. One or two strange-looking insurgents appeared at midnight to fire the cannons. They were at once arrested. Soon afterward, however, three municipal officers, with their scarfs, Osselin, Hu, and Baudouin, came with orders signed by Cousin, President of the Council-General, to give up the guns and the prisoners. Osselin, a lawyer, was executed on the twenty-eighth June, 1794; Hu, a grocer, was imprisoned; Baudouin had the good sense to withdraw from interference in political matters, and thus probably saved himself from a just retribution.

The Assembly had met at eleven o'clock at night under the presidency of Pastoret, to receive deputations from the Sections and from the Municipality. Pétion, disliking his situation at the Tuileries, had urged his friends to claim him, and the word had gone abroad that "the life of the Mayor was in danger." Even the Municipality interfered in his favor, and demanded that the Assembly should, to deliver him from his enemies, summons him to their bar. Pétion himself was all the time quietly promenading in the gardens of the Tuileries. He had reëntered the palace when the message came summoning him to the Assembly, to his great delight. He declared in his *Memoirs*, that had he remained in the Tuileries he would have been assassinated. Such an idea must have originated only in conscious guilt. Yet it was inscribed on one of the flags that floated from the dome of the palace after the victory, "Here the Mayor of Paris was about to be assassinated on the night of the ninth to the tenth."

The royal family were, in the mean time, a prey to the most frightful anxiety at the Tuileries. All etiquette had been dispensed with, and they had assembled in the council-chamber waiting for news, the Queen and Madame Elisabeth seated upon stools. At four in the morning Madame Elisabeth opened a shutter, and exclaimed: "Sister, come and see the break of day!" Marie Antoinette took a seat at the window to contemplate the sun rising the last time on royalty; by a sad occurrence, the sky, too, was of a blood-red color.

Mandat, leaving the Tuileries in charge of La Chesnaye, second in command,

started for the Hôtel de Ville a little after five in the morning. Arrived there, he presented himself before the Council-General, presided over by Cousin, and there he was at once accused, by assuming a defensive attitude, of being the cause of the existing agitation! He was then forcibly conducted into the presence of Huguenin and his fellow-conspirators. Here he was summoned to order his forces to retire, which he refusing to do, Santerre was appointed provisional commander-in-chief in his place. It was then proposed to imprison the General, and the Municipality having objected, the commissaries of the Sections declared for the first time openly that the sovereignty lay with "the people," and that it recognized no other power. Huguenin, being President of the Sections, thus arrogated to himself, in fact, the sovereign power. The Council-General, the Commune, the Municipality, the justices of peace, the police, Assembly, National Guard, army, and the King, were reduced by the fiat of a handful of conspirators, seated in the Hôtel de Ville as the representatives of the Sections of Paris, to nonentity! The Municipality, on discovering at length the absurd position in which they had placed themselves, protested, but it was too late. The usurpers did not even condescend to notice their recriminations. Happy would it have been for the country if the Assembly had done the same toward the conspirators. Mandat was ordered to be removed to the prison of the "Abbaye," for his greater security. The miserable wretches who acted as assassins to the commissaries took the last portion of the order to the letter. They dragged the unfortunate General down the great staircase that led on to the Place de la Grève, and, just as they were reaching the last steps, they fired a pistol right into his head. The shouts of the assassins reached the room in which the commissaries sat; they did not even deign to notice them.

The commandant-in-chief of the National Guard slain, the next thing the chiefs of the insurrection did was to send the promised guard to the traitor Pétion, in order that he might find an excuse for not doing his duty. He cumulated, M. Ternaux remarks, the parts of Judas and of Pontius Pilate. He went to the Tuileries in the evening to give the kiss of peace to Louis XVI.; the next morning

he declared his incapability to preserve order, and washed his hands of the consequences.

Reinforcements of Swiss Guards had arrived on the morning of the eighth, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel de Maillardoz. They thus numbered now altogether nine hundred and fifty, but they had only thirty cartridges each. Louis XVI. was induced to make his appearance on the morning of the insurrection on the balcony which overlooks the Carrousel, and he was welcomed with shouts of "Vive le Roi!" Descending thence, he visited the posts of the National Guards, whence he proceeded into the garden at the very moment that a battalion of the Faubourg St. Marceau was defiling past, and who grossly insulted him. The King returned from his excursion more prostrated than ever. The Queen said to Madame Campan on his return: "All is lost; this review has done more harm than good."

The insurgents had by this time begun to accumulate, not only in the gardens of the Tuileries, but also on the Place du Carrousel. The municipal and departmental authorities decided in council that they should not be attacked, but that the palace should be defended to the last extremity. But when the necessary instructions were given to the National Guard they were received with murmurs. The insurgents were also harangued, but in vain. Rœderer recommended the King to seek refuge in the bosom of the Assembly. The municipal officers seconded the recommendation, and the royal family yielded after some opposition, more especially on the part of Marie Antoinette. At half-past eight they started by the gardens of the Tuileries, flanked by the Swiss on one side and the National Guard on the other. The ministers, Mesdames de Tourzel and de Lamballe, and a few others, accompanied them.

The Assembly, in the mean time, had been informed of the murder of Mandat, and of the commissaries of Sections having usurped the sovereign power. Added to this, news soon came that the insurgents had carried the Corps de Garde des Feuillants and assassinated the prisoners; among whom was Suleau, a journalist well known for his royalist opinions, and who was slain by a virago, Théorigne de Mericourt by name, and who afterward perished miserably in a mad-

house. The heads of the victims were stuck on pikes that the royal family might see them from the Terrace des Feuillants. The first opposition to the progress of the royal fugitives manifested itself at the foot of the terrace, and it increased as the procession proceeded. It was with the greatest difficulty, and amidst the gravest perils, that they ultimately succeeded in reaching the seats usually occupied by the ministers.

"I am come here," said Louis XVI., "to avoid a great crime. I think that I can not be in a place of greater safety than among yourselves."

It was decided that for security the royal family should be placed in the room, or box, (loge,) called that of the Logographe, from a journal of that name. It was only twelve feet in length and six in height, and was situated behind the president's chair. They remained there from ten o'clock on the morning of the tenth of August until three on the morning of the eleventh, when they were removed to the cells of the Convent des Feuillants.

When it was known that the King had left the Tuileries, and taken refuge with the Assembly, the National Guard began to disband in the court facing the Carrousel. Some went home to their families, others joined the insurgents. Santerre, the new commander-in-chief, declared that he would direct the combat from the Hôtel de Ville. It was a wise precautionary measure on his part, at all events. The passage of the bridges had been left free by the disorganization of the plan of defense prepared by Mandat. The first column of insurgents that arrived on the Carrousel was commanded by Westermann and Lefranc. The first was an Alsatian, and, after becoming a general of brigade, he perished on the scaffold as No. 567, on the fifth of April, 1794. Lefranc was a very extraordinary character. He was compromised in the conspiracy of Babœuf in 1796, and that of Ceracchi in 1800. Exiled to the Seychelles, he was made a prisoner of by the English, and, returning with the Bourbons, he was implicated in the conspiracy called that of the "Epinge Noire," and was imprisoned at Mont Saint-Michel, whence he was set free at the age of sixty; but his end is not known.

The defection of the National Guard induced the few that remained to defend the palace to withdraw from the first line of defense and take up a position within



the building itself. The insurgents poured into the court and fraternized with the artillerymen who had remained by the side of their guns, and who now turned them against the palace. The gendarmerie issued forth at the same time with their hats on their bayonets, and made common cause with the insurgents. There only remained seven hundred and fifty Swiss and about one hundred National Guards in the palace, and every effort was made to win over the former, more especially by Westermann, who harangued them in German. The Swiss, on their side, having no longer the King's person to defend, did not wish to engage in an impossible conflict against myriads of enemies. They only asked to be relieved from their duty, but they would not allow themselves to be disarmed.

In the midst of the tumult a pistol was fired. As is usual in such cases, no one knew whence it proceeded. Certain it is that it was replied to by the Swiss standing upon the grand staircase by a fusillade, which obliged the insurgents to make a hasty retreat. It would certainly seem from this that the insurgents had fired first; but this no French historian will admit. At the sound of this firing in the hall the other Swiss rushed to the windows and discharged their muskets. The insurgents dispersed in every direction, and some never stopped till they reached the most distant parts of the city, where they declared that the patriots were being assassinated at the Tuileries. The Swiss next proceeded to clear the court, which they did with the greatest ease; but, exposed to the guns which the artillerymen of the National Guard had removed to the Carrousel, they reëntered the palace.

The Assembly had in the mean time named two deputations, one to go to the Tuileries, the other to the Hôtel de Ville; but the mob repelled this last attempt at conciliation, and they had to make the best of their way back to the chambers. The King also issued an order for the Swiss to evacuate the palace and retire to their barracks. The fusillade had lasted three quarters of an hour when D'Hervilly arrived with the King's mandate. By that time the insurgents had also set fire to some wooden erections which flanked the Tuileries on the side of the Carrousel. On D'Hervilly's arrival the drums beat the assembly, but the Swiss did not like leaving their wounded. The Baron de

Viomesnil, however, was bidding them to go to the King's rescue, when both his legs were carried off by a cannon-ball. The Swiss then decided upon withdrawing, which they did in perfect order by the garden. When the last protectors of the palace had thus withdrawn, the insurgents, approaching step by step and meeting with no resistance, stealthily effected their entrance! "Such," says M. Ternaux, "is the real truth in regard to the capture of the Tuileries on the tenth of August, 1792. Spite of the tradition adopted and blindly followed for now nigh three quarters of a century, history, relying upon the most authentic documents and upon irrefragable proofs, will for the future affirm that, upon that day, the palace of royalty was not carried by force, but was abandoned by order of Louis XVI." The number of the victims on the part of the insurgents has been estimated at thousands. M. Ternaux shows by incontestable statistics that the number of killed did not exceed a hundred, and of those seriously wounded not more than sixty.

The defenders of the palace had to encounter far more serious perils in traversing the gardens than in defending the palace. These were nearly full of National Guards, who fired upon them at the end of their muzzles from behind the trees. The Swiss then divided into two columns: one made its way to the Assembly, before which M. de Salis appeared sword in hand. But the King issued orders that they should lay down their arms, and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty were consigned to the Church des Feuillants. The other column, decimated on its way, only got as far as the Place Louis XV., surrounded there by the National Guards, and, sabered by the gendarmerie à cheval, they fell almost to a man. Most of those who were massacred in the gardens were buried under the well-known chestnut-tree, whose precocity has obtained for it the name of "the tree of the twentieth of March." The "Arbre Bonapartiste," according to popular tradition, is indebted for its vigorous vegetation to its human manure. Half an hour after the evacuation of the Tuileries, there only remained of that fine regiment of Swiss Guards the two hundred to two hundred and fifty shut up in the Church des Feuillants. A recent writer, M. Desbarrolles, contemplating Thorwaldsen's commemorative Lion at Lucerne, says:



"It is a sad list to read. A list of noble victims crushed, like so many more, under the wheels of that sanguinary car that is called progress!" Some persons have an extraordinary idea of what "progress" consists in.

A few of the Swiss who had not heard the drums beat remained in the palace. They were all massacred, but they sold their lives dearly. The wounded were uniformly put to death in the same cruel manner. Even the surgeons were slain while in the act of tending the wounded. The porters and attendants, even the servants in the kitchen, were put to death as the accomplices of their master. Those who had been most cowardly in the assault were the most vindictive after the fall. Some of the ladies of the court, Dr. Lemonnier, and a few others, were alone spared. As to the small number of National Guards, and others who had aided in the defense of the place, they had escaped by the gallery of the Louvre and the adjacent streets. The populace, satiated for a moment with blood, then turned their attention to the furniture, which they threw out of the windows, and to the wine, which they tapped and consumed in floods.

The Assembly had obtained a kind of intuitive conviction in the mean time that its sovereignty was gone, and it prepared to humble itself before the insurrection. It was time, for a deputation from the commissaries of Sections, headed by Huguenin, made its appearance at the bar. The "people," they said, had sent them there to inform them that they could have no judge save the French "people," "your sovereign and ours," united in primary assemblies. The "people" were always made responsible for the acts of a few conspirators. They demanded the recognition and adoption of the events of what they designated "a memorable day;" and they exacted a new oath from the humiliated representatives. "In the name of the nation, I swear to maintain liberty and equality, or to perish at my post;" and they obliged them, upon the motion of one Bazire, to admit and recognize their existence by passing a resolution to the effect that "the Assembly provisionally confirms the actual organization of the Municipality of Paris." Other insurgents presented themselves at the bar, declaring that the Tuileries were on fire, and that they would not put it out until the people's

vengeance should be satisfied. The Assembly replied to all these exigencies and threats by calling upon the French "people" to form a National Convention. The "chief of this executive power being suspended from his functions until the decision of the said National Convention should have been arrived at." The royal family to be removed to the Luxembourg, where "they would be placed under the protection of the citizens and of the law." This decree, suspending Louis XVI., was countersigned by Dejoly, his minister of justice.

The impotency of the Assembly to move with the same speed as the insurrectionary torrent, notwithstanding all these base and cowardly concessions, soon began to manifest itself. Crowds were momentarily rushing to the bar with accusations and denunciations of individuals, sometimes supported by letters found in the Tuileries. An ominous Committee of Surveillance was accordingly founded to inquire into these accusations. The King's ministers, who, an hour or two previously, were to continue their functions provisionally, were dismissed and placed under arrest. The "French people," terrified lest a mission should be sent to the army to come and introduce a little real order into their proceedings, sent M. D'Abancourt, minister of war, to the prison of Orleans, under the pretense of his having instigated the conflict at the Tuileries by keeping the Swiss Guard in Paris.

The election of a new ministry was then proceeded with. Roland was elected Minister of the Interior, Clavière of Finances, Servan of War, Danton of Justice, Monge of Marine, and Lebrun of Foreign Affairs. There were only two hundred and eighty-four voters present out of seven hundred and forty-nine representatives, so that it was evident the greater number had already deemed it at once convenient and prudent to withdraw from "la chose publique" to the bosom of their families. Vergniaud was the only man who dared to raise his voice against the tyranny of the "people" of Paris, invoked by every individual who appeared at the bar of the House, and this most when they wanted to supersede the action of the newly-founded National Convention by decreeing the downfall of the monarchy, as yet only provisionally suspended.

Anarchy reigned, indeed, triumphant

from the Hôtel de Ville to the Tuileries, and from the Tuileries to the Assembly. Pillage was still going on at the palace, and now and then a musket-shot was heard; it was some private act of revenge consummated under the pretense of public good, or one insurrectionary bandit dispatching another in order to secure his ill-gotten booty. It was in vain that the Assembly dispatched commissaries to put a stop to crime and assassination; no attention was paid to them, any more than to the proclamations of the Assembly itself.

It was at last decided to establish a camp in Paris, and to place guns on the heights around the city. The very first steps taken in the name of liberty were more repressive than any thing constitutional royalty had ever dared to dream of. The humiliated Assembly hastened also to reward the Marseillais for the trouble they had given themselves in overthrowing the constitution, and to present them wherewithal to remain in Paris to complete their labor of social and political destruction.

It is not a little curious that of the six last ministers of Louis XVI., D'Abancourt alone met with a violent death. Of the six first ministers of the Republic, two—Lebrun and Danton—perished on the scaffold; two—Roland and Clavière—committed suicide; and only two survived and served the Empire; Servan died, in 1808, a general of division; Monge became a senator and Count of Peluse. The justices of peace who had dared to do their duty in presence of the insurrection were at once dismissed. The most courageous among them fell victims to their sense of rectitude. Larivière was massacred at Versailles on the ninth of September; Buob and Bosquillon at the Abbaye on the second. Fayel perished on the scaffold on the nineteenth of December, 1793.

The Assembly devoted itself the same day to placing upon record "all the acts of virtue that had signalized the memorable day of the tenth of August," in order to transmit a record of the same to the departments. If they had collected the materials for a record of the crimes committed upon that occasion, M. Ternaux remarks, the secretaries of the Assembly would not have sufficed for the task. A wine-merchant had saved the life of a Swiss, and brought him to the bar; some

conscientious plunderers had brought effects from the Tuileries to the Assembly; but on the other hand, says the same writer, "how many scenes of murder, how many depredations should we have to relate were we to enter into the details revealed by official documents!" It is, however, precisely these details that are wanted in order to possess a perfect history of the Revolution, and of the Reign of Terror that followed upon it.

The commissaries of the Sections, for example, had ordered the removal of the Swiss imprisoned in the Church des Feuillants. A first detachment of from sixty to eighty disarmed soldiers were marched off in the direction of the Place de la Grève, but the unfortunate men were massacred without pity on the way. Another batch were taken before the Section du Roule. The commandant, Houdan, removed them thence to the Caserne Verte, but the insurgents having insisted upon their being transferred to the Hôtel de Ville, they were also all massacred on the way.

Such were among the murders committed "en masse." Of those committed upon individuals, M. Ternaux relates two of the most important. One of the persons who had manifested the greatest amount of resolution in defending the persons of the royal family on the tenth of August was Carle, commandant of a battalion of gendarmerie. He had taken up his position at the door of the box of the Logographe, in order to protect them to the last. Having, however, unluckily been seduced for a moment from his post, he was seized, dragged out of the Assembly, and massacred. The unfortunate Queen was informed of the death of this faithful servant half an hour afterward.

M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, one of the most distinguished members of the Assembly, was pointed out to the populace as a victim when quietly walking the street. No one had any charge to make against him; it was sufficient that he was designated as an aristocrat—a friend of the King's. He was seized and dragged in the mud. It was in vain that he asked to be led before the Section of the Croix Rouge; the mob would not hear him, and they did not cease to revile him and ill-treat him, till death relieved him from his sufferings. These events were not enumerated among "the acts of virtue" placed upon record by the secretaries of the

Assembly as signaling the memorable tenth of August!

The Assembly, wearied at the same time at receiving the number of objects saved from the pillage of the Tuileries that were being momentarily brought to them, passed a minute to the effect that they should be all conveyed to the Municipality, who would dispose of them according to the laws. The fire, which we have before noticed as raging in a wing of the palace, was also all this time continuing its ravages. The stables, the hotel of the governor of the château, and eighteen hundred yards of buildings of different description had been consumed. The "pompiers" had been called out, but the populace, who took a pleasure in seeing "the palace of the tyrant" burnt down, interfered with them, and even fired upon them. A deputation was sent from the Assembly, but with no better results. At length one Palloy, a patriot architect, was allowed to take the necessary steps toward arresting the progress of the flames, in which he ultimately succeeded. This Palloy afterward raised a battalion of workmen, which he designated as that of "the Republic," and being denounced, he endeavored to rouse them to opposition by a harangue, since printed in seventy-two pages quarto, in which he said the insurgents were "les sans-culottes, la crapule, et la canaille de Paris." Napoleon, who was present at the invasion of the Tuileries, also said to Las Casas at St. Helena,

(*Memorial*, August 3d, 1816,) that the palace was assailed "par la plus vile canaille"—by the lowest of the low.

The last act of the Assembly upon that eventful day was to name a commission of twelve to go to the armies to explain to them the nature of the revolution that had taken place, and to rally them round the cause of the National Assembly.

This accomplished, and a certain amount of calm having been brought about by the utter exhaustion of some and the stupor of others, and the distribution of vast quantities of ammunition among the National Guard charged to preserve order, the royal family were enabled to obtain a few moments' repose, the first that they had enjoyed for forty-eight hours. They were removed from the box of the Logographe into four cells of the old Convent des Feuillants, and a little furniture and a modest repast were brought to them there. These cells had not been tenanted for more than two years, the tile floors were broken up, the plastered walls were flaking off with damp, and the windows looked out upon a courtyard gorged with insurgents drunk with wine and blood, who were uttering the most fearful imprecations and horrible threats at every moment. Such was the first asylum to which the unfortunate family were consigned after the shipwreck of royalty. The Queen had spoken prophetically: "It is all over with us."

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From the British Quarterly.

## BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.\*

CHILDREN, we say, are soon frightened, and the fright occasioned in many quarters by Bishop Colenso's publication has

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[The great importance of the subject seems to call for the publication of this very able review of Bishop Colenso, in addition to that in our last number, from another source.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

no doubt been considerable. We have know even divines—simple souls as they too often are—to be startled by this strange Episcopal utterance, and to look not a little crest-fallen before it. But when the sword is drawn, men who have seen war have a manner of their own. They do not fear where no fear is. They calmly take their account of the enemy, and make their preparation accordingly. The Pentateuch is a very old battle-field.

Celsus, Porphyry, and the Julian philosophers, have all fought there long ago. Our English Deists in the last century furbished up the old weapons, and set a keener edge upon them. Since then French Atheists and German Rationalists have flooded Christendom with their new light upon such matters. Many a time the poor Pentateuch has been pronounced dead, and as only waiting to be decently buried. And now again, if we hearken to some, and to some who should have known better, the obsequies of the aged sufferer are not far distant. But the voice which has lied so often may well be suspected of having lied once more. An antagonist reported so many times as dead, and who has seen assailants become prostrate and powerless so often, may not even yet have lost the charmed life of which he has seemed to be possessed.

Now, were we to deem it enough to say thus much, and to pass lightly over what Dr. Colenso has written, on the plea that there is no novelty in his exceptions, and that replies have often been given to them, we admit that the Bishop and his friends would have a right to complain of insincere and unfair treatment. We do not mean to take that course. Much that the Bishop has said has been said before; but he has stated objections which are his own, and we propose a thorough dealing with the items of the case, one by one, as they are presented in the book before us, at least so far as our space will allow. Our reasoning, too, on this subject, will not be borrowed from German orthodoxy, nor from any other school of thought, but will be the result of an examination of the sacred text not a whit less independent than that of which the Bishop makes his boast. There are, however, one or two preliminary matters essential to a just apprehension of this topic, to which we must claim the attention of the reader before we attempt to fulfill this promise.

We are often told, by those who would dispose us to abandon the received conception of Christianity, that the present age is such as the world has not before seen. Physical science has never been what it is now. Literary criticism has never been what it is now. We may, however, venture to ask, how it has come to pass that an increase of knowledge in regard to physics, must lead to a complete revolution in men's thoughts on a subject which is not physical, but strictly

metaphysical, relating to mind or spirit. Sir Isaac Newton could disclose to us the wonders of the heavens, and still hold to the faith of St. Paul. We are all familiar with achievements made within the last century by the new applications of chemistry and electricity. These have given us our steamships, our railroads, and our telegrams. The effect of these inventions on the action, and in some respects on the mind of society, must be confessed to be very great. But what is there in our being able to move from place to place, and to interchange communications and commodities, with much more ease and speed than formerly, to make us so much wiser than our forefathers that we must necessarily cease to be Christians? Physical science may be used as a basis of exception against the miracles of Scripture, and to some portion of the history contained in it; but to the *religion* of the Bible, as consisting in a scheme of *ethics* and *faith*, such discoveries bear no sort of relation. It should never be forgotten that the province of physical science in relation to Christian evidence must always be of this limited significance.

Literary criticism embraces a much wider range. Judging from the language common with men opposed to Christianity as generally received among us, we should suppose that it is only in our own day that this system has been brought face to face with a real civilization. The inference from much that we hear manifestly is, that if this religion has been long accepted as true, the explanation must be found in the fact, that the ignorance of all past time in relation to it has been such as could not be expected to distinguish between its truth and its falsehood. If it has become strong, it must be because the intelligence proper to really cultivated men has never been brought to bear upon it.

But this representation is manifestly untrue. Christianity was not the birth of a rude age, but of an age when the civilization of the ancient world had attained to the last stage of its development. In its infancy it stood the test of the highest culture the world had ever known, and won its triumphs in the presence of all the light and power which that culture had been able to realize. What is there in this influence of modern thought that must necessarily be fatal to Christianity?

In art, in literature, in government, in



philosophy, we take no such precedence of the ancient world as to warrant any such conclusion. Our advanced physical science enables us to test the physical miracles of Scripture, in some respects, as the men of the early Christian centuries could not; and the sifting process through which we are wont to put historical documents may be in some degree our own. But our greater critical power in these forms is marvelously over-estimated. To suppose the early Christians indifferent to the evidence of the faith which they had embraced, in the foresight of such consequences as were attendant on the profession of it, would be to the last degree absurd. It is clear from the whole texture of their writings, that nothing could be further from the thoughts of the Evangelists and Apostles than the notion that the people of that age could be brought to receive the Christian doctrine except upon grounds adapted to convince thoughtful and educated men. The intelligence then abroad was the ripest and the most diffused in history, and only by intelligence could it have been subdued to the faith of the Gospel. The manner in which Paul marshals the evidence in proof of our Lord's resurrection, is merely a sample of the method in which the Apostles, and the early preachers of the Gospel, trained their converts into the habit of giving a *reason* for the hope that was in them. In that age, greatly more than in our own, the Christian teacher was a polemic, and Christian evidence was always a foremost theme with him. We address men, for the most part, who are conventionally believers in the Gospel. Our great work is to vitalize this admitted and common faith. But it was otherwise in those days. Preachers then had to begin farther back. They had to convince men that Christianity itself was not a fiction or a fraud. Instead of being less disposed than ourselves to look to Moses and the Prophets as authorities, the difference was quite the other way. The first question put to a man avowing himself a Christian would be—What reason have you to think this religion true? Hence, while the classical historians had been left to incorporate myths and legends upon any scale into their narratives, the Christian and the Hebrew Scriptures were early assailed with the skeptical freedom which we see elaborated in the Niebuhr criticisms of our own time. But those writ-

ings survived such criticism then, and they will survive it still. Celsus and Porphyry were the Chubb and Toland, the Niebuhr and Strauss, of their time—men of that type, and possessing apparently much of the same kind of power.

It is amusing to observe the effect of our physical discoveries on the mind of some persons. We have succeeded in doing many things in this direction, and the conclusion seems to be, that we have only to resolve, and we may succeed in doing any thing. In fact, the middle age was hardly more credulous than our own, only with them the credulity had respect to the true in the past, while with us it has respect to the possible in the future. Seeing we can ride so fast by the rail, why, it has been asked, should not the next thing be to fly through the air? And the infection goes further: Having unlearned our faith in astrology and witchcraft, why should we not unlearn our faith in Christianity and in religion altogether? So a general tendency toward dissettlement has grown up among us. Times which would change nothing have given place to times which seem bent on changing every thing. But there is malady in the latter feeling as truly as in the former, and malady that will have its cure.

In this country, the men are not few who are concerned to find a standing-place somewhere between the immobility of the past and the rashness of the present. In the view of such men, the course which Dr. Colenso has taken in dealing with the Pentateuch is not that to have been expected from a philosopher, still less from a Christian, and least of all from a Christian bishop.

Philosophy suggests, that if we suppose a people to be separated by the Supreme Being to his special service in that remote age, and in those regions with which the history of the Israelites is connected, most of the features in that history, which may startle the superficial among ourselves, are really features of the kind to have been expected in such a narrative.

That minutiae in ritual, for example, which is often thought to have been so little worthy of a Divine appointment, is a religious feature which is never absent from the history of an Asiatic community, either in ancient or modern times. The presumption accordingly was, that this tendency of the Oriental mind would not

be overlooked in the case of the Israelites, but would be used to religious ends. The Asiatic man is the workmanship of the Almighty, and this is one of the qualities of that workmanship. What marvel then, if the Creator is found training this tendency to a devout purpose in the case of his favored people. Hence we may affirm, that the absence of such a code as we find in the Book of Leviticus would have been most "unhistorical."

The same may be said concerning the Theocratic character of the Hebrew government. All the old Oriental governments, especially the most developed and potent among them, were Theocratic. The division of peoples into castes, and the rights which each caste might plead in its own defense, were all marked out and determined by a supposed Divine ordination. Whether on the banks of the Nile or of the Ganges, this was the form which law and the administration of law always took. The Eastern mind had come from the Creator with this mold upon it, and nothing could be more strictly "historical"—more a thing to have been expected—than that the Hebrew legislation should have taken this type.

The modern Deist may repudiate the Jehovah of the Hebrews because he is revealed after this manner. But had he been an ancient Asiatic, he must have submitted to such a Deity or to none. That the Creator should be the parent of a race of creatures so conditioned as to need an education and discipline of this description, is a great mystery. But the case being so, it is no mystery that the Infinite should condescend to minister in this manner to the necessities which he has permitted to exist. The exception here accordingly does not lie against the Hebrew revelation: if it lies any where, it is against natural theology itself. The reader who overlooks this truth in the study of the Pentateuch, will never rightly apprehend it. The voice from God which some men seem to think should come to us through the writings of Moses, is a sort of voice which comes from no quarter in those far-off times. Even then, it became true, that not to believe in Moses was, logically and of necessity, not to believe at all. To look elsewhere was to be beset with the same difficulties, and more.

We have heard much of late concerning

the "Education of the world." It is deemed philosophical to regard the intelligence of the race as passing through its stages of childhood and youth toward manhood. If we suppose the Pentateuch to possess any sort of authority, it surely points to a time which must be regarded as presenting a very immature and early stage in this process of training. Education supposes ignorance to be removed, weakness to be strengthened, growth to be realized. In the case of the individual it is a thing of slowness, though the whole life of the pupil will soon come to an end. What marvel if this process be found slow, very slow, in the case of a world! Here, it is a world-ignorance that has to be removed, a world-weakness that has to be strengthened, and a world-growth that has to be realized. Here also the life of the pupil lasts on through all the ages. Moreover, it is characteristic of the Divine operations every where that they should be slow. Hurry is for us. To the Eternal belongs the majesty of slowness. The old geological processes, stretching back into the past beyond imagination, and the whole history of man, inculcate this doctrine. The history of the Israelites is only an instance illustrating a general law. In the history of this people in Egypt, in the wilderness, and long afterward, we see a nation in its youth, with signs enough upon it of the ignorance, the rashness, the self-will, and of the outbursts of appetite and passion natural to youth. To the thoughtful it may seem strange, and much to be regretted, that human nature should come before us in a state to need so much mending. But it does so come. There is no mistake about that. And we submit that it is not strange, not at all to be regretted, that the Divine Being should be found doing much to carry on this mending process. His work in Israel was to educate, and Moses was used as the great schoolmaster.

But this untaught rudeness in the history of nations every where supposes the presence of rigor—rigor in law, and rigor in the administration of law. The rose-water policy which some modern sentimentalists seem to think the best for all peoples and all times, can have no place in such communities. The coarseness and turbulence abroad are not to be adequately met by any legislation of that order. When communities are in that stage, the

want of rigor would be the want of humanity. Right must always be right. But what would be right in one set of social relations may be wrong in another. Moreover, where national law is thus harsh and strong-handed, international law is sure to partake of the same temper. Considerations of this nature should prepare us to expect much, very much, in the laws and manners of the Israelites, differing very widely from the laws and manners which commend themselves to men in our circumstances. Now, no mind possessing the least tincture of philosophy would approach the study of the Pentateuch without a careful remembrance of such facts and principles as we have now glanced at. Has Dr. Colenso shown a care of this sort? Nothing of the kind. A more dry, purely arithmetical, and unphilosophical argument has rarely issued from the press than is presented in the Bishop's performance. This, we think, we shall make clear enough presently.

We must add that the Bishop's way of approaching this subject is, in our view, as little Christian as it is philosophical. No doubt, to many persons, there will be something fresh and courageous in the profession of a writer who tells us that he is about to enter upon the examination of the Pentateuch on wholly independent grounds, resolved to estimate its claims to credibility simply by what is found in it. But we venture to affirm that it is not just toward those writings to attempt to judge of them purely after that manner. They were not designed to be so estimated. They have not come to us simply on their own evidence. They have their place as amidst a cloud of witnesses; and a Christian man is bound in consistency to interrogate all those witnesses before coming to a decision as to the historical character of those records. Many a mythic tale has passed away from early Roman history and from early English history. But there were no such voices in a later time asserting the historic truth of those myths, as are heard attesting the sober and substantial verity of the alleged myths in the early Hebrew Scriptures. The testimony to the veracity of the books attributed to Moses is found in the subsequent history of the Hebrew people; in the Psalms and the later Prophets; in the New Testament, especially in the writings of St. Paul, as in the Epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, to say nothing of

the Epistle to the Hebrews; and finally, in the words of our Lord himself. The gracious Being who has given us our Christianity, has given us all these concurrent testimonies in regard to the authority of those earlier Scriptures which are attributed to the great Hebrew legislator, and we are bound as Christians to take these testimonies along with us when we go up to the age of Moses, and profess to study his supposed writings. Dr. Colenso, indeed, demurs to this; but we must insist upon its justice, and feel sure that Christian men will not quit this ground at the Bishop's bidding, or at any bidding.

Dr. Colenso makes some allusion to this alleged connection between the New Testament and the Old. But his manner of dealing with this question is most unsatisfactory.

"On one point, however, it may be well to make here a few observations. There may be some who will say that such words as those in John 6 : 46, 47, 'For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me: for he *wrote* of me. But if ye *believe not his writings*, how shall ye believe my words?' or in Luke 20 : 37, 'Now that the dead are raised, even *Moses* showed at the burning bush, [that is, in the passage about the bush,] when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;' or in Luke 16 : 29, '*They have Moses and the prophets*; let them hear them;' and verse 31, '*If they hear not Moses and the prophets*, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead'—are at once decisive of Moses's authorship of the Pentateuch, since they imply that our Lord himself believed in it, and, consequently, to assert that Moses did *not* write those books, would be to contradict the words of Christ, and to impugn his veracity.

"To make use of such an argument is, indeed, to bring the Sacred Ark itself into the battle-field, and to make belief in Christianity itself depend entirely upon the question whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or not."—Preface, pp. 29, 30.

But it is not *we* who bring the Ark into this battle-field. It has been placed there by other hands. The writings of the Evangelists and Apostles are so woven out of, or developed from, the writings of Moses and the Prophets, that they must stand or fall together. The two classes of writers are not so much two as one. They have their common work in the development of the same great message. If the New Testament is not to be accepted

as an authority when giving its testimony to the Old, then it will be impossible to say wherein it may be trusted. This connection does not depend on a few solitary texts. The network of this relationship is pervading—is every where. But let us see how the Bishop meets this aspect of the case :

"First, such words as the above, if understood in their most literal sense, can only be supposed, at all events, to apply to certain parts of the Pentateuch ; since most devout Christians will admit that the last chapter of Deuteronomy, which records the death of Moses, could not have been written by his hand ; and the most orthodox commentators are obliged also to concede the probability of some other interpolations having been made in the original story. It would become, therefore, even thus, a question for a reverent criticism to determine what passages give signs of not having been written by Moses."—*Ibid.* p. 80.

The language of our Lord concerning Moses and his writings must have been understood by the Jews as affirming that the books attributed to Moses were really from his pen, the exceptions to which Dr. Colenso refers being too obvious and trivial to be deserving of notice. We insist further, that the impression which our Lord's language could not fail to make, he must have designed it should make, and so that impression could not be a false one. It will be seen that the Bishop feels this difficulty, and strains to the utmost in the hope of escaping from it.

"But secondly, and more generally, it may be said that in making use of such expressions, our Lord did but accommodate his words to the current popular language of the day, as when he speaks of God 'making the sun to rise,' (Matt. 5 : 45,) or of 'the stars falling from heaven,' (Matt. 24 : 29,) or of Lazarus being 'carried by angels into Abraham's bosom,' (Luke 16 : 22,) or of the woman 'with a spirit of infirmity,' whom 'Satan had bound eighteen years,' (Luke 13 : 16, etc.) without our being at all authorized in drawing from them scientific or psychological conclusions."—Pref. p. 81.

This is too bad. Because our Lord did not so speak concerning astronomy as to show what that science would be in the future, he must not be supposed to speak concerning what history has been in the past with a trustworthy accuracy. Choice logic, surely ! And concerning parables, who does not know that a parable is always supposed to be a fiction, while a history is al-

ways supposed to be true ? In regard to the "Satan" difficulty, inasmuch as all evil, moral and physical, is supposed to have come from that source, the language of our Lord, as above cited, may be accepted as being, in a very weighty sense, natural and true. But the worst is to come :

"Lastly, it is perfectly consistent with the most entire and sincere belief in our Lord's Divinity, to hold, as many do, that, when he vouchsafed to become a 'Son of man,' he took on him fully, and voluntarily entered into all the conditions of humanity, and among others, into that which makes our growth in all ordinary knowledge *gradual and limited*. We are expressly told in Luke 2 : 52, that Jesus 'increased in wisdom,' as well as in 'stature.' It is not supposed that, in his human nature, he was acquainted, more than any educated Jew of the age, with the mysteries of all modern sciences ; nor, with St. Luke's expression before us, can it be seriously maintained that, as an *infant or young child*, he possessed a knowledge surpassing that of the pious and learned adults of his nation, upon the subject of the authorship and age of the Pentateuch. At what period then of his life upon earth is it to be supposed that he had granted to him, as the Son of man, *supernaturally*, full and accurate information on these points, so that he should be expected to speak about the Pentateuch in other terms than any other devout Jew of that day would have employed ? Why should it be thought that he would speak with certain *Divine* knowledge on this matter, more than upon other matters of ordinary science or history ?"—Preface, pp. 31, 32.

This remarkable passage consists of two parts ; the first affirming what no one denies, namely, that our Lord, in his human nature, grew in wisdom as he grew in stature : the second affirms, though it is skillfully done by way of question, that at no period of his history should the Saviour be supposed to have known more about the origin of the Pentateuch "than any other devout Jew of that day ;" so that as such men often blundered about such matters, he may be presumed to have blundered along with them. Surely the difficulty here must have been felt as a most graveling affair before a venture of this kind was made as the only way of surmounting it. We scarcely need say that we have lived to strange times, when a gentleman in lawn can exercise his didactic skill in our behalf after a fashion of this kind.

Our Lord informs us that he came not to destroy the old economy, but to fulfill



it; that is, according to Bishop Colenso, he came to carry out and complete a system in the interpretation of which he was quite as likely to be wrong as right. We are told, indeed, that the Spirit was not given by measure unto him; that none needed to testify to him of man; that "he knew what was in man;" that he could foretell things to come; could describe, as with the minuteness of history, the stages of humiliation and suffering which awaited him; and could depict the scenes which were to be so memorable in the great catastrophe which was to come in its time upon Jerusalem. But though all this is unquestionably so, we must suppose, on the authority of Dr. Colenso, that he was mistaken when he spoke, once and again, of the writings attributed to Moses as being his writings, and was unconsciously confirming those who listened to him in a vulgar error!

It is strange that men of the class to whom the Bishop has joined himself, either can not or will not see, that to possess only a limited knowledge is one thing, and to put error in the place of truth is another. There may have been things which Christ did not know; but it is material to remember that concerning all such things he was silent. Every man claiming the name of Christian may surely be expected to admit that what our Lord *professed* to know he *did* know. Now, he in effect bids us all believe that the writings which his countrymen ascribed to Moses were really "*his writings*." If a false guide here, where he professes to be a true one, where else can we trust him?

We admit at once, that this testimony from the New Testament to the Old would not warrant us in receiving statements as true which we see to be contradictory and false. But there is one other thing it should do: it should dispose us to accept of *any* explanation of difficulties in the Hebrew Scriptures that may take with it probability, or even possibility, rather than discard those writings as untruthful. Gratitude, humility, and devoutness should prompt us to such a course. We repeat, moreover, that in taking this course we simply cede to those very ancient writings what is clearly their due. Critical justice, and the providence of God, demand that we should judge of them after this manner, and after no other. Experience, too, has shown, that to follow the manifest counsel of the Author of the Bible in this

respect, is to be safe, and that to make light of it is to float off into dangerous seas from which few voyagers return.

In this alternative Dr. Colenso has not made the better choice. In his hands the Pentateuch is a person placed at the bar, with circumstantial evidence tending to convict him of gross fraud, sedulously arrayed against him. Numbers of persons of the highest credit are prepared to depose that such is the character of the accused, that they are firmly persuaded of his innocence, and feel sure that the appearances which seem to make against him must admit of some explanation consistent with his integrity. But it is ruled that no such evidence shall be admitted. The presumptive evidence in favor of the defendant, however strong, shall be wholly ignored, and the circumstantial evidence tending the other way shall be retained, and urged to the letter. Such is the Shylock course which our Episcopal critic has taken, and the harsh notes come upon our ear at almost every step—"It is not in the bond." We say deliberately, this is not the manner of dealing with such a subject to have been expected from such a quarter. Every allowance of the kind indicated is due in sheer justice to writings which have come to us from so remote an age, with a purpose so limited, in a language so ancient, and through processes so perilous to their literal accuracy. So long, says the Bishop, as people persist in saying that there *must* be some interpretation of the Pentateuch consistent with its historical integrity, it is not likely to be examined satisfactorily; and that he may not be numbered with such people, he has taken a course which embraces half the evidence proper in the question in the place of the whole of it. Such a book, on such a subject, and from such a man, seems to require that we should accept it as a sincere book. But on the other hand, nothing can be more clear than that to a large extent it is not a sincere book. The psychology of this mystery we can not attempt to solve. It may be that the skepticism of the author on some of the points mentioned has been real, but that in preparing his impeachment for the public eye he has been so far lured by the desire to make his case thorough and convincing, that he has come to be more careful, in many instances, about its strength, than about its exact truth. How such oversights as we shall have to lay

before our readers could have been committed, except under some such influence, we can not understand.

Finding the Bishop resolved to approach the subject after a manner so one-sided, we can not avoid expecting that a bias of this nature will be observable in his lordship's general treatment of it. We do not mean to say that the matters set forth by Dr. Colenso as difficulties are in no case real difficulties. But we should have been prepared to attach more weight to his skepticism on the few points of that nature which he has presented to us, if he had not, in so many instances, obtruded upon us imaginary difficulties—difficulties, in fact, of his own creation.

We must glance first at the Bishop's representation concerning the passover in Egypt. It is alleged that this event could not possibly have taken place as described, and the narrative is in consequence regarded as "unhistorical"—that is, as not true. The Israelites are supposed to have been two millions in number. The command given them to procure a lamb to be consumed by each household, to see that the blood of the lamb should be sprinkled on the posts of their doors, and to go through the prescribed ceremony of the passover, is supposed to have been given not more at most than twelve hours before all this was to be done. At the same time, the homes of this people could not have been, for the most part, in cities, but were diffused over a considerable surface of country.

"The whole population of Hertford," says the Bishop, "by the census of 1851 was considerably under two hundred thousand. We are to imagine then its towns and villages increased more than *tenfold* in size or in number. And then we are to believe that every single household, throughout the entire country, was warned in twelve hours to keep the feast of the passover, was taught *how* to keep it, and actually *did* keep it."—Pp. 54-60.

It will be seen, that the whole difficulty here is a difficulty about time—that "twelve hours" should have sufficed for all this. But does the sacred narrative say, or imply, that all this took place in that space of time? Nothing of the sort. It says the contrary most explicitly. If the reader will turn to the twelfth chapter of Exodus, he will at once see that it consists, from the first verse to the twentieth inclusive, of what Jehovah said to Moses

on this subject *before the tenth of the month*, setting forth what should be done on the *tenth* preparatory to the service of the passover on the *fourteenth*. On the tenth each family was to choose and separate its paschal lamb. On the night of the fourteenth it was to be slain and eaten. Moses being thus fully informed on this matter, we read in the twenty-first verse, that he "called for the elders of Israel and said, Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families." This is what the people were to do on the tenth; and to suppose it to have been done on any other day, would be to suppose that Moses had no sooner received the command of Jehovah at this grave crisis than he proceeded to violate it. The truth of the case manifestly is, that Moses gave to the elders of Israel, before the tenth, all the directions which he had himself received as to what was to be done on the tenth and on the fourteenth. The expression, "I will pass through the land of Egypt *this* night," is clearly a part of what was said to Moses at least a week before the night of the fourteenth, and is evidently only an emphatic mode of making *this* fourteenth, of *this* month Abib, as *the* night from which memories should be perpetuated in Israel through all their coming generations. If there are men, who, according to Dr. Colenso, do violence to Scripture to *evade* difficulties, what should be said of men who certainly seem to resort to such means to *create* difficulties? We know of nothing more unwarranted in the history of criticism than the conclusion of the Bishop on this point. In fact, Dr. Colenso has taken two passages out of this narrative, and has placed them in an inverted order at the head of this chapter, so as to give them a sequence that does not belong to them. It is manifest from many parts of the Pentateuch that the Israelites in Egypt were regularly organized according to their tribes and families; and that nothing could be more easy than to communicate with them through their "elders."

We find a similar instance of difficulty which has no existence, except in the imagination of the writer, in what Dr. Colenso has said, concerning the passages in which the congregation of Israel is required to assemble before the door of the Tabernacle, and in which Moses and Joshua are said to have addressed the whole people.

The door of the Tabernacle, we are reminded, was ten cubits, or eighteen feet, wide. This point settled, our critic interprets the phrase "*before the door*" as embracing a space within two lines in front of the door of exactly that width. So that, allowing two feet to a man, nine men only could be made to stand "*before*" the entrance. Behind those nine men there might be nine more, and so nine after nine, until the line so formed should extend to some twenty miles in length. Having placed this strange picture before our eyes, Dr. Colenso asks if we think the Almighty ever commanded *that!* Commanded *that!* who but Dr. Colenso ever supposed that he commanded *that*? The very idea is so childish as to become ridiculous. The Bishop is much too dry a critic to be given to joking, or we should have been obliged to suspect him of indulging in a vein of that sort in this instance.

But the difficulty is not removed, says our author, if you reckon all that could get admission into the "*court of the Tabernacle*" as being "*before the door*." For the whole court could not be made to receive more than about five thousand people, while the able-bodied men alone are said to have numbered six hundred thousand. The Bishop's conclusion is, that it is inconceivable how "*all the assembly*," the "*whole congregation*," could have been summoned to attend '*at the door of the Tabernacle*.'

It should be remembered, that if the people were to be assembled for any public or general purpose at all, it was to have been expected that the place of meeting would be before the Tabernacle. It should be remembered, moreover, that the court of the Tabernacle was an unroofed, and we may say an unwalled, space. The curtains which lined it might easily, on such occasions, have been so disposed as to have made a far wider space available to the people if needed. But we need no wizard to assure us that two millions of people were not likely to be assembled in one mass on that spot, or that no man's voice could be made to reach them if they were. Nevertheless, according to our common forms of speech in relation to such matters, the case may have been such as fully to warrant the language employed in the sacred narrative. Who does not know, that when the livery of London is convened, what is said to the persons present is reported as said to the livery,

though a mere fraction of that body only may have come together; and that what is done by the meeting is said to be done by the livery? We convene a county meeting. Not a fiftieth part, perhaps, of those summoned obey the call. But the Yes or No of those who meet is accepted as the Yes or No of the county. The present include the absent. The people of Birmingham often assemble what they call town-meetings in their Town-Hall; and what is said or done therein is reported as said or done by the town, though the hall will not contain a fiftieth part of the population. In innumerable cases it is so. If there were communications which it was fitting should be made to the elders of the congregation only, and others which it was fitting should be made to the people at large, we see not how the form of expression which proves so perplexing to Dr. Colenso could have failed to come into use. The emphasis laid on the words "*the whole congregation*," and "*all the congregation*," was simply intended to mark the fact that all were summoned, and that what was said, was said, *as far as possible*, to all the people, it may be to men and women, old and young.

We have evidence, however, that when Moses is said to speak to the people, and when the people are said to speak to Moses, we are not always to understand that the prophet spoke to them directly, or that the people spoke to him directly.

"And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying: These are the words which *thou* shalt speak unto the children of Israel. And Moses came and called for the *elders of the people*, and laid before their faces all these words which the Lord commanded him. And all the people answered together, and said: All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people unto the Lord."—Ex. 19: 3-8.

Here it is manifest, that for Moses to speak to the children of Israel was for him to speak to them through the elders; and for the children of Israel to answer Moses was for them to answer him through the same medium. We must say, that looking at this objection as a whole, it is, in our estimation, a most light and frivolous affair. We marvel that any man of sense should seem to attach the least weight to it. It is a sort of

objection which no mind not of a most infelicitous structure and tendency would be troubled about for a moment. We should not have said so much upon it, had it not indicated so strongly the singular unfitness of the author for the work he has assumed.

Great difficulty is made about the command intended to secure cleanliness and health to the Israelitish camp. It is enjoined in Deuteronomy 23 : 12-14, that such impurities as are usually carried off by sewerage in towns, should have no place within the camp. Convenience for the necessities of nature should be provided beyond its limits. But we are reminded that the camp was at least three miles across—a mile and a half from the center to the outside; that it consisted not only of able-bodied men, but of the aged, and included women and children. How was it possible, it is asked, that such a regulation should have been acted upon? And if you suppose it to have been acted upon by the six hundred thousand warriors only, how could the camp, with no further provision than that for the purpose, have been kept so pure that Jehovah should see “no unclean thing in” it? Here, we are told, is another “very convincing proof of the unhistorical character of the whole narrative.”

But there are two material facts, so patent that the Bishop should have seen them at a glance, which readily dispose of this objection. In the first place the passage in Deuteronomy which enjoins this purity within the camp, and which gives this direction about the outside of it, does not date from the time when the Israelites began their march from the Red Sea, as ninety-nine out of every hundred who read what Dr. Colenso has written will be led to suppose, but is a passage which was reserved to make its appearance when Moses was in the act of resigning his trust into the hands of Joshua, and when the sons of the men who had left Egypt were about to cross the Jordan. The difficulty presented by Dr. Colenso is presented as a difficulty of forty years' standing, while, in fact, it had no existence through any stage of that interval. It is a marvel that the Bishop should not have seen this. But the shape which he has given to his reasoning is such as will not fail to lead the great majority of his readers away from the fact of the case, and to fill their minds with his own mischievous fiction.

Our second fact is not less decisive. As might have been expected from its date, the language which Dr. Colenso has cited is language enunciating what the custom of the Israelites should be in their camp-life when going forth to war after their settlement in Canaan. The whole chapter from which the Bishop has made his citations on this point has this prospective bearing. It prescribes what the policy of Israel should be when thus settled toward the surrounding nations. The Ammonite and the Moabite were not to be allowed to enter into the congregation of the Lord forever. “Thou shalt not,” it is said, “seek their peace or their good all thy days forever.” But a different course must be taken toward the Edomites and the Egyptians. “Thou shalt not abhor an Edomite; for he is thy brother: thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian; because thou wast a stranger in his land.” Then the sacred writer glances onward to the wars which would ensue in part from this national policy, saying, “When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing;” and the directions follow in regard to the cleanliness and purity that should characterize an Israelitish camp. These injunctions, and others, were to be remembered:

“That the Lord thy God may bless thee in all that thou settest thine hand to in the land whither thou goest to possess it.” It is added: “When thou comest into thy neighbor's vineyard, then thou mayest eat grapes, thy fill at thine own pleasure; but thou shalt not put any in thy vessel. When thou comest into the standing-corn of thy neighbor, then thou mayest pluck the ears with thine hand; but thou shalt not move a sickle unto thy neighbor's standing-corn.”

Expressions which clearly suppose the Israelites to be so settled in Canaan as to be securely planting vineyards and cultivating the soil. And now, the sanitary measures which could not have been acted upon by a camp numbering two millions of people, including a large majority consisting of women, of the aged, and of children, becomes readily practicable in a camp consisting of a moderate number of able-bodied men. The sacred writer enjoins the possible for the future. It is Dr. Colenso who has made him enjoin the impossible through the past. So this “very convincing proof of the unhistorical” ends, like so many more, in moonshine.



The extent of the camp, which made such a regulation as that we have adverted to impracticable, is said to have made the service required from the priests impracticable. The Bishop cites the following text as proof of his conclusion on this point:

"And the skin of the bullock, and all his flesh, with his head, and with his legs, and his inwards, and his dung, even the whole bullock shall he [the priest] carry forth without the camp unto a clean place, where the ashes are poured out, and burn him on the wood with fire: where the ashes are poured out shall he be burnt."—Lev. 4: 11-12.

Thus, says our author, we have to imagine the priest as having to bear "the whole bullock" on his shoulders, through the camp, to as great a distance as from St. Paul's to a suburb of London; and for this service, and much besides, as often as required, there are only three priests—Aaron, Eleazar, and Ithamar.

But to us it is a marvelous thing that any man should be able to persuade himself that the word "carry" is used in this connection in any such sense as the author supposes. The form of the verb here used may be fairly interpreted in the sense of causing to be carried. In fact the sense in which we use the word "carry" depends always on circumstances. The Dutch were once said to be the carriers for the world. But no one supposes that they carried the world's commodities on their backs. We have men among ourselves who are carriers by vocation, but we never imagine them as burdening their persons in our service. The man who carries your letter may carry it in his pocket. The man who carries your hay carries it after another manner. Still in either case we speak of the carrying as done by him. It is a pity that Dr. Colenso should have found it impossible to give the author, or authors of the Pentateuch, whoever they may have been, credit for a small measure of common-sense. Only a slight tincture of that quality would surely have sufficed to save the writer of the passage we have cited from describing one man as doing what he must have known no one man could do. The idea of a single priest carrying a whole bullock on his back, from the center of the camp to its extremity, must, we are sure, have appeared as grotesque in its absurdity to the sacred writer, if it had once occurred

to him, as it has done to Dr. Colenso. Hence the presumption—we may say the certainty—that no such meaning could have been designed to be conveyed by the language employed. How the carrying was accomplished we do not know, nor are we at all concerned to know. We are only certain that it was not in the manner set forth in the *travestie* of the sacred text with which Bishop Colenso has favored us. In the fullest account we have of what was to be done on the day of Atonement, it is simply stated that the bullock should be carried forth; it is not said how or by whom, (Lev. 16: 27.)

But this is not the Bishop's strongest objection formed on the alleged duties of the priests. Chapter twenty is occupied in setting forth the various, the recurrent, and the very heavy services imposed on the men sustaining that office, and in showing that, inasmuch as there were but three priests to do all the things required to be done, such things never could have been done, and so the whole story becomes unhistorical.

Here we have a point of much more significance than any of the preceding. And if the services said to have been demanded from the priests in the wilderness were really demanded from them; and if the priests from whom these services were required numbered three men, and no more, then such a representation would have been a representation of things as done which it must have been impossible to do, and the narrative must in consequence be pronounced in this respect untrue. But to form a right judgment on this question it is indispensable that attention should be given to the following points:

First: the Book of Exodus, the Book of Leviticus, and so much of the Book of Numbers as extends to the fourteenth chapter inclusive, relate to an interval when the expectation was, that the second year after the departure from Egypt would see the Israelites settled in Canaan. Not a line of the instruction concerning religious services or priestly functions, in that large portion of the Pentateuch, had been written in the slightest anticipation of a forty years' sojourn in the wilderness. The false report of the spies, and the unbelief of the people, which changed the whole aspect of the future, were not to have their place in this history until all these matters had been committed to

writing. The Omniscient, indeed, knows the future, but in his dealings with responsible agents it is not his manner to seem to know it.

Second : with the promised land thus apparently near, we are prepared to find many expressions in these writings which pass beyond the desert to those better regions, and which seem to expect a full conformity to the national ritual only when the nation shall have entered into its promised possession. The desert would be to them a preliminary exception, soon to pass away : the state toward which legislation for such a people would point, would not be their state near Mount Sinai, but their state near Mount Moriah. The first legislative promulgation to this people consisted of the Decalogue ; and even there the devout Hebrew was to find his motive to obedience strengthened by looking to the land which the Lord his God had given him. And in the injunctions which immediately follow we find such passages as these :

“ And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children ; I will not go out free : then his master shall bring him unto the judges ; he shall also bring him to the *door* or unto the *door-post* ; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl ; and he shall serve him forever,” (Ex. 21 : 5, 6.) “ If a man shall cause a *field* or *vineyard* to be eaten, and shall put in his beast, and shall feed in another man’s field ; of the best of his own field, and of the best of his own vineyard, shall he make restitution. If fire break out, and catch in thorns, so that the *stacks of corn*, or the *standing corn*, or the field, be consumed therewith ; he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution.”—Ex. 22 : 5, 6.

Surely this is not legislating for a people dwelling in tents, but for a people living in *houses* ; and not for a people in a wilderness, but for a people who plant *vineyards* and sow *corn*. To multiply such passages would be easy.

As it was with the civil legislation, so was it with the ecclesiastical. Of the three great annual festivals, two, the feast of Tabernacles and the feast of Pentecost, while minutely described, were formally postponed from the time of their appointment until the people should have come into the land which the Lord would give them, (Lev. 23.) In other matters of this nature the same principle seems to have been allowed to prevail. We are told, again and again, that what is enjoined upon Aaron

and his sons is enjoined, not for their sake, but that it might be a statute forever to him and to his descendants, (Lev. 10 : 15.) Rites which could be observed in the wilderness were observed there ; and services which supposed the worshiper in possession of a land flowing with milk and honey, were suspended, wholly, or in great part, until that should be the condition of the people. Immediately after the sin which doomed the living generation to die in the wilderness, the instruction to the people is after this wise :

“ And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, *When ye be come into the land of your habitations, which I give unto you*, and will make an offering by fire unto the Lord, a burnt offering, or a sacrifice in performing a vow, or in a freewill offering, or in your solemn feasts, to make a sweet savor unto the Lord, of the herd, or of the flock,” etc., etc. “ All that are born of the country shall do after this manner—one law and one manner shall be for you, and for the stranger that sojourneth with you.”—Numb. 15 : 1, 2, 13, 16.

Here, after the great change which had taken place in the prospects of the people, the legislation, as might have been expected, is still legislation having respect to what should be done when the next generation should enter Canaan. In the eighteenth verse the same preface to the series of injunctions given recurs. “ Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, *When ye come in the land whither I bring you*, then it shall be,” etc., etc. The services described in Leviticus would be possible to a people dwelling in that country—impossible to a people wandering through forty years in a desert, except by a constant intervention of miracle. The above language is followed by some directions concerning what should be done in the case of sins through ignorance, and of sins of presumption ; and the blue fringes to be worn in future by the people on their garments are to be as a monitor to them, that they may not fail to remember the commandments of God.

How far this language was to apply to commandments relating to ritual observances in the wilderness we learn indirectly from what happened nearly twenty years later. Those years—from the second after leaving Egypt to the nineteenth—are a blank in the sacred narra-

tive. But at the end of that interval came the insurrection against the authority of Moses and Aaron, headed by Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. That disorder being crushed, and the authority of Aaron being reëstablished, partly by the judgment which came upon the malcontents, and partly by the budding of Aaron's rod, there follows a new enunciation of the duties of priests and Levites, and a new assertion of their privileges. Now, all that is here said had been said twenty years since: why then is it now said again, and said in the exact form in which it would have been said if it had never been said before? If the people so addressed were known to be well aware that all this had been said to them soon after the Exodus, and had been recorded at the time in the Book of Exodus or in the Book of Leviticus, why repeat it all to them now as if it were something wholly new? Nay, more; if these various periodical observances had been coming up before their eyes from day to day, from month to month, and year to year, why tell them to do the things now which they had never ceased to do? The explanation clearly is, that they had *not* been used to see these things coming up ceaselessly before them; and in their altered circumstances, since the present generation had been sentenced to pass the forty years in the wilderness which they had expected to pass in Canaan, they had so far lost the memory of what had been said and written on such matters twenty years ago, that it had become expedient that this summary, on a subject so much forgotten, should be thus given forth anew. Certain of these instructions were thus re-delivered, that they might be at once acted upon. But others point clearly to what should be Hebrew usage when the Hebrew should have expelled the Canaanite. And we have evidence enough that this recapitulation must have been designed to keep up this anticipation of the future, more than to regulate the present. What is set forth is set forth as law, to regulate the conduct, not of Aaron and his sons merely, but that of the house of Aaron and of the house of Levi *through all their generations*.

Now follows another interval of nearly twenty years, which are also a blank in this memorable history. But what was done afterward shows very clearly what

had been doing in respect to ritual during those years. We now find the Israelites in the thirty-ninth year of their wanderings. Aaron dies. Moses is about to die. The people are enriched by the spoil of their enemies, and are about to enter the long-expected country. And now another summary as to what should be the order of worship is given, and given strictly in the manner in which it would have been given if no such mandates had ever been issued. Again we ask, How is this? What need of these detailed descriptions of the Levitical services, and these emphatic injunctions as to the duty of attending to them, if the people knew that all that was said to them had been said long ago, had been recorded long ago, and had been the matter of constant attention and practice among them from that long time passed until now? Surely, to have told the people to do a multitude of things the doing of which had been their unbroken custom, would have been a very superfluous proceeding. It is manifest, accordingly, that during the sojourn in the wilderness the Hebrew ritual had been to a large extent suspended, and that when the people were about to enter upon Canaan they needed to be educated anew in this whole matter.

Dr. Colenso cites Numbers 28 : 1-4, as showing that a lamb was offered every morning and evening during the forty years in the wilderness; and, of course, the difficulty is, how could this supply of victims be obtained in such a place? But from the date of that text its evidence comes to be of just the contrary description. The words are these: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Command the children of Israel, and say unto them, This is the offering made by fire which ye shall offer unto the Lord; two lambs of the first year without spot day by day, for a continual burnt-offering. The one lamb shalt thou offer in the morning, and the other shalt thou offer at even." Now these words—words which Dr. Colenso himself has cited—are addressed to the people *after* their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness, not, as the Bishop's argument requires us to suppose, *before* it. What they were commanded to do when about to enter Canaan, is cited as intended to describe what they had been doing from the time of their coming out of Egypt. It is true, the same command had been delivered in the most explicit

terms immediately after the Exodus, and the people are told that it had been so delivered; but the fact that it was delivered again, and in such a form, forty years later, places it beyond doubt that the institute had long ceased to be observed. And if a service of such prominence as the lamb of the morning and evening sacrifices had ceased, who shall say what had not ceased?

As another specimen of the loose manner in which the Bishop has often constructed his impeachment, especially where facts are more concerned than figures, we cite the following passage:

"In the seventh month, for several days together, beside the daily sacrifices, there were to be extraordinary additional sacrifices; so that on the fifteenth day of the month the priest was to offer thirteen bullocks, two rams, and fourteen lambs, and in the seven days from the fifteenth to the twenty-first, seventeen bullocks, fourteen rams, and ninety-eight lambs." —P. 123.

The authority cited as showing that, according to the Pentateuch, the Israelites offered sacrifice upon this scale during their whole pilgrimage in the desert, is Numbers 29; and if the reader will turn to that chapter, he will find that it dates from the *close* of the sojourn, not from its *beginning*, and that it sets forth what the nation should do in the *future*, without a word of reference to what had, or had not, been done in the *past*. Nor is this all. These services also *had* been enjoined at the time of the Exodus; but here, again, the fact that they are now enjoined anew, and enjoined without the slightest reference to their having been enjoined before, is proof that the Israelites had known nothing, or next to nothing, of such observances during their wanderings. Dr. Colenso says:

"The single work of offering the double sacrifice for women after child-birth must have utterly overpowered three priests, though engaged without cessation from morning to night. As we have seen, the births among two millions of people may be reckoned as at least two hundred and fifty a day, for which consequently five hundred sacrifices (two hundred and fifty burnt-offerings and two hundred and fifty sin-offerings) would have had to be daily offered. Looking at the directions in Lev. 1:4, we can scarcely allow less than *five minutes* to each sacrifice; so that these sacrifices alone, if offered separately, would have taken twenty-five hundred minutes, or nearly forty-two hours, and

could not have been offered in a single day of twelve hours, though each of the priests had been employed in the one sole incessant labor of offering them, without a moment's rest or intermission. We ask further, Where could they have obtained these two hundred and fifty 'turtle doves or young pigeons' daily, that is, ninety thousand annually, *in the wilderness*?" —Pp. 123, 124.

The Bishop supposes that these alleged impossibilities have their place in the Pentateuch through the blundering oversight of the men from whom we have received it. But it is natural to ask—Is it probable that men who have written, according to the Bishop's theory, so as to have passed off their fictions for truth with the most intelligent portion of the human race through more than thirty centuries, could have been so devoid of sagacity as not to have seen these impossibilities, if they are there, quite as readily as Dr. Colenso? It is believing much to believe that such strength and such weakness could have met in the same persons. The truth is, the difficulty here is wholly imaginary. Conformity to the Levitical ritual had its place in the desert to the extent in which it was practicable in the desert; and the conformity that was possible only in the Promised Land was left to have its place in the Promised Land. If even the morning and evening sacrifices, and the services connected with the great day of Atonement, were placed so far in abeyance, as we have seen, by circumstances, the services of priests in relation to women, to the leprous, and to persons who came under ceremonial pollution, would be ruled by the same law. What is more, the fifth chapter in Joshua furnishes us with evidence of the most decisive kind in this direction. There we learn that in the wilderness even the practice of circumcision had ceased, and had to be taken up anew when the tribes had crossed the Jordan.

It should not be forgotten that when things are required to be done "before the Tabernacle," or before "the door of the Tabernacle," it by no means follows that they were things to be done in the wilderness. The Tabernacle was to be in Canaan all that it had been in the time of Moses, and more.

If the services required from the priests in the wilderness were comparatively light, the number of the priests might be comparatively few. But we are disposed



to think they were not so few as Dr. Colenso has supposed. Nadab and Abihu, sons of Aaron, appear to have been young men when they were cut off. They left no children. But we know that was not the case with Eleazar, and we can hardly suppose it to have been the case with Ithamar. The fact that Aaron and his sons are frequently mentioned as though they comprehended the whole priesthood, does not oblige us to suppose that it was so. In the house of Aaron, Eleazar and Ithamar would be heads of families; and, according to Hebrew usage, what was said to the sires would be understood as said to the sons. In some scores of places the service of the "priest," or of the "priests," is spoken of without any special reference to Aaron or to his sons, and in a manner which certainly seems to imply the existence of other persons sustaining that office. Sometimes the reference may be to what the priests of another generation should do in Canaan. But there are passages which seem to imply the presence of priests in this larger sense even in the wilderness. Take the following as one of this class: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to

gaze, and many of them perish. *And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them,*" (Exodus 19: 21, 22.) It is not easy to suppose that such language would have been used if Aaron and his two sons had been the only priests. But Dr. Colenso would have us suppose that the house of Aaron consisted of three male persons only when they entered the wilderness, and of three persons only when they passed out of it forty years afterward, leading us to picture to ourselves the Ark borne across the Jordan at the head of two millions of people with only three priests to carry it! The mind which can believe after that manner may be expected to believe a great deal upon occasion. It is true there is no direct mention of other priests. But the probability that there were others rises to all but certainty. Dr. Colenso, however, without proof, and against such probability, asserts the contrary. The sacred writers have not given us positive information on the subject—the Bishop gives it in their stead: "They were but three." Is it a reluctant skepticism that reasons thus?

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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## THE YANG-TSZE RIVER, AND THE TAEPINGS IN CHINA.

It was a stereotyped sarcasm of the bitter old school of reviewing that author, printer, designer, engraver, and publisher had entered into a conspiracy to illuse the public. We may, very honestly, make just the reverse of this remark on Captain Blakiston's *Five Months on the Upper Yang-Tsze*.\* The lively and graphic narrative of the gallant author is set off by well-executed illustrations, valuable maps, and skillfully prepared scientific statistics, without which publica-

tions of travels are mere story-books. The subject, too, possesses the rare charm of novelty; for while recent events have increased our interest in the affairs of China, they have added little to our knowledge of the interior of that vast empire.

The celestial land has ever been, till lately, a great unknown to us; and naturally so, for its government allowed no native to emigrate, and no foreigners to intrude, except some Roman Catholic missionaries, who buried themselves in the country, and from whom we learned little. Probably, a few years ago, even

\* *Five Months on the Yang-Tsze*. By THOMAS W. BLAKISTON, late Captain, Royal Artillery. London: Murray, 1862.

among well-read men, there was not one in ten who had a distinct notion of the condition of that large section of the human family which inhabited China, or of the physical features of their country. As for the majority, they just knew that it was the land from which their tea came. For ideas of its architecture, scenery, and costume, they were chiefly indebted to the ubiquitous willow-pattern which figured on their plates and dishes. Less than a century ago, when Goldsmith wanted a really strange land with which his imagination could play freaks without restraint, he selected China; and in his *Letters from Fum Ho*, he successfully conveys the impressions of the most utter stranger to Europe.

To Captain Blakiston and his party belongs the distinction of having penetrated this undiscovered land nine hundred miles further than any previous explorers, if we except the few Roman Catholic missionaries. Having undergone five months of incessant toil, and incurred, during part of the journey, very considerable peril, Captain Blakiston has returned safe to tell what he saw. The route of this pioneer party was up the Yang-Tsze, which is the Mississippi of China. All the great continents of the world, except Australia, possess immense watery highways, which rise in some back-bone of mountain and flow down to the sea, fertilizing the countries through which they pass. Europe has the Volga and the Danube, with a host of lesser streams. The Ganges rolls down from snowy peaks for over thirteen hundred miles, not unnaturally an object of veneration to the dusky millions of Hindostan. The Nile bears down through the sultry plains of Egypt volumes of water at times desolating in their exuberance. The American continent, richest of all in rivers, can boast the Amazon, the Plata, the Orinoco, the Mississippi, the Missouri. What these different rivers are to their respective countries, the Yang-Tsze and Hwang-Ho are to China.

The Yang-Tsze, the course of which Captain Blakiston followed for eighteen hundred miles, rises, as may be observed by looking at the map of Eastern Asia out of China Proper, in the region of Tibet, and winds for over three thousand miles through the provinces of Yu-nan, Sz'chuan, Hoo-peh, Hoonan, Kiang-ri, Anhoei, till it reaches Nanking, from which

city its breadth gradually increases, and it rolls into the sea an immense volume of waters, spreading out at its mouth, like all large rivers, into a vast estuary, with the usual deltas. We can not do better than at once begin at the beginning, with Captain Blakiston, and follow his fortunes up the flowery land.

When, by the Treaty of Peking, in 1860, a number of ports were opened to British commerce, it became necessary for the representatives of England to visit the three inland towns of Chin-keang, Kien-keang, and Hankow, which are situated on the Yang-Tsze, and to inaugurate in the presence of a few gun-boats, the exercise of the rights recently conferred by the Treaty. For this purpose in February, 1861, Admiral Sir James Hope started from Shanghai with a compact little fleet of war-steamers, and on board one of these was the "Overland Expedition," as it was called, consisting of Captain Blakiston, Lieutenant-Colonel Sarel, Dr. Alfred Barton, and the Rev. S. Schereschewsky, an American missionary. Their object was to pass up with the fleet as far as possible, and then journey in junks up the river to Tibet, to cross the Himalayas, and so pass over into North-western India.

Considering that the whole of the districts through which the upper portion of the Yang-Tsze flows were infested with all sorts of plunderers and assassins, both Taeping and Imperial, to any of whom it would have been a matter of pride and pleasure to have walked off with a few European heads; we can not but think that the "Overland Expedition" had mapped out for itself an exceedingly arduous and dangerous route. But there is nothing like aiming high. Though, as events turned out, they were unable to complete the whole of their scheme, they have made an immense stride into the back districts of China, and they have also one and all returned alive to tell what they discovered.

We shall see that if they had persisted in the attempt to cross into India, they might have penetrated a little further than they did, but they would most probably never have returned. It was not till they were cast loose by the steamships of the fleet at Yo-chow, one hundred and fifty miles above Hankow, that the really interesting and novel portions of their adventures commenced, and we

shall, therefore, pass lightly over the journey thus far. The strangest sights recorded up to that point, are the Ming tombs and the porcelain pagoda. Who has not heard of the porcelain tower of China? Who has not seen in the story-books about the celestial land, the print of that tall straight turret, with its succession of fancifully projecting eaves, so gigantic, yet so symmetrically quaint, and looking like something between a church-steeple and a light-house? And into which of our minds ever entered the doubt that it was not all made of porcelain? For ourselves, we freely confess that our young idea was fixed and clear that it was one gigantic pile of porcelain, and in later years we never troubled ourselves to become skeptical. But from what Captain Blakiston says, we learn that the whole notion was a delusion. There was never such a thing as a tower built of porcelain, and now there is no tower there at all. It was mainly constructed of brick and tile, and it was only the tiling of the succession of roofs which was of porcelain, and now it is nothing but "a white hill of ruins."

The tombs of the Ming dynasty are not far from the tower. In these structures there is now little to remark, but surrounding them are stone figures of camels, elephants, horses, dogs, and men, which are meant to represent a suitable attendance on the spirit of the dead sovereign on its way to the other world. The simple, and, as a Chinese would doubtless think it, intensely vulgar notion that as the figures have been there some centuries, they have waited long enough to attend any reasonable wanderings of the royal spirits, occurs to English observers; but whether they are wanted much longer or not, they give evidence of growing tired of their attendance. Their condition of dilapidation is ludicrous. The lion has only three legs, a tree is sprouting from the elephant's back, one of the nondescripts is on his side, and the men evince a tendency to lie down.

Before we start from Yo-chow, we may also direct the reader's attention to Mr. Forrest's graphic sketch of the palace of Hung-tsiu-tsuen, the rebel chief, in Nanking, or rather of so much of it as it is permitted the barbarians to inspect. About the most characteristic thing in it, is the map which is entitled the "Map

of the Entire Territory of the Heavenly Taeping Dynasty, to endure for a myriad myriad years." In it a magnificent square block of land, surrounded by seas, is China; another square surrounded by walls is the capital, and all the rest of the world is either not represented at all, or is set down as so many specks, England and France being two little islands in the corner.

But we must not delay upon trifles, however amusing; we will at once proceed to the start from Yo-chow, at the entrance of Tung-ting lake, one hundred and fifty miles above Hankow. The party, consisting of the gentlemen already named, was attended by a very heterogeneous crew. The naval commander was an ill-favored looking old Chinaman, with a broken-up and unwholesome appearance, the result of the use of opium, a forbidding cast in his eyes, and features generally suggestive of stabbing in the dark. He possessed the name of Ou-hung Foo. The mandarin who accompanied the party was a quiet, soft, inquisitive official, who went to take care of all on board, and who very much needed to be taken care of himself. The cook was ugly even for a Chinaman. He had but one eye, his hat was without a top, his clothes were in tatters, and his only recreations were to watch live eels frying on the pan, and to rush out on deck and shout lustily whenever the crew had to push on the boat against a particularly stiff current; this, in passing, we may remark, was not a useless duty. Every thing requiring exertion in China must be accompanied with the stimulus of loud vociferations; and even the battles, of which Captain Blakiston was a spectator, in his course, up the Yang-Tsze, resounded throughout with a succession of loud cheers and roars from either side, as a good hit was considered to have been made.

Another member of the crew was a fine athletic young man, who lived for almost the whole voyage on opium-smoking. He abandoned himself to stupefaction all night, and was strong for his work next morning; when dinner-time came, he dined on a few puffs of the opium-pipe, and was quite fresh for the evening's toil. But though supported by the drug, it was melancholy, Captain Blakiston remarks, to see how he wasted away under its influence. Another of the junk's

company was distinguished by his determined abnegation of clothes. His own skin he considered a sufficiently effectual covering; and from perpetual exposure to all sorts of weather, it in time became marvelously like the skin of a hippopotamus. There was, moreover, a wag or fool among the crew, or at least a person who acted in that capacity, and whose duty it was when the men were at an unusually hard pull in some rapid, to run before them, turn innumerable somersaults, display indescribable antics, kneel down and piteously supplicate them to pull hard, and finally arming himself with a sturdy stick, to belabor them soundly all round, by way of giving point to his previous persuasions. There are many queer customs in China, but one of the most whimsical is this of a crew appointing one of their number to supply them daily with the stimulus of a good thrashing. The foregoing are some specimens of the crew. The "Overland Expedition" had a body-guard of four Seikhs, Sepoys of H.M. eleventh Punjaub Infantry; a Chinese assistant to the Rev. Mr. Schereschewsky, and two Chinese servants completed the party. Such was the composition of the company which, under the direction of Captain Blakiston and his friends, now commenced the adventurous task of forcing their way to the mountain-cradle of the Yang-Tsze, which lies nearly three thousand miles from the coast.

They navigated in a large flat-bottomed junk, drawing about two feet of water, and eight feet long by ten wide. A big mast was stuck in the middle, on which was hung a large ragged sail of light cotton, crossed horizontally by many bamboos. The mode of navigation was either with oars, or by the crew tracking along the banks as horses do our own canal-boats, at which work they got on very well with the assistance of the jester's cudgel.

We will not attempt to trace in detail the course of the party during their long navigation up to Ping-Shan, the furthest point reached. We shall merely present the results in a general way. The course of the Yang-Tsze below Hankow has been often described before, and we need only concern ourselves with the upper part of the river. Through the province of Hoopeh it permeates an immense valley for about two hundred miles, up to I-chang,

a distance, with windings, of three hundred and sixty geographical miles; it passes through an alluvial country, for the minute characteristics of which we commend our readers to Captain Blakiston's lively narrative. Generally the country was fertile and not unskillfully cultivated. Of the country near I-chang, for the precise situation of which place the map had better be referred to, we read:

"I-chang, or rather its smoke, and the pagoda about a couple of miles below the place, are within sight a long way down, and I thought at the time that I had never beheld a more beautiful river-scene. On either hand the banks had become high and precipitous, bold cliffs of rock rose immediately from the deep water. To our left hand as we ascended—that is, beyond the river's right bank—was entirely a mountainous country, and we could observe it extended to the northward beyond the town that lay on the other side in the river valley, behind which the country rose generally into plateau and ridges, broken occasionally by a narrow, rice-planted valley, through which a quick-running stream carried the surplus drainings of the paddy-land to the river. The vegetation was a beautiful combination of temperate and semi-tropical forms, while the occasional palm occurring here and there served to remind us that in these inland regions one must expect the extreme temperature to reach a high degree. Wheat was now over a foot high, and peas, beans, and peaches, were in blossom. The country every where, except on the steepest slopes, or where a rock was exposed, was highly cultivated.

From I-chang to Wau, a distance of one hundred and forty geographical miles, their route was marked by the strongest rapids and the grandest gorges. A beautiful illustration of the Lu-Kan gorge supplies the frontispiece of the book; and if it be not very much exaggerated, which we have certainly no reason to suspect, seldom has human eye rested on a more magnificent piece of scenery. At Wau the country becomes more open again, till at Suchow it finally rises into the mountain districts of Tibet.

During their whole passage up river, the members of the "Overland Expedition" had been objects of mingled aversion and curiosity to the natives. In some particular places they were looked on as being in league with the Taepings, who were devastating all the inland districts. They were generally referred to by the unpleasing *sobriquet* of "Western



devils," and wherever they could be kept out of a town by any amount of excuses, evasions, and lies, no exertions to that end were spared by those in authority. The women especially shunned them with provoking pertinacity.

When we consider how little the people knew of them, and how much the customs of China enjoin seclusion on the better class of females, we scarcely wonder at their more than Oriental shyness. But Captain Blakiston would not tamely submit to be the shunned one of the Chinese ladies, for, to judge by his own confession, he pursued them with a spirit and determination which, no doubt, struck additional dismay into their hearts. Whenever the bearded European face appeared in front of a cottage, all the females fluttered away in trepidation. In a second, the house would be ransacked to find out their hiding-place. Sometimes they would be in the fields, and our gallant author would execute a rapid flank movement in the hope of intercepting their retreat, but they, knowing all the corners well, would cunningly evade him. Then again, he tried stealth, endeavoring to creep up behind a party of females who were enjoying the open air, unconscious of the presence of the "Western devil," when some odious, watchful cur, filled with wrath at the sight of a stranger, sounds the alarm in shrill yelps, and away the celestials run. More than once, however, Captain Blakiston actually caught a female prize, and after many tears and some force, prevailed on her to turn her face from the wall into which she cowered like a hunted deer, so that he got his reward by the sight of "a face which was—Oh! don't ask me. But they are not all quite so bad."

At Sha-sze the mandarin who accompanied them brought his wife and family, who lived there, on board to see the distinguished foreigners. They were dressed in loose jackets and fancy trowsers, the younger ones having bright-colored flowers set in their skillfully-dressed hair, and our author declares them to have been really pretty. They followed Tartar fashions and did not cramp their feet. Indeed, had they been strictly Chinese they would not have seen the strangers. The odious habit of compressing the women's feet, which some supposed did not extend to the interior of the empire, Captain Blakiston has discovered to be uni-

versal. Every where the women are to be seen waddling about on what look like little goat-hoofs, balancing themselves by touching walls as they pass along, and apparently in imminent peril of toppling over, while the Chinese young gentleman look on admiringly, and praise her much who waddles most.

The further the party got up the river the less they found the people to like them. At Chung-King they were very near being assassinated. When they arrived off this town they sent to the Governor telling him that they wished very much to pay him a visit, and requesting him to send chairs for their conveyance. They had also been asked to dinner by the Roman Catholic missionary in the town, who told them that if they had an objection to chop-sticks, they should bring their own knives and forks. During the evening of the day on which they had sent to the Governor to make arrangements for their entry, a party of imperial soldiers, stationed at the place, came down to the junk, insisted on getting into her, made themselves very troublesome, and showed a strong desire to take away with them several things that did not belong to them. Their desires, too, had an unpleasant turn, for they especially coveted a large sharp knife which was lying about the cabin, and which they could only have wanted for use on human flesh. The Doctor finding them in his way motioned them out, and out on deck they went; but one of their number positively declined to pass out on shore, and when seized with a view of being pushed out, he threw himself down, gesticulated frightfully, and made himself as disagreeable as possible. Dr. Barton seeing matters in this state, took up the sprawling warrior and shuffled him quietly over the side into the river. As he struggled to the brink and crawled up, the mob around shouted and cheered, quite enjoying the joke at the expense of the imperial *brave*.

This was very amusing, but it made the prospect of entering the city on the following day more dangerous than ever. In the morning the Governor sent to say that they could not come to see him, as there was a plot to murder them when they landed or in their junk, and the Roman Catholic missionary sent them similar intelligence. But Captain Blakiston and his comrades do not seem to have been easily intimidated. They at once

fortified the junks, and sent a fresh demand for the sedan-chairs and escort. At length the chairs and warriors came, and strongly armed, the Captain and two comrades, with one Seikh, proceeded to pay their visits. The town was densely crowded with people as the public examinations were being held at the time, and the chairs were borne through an immense sea of heads, Captain Blakiston ruminating all the while on the probability of his being stabbed in the back before he got home again. Strangely enough, he and his friends reached the Governor's with whole bodies, saw his Excellency, who was delighted at the interview, concluded that his Excellency was a determined ruffian, passed on to dinner at the Missionary's, and dined of fish, ducks, pork, frogs, slugs, birds' nests, and samshoo, or Chinese brandy.

As they passed on up the river, they daily met fresh evidence of the dangerous state of things above, in the number of headless corpses which floated past. The more the bodies wanting heads swept by, the less the Chinese boatmen liked going on. Indeed their inference was an alarming one, and not at all unnatural. At last, at Süchow, they witnessed a pitched battle, though one certainly of a very mild description. It seems to have resembled an election row in this country. The different bands of gaudily-dressed combatants assailed each other with volleys of stones and abuse, stopping every now and then and "daring the other, in school-boy fashion," to come on. At different times a rusty old tube was filled with powder and let off, amidst loud cheers from the cannonading party. The result of the battle was, that one or two combatants were killed. When the expedition reached Pingshan, their difficulties culminated. The rebels filled the adjacent country, and the people of the city, convinced that the party were on the side of the Taepings, absolutely refused to allow them to reside within their walls. The junk-men were proof against all entreaties to push on. One night, while they lay in the river, a deafening clamor arose about the town, which was quickly taken up by the boatmen, who bustled about for their lives, letting go ropes, and getting out oars, and making off down the river as fast as possible. The town had been attacked by the rebels. Its fate is not known, as the determination of the junk-

men to make away down the river could not be resisted. The return, in the circumstances, can not be called a retreat. The party had explored the Yang-Tsze for eighteen hundred miles, had left an impress of the British character along their course, and had pioneered up a great highway, which we may be sure the civilized world will not let lie useless much longer. A better representative of the finest qualities, mental and moral, of the Englishmen, than Captain Blakiston, could hardly have been selected for such a purpose. If he and his little party did not attempt, after the virtual desertion of their crew, to penetrate through blood-thirsty marauders into India, it was only because they distinguished between genuine courage and the most infatuated bravado. They have paved the way for others to follow into the very center of that peculiar empire which has for ages contained and almost secreted within itself a civilization far from perfect, yet not contemptible, and which was splendid amid the barbarism of past ages, if it be *effete* in this era of progress. Great changes now impend over it, doubtless for the better, after the convulsions of revolution are over; and one of the most marked signs of the new time coming is, that a party of Englishmen have passed right through the empire unchallenged, and leaving behind them the lesson of the bravery and resolution of the men of the West.

But we find ourselves drawn on to speculate on the future which awaits that fertile kingdom in which Captain Blakiston has so much interested us. To look forward with advantage, we must glance at the past; and to Commander Brine\* we are obliged for the only clear and ample account we have yet received of the remarkable Taeping rebellion. Availing ourselves of his aid, we present to our readers a summary of that movement, which, for the past twelve years, has divided China, and the future of which who can tell?

The immobility of China was its proverbial characteristic. For thousands of years the empire has presented, so far as the existing generation could learn, the

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\* *The Taeping Rebellion in China.* By Commander LINDESAY BRINE, R.N., F.R.G.S., lately employed in Chinese Waters, with map and plans. London: Murray. 1862.

same unchanging front to observers from without. Its customs, its laws, its obscure religion, mixed with a strangely wild philosophy, its worship of sages, its civilization in some respects admirable, yet with no germ of progression, all these are undoubtedly things of ages in China. Yet not less than other countries has it been the theater of many revolutions. The Tartars who first invaded China Proper, A.D. 1127, by either their Eastern or Western branches—Manchus or Mongolians—kept the government of the country for many years between them. But the two divisions fought fiercely at different times for the ascendant; and in 1368, a Chinese native, named Chû, raised the standard of rebellion, drove out the Tartars, and became first emperor of the Ming line. After the lapse of about two centuries the Eastern Tartars again prevailed, and established the dynasty which the Taepings are now in arms against. Nearly all the early proclamations of the Taeping Chief refer to himself as the champion of a conquered people fighting against a foreign domination. It is nothing strange then in China to see a popular uprising against the ruling power; but the religious aspect of the Taeping movement distinguishes it from all others.

There is a poor squalid little village, about thirty miles from Canton. Three rows of huts, a manure pond, and the village school are all that this miserable hamlet can boast of. It was here that, in the year 1813, was born Hung-Sien-Tsuen, the extraordinary man whose armies have shaken an ancient dynasty. His parents, though the head people of the village, were poor—so poor, indeed, that they were not able to educate him sufficiently to enable him to compete successfully at the state examinations.

At these there are often to be seen men who have grown old in repeated efforts and failures; and among these was Hung-Sien-Tsuen. Commander Brine considers that his want of success proves him to be a person of but moderate abilities. In this opinion we can not concur. Not only have the brightest geniuses often been failures as mere scholars, but it would be impossible to point out any great mover or ruler of mankind whom we could reasonably expect to have passed the severe and crabbed ordeal of the Chinese examination-hall. The gifts of the mere scholar are distinct from those of the man of

talent or the statesman. Cromwell was a poor hand at books, Clive was an incorrigible dunce, Napoleon studied nothing but military mathematics, Wellington was very idle, and Hung-Sien-Tsuen was plucked at the Canton examinations. And how strange are the turns of what we call chance! Had he taken a high place and got some good post, he would never have founded the great "Taeping dynasty, to endure for a myriad myriad ages." In 1833, while at Canton, he met a Protestant missionary who gave him a bundle of religious tracts. These he philosophically accepted, put in his pocket, and thought no more about them.

Four years afterward he again attempted to pass the examinations and failed. He returned to his native village broken-hearted and shattered in health. A violent sickness attacked him. He raved, and saw visions, and spoke inflated rhapsodies about himself. His aged father, greatly distracted about his son, sent for the magicians to cure him, but he threatened to slay them all. After his recovery he engaged in various menial occupations in order to get a living; and having failed once more at the examinations, his attention being once casually drawn to the religious papers he had got in Canton, he eagerly read them, declared that they gave him the key to all his sick visions, renounced the worship of Confucius, left his native place, and went away with two friends to the mountains, leaving behind him the reputation of his being distracted. With the assistance of a certain Fung-yun-san, he set about making converts to his own peculiar and very confused view of Christianity. We should remark that he adopted the name of Siu-tsuen, or "elegant and perfect."

"At the commencement, Sin-tsuen had only vague notions concerning the true manner of religious service. When he had taken away his own idols he placed the written name of God in their stead, and even used incense-sticks and gold paper as part of the service. But in a few months, finding that this was wrong, he abolished it. In the congregation, male and female worshipers had their seats separated from each other. It was customary to praise God by singing a hymn, an address was delivered on either the mercy of God or the merits of Christ, and the people were exhorted to repent of their sins, to abstain from idolatry, and to serve God with sincerity of heart. Baptism was performed thus: Two burning lamps and three cups of tea were placed on a table, probably to



suit the sensual apprehension of the Chinese. A written confession of sins, containing the names of the different candidates for baptism, was repeated by them, and afterward burnt, by which procedure the presenting of the confession to God was symbolized. The candidates then knelt down, and from a large basin of clear water, a cupful was poured over the head of every one, with the words purification from all former sins, putting off the old and regeneration. Upon rising they used to drink of the tea, and, generally, each convert used to wash his chest and the region of his heart with water, to signify the inner cleansing of the heart."

Sin-tsuen (we may as well take the shorter name which our hero had assumed) was successful in propagating the new faith. The Chinese authorities and upper classes look with stolid contempt on all the many popular religions, and so it was with that of Sin-tsuen and his followers. They despised him, and he thrived. In the district of Kwei alone there were two thousand converts. Not content with having their baptisms and assemblies unmolested, the "God-Worshippers" went forth filled with righteous wrath against the temples of their neighbors, to destroy them, as the ancient Israelites did the idolaters of Canaan. This was rather more than the immovable mandarins could suffer. Two of the leaders, but not Sin-tsuen, were put in prison, and one of them died in confinement. After this, Sin-tsuen for some time continued to quietly discharge the duties of a cattle-herd, and showed no sign of preparation for the part he soon afterward acted.

In 1850 many districts of the empire, particularly Kwangri and Kwang-rung, were much disturbed. A fearful famine, which, with its usual attendant the plague, had swept over a large part of the country, bringing misery to every village which lay within its influence, had reduced the people to that extremity of despair and exasperation which prepares the way for rebellion. Accordingly the district in which the "God-Worshippers" were situated was in a very restless state. It was particularly infested by tribes of robbers, who only associated together for the purpose of plunder. These, finding themselves pressed by the imperial soldiers, joined Sin-tsuen for the sake of the protection which the "God-Worshippers" afforded to one another. The authorities proceeded to arrest the chief, and he, calling all his followers together, took possession of a market-town,

fortified it, and thus, in December, 1850, commenced the Taeping rebellion, which once bid fair to make the family of the visionary cattle-herd the reigning dynasty of China. His principle, as he expressed it, at least, was so noble that the best of Christians could not improve on it. "If," said he, "we preach the true doctrine, and rely upon the powerful help of God, a few of us will equal a multitude." Nor did he misdirect the mighty power he had invoked. In four months after he fortified the village, he had around him a powerful, and, according to Chinese ideas, a well-disciplined army, every man of which was filled with an unquenchable enthusiasm, and devoted implicitly to his Chief. Fung-yun-san, Yang-sen-tsing, Hoo-yih-seen, and Tsung-sau-sen, were the other leaders. "Hung-siu-tsuen," writes the Chinese Governor to headquarters, "is a man of dangerous character, who practices the ancient military art. He has constantly two victories for one defeat, for he practices the tactics of Sun-pin"—the Napoleon Bonaparte of China.

Sin-tsuen now commenced publishing proclamations, some of which were very inflated, and all of which were so arrogant in style that they showed a change for the worse was working in his mind. There is none of the simplicity, lofty tone, and abnegation of self which we expect from our great men. Yet it must be said that it is not fair to accuse him of blasphemy because he uses the name of the Deity and the Saviour in an irreverent manner. Commander Brine shows, we think, satisfactorily, that he only means to assert, in the strange passages which have been commented on, that he speaks in the name of the Deity and Saviour. His mode of expression is certainly not happy, but it is untrue to represent his thoughts as those of a maniac or blasphemer.

But whether he wrote well or not, he certainly fought well. After gaining several minor successes, he assaulted the important city of Nankin; and by springing a mine under an angle of the walls, made a breach, through which his troops poured in. A very feeble resistance was made by the garrison, and soon the town was at the mercy of Sin-tsuen. He showed it none. Only one hundred out of the whole city escaped. That night the broad Yang-Tsze-Kiang rolled down to sea with reddened waves; and in the twilight of morning the boatmen on the lower river



were horrified to see nearly twenty thousand corpses hurrying along with its current.

The only palliation that can be urged for this enormity is that Sin-Tsuen is little better than a half-savage, and that possibly he may have misunderstood certain chapters in the Old Testament as justifying the slaughter of enemies. We all know how ready better and wiser men than Sin-Tsuen are to extract from Holy Writ a meaning that meets their special purpose. Strange as has been the life of the Taeping chief thus far, the strangest part is still to come. After the capture of Nankin it might have been expected that he would have pushed on to the capital at once. That he would have taken it with little trouble can not be doubted. But, once in Nankin, he seemed to consider that he had done enough for one life. He retired into complete seclusion, and shutting himself up with his servants and women, (for he has an abundant allowance of wives,) he passed his time in intense study, and in the composition of prayers. Few of his own officers got admittance to his presence, and strangers never. For some time it was doubted whether he was living. His arrogance continued unbounded. Her Majesty's ship the *Hermes* proceeded up the river to Nankin, in order to make investigations, and before she had been a day before the city, a paper was sent off to Sir G. Bonham, the British representative, declaring that his effulgent highness, the late cattle-herd, approved of the conduct of the English in coming thus early, and regardless of distance, to offer their allegiance to him.

During this time of inaction, King-Yang, the chief's right-hand man, professed to have a number of surprising revelations, which chiefly tended to degrade Sin-tsuen. In one of them he was directed not to kick any of his wives with his boot on, but to adopt a different mode of chastisement. Sin-tsuen bore all this very quietly, apparently, believing that they were real revelations. At length he found out that Yang was plotting against him. Without a moment's hesitation, or giving his brother any notice, he cut off his head, and quietly returned to his course of study, which he pursued so diligently, that when Lord Elgin, in the *Retribution*, came up the river, he was enabled to send to him an enormously long paper containing his religious views, and divided into

one hundred and seventy-two propositions. It commenced: "We proclaim, for the information of our foreign younger brethren of the western ocean, that the things of heaven differ extremely from the things of the world," etc., etc.

For some time the only military operations of the Taepings were marauding excursions. The chief was too busy with his studies to think of general war. It may turn out that his leisure has cost him an empire. The imperialists had been besieging Nankin ever since it was taken; but as they only closed up the three land-sides, and left the river-communication open, the Taepings inside were not at all distressed. But now, after nine years of this considerate warfare, a fleet of junks came up the river, and cut off the supplies. The people inside began to starve; and at last Sin-tsuen woke up from his long repose. He planned a general sortie, which resulted in the total defeat of the Imperialists. The army, thus relieved, at once assumed the aggressive, and with fatal indiscretion attacked Shanghai, though they were informed that the English would defend the town. The wretched rabble who were led to the assault were mowed down by the skillfully directed fire of the Europeans, and had to draw off without getting near the walls.

The Taepings have done little since; but it is no trifling results that they have achieved. Over thirty thousand square miles of territory the people obey and pay taxes to Sin-tsuen; and he commands an army of more than four hundred thousand men. His inaction ever since he got possession of Nankin appears to European observers inexplicable. It is not, however, to be attributed to mere sloth. Ruling in the city which was once the seat of royalty, inflated by adulation and enthusiasm, and surrounded by vast armies, he insists that he is the chief potentate not only of China but the world, and dreams away his time in studies and in discharging the imaginary duties of Emperor of China. Instead of heading his forces in a march against Peking, he concentrates his energies on his own peculiar system of theology, and prepares long papers, explanatory of Christianity, which he obligingly forwards to the first English admiral who comes within reach. In the spring of this year the English and French authorities in China executed a

movement which, for the time, awoke Sin-tsuen from his lethargy. They sent a small allied force to Ningpo, drove out the Taepings, and delivered over that important city to the Imperialists. Thus we have been pledged to discountenance the Taepings and assist the Tartars.

We hesitate dogmatically to condemn this momentous step; but we feel uncomfortable about it, particularly now that we have read Commander Brine's impartial and thoughtful account of the relative position of the two parties. The Taepings have the control of the tea and silk districts, and may at any time inflict an appalling blow on interests which are the most momentous to us.

The question remains then—What are the prospects of the Taeping rising? In this question we are interested no less in a general than a selfish point of view. Commander Brine thinks that the ultimate result will be the division of China into two empires, over one of which the Taepings will rule. He reminds us that the popular notion of the Chinese empire having always remained unchangeable under one emperor is a mistake. Centuries ago it had two emperors whose dominions were divided by the broad-spreading Yang-Tsze. Now all things point to some change in the ruling dynasty. The great famines, the desolating pestilence, which have filled to overflowing the cup of the people's misery, predispose them to change. They long to rest from their

sufferings; and they scarcely hope to find safety from the ruling house under which so much has been suffered. But Sin-tsuen does not trust alone to human feelings. Wildly, foolishly, savagely, perhaps, he has touched the deep emotions of religion in the hearts of his followers. It is of no avail to sneer at his misconceptions and the inflation of his style. He is but a poor uncivilized man. It is not many years since he tended his parent's cattle, and spent his days in menial drudgery, pressed by penury, unknown or despised as a semi-maniac. In those days of adversity his heart beat high with lofty resolve, and his spirit swelled proudly and tumultuously with a religious enthusiasm which was noble though irregular. A few years have passed, and he has risen to be the rival of a dynasty which has lasted for centuries. If his career of conquest has been staid, it is only because he has done so much that flatterers can tell him he need do no more. His future no man can prophesy. What he has done entitles him to rank among the heroes of mankind.

We must not close without again commending to our readers the two volumes which we have taken as our text-books. They should be read together; and in them, and no where else, can be got all the really reliable information at present procurable respecting the revolution which impends over China.

From the Popular Science Review.

## THE PLANET MARS AND ITS PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY JAMES BREEN, F.R.A.S.

OF all the planets of the system, MARS, which for the last few months has been shining so brightly in the heavens, is that whose topographical details are best known to us. By glancing over the pictures\* of its telescopic aspect, we imme-

diately perceive how much is revealed of its surface — of its islands, continents, seas, and snows, by means of powerful optical aid. It is the planet which most strongly resembles the Earth in the duration of its days and seasons; the exist-

\* These are eight photographs of the face of Mars, like photographs of the human face, which

we have no means of reproducing.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

ence of an atmosphere is everywhere apparent: being proved by the dimness of the dark streaks and spots at the circumference, as compared with their distinctness at the center of the planet, (for at the former the solar light has to penetrate through a dense stratum of air, and is again refracted through the same thick medium;) by occasional clouds passing over its surface; by the snow-zones piled up and stretching over vast spaces at its poles in the winter, which melt away gradually as the Sun ascends above the horizon in the summer, and dissipates the frost and darkness which for months previously had reigned in those arctic and antarctic regions. In the planet Jupiter a small telescope may more readily show the dark belts and spots; but those are ever changing and drifting about with variable velocity; the *terra firma* is scarcely perceived on this immense body, which appears to have an economy of its own, hidden from us by great masses of cloud, through an occasional break of which we perhaps sometimes catch a glimpse of the dark body of the planet. On the surface of Mars, on the contrary, the dark spots preserve the same position and relative dimensions, and we appear to be looking at a miniature globe penciled over with dim seas and continents. From year to year the sea does not appear to encroach upon the land, nor the land upon the ocean; all the changes which are perceived are purely meteorological—the presence of clouds and murky weather, and snow during the winter—of a clear atmosphere and sunny clime throughout the summer.

The first circumstance we detect in looking at the planet Mars, is its exceedingly red light, which is quite different from that of the other bodies that circulate about the Sun. This does not appear so prominently, however, when looked at with a telescope, as when seen by unaided vision. Still, however, even with the former, the orange light is very decided, and if compared with the Moon or a neighboring white star, the contrast is sufficiently striking. Viewed when the whole disk of the planet is illuminated, its form appears quite circular, and no suspicion is aroused of a flattening at the poles, or bulging forth of the equatorial regions. But when the micrometer is applied, and careful measurements are made of its polar and equatorial diameters, several observers have

agreed that there is a slight variation from the circular form, although the results which they have obtained are very discordant. Herschel was the first who suspected the elliptical form of the planet, and who patiently set about to determine the amount of this variation. To arrive at a knowledge of the figure of the Earth requires long and arduous labor; but in the case of the planets the method is more simple, and the diameters at different parts of the disk may be said to be measured with the same facility as if it were a palpable object. Herschel found that the proportions of the equatorial diameters of Mars were as thirteen hundred and fifty-three to twelve hundred and seventy-two, or near as sixteen to fifteen. Schroeter could not perceive any such ellipticity, and was of opinion that the two diameters were in the proportion of eighty-one to eighty. Arago found them to vary in the proportion of thirty-one to thirty. The Greenwich observations of late years give this variation as fifty-two to fifty-one, and as sixty-two to sixty-one. Other observers, among whom is Bessel, have not been able to detect the slightest difference between the diameters. Herschel, however, states, that on one occasion he showed the planet to some scientific friends, one of whom considered that it was as considerably bulged out at the equator as the globe of Jupiter. At certain times, as the whole surface of Mars is not illuminated, it will appear of the same figure as the Moon when three or four days before or after full; but even when this was the case, the flattening at the poles was still readily perceived by Herschel. There are a few circumstances which militate against the correctness of those measures; sometimes the white cap of snow seems to project over the edge of the planet, at others the equatorial margins are exceedingly bright and radiating. According to theory, the proportion of the polar to the equatorial zone should be as one hundred and ninety-two to one hundred and ninety-three; but different degrees of density at various parts of the globe would, of course, alter this. By observations made in September and October of 1862, Mr. Main concludes its polar diameter to be four thousand two hundred and twenty-one miles, and its equatorial four thousand three hundred and thirty-two miles—a great difference for a small body like Mars, which has almost the same density

as the Earth. In the latter body, the difference between the polar and equatorial diameters amounts only to twenty-six miles; these quantities being respectively seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine and seven thousand nine hundred and five miles.

Be the planet circular or elliptical in figure, however, it is easy to see that it rotates on its axis, and that too in about the same time as Mercury, Venus, and the Earth. In other respects, also, the similarity is striking, these planets being nearly of the same size, globular figure, and density, and differing greatly from the huge exterior planets in those respects. The rotation of Mars is readily perceived by watching it from hour to hour throughout the evening, when it will be seen that the dark spots pass over the disk from west to east in the same sense in which the earth is rotating. In about twenty-four hours and thirty-seven minutes, or on the following evening, the spot which was first observed will be found to have returned exactly to the same position, and the others will follow in the same succession as on the previous day, the polar snow-spot retaining nearly the same place. By further watching, the patient observer will find that the equator of Mars is only inclined a few degrees more to the plane of its orbit than that of the Earth, and that, consequently, their seasons are about the same. From the longer year of Mars, however, the interval during which the polar regions are hidden from and exposed to the rays of the Sun, is very different. At the latitude of the British islands, the shortest day on Mars is only about six hours, whilst on the Earth it is between seven and eight. The longest day on Mars, at the same latitude, would be nineteen hours, whilst on the Earth it is only seventeen hours. At seventy degrees of north latitude the Sun remains above the horizon for sixty-nine days, whilst on Mars at the same latitude it is above the horizon for one hundred and sixty-nine days. The pole of Mars is exposed to the Sun for three hundred and thirty-eight days, and hidden from it for the same time; whilst on the Earth the polar day or night is only one hundred and eighty days.

Some observers have complained of the striking monotony and uniformity of the surface of Mars. If we cast a glance at the pictures of the planet, we shall hardly

be disposed to indorse this opinion. On the contrary, the variety of scenery is deeply interesting. The seas, or dark portions, are remarkably sinuous in their course; the indentation of the coast, caused by bays and creeks, is very picturesque. It is true that mountains and vales, such as those on the arid surface of the Moon, can not be perceived; but by attentive watching, it will be seen that the bright portion of the planet is curiously dotted over with a mottled ground, and that the dark seas vary greatly in the intensity of their tint, even when the spot is at the center of the planet, and is viewed most favorably. It would appear, from a cursory view, as though the surface of Mars were pretty equally divided between land and water, the former, indeed, from Maedler's map, having somewhat the predominance, whilst on the Earth the ocean covers three times as much space as the land.

Whilst observing the spots on Mars, we are somewhat astonished to see that, as they pass from the center toward the margins of the planet, they become rapidly fainter, and that at the edges they are entirely obliterated. Even the darkest spots on Mars (those which are seen between twenty and forty degrees of south latitude) undergo this change as they approach the margins of the planet. Occasionally the whole circumference of the planet is surrounded, as it were, with a luminous ring, which represents the planet as seen by the writer in the twenty-foot refractor at the Cambridge Observatory, in the opposition of 1856. This is generally held to be due to its atmosphere, which is considerably thicker at the edges than at the center, just as during a fog we can perceive the blue sky and stars over-head, which are quite invisible at the horizon, where the atmosphere is considerably deeper and thicker. We might thus conclude that Mars has an atmosphere of considerable density; and this is confirmed by other circumstances. The older observers attempted to prove the existence of a dense atmosphere in Mars, by the disappearance of stars even at considerable distances from the planet, which they imagined had been eclipsed by its extensive gaseous envelope. This has been repeatedly tested in modern times, and with the best instruments, but without success. The elder Herschel followed very faint stars close up to the margin of the planet, and Sir J. South has



repeated the experiment more recently without perceiving any change in the brilliancy or color of the very small stars selected. Whilst Cassini could not perceive a star of the fifth magnitude within six minutes of the margin of the planet, (on October 1st, 1672,) Herschel could perceive stars of the twelfth and thirteenth magnitudes within three minutes of its disk. Herschel, however, fully believed in the existence of a dense atmosphere surrounding the planet, having often seen beside the permanent spots on its surface, occasional changes of partial bright belts. The late Dr. Pearson saw a similar phenomenon in 1828, having noticed a dark cloudy spot to have changed its position, in an interval of four days, from the side to the top of the planet. One very persevering observer, however, (Maedler,) thinks that many very natural mistakes may occur on this point, and considers that if the spots are not narrowly scrutinized each night, one of them may readily be mistaken for a cloud. This observer has, however, noticed that the spots on Mars are of varying colors at different times; some of them are black, others yellowish-red, and others again of a greenish tint. On the Earth, however, the same change of tint would be apparent; the great forests would be dark in comparison with the bright sandy deserts; the Black, White, and Red seas might appear of different tints; yellow fogs would cause a proportionate change in the apparent color of the countries which they enveloped, and over which they hung. This is perhaps a more natural explanation of the color of Mars than that which accounts for its peculiar appearance by the tints assumed by the vegetation on the planet. Without, however, having recourse to accidental fogs and clouds, it has been supposed that the dense atmosphere of the planet absorbs all the violet rays of the solar light, (which has to pass twice through its atmosphere before reaching the Earth,) and that only the red rays—those of the rising and setting Sun when passing through dense mist or cloud—make their way to our planet, the others being either reflected or absorbed.

Let us now turn our attention to the snowy zones about the north and south poles of the planet. By direct measurement with an instrument for estimating light, it has been found that those white

spots have twice the intensity of the dun-colored portions of the planet. In the earliest years of telescopic discovery they were duly noticed, and their appearance and disappearance, and the various changes which they underwent, were curiously scrutinized for a considerable length of time, before, however, any one surmised that the changes were caused by atmospheric variations. By his observations between 1779 and 1784, the elder Herschel placed this matter beyond all doubt. In the latter year he detected all the changes which have since been observed and confirmed in this planet; and although Maraldi had seen the changes, and prophesied the extinction of the north snow-spot as far back as 1719, yet to Herschel is due the credit of their complete examination. He was the first to show that the snow was not exactly placed at the poles of the planet. This is very apparent from the third, fourth, and fifth figures, which have been very carefully drawn by Secchi; the first in 1856, and the two latter in 1858, with fine optical and atmospheric circumstances in his favor, and which, in addition, show the seas and continents of the planet to great advantage. In those three instances the snow-zones were touching the margins of the planets, but in the second figure (taken by the writer on April 23d, 1856, with the great Cambridge Equatorial) the south, or uppermost pole, was quite isolated. As a proof of the brightness of the snow-spots, it may be mentioned, that on this occasion, when a cloud passed over and completely obliterated the planet, the snow-zones were quite large and bright, and appeared like faint stars struggling through the mist.

Let us follow those spots through their regular changes. The planet comes into view on the Earth; the northern part, after a winter season about as long as one of our years, again receives the beams of the Sun. The patch of snow, as it appears to us, at first large, diminishes gradually, and finally vanishes. After having had the companionship of the stars and of the night for a great interval, and passed a long period under the dominion of darkness, the Sun appears, and to the protracted night succeeds the equally long day, with its fierce heat and light. Nothing occurs between the fiery summer and the bleak and dark winter; the other two seasons are wanting, but the

one which is present amply makes amends for those which are absent, by the intense changes which take place in a comparatively short time. The Arctic seas, which were previously blocked up with solid ice or frozen snow, and have stopped the passage by sea and land, are gradually thawing; the Northern again becomes liquid, the snows melt, the ice passes into its primeval condition, the land becomes passable, and the Sun—the cause of all this commotion—keeps in sight all day long, as if to tyrannize over those whom it has previously, by its absence, subjugated. The air becomes clearer, fogs have disappeared, the seas and continents have apparently a clear atmosphere overhead—if we are to judge by the facility with which we view them, the November mists and murky atmospheres have been succeeded by a dry air and sunny skies. The opposite changes take place in the southern hemisphere, whilst these variations are progressing in the northern. In the former, however, the extremes of heat and cold will be more severely felt. From the great eccentricity of Mars, the distance of the planet may vary between one hundred and thirty-one and one hundred and fifty-eight millions of miles from the Sun; but when it is summer in the southern hemisphere, the Sun is nearest the planet; when winter, it is farthest from it. The quantity of heat and light received at those times by the southern portion of the planet are respectively fifty-two one-hundredths and thirty-six one-hundredths; that of the Earth being one. The consequence is, that the summers are hotter and the winters colder on the southern than on the northern hemisphere. This is confirmed by observation; for whilst the northern patch of snow varies but slightly in dimensions, the southern is of great size in the winter, and almost vanishes in summer.

From the foregoing facts, and the deductions which may naturally be drawn from them, the reader has ample means for judging, in this individual instance at least, as to the probability of the planets being the abode of animal and vegetable life. It would be impossible, of course, to give any minute details on this point—to say that such a place is forest land or cultivated ground, or artificial formations; for when Mars is nearest the Earth—making use of the most powerful telescope yet constructed—the observer is merely

able to tell whether a space of ground which is two hundred miles long by two hundred broad, or an area of forty thousand miles, is round or square. From this circumstance, the observations of Schroeter, who saw clouds passing over the planet with a velocity from forty to sixty times that of the most violent hurricanes on the Earth, have been much doubted. But otherwise we have every evidence of an atmosphere, of snow, of changeable weather, of bright and sunny skies, of the existence of water. The seasons, though not so equable in duration as those on the Earth, are still present, with all their agreeable changes; we see the seed-time and harvest, the ripening summer and the dark winter. The isothermal lines on the Earth are reproduced on Mars, if we are to judge by the position of the snow-zones, which are not placed exactly at the poles. Nor does the excessive cold which might be surmised to take place from the planet's distance from the solar heat really appear to be so severe. Whether, from some peculiarity in the atmosphere, the latent heat of the body itself, or other causes unknown to us, the polar snows do not appear of the vast extent which might be imagined. Even those thaw away with a rapidity which seems marvelous, whilst the equatorial regions are altogether free from such visitations. Venus receives four times the heat of Mars, and twice that of the Earth; yet at the North Pole of Venus, a bright white and large spot has been perceived, which may naturally be surmised to be of the same nature as the snow-capped poles of the Earth and Mars; and we might from this conclude that no great difference exists in those three planets at least, whatever may be the case in the other two groups of planets—that is, the seventy-six asteroids, or the huge exterior planets of small density, quick rotation, and accompanied by numerous moons and a ring.

The diameter of Mars is about twice that of the Moon, and more than one half of that of the Earth. Its surface is about four times greater than that of the former, and is one quarter that of the latter. Bulk for bulk, Mars is seven times larger than the Moon, and the Earth is seven times larger than Mars. Weight for weight, the Earth is more than seven times heavier than Mars. It would take upward of two and a half mil-

bodies like Mars to counterpoise  
 ght of the Sun. We thus see that  
 ith its diameter of forty-one hun-  
 les, holds a geometrical mean be-  
 he Moon and the Earth. The  
 n, fall of bodies, and length of  
 m, are about one half of what those  
 e Earth. Unlike the latter body,  
 o satellite, although, if this latter  
 irty miles in diameter, it could not  
 noticed.

ler has calculated the duration of  
 sons in Mars, which are as fol-

pring to summer, (spring in north,  
 er in south,) one hundred and  
 y-one days.

ummer to autumn, (summer in  
 , winter in south,) one hundred  
 ighty-one days.

utumn to winter, (harvest in north,

spring in south,) one hundred and forty-  
 nine days.

From winter to spring, (winter in north,  
 summer in south,) one hundred and  
 forty-seven days.

It will thus be seen that there are three  
 hundred and seventy-two days of spring  
 and summer in the northern, and only  
 two hundred and ninety-six days in the  
 southern hemisphere. The winter in the  
 north only lasts one hundred and forty-  
 seven days; in the south one hundred and  
 eighty-one days. The heat and light in  
 the northern summer is as twenty to  
 twenty-nine to the south. The conse-  
 quence of this will be, that there is a long  
 temperate summer, and a short mild win-  
 ter; whilst in the southern, there will be a  
 short hot summer, and long and severe  
 winter.

From Weldon's Register.

## M I S S H U M E ' S P O E M S . \*

first of these volumes contains two  
 ems, with a variety of short mis-  
 us pieces. In order to afford the  
 : variety, and the most ready  
 f enabling the reader to appreciate  
 e and character of the author's ge-  
 e examples by which we propose  
 illustrate it will be selected from  
 er. The volume is prefaced by a  
 dedication to the writer's father,  
 Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., in which  
 estion which might suggest itself  
 e propriety of inscribing a volume  
 ns with a name so eminently sug-  
 of associations of the practical, is  
 acefully and ingeniously met:

*Bridesmaid, Count Stephen, and other*  
 By MARY C. HUME. London: John  
 . 1853. F. Pitman. 1862.

*ton, a dramatic poem in two parts, with*  
*ecellaneous pieces.* By MARY C. HUME.  
 John W. Parker & Sons. 1857. F. Pit-  
 1862.

*y, a poem, reprinted from the Intellectual*  
*y.* By MARY C. HUME. F. Pitman. 1862.

"It might on many lips provoke a smile,  
 Father! that I to thee such offering  
 Of Poesy's and Fancy's flowers should  
 bring;  
 Nay, on thine own perchance; yet pause  
 awhile,  
 For just the tribute: Life-long hast thou  
 wrought  
 For that thou deemest good and true,  
 brave strife  
 Amid the stern realities of life  
 Waging unselfishly; I have but sought,  
 In Fancy's realms, for flowers wherewith to  
 wreath  
 The brow of Truth, and set her beauties  
 forth  
 As I behold them; yet herein doth breathe  
 A spirit kin to thine, and aught of worth  
 Achieved by efforts thus inspired, must yield  
 Witness to seed thou sowedst in my field."

A poem, entitled *Alone*, yields the follow-  
 ing little gem:

"It is not good to be alone!  
 'Tis thus the happy feel,

When grief, and shame, and fear unknown,  
 Leave nothing to conceal.  
 When brightly shines life's morning sun  
 On paths bestrewn with flowers,  
 When Fortune's smiles are lightly won,  
 And Fate its favors showers.  
 Then, when in every noble heart,  
 In gratitude, there burns  
 The generous love for all mankind,  
 A selfish joy which spurns,  
 Which would that some like happiness  
 On all around there shone—  
 Oh! then, man feels it in his bliss  
 Not good to be alone!

"But brightest sun may yield to shade,  
 Gay scenes grow chill and drear;  
 The roses on our path may fade,  
 And naked thorns appear.  
 And thus when early joys decay,  
 When first we learn to grieve,  
 When cherished friends are torn away,  
 Or trusted ones deceive;  
 When hopes, alas! not fixed above,  
 Fade ere they reach the goal,  
 Or love which met no answering love  
 Clings blighted round the soul;  
 When pity were the keenest dart,  
 By malice could be thrown—  
 Then, to the bruised and shrinking heart,  
 How blest to be alone!"

The idea in the following verses, that the sadness which sometimes steals over the heart, without any perceptible cause, may proceed from the "spirit of a mourning friend," may have crossed the minds of many readers who may never have seen it suggested in print:

"Whence steals this shade of sadness o'er my soul?  
 Within, the waves of strife are lulled in peace;  
 Around, the sunny joys of life increase;  
 O'er skies so clear, what passing cloud doth roll?  
 It is the spirit of a mourning friend!  
 Which, from afar, by toil and pain oppressed,  
 Fleeth to mine for aid! O gentle guest!  
 Come to my soul, that I may comfort lend!  
 Shall I grieve with thee? Were this friendship? Nay—  
 Look up! mine eyes, not dimmed by tears,  
 can see  
 God's love beams darting through the gloom on thee!  
 My voice, by grief unshaken, bids thee rise:  
 Faint not! whatever path before thee lies,  
 He shapes it! Lo! the cloud hath passed away."

The same perception of the practical influence of spirit upon spirit, where both

are in the flesh, is thus tenderly expressed in another poem:

"Who that hath known the dear delight, to read  
 The hidden workings of a kindred soul,  
 When, for some brief, bright hour, from chill control  
 Of the world's forms and fetters, twain are freed;  
 Who that (when dropt aside the unplastic veil  
 Of outward seemings, for a little space  
 Two spirits commune freely face to face)  
 Hath of the deep joy tasted, bliss or bala,  
 Of some brave fellow-spirit's lot to share,  
 Its heart-warm aspirations, holy strife  
 Or chastened sorrows—would, for aught that life  
 Or earth can yield, barter that gift most rare,  
 The priceless shibboleth, the magic key  
 To unlock pure hearts, the power of sympathy?"

Here is a piece of wisdom for the "unco guid," eminently practical and worthy of thought:

"With what perfection must we perfect be?  
 Is it enough to love and cherish those  
 Who love and cherish us? whose presence throws  
 No shadow o'er our spirit's joyaunce face?  
 Is it enough our words and thoughts and prayers  
 Of charity, to mete out equally  
 To such alone as earn them: frugally  
 Thus trafficking as with a merchant's wares?  
 Not so, for this the very heathen do;  
 We have another law, and would we be  
 Our Father's children, then, like him, must we  
 As on our 'good,' so on our 'evil' too,  
 The sunshine of our patient love diffuse:  
 And are *not* His, while this our hearts refuse."

The following verses, portions of a long piece, are a poem in themselves:

"When to heavenly Jesus praying—  
 'Father! glorify thy name!'—  
 Heavenly voice in answer, saying—  
 'I have glorified it'—came.  
 "Of the crowd who heard, and wondered  
 At the response for their sake  
 Given, some but said 'it thundered,'  
 Others that 'an angel spake.'  
 "Thus, to differing perception,  
 Differs still the thing perceived;  
 Still depends on man's reception,  
 Value of the gift received."

And here is an epigram on the Christ-



ian faith, addressed to the materialist, to the wit and wisdom of which objection can scarcely be taken by the most matter-of-fact skeptic, and which evidences, moreover, the compatibility of the application of humor to subjects illustrating our deepest hopes and loftiest aspirations:

"The faith which man may safest make  
His anchor, nor can ever rue;  
For, were it false, he ne'er should wake  
To find his trusted faith untrue!"

An allegorical poem of some length, entitled *The Journey of Life, or the Far Countrie*, designed to popularize some of the principles of Swedenborg, of whom Miss Hume—in common with how many other of the most gifted minds of the age—is a fervent disciple, should not be overlooked: nor another, *Three Ships*, which was founded upon a dream, and is full of that teaching by "correspondences," for knowledge of the laws and principles of which the world is indebted to that great man.

A noble poem entitled *Sebastopol* arrests the attention at once, almost to the prejudice of the dramatic sketch which occupies the greater portion of the second of Miss Hume's volumes of verse, and affords in itself adequate evidence that the "faculty divine" had not sustained any impairment in the interval which elapsed between the period of its publication and that of her first volume. This vision, though it might now appear out of date in title, has unfortunately become less and less so in moral, in every year since it was written; and, urging, with much force and eloquence, truths which it is becoming more and more important should be enforced in the present age, but to which its poets have not, for the most part, as yet shown themselves so much alive as the nature of their mission might seem to demand, shall be quoted *in extenso*. It possesses some of the finest characteristics of the poetry of Lord Byron:

"A vision of a city on a hill!  
Adown these slopes once waved, perchance,  
Bright corn,  
And groves which bird and breeze with song  
Did fill;  
But now thy golden tresses all are shorn,  
Nor voice of song-bird wakens the stunned  
ear,  
Proud, mournful city! thy scarred front anear.

"Without, with bristling horrors robed and  
crowned,

Thy deadly groans of rage thou flingest wide;  
Within, thy festive lights in blood are drown-  
ed,  
And hushed is voice of bridegroom and of  
bride—  
Save where War trysts with her grim bride-  
groom, Death,  
Who hangs enraptured on her sulphurous  
breath.

"Within thy walls they hold their bridal court;  
But chiefest on this blackened, seared hill-  
side  
They ply fierce revelry, in nuptial sport,  
And all bow down to bridegroom and to bride.  
Behold the bridal guests! like stately trees  
Prone before whirlwinds—Who and what are  
these?

"Ye know! sad watchers on far distant shores,  
From whence the hateful syren's voice hath  
lured  
Those whom nor love nor prayers nor tears  
of yours  
Could save, or succor in the pangs endured  
'Neath her relentless gripe.—Yet worse had  
ye  
Endured, but so their ransom price to be!

"Widow! whose only son from bloody bier,  
May by no Jesus-voice again be given;  
Young wife! whose bridal-chaplet scarce is  
sere;  
Orphan! whose plaintive cry ascends to Hea-  
ven;  
Pale maiden! drooping o'er the unpledged  
love  
Whose brave hope, death-defying, roots  
above—

"Come forth with me! And in this dim dream-  
light  
Shed tears and kisses upon cheek and lip,  
(Ye know your own!) with whose dull red  
and white  
May rose nor lily now claim fellowship!  
Gory, death-pale, and stiffening there they  
lie!  
O Christendom! is this thy chivalry?

"Pledged to the banners of the Prince of Peace,  
Girt with the Spirit's sword, and vowed to  
strive  
'Gainst spiritual foes that wars may cease,  
And evil, hate, and cruelty (which rive  
The links of human brother-love) with good  
To overcome—have thus thy heroes stood,

"And fallen, bereaved Christendom! unstain-  
ed?  
Alas! the swords they wore were only steel;  
And hero-like though they the fight sustained,  
Nor quaked to hear what the hills quaked to  
feel,  
Yet in the thunders launched their path  
around,  
Heaven spake not; rather Hell gives forth  
such sound.

" And now, O God of love! their hands are red  
 With heart's blood which hath flowed not  
 from their veins;  
 Red blood of brother-man by *their* hands  
 shed!  
 Oh! for the hyssop which should purge these  
 stains!  
 Not all your tears can cleanse them! Come  
 away!  
 These blood-stained forms, thank God! these  
 are not they.

" No, God be praised! they are not, are not  
 here!  
 Their cast-off earthly garb alone we find;  
 May they not, thus translate to higher  
 sphere,  
 Have left their Cain-mark, too, O God! be-  
 hind?  
 Our treasures, heavenly Father! we resign;  
 Oh! have thou mercy on them now, as  
 thine!

" They fought not for themselves? And many  
 left  
 Their all of earthly hope and happiness,  
 To die on this hill-side, of all bereft  
 Which makes death sweetest—woman's ten-  
 derness,  
 And Heaven-sent peace—while scarce 'mid  
 war's dread roar,  
 Hearts hushed to note one comrade less or  
 more,

" They died not for themselves! And greater  
 love  
 (Is it not written?) may by none be shown  
 Than life laid down for others' weal doth  
 prove;  
 Love may a multitude of sins atone!  
 And though Thy perfect law their deeds for-  
 bid,  
 Forgive them, for they knew not what they  
 did!

" The light within them was not wholly pure,  
 And thus betrayed them—in their ardor high  
 To make Love's reign of truth and justice  
 sure,  
 Deeming the end the means might sanctify—  
 To break Love's law; and though they erred  
 in this,  
 Be not extreme to mark what thus they did  
 amiss!

" Perchance, despite the blood-marks' fearful  
 brand,  
 They sinned not more, but only were lest  
 blest  
 Than peace-lapped men, who at Thine altar  
 stand,  
 With clean hands ministering, and stainless  
 vest;  
 Or who, in midnight vigil, from their pen  
 Fling deathless words to wake the souls of  
 men.

" They drew the sword and perished by the  
 sword:  
 And who, e'en best that loved them, dare re-  
 pine?  
 But now implore we Mercy's mild award:  
 'He that is sinless,' saith the Judge Divine,  
 'Cast the first stone!' God's love condemns  
 them not;  
 Gone hence 'to sin no more'—such, such  
 their lot!

" And we, too, must 'go hence.' We may not  
 spend  
 Life's labor-hours in weeping over graves;  
 Nor shelter 'gainst the day's fierce heats  
 may lend  
 Blood-nurtured laurel which around them  
 waves.  
 'Go hence and sin no more!' O Christen-  
 dom!  
 When, when shall thy Lord's sinless kingdom  
 come?

" Daily and hourly doth the prayer ascend  
 From countless tongues, throughout thy  
 world-wide reign,  
 That come it may. Hath He then ceased to  
 lend  
 Ear to men's prayers? Not so: they say in  
 vain,  
 'His will be done!' while still their own they  
 do;  
 Heaven with the lip, Hell heart and hand  
 they woo!

" Therefore Hell stalks abroad upon the earth,  
 And Murder wears the glory which makes  
 blind  
 Men's hearts and eyes to his infernal birth;  
 While Virtue's brow with poison-flowers is  
 twined;  
 And on our very heroes' deeds, as now,  
 Mercy to claim, not blessing, must we bow.

" Nor deem ye, who, afar from fields of strife,  
 A path pursue from such temptations free,  
 Ye *therefore* are assoiled of the life  
 Here shed like water. Till the law which ye  
 Laud with your lip your life's each act con-  
 trols,  
 The blood is on your hands! The guilt is on  
 your souls!

" For whoso to the greedy idol Self  
 Panders, in small or great things—service  
 owed  
 To God, for pleasure bartering, or pelf,  
 Or fame—thus brings, to heap man's weary  
 load,  
 His tithe of *all* the evil, sin and wrong.  
 On which we pray for mercy—Lord, how  
 long?"

Miss Hume's last poem, recently pub-  
 lished, was suggested by a beautiful statue  
 at Florence, the work of the sculptor

Duprez, of the famous Greek poetess Sappho, who, being deserted by her lover, is said to have committed suicide by leaping from a rock into the sea. This statue

"Of woman in her utterest hopelessness,"  
suggests an appeal to her

"Not to stake  
Her all on any cast, for any sake  
To gamble with as thus to be o'erthrown  
By any loss,"

and calls

"To witness men and angels, that God's hand  
Which made the man most ripe to understand,  
Made woman most to love, that so the twain  
Might seeing love, and loving yet see plain  
As male and female both, as equal men  
To know, and love, and serve, their Lord  
first, then  
Each other."

The poem thus continues

"To the curse a term is set,  
And Eve expires in Mary!

Lest ye doubt—

Listen! Divine lips speak it broadly out;  
'Behold! my mother, sister, brother—all  
Who do my Father's will.' So doth He call  
To one high level of kinship in his name  
The woman with the man; nor till her claim,  
Divinely chartered thus, be understood,  
Till she herself in act shall make it good,  
By life and heart supremely dedicate  
To him, ere earthly tie assert its weight,  
And in his service win such mastery  
Over self, and man's or guile or tyranny,  
As in God's love to walk erect and free,  
Though man's love fail her, may she cease to be

His toy, or victim—as we see her here!  
Ponder this well, my sisters! nor give ear  
(As woman in her fond humility  
Is prone) to plea of specious flattery  
That weakness, ignorance, dependence make  
Your chiefest charm in man's sight: rather  
take

More thought for that shall keep you faithful,  
pure,  
And pleasing in God's sight!—which, be ye  
sure,  
Obedience to no earthly lord may do  
Or can ye serve two masters?

And for you,

True men and brethren! deem not woman's  
gain  
Shall be your loss! Which labor of the  
twain  
Bears best returns and richest—slave? or  
free?

Be just, then, as true men should ever be,  
And true love is, which man ne'er cherished  
yet

But he in love his lordship did forget,  
(For true love yearns to give, to serve, to  
bless!

Self-love to rule, be worshiped, and possess;)   
And, owning woman, even as man, endowed  
With special gifts, preëminent allowed  
Each in what lacks the other, each to each  
Superior, yet inferior—cease to o'erreach  
This sweet, diverse equality, designed  
In fullest freedom each to each to bind.  
And this be your reward! To find once  
more

Beside you—not an image to adore,  
A petted queen on sufferance, (so her face  
Be fair enough!) a pastime to embrace  
In idle hours; a helpless load to bear  
Along life's dusty ways beset by care;  
A gilded merchandise to buy or sell;  
A drudge to trample on, nor slave to quell—  
But a true, God-made help-meet, in your  
need

Who comfort and sweet help shall lend in-  
deed,

By keeping pure your spirits from world's  
rust,

Re-nerving you for efforts by her trust,  
Strong in her sheltered love-sphere's inner  
life,

When evils wage without their deadly strife,  
Saving you from yourselves.

Cease to grasp at sway,

Where each should vie with other to obey;  
Or if ye needs must rule still, pleading man  
As born to empire, henceforth (for ye can  
By God's help!) rule yourselves! Aspire to  
be

Lords of your passions!—and leave woman  
free!

"Free—nowise for her pride or self-will's sake,  
Only a heavenlier yoke than man's to take;  
That she beside him freely may adore,  
And serve him better, loving him the more,  
But wiselier; learning henceforth to rejoice  
In being so worthy of a true man's choice,  
As rather die unchosen, than bestow  
Her grace on one unapt true worth to know.  
So shall, to crown life's joys, be oftener given  
The happy home which foretaste yields of  
heaven;  
Love's heaven-born blossoms cease on earth  
to bear  
Infernal fruit of ashes and despair;  
And happier Christian Sapphos, undismayed  
When cherished visions from their fond grasp  
fade,  
Fixing faith's eye serene 'mid tears and strife,  
Find in the bitterest cup, not death—but  
life!"

It has been a subject of remark on the  
part of some of the "Scribes" who sit in  
the seat of the Lawgiver at the present  
day in England, that the claims of wo-

man, which are now engaging in so many directions the attention and sympathy of the public, have occasionally been urged with a greater degree of vigor and volubility than man is accustomed to admire in her, or to regard as consistent with her sphere and functions.

Something which might afford a pretext for comment of this nature is perhaps perceptible in one or two passages in the present philosophical and beautiful poem: passages which, not being necessary to the development of its design, are omitted in the forgoing extracts, but in which the voice of the prophetess seems to rise somewhat shrilly to the ear, compromising for an instant the harmony of her flowing numbers and glowing thoughts, and evoking a momentary discord and sense almost of pain in the heart of the listener. But to assert truth with dignity is the crowning achievement of love—the final and consummate accomplishment of noble natures, never perfected on earth, save in ONE: and if, where a right has

long been disregarded, the claim to it of a suffering humanity should chance, in its expression, to overstep the modesty of love, knightly and chivalrous should be the allowance made for it by those, claiming to be the strong and wise, whose persistent and blind refusal to recognize a truth indispensable to the fullness of the happiness of all has rendered that assertion necessary.

Miss Hume's tastes, it will be perceived, have been formed less upon the writings of Mr. Tennyson and the poetical school of "color" and "detail," than upon those of the models of an earlier age, of which "form" and "breadth" were the more notable characteristics. Her verse possesses to the full the *verve* and fluency which characterize the writings of Mrs. Hemans, associated with the newer leaven of the more metaphysical spirit of which, at the present day, the poems of Miss Procter may be taken as the representative.

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From the British Quarterly.

## TRUE FIGURE AND DIMENSIONS OF THE EARTH.\*

It appears to Mr. Von Gumpach that the received theory of the figure of the Earth rests on insufficient data, and that it admits of geometrical disproof. He is so very much in earnest in this conviction that we would not wittingly speak hastily or slightly of his argument; yet we are unable to say other than that it appears to us he wants a right thing, but goes the wrong way to get it, and is in error as to the reason he has so elaborately urged in vindication of it. That so much

honest and well-done work will be thrown away we can not think. Possessing methods of analysis and a calculus that well merit their title of transcendent, (though it is possible they may one day be transcended,) and with an army of mathematicians who, in the practical and incessant application of the methods possessed, will probably never be surpassed, it were surely fitting to see whether we can not gain a final and satisfactory determination of the one element whose value is still undecided. What we want is an accurate and conclusive settlement of the question, What is the length of an equatorial degree? Sir Isaac Newton has answered in his *Principia*; but it has appeared to many others beside Mr. Von Gumpach, that his answer is not certainly right. Indeed, our author insists that it is certainly wrong; so far

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\* *The True Figure and Dimensions of the Earth*, newly determined from the results of geodetic measurements and pendulum observations, etc., etc. In a Letter addressed to George Biddell Airy, Esq., M.A., Astronomer Royal. By JOHANNES VON GUMPACH. Second Edition, entirely recast. With Diagrams. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1862.



wrong as to result in an error of no less than one hundred and sixty-six miles in the determination of the length of the equator. That the error is nearly so great we confess we do not for a moment believe; but that some practical steps should be taken to set the matter at rest, is, we think, sufficiently shown by the want of harmony in the conclusions of men of the most eminent scientific attainments, in whose processes of calculation it is impossible to detect error. The resultant variations are usually, not invariably, comparatively slight; but if the present assumed length of an equatorial degree were not to some greater or less extent erroneous, there would be no variations at all but such as could be accounted for. The practical bearings of the question are twofold; first on Astronomy, and second on Navigation. As to the first, it is certain that if Mr. Von Gumpach is right, (or is not, indeed, considerably wrong,) we shall want a new astronomical theory—a circumstance which, of itself, appears to us every thing short of a demonstration that Mr. Von Gumpach is not right. He makes no secret of the fact that the results he has arrived at place him “in direct opposition with the principle of universal gravitation, and the entire system of modern astronomy.” We can not but fancy, however, that in the combat thus challenged by the author, the principle of universal gravitation is not unlikely to have the best of it.

In respect of Navigation, we doubt whether the author's case is any stronger than in respect of Astronomy. It is true the loss of life and property at sea is something fearful and prodigious, and that some part of such loss may be owing to the value of a degree of longitude not being exactly accordant with the fact. There occurs now and then a case which seems to give a color of probability to such a theory as Mr. Von Gumpach's; as, for example, that of the Conqueror—as good a ship, as well found, and as well manned and officered, we believe, as any ship in the service. The writer remembers her well. But she went to pieces one glorious starlight night in the tropics, on some rocks near the Bahamas, though we have no reason to suppose (and of course there was full investigation by the Admiralty) that any one was to blame. Her reckoning had been perfectly kept, so far as could be ascertained, yet she struck, and not on

an unknown reef. Why? All that can be said is, that we don't know. There have been other cases equally remarkable. But what of the opposite difficulty? According to Mr. Von Gumpach, more ships ought to be lost than saved. And if, out of any hundred ships, we are to conclude that the three which are pretty sure to be lost are lost in consequence of correctly working from wrong data, we shall then have to suppose that the ninety-seven which come home in safety commit errors of reckoning with so remarkable an uniformity, as to be saved by their own blunders. The presumption against our author's conclusion, therefore, from actual navigation, while by no means so great as ninety-seven to three, is undoubtedly not inconsiderable. What is daily accomplished in navigation looks to the uninitiated almost miraculous; and well it may. You may be at sea, for example, for three whole months, and never catch a glimpse of any thing more solid than a dolphin's back between the Land's End and Shanghai; yet a skillful captain will tell you some fine warm morning, at breakfast, that he will lose his favorite sextant to a penny-piece if you don't see signs of land between that and tiffin, and—which is the real wonder—he'll win your penny. See how such ships as the Morning Light and the Great Britain, and a fleet of others, will plow all seas in all weathers, between Liverpool and Melbourne, and keep their reckoning, not to a week or a day, but to a couple of hours or so. It is marvelous. Yet in these particular voyages, not only has the assigned length of the equatorial degree to be assumed correct, but all the error there may be in it tells to its *maximum*, from the very course of the voyage; and we conclude, therefore, that the error, if it exists, (as we suspect it does,) must be very slight indeed, and not at all such as to involve the consequences which the author has been led to suppose. Into the merits of his asserted demonstration we do not enter, but may say that those points of it we have examined are presented with clearness and force, and so as to be easily comprehensible by any one acquainted with even the mere rudiments of mathematical astronomy. Quite apart from all this, and from all questions of the value of Mr. Von Gumpach's argument, it is surely desirable that some such expedition as that recommended by him should be undertaken. We believe there is not in

Europe a single known astronomer who would not be glad if a sufficient equatorial arc were determined by actual measurement, with all the accuracy which science and mechanics have now rendered possible. It would be an expensive undertaking, but, in the end, worth all its cost. There is no reason to suppose, moreover, that the burden of it need fall exclusively on any one nation, or that, if properly managed, the proposals to take part in so important a scientific work would be rejected by France, or Denmark, or Russia, or even by Italy, young as a kingdom, but long illustrious for her contributions to astronomy.

We thank Mr. Von Gumpach for his book, but he must allow us to say we are

sorry to see reproduced in this second and "entirely recast" edition, the correspondence which excited so much animadversion in the first. Astronomers are occasionally "Royal," but are seldom angelic. Even when busiest with the stars, they may be shown by the simplest of experiments to be of no very heavenly temper. Mr. Airy, however, had need be all this, and rather more, not to have resented Mr. Von Gumpach's first letter. To seize a man sharply by the collar, and intimate what a terrible shaking you are prepared to give him if he does not see as you see, is scarcely the way, we fancy, to secure a fair chance for either your geometry, your logic, or your hidden deserts.

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From the British Quarterly.

## A U S T R A L I A N   V O L C A N I C   R E G I O N S . \*

WE have found this volume replete with interest, both popular and scientific. Its author is "a missionary priest," whose district is of the truly Australian dimensions of twenty-two thousand square miles. He has used the opportunities of almost constant travel for observing all that Nature had to show him in these her least-known fields, and has prepared his account of what he saw in the intervals of arduous labor, and without the assistance of either library or museum. This alone were a merit not perhaps so rare; but to have observed so widely and carefully, and to have written so finely human, intelligent, and devout a book, which is at the same time no less scientific, is a merit that is both rare and high. Hitherto the geology of the Australian colonies has received not much attention, though perhaps not less than we could reasonably expect. That of Victoria is best known, and is in course of being perfected through the endeavors

of its Royal Society and the explorations of a geologist appointed by Government. Next comes New-South-Wales, and then Tasmania. Of the geology of North and of Western Australia we know almost nothing; while that of Southern Australia is advanced scarcely more than Mr. Woods has advanced it by his researches in the neighborhood of Adelaide. Commencing with a general survey of the geography and a glance at the main geological features of the whole continent, he next reviews the soils and the rocks, and shows the picture of an unfinished continent. After some account of the reef-formations, we come to his chapters on the volcanoes and the caves. So far as known, the former are all extinct; and considering that Australia is of almost as large an area as Europe, the volcanic remains are significantly few. How it can have happened is not yet perceived; but certainly it has happened that the southern hemisphere has been much more rarely than the northern, the scene of those "immense catastrophes" whose traces have so frequently amazed and awed geologists. Of the Australian volcanic regions the most nota-

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\* *Geological Observations in South-Australia; principally in the District South-east of Adelaide.* By the Rev. JULIAN EDMUND WOODS, F.G.S., etc. London: Longman & Co. Melbourne: H. T. Dwight. 1862.

ble is that of Mount Gambier. It consists of a chain of craters running nearly east and west, the western wall being much the most elevated. They contain three very remarkable lakes, of which the author has given illustrations. Looking at the engraving of the first of them, we might easily suppose it to be a scene of surpassing and romantic beauty, soothing and lovely rather than somber and grand. The author's description will not only show it otherwise, but will prove some of his own qualifications for the work to which he has set himself. He writes :

"The Blue Lake is a large and deep body of water of irregular oval shape, whose longest diameter is nearly east and west. It is surrounded on all sides by banks between two hundred and three hundred feet high, and these so steep and rugged that descent to the water's edge is quite impossible, except in one or two places. The sides are thickly wooded with varieties of the *Melaleuca*, (the tea-tree of the colonists,) excepting where the rough rocks stand out in perpendicular escarpments, and thus the dark-green brushwood is broken by huge and craggy rocks descending precipitously for forty or fifty feet. These crags sometimes hang over the water, whose already dark-blue tint is rendered still more gloomy by the reflection of their black and stony fronts. The whole appearance of the lake is wild and somber in the extreme. The deep blue or rather inky ap-

pearance of the waters, the blackened precipices which bear so plainly the tokens of fiery ravages, the thick and tangled nature of the brushwood, give the place an air of savage loneliness ; and then the place is so quiet, so still, that but for the cawing of the rooks overhead, or the splashing of a solitary water-fowl, one might almost imagine Nature to be at rest, tired with sending forth those volcanic fires which poured forth ages ago."

Mr. Woods thinks that the volcano is one of subsidence and not of upheaval, and appears to make out a good case. The caves are numerous, and the author's description of them is extremely interesting. We are sorry not to accompany him in these pages by giving some account of the narrative to be found in his own. His conclusion from his researches, as a whole, is, that there was in Australia "an immense area of subsidence during the Pleiocene period, at a time when Rome, parts of Italy, Vienna, and parts of Austria, Piedmont, and Asia Minor, were under the sea," and that this subsidence was accompanied by a coral formation very similar to that in the present subsiding area of the Pacific. From these more general he deduces other conclusions, relating not only to the geology of the Australian continent, but to its flora and fauna.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## A D A R K S T O R Y .

My name is Charles Whitfield, and I was born in 1817, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. After receiving an education at Lancaster, which might be called good for that day, I was apprenticed to a druggist at Philadelphia, but soon grew tired of that, and followed my inclination for the sea by entering aboard an East-Indiaman. As it is not the purpose of this article to describe my cruising about the ocean, I will simply add that, at the beginning of the present civil war, I had the misfortune to see my own vessel burnt by

the Jefferson Davis privateer, and was thus compelled to ship aboard the *Black Hawk*, a large New-England clipper, as first mate. Could I but have foreseen what a melancholy occurrence would be connected with this ship, I would certainly have sooner gone before the mast in some other vessel than have enjoyed the comforts of a first officer on board of her.

After taking in a cargo of machinery and tea at Boston, we sailed across the Atlantic by the northern passage, and, after a three weeks' voyage, found our-

selves between Dunnet Head and the Orkneys, whence we steered direct for the Skager Rack; after knocking about for some time in the Cattegat and the Baltic, we ran direct before a western breeze into the Gulf of Finland, and on the forty-second day, after losing Cape Cod out of sight, we anchored under the batteries of Cronstadt. During the whole voyage I had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, Mr. Morton, who proved himself a first-rate seaman, but a merciless tyrant to the crew, because the second mate was taken ill soon after we sailed, and I was constantly on duty. Only this much I noticed, that the demon lurked behind his scowling gray eyes, and that he cared little for human lives. When other vessels shortened sail in stormy weather, he would spread all the canvas he could, not caring whether a man fell overboard or not when aloft. During a thick fog in Pentland Straits, a fishing-smack only escaped from being run down by the steerer letting the Black Hawk fall off half a point, and Morton flew at the man like a tiger for altering his course, and said that if the smack had been sunk, it would have served the crew right for lying in his track. Soon after this occurrence an old sailor, who stated that he had known the master for a long time, imparted to me that he had formerly gone by the name of Howard, and had been mixed up in the well-known mutiny on board the United States brig Sommers; after that he obtained a commission in the newly-formed German navy, and he, the sailor, had lost him entirely out of sight, until, to his surprise, he recognized him on the quarter-deck of the Black Hawk. Morton, in truth, looked as if he had led an adventurous life; his weather-beaten, deeply-furrowed face gave evidence of violent passions, and when he had been drinking he made the ship a very hell for the crew. Under such circumstances I naturally kept very quiet with him, and attended to the strict performance of my duty. Hence, I was not sorry when, immediately after our arrival at Cronstadt, he went with the next steamer to St. Petersburg, and left me to unload the cargo and settle with the custom-house officers. During his absence we all breathed freely, and *these days were certainly the pleasantest that I spent aboard the Black Hawk.*

*A broker, who had business on board*

the ship, told me that Morton, who had formerly been engaged at Sebastopol in raising the sunken men-of-war, was applying to the Russian Admiralty for an appointment in the Navy, but his services had been declined, for, although his merits were fully recognized, it was feared that he might act too independently—an experience which the imperial government had only too often made with Americans.

At length, after fourteen days' absence, Morton again appeared on board, but in a very bad temper, which he explained by the fact that he could obtain no back-freight for the United States: he was therefore resolved to sail to Copenhagen in spite of the advanced season, where he expected letters from his owners, and also hoped to obtain a cargo for St. Thomas. We therefore set sail toward the end of October, and slowly beat down to the Sound against contrary winds. During this trip, Morton became more familiar with me, while his behavior to the crew was much milder: he rarely cursed, and, more rarely still, threatened them with the rope's end. As the second mate, who was suffering from an incurable disease of the lungs, and pined for his green Vermont mountains, still kept his bed, Morton was thrown on me for company, and became remarkably communicative. I was amazed at the multitude of events of which he had been witness, and could not sufficiently admire his knowledge of languages. He gave me to understand that for a long time he had not stood on the best of terms with the United States marshals, and had therefore preferred to try his fortune in European waters, for which the wars and revolutions had given him abundant opportunities. It was not till the outbreak of the civil war that he returned to the New-England States, and being supported by the influence of a Senator, to whose son he had once rendered a service, he obtained the command of the Black Hawk.

After an eleven days' voyage, we at length cast anchor close under the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, and Morton, who had told me that he knew the city well from former times, at once went ashore to look up old friends and fetch his letters. He came aboard again the next morning in rather a desponding mood, and told me that it would be difficult to obtain a freight for St. Thomas or the West-Indies,



as the merchants gave a preference to the neutral flag on account of the war. Beside, his owners had sent him instructions if possible, not to take any cargo for the United States on account of the Southern privateers; if he did not succeed in getting a cargo in the Baltic for some European port, he was to sail to Southampton, where he would find further instructions. He added—and as he spoke a dark shadow flitted across his wrinkled forehead—that he had met some old friends ashore, and that, if I and the crew were the right sort of fellows, we might do a profitable stroke of business.

“Do you not think, Charley,” he continued, confidentially, “that our Black Hawk has famous ribs, and that her keel is as strong as that of a frigate? We may possibly be beset in the ice this winter, and I therefore think it will be as well to order some carpenters from Nyholm to strengthen our bows.”

These and similar remarks of Morton’s the more struck me, because I considered the strengthening of our bows a perfectly needless expense, while the master usually displayed an almost dangerous parsimony in providing for the ship’s wants. Moreover, the Black Hawk was as strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, for all the New-England clippers are built of the best materials.

Toward evening two gentlemen came on board, who reminded me of our Broadway dandies. They greeted Morton in a very friendly manner, and, after the customary remarks, followed him to the cabin, where he shut himself in with them. At the expiration of two hours they left the ship, and Morton, whom I had never before seen so polite, accompanied them to the side-ladder; then he walked up to me, and said that he had been discussing with his visitors a very important affair, which he might hereafter impart to me, if I promised an inviolable silence.

The next day, as Morton readily granted me leave, I quietly strolled about the streets of Copenhagen, in order to have a look at the curiosities. On this and the following days I frequently fell in with Danish sailors, who liked to spin a yarn over a mug of beer and a Dutch pipe. As the majority of them spoke English and German, I could get along with them famously. The subject of conversation was generally the impending war with Germany, which country they most cor-

dially hated. Prussia, they said, who had betrayed her own countrymen and allies in the last war, was now daring to utter warlike threats, and arrogantly pointed to her newly-rising navy. If the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen were to use such language, respect would be felt for them, as they were practical men, who would equip good men-o’-war, and appoint officers who had seen service, but the wind-bags of Dantzic understood as much about the sea as a donkey did of playing the harpsichord. I am sorry that I did not take down in my journal all their remarks about the Prussians and their naval system. As I had myself once served aboard a man-o’-war, such arrangements as they told me existed in the Prussian navy appeared to me most impracticable, even ridiculous; in any case, the maneuvers of a parade-ground are not adapted for the quarter-deck of a frigate, and if such a system be carried on for any length of time mischief can not fail to come from it.

Morton, who now became extraordinarily communicative with me, and frequently took me ashore with him, seemed to have given up all hopes of obtaining a freight, and as the second mate grew worse and worse, he ordered me to take more ballast on board in order to make the ship heavier. The Black Hawk, in truth, when not loaded, was too high out of the water, which is dangerous in stormy weather, especially when a ship is clipper-rigged, as ours was. Morton also had the bowsprit strengthened by stays, whose construction he superintended on a plan of his own; the cutwater was also covered with heavy oak planks, and, in short, preparations were made as if we were about to sail directly for the Arctic Ocean. When I asked Morton for what purpose he had these alterations made, he laughed equivocally, and said: “Charley, you must not be so curious; when the time comes, you will be thankful to me for sharpening our Hawk’s beak, for it will soon require it.” As he gave no answer to my further questions, but did every thing to gain my good opinion, I paid no further attention to the matter. We sailors are thorough careless fellows, who do not care to bother our brains—and is not the captain absolute lord aboard his ship, and not responsible to any one? Still, I noticed with surprise that the two gentlemen to whom I previously referred came continually on board,

and that Morton showed the alterations he had effected on the bowsprit to his own and their satisfaction. These gentlemen were neither sailors nor ship-builders, as could be seen by their hands. I instinctively suspected them, and could almost say with Shakspeare:

“By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.”

One afternoon, as I was admiring the equestrian statue of Christian V. in the New Market, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. On turning round, I noticed a Danish sailor whose acquaintance I had formed. He offered me his stick of Cavendish, and said cheerily:

“Well, messmate, if you would like to see a real Prussian man-o’-war, come across with me to Amager Island; the Amazone corvette is just coming in. You need not be in a great hurry though, for she is as slow as a snail.”

As I had nothing else to do I accepted the offer, and we were soon in Christianshaven, whence we reached a point from which the approaching vessel could be observed. In truth, had not the old sailor told me that the Amazone was a man-of-war, and had I not seen the ports, I could have scarce believed her to be such. Disproportionately tall masts, set in a hull which more resembled an oblong wash-tub than a small corvette, loose shrouds, and the running rigging so far from taut that it offended a seaman’s eye—all this necessarily produced no great notion of her efficiency. She tacked slowly with a moderate breeze, and the maneuvers were excessively slow, and showed a want of hands. My old friend, however, explained to me that she was a training-ship, and had but few old sailors on board, as the duty was performed by half-grown cadets.

After watching the Amazone for a while, we returned to Christianshaven, and continued our conversation over a glass of grog. Toward evening I went on board, where I did not find Morton. I gave the boatswain and the sail-master some orders, and then went to my state-room, in order to make up the ship’s log-book, and record the events of the day in my journal, as I regularly did. While hard at my writing I was disturbed by a noise, and heard the steward introduce two strangers into the cabin, where they wished to wait for the master. At first I paid but little attention

to this circumstance, till I recognized by their voices that they were Morton’s mysterious visitors. As I was close to them, merely separated by a wooden partition, I could understand every word they said. They purposely spoke in German, because they conjectured that not one of the crew understood that language: they had no idea that I was close to them, or that, as a Pennsylvanian by birth, I could understand every word. When I heard the name of the Amazone used in connection with Morton, I became doubly attentive, and tried to imprint on my memory, if not every word, at least the precise meaning. One of the men had an unpleasant, sharp dialect, and so I will call him the Croaker; the other spoke benevolently and unctuously, like a Baptist minister, and so I will call him the Lisper.

“My dearest friend,” the Croaker began, “when did you see the Baron last?”

“Not since the day before yesterday,” the Lisper replied, “at Friedensborg, where he had a long conversation with the Countess — with reference to our matter. He told me that the lady seemed very well satisfied, and if we carried out our enterprise through Morton, and managed to keep the matter perfectly quiet, we could not fail to obtain the Dannebrog order. The Baron also added that his court could not interfere further, and had done enough in placing the Nyholm docks at our disposal. Herr Hall is too honorable, and if he were to hear any thing of the affair he would put Morton in irons.”

“Herr Hall is a bourgeois parvenu, and has no noble feelings; he ought to know that the new creation of the navy is a thorn in the eye of our party, and that we only see in it a maneuver of the democracy, by which to hurl good old feudal Prussia into the vortex of the revolution. Hence it is my opinion that Danish statesmen ought to greet with pleasure any event that prevents our King and Prince from creating a navy, even if they decline connivance. For, as the interests of Denmark can never allow Prussia to become a maritime power, and as the feudal party in our country sees a dangerous change in it, both parties are served if we nip it in the bud.”

“You are perfectly right in that, but this Lieutenant Herrmann, of the Amazone, is said to be coquetting with the Liberal party; he has even refused to go to sea because the ship is no longer sea-

worthy, and he will not accept the responsibility of the lives of the cadets; only detailed instructions from Berlin will induce him to do so."

"What an instinct these men have!"

"In truth, friend, we are engaging on this occasion in the most daring but most honorable diplomacy, for thus to serve the good cause privily, and give the democratic institutions a blow from which they will not easily recover, is an incomparable deed, and receiving an order for such services is far more honorable than for mere court duties. I am only anxious about one thing, lest the *coup* may miss, and the King or the Prince get wind of it. Although his Majesty is thoroughly wearied about the navy business, still he would be furious, and regard our well-meant services as any thing but loyal, and act accordingly."

"Do not be at all alarmed, my excellent friend. Morton is warmly recommended to us from St. Petersburg, and is most certainly the man to keep his word. Moreover, he is entirely in our hands, as he will only receive the other half of the stipulated reward when the deed is done. But silence—I think that he is coming!"

At this moment I heard Morton cursing tremendously, because the deck-watch had placed no lantern at the side-ropes; he seemed to have been drinking, and walked noisily into his cabin, where the strangers were awaiting him. I quickly blew out my light, got into my birth, and pretended to be asleep."

"At last!" one of the gentlemen said in German. "We were beginning to think that Mr. Morton had altered his mind."

"An honorable man keeps his word," Morton replied. "But, before we say any more, allow me a moment to see whether we are all safe."

Soon after the door of my state-room opened, and Morton looked cautiously in with a light to see whether I was asleep. I naturally behaved as if the very trumpets of Jericho could not wake me, and snored like an Irishman who had his cargo of whisky aboard. Morton withdrew quite satisfied.

The conversation in the cabin went on in whispers, but I soon understood that they were talking about money. I heard the rustling of bank-notes, and Morton say sulkily: "Well, here are ten one hundred-pound notes, all right, but how does it stand with the draft?"

"Here it is," the croaking gentleman whispered. "When you have faithfully fulfilled the conditions, you can at once draw at sight upon our London bankers for the other thousand."

"The bargain is settled. That will do," Morton replied. "I only desire one thing, that we may find thoroughly stormy weather in the German Ocean, for if it blow hard, and any thing happens, suspicion will not be so easily aroused."

"The pilots of Elsinore say," the lisping gentleman remarked, "that it is always stormy at this season in the Cattegat and German Ocean. By the by, when do you sail?"

"We can go to sea to-morrow morning or afternoon," Morton answered, "as every thing is ready. We shall soon catch up the old snail, or, at any rate, she will anchor off Kronenburg, when we can have a nearer look at her. At daybreak I will have all clear, and we shall soon be in the Sound with the present favorable current. But come, gentlemen, a parting glass. Halloo, steward!" he shouted. "What, you rascal, are you asleep already? I'll break every bone in your carcass."

Soon after I heard the rattling of glasses and the popping of champagne-corks, and Morton proposed bold toasts, which were quietly responded to by the other gentleman. They drank to a successful result, and then parted. Shortly after the master came into my state-room, shook me out of my apparent sleep, and told me that the anchor must be apeak by daybreak, as the Elsinore pilot would come aboard during the night.

It was the morning of the third of November, when the sun dispersed the dense fog, and illumined the roads of Elsinore with its beams. The wind had turned during the night, and a fresh breeze now blew from south-east to south. The numerous vessels which had been waiting for favorable weather to pass from the Sound into the Cattegat took advantage of the opportunity, and set every inch of sail. Morton, who came on deck by daybreak, constantly consulted the barometer, and expressed his opinion that the fine weather would not last long. "The Prussian, there," he added, pointing to the tall masts of the *Amazon*, "must know better, though, for he is making his preparations to put out to sea. If he ventures it with his wash-tub, our clipper need not

feel alarmed. So, all hands on deck. Mr. Whitfield, have the anchor run up quick. Why do you delay? Do not set too much sail, though, for we wish to remain in the Prussian's track: you see, he is as slow as a German stage-coach."

Ere long we were under weigh, the Black Hawk obeyed her helm splendidly, and moved at a moderate rate over the rippling sea. Now we were able to see the superiority of the American art of ship-building. While the other vessels did their best, and had set all sail, we had spread scarce a third of our canvas, and yet we caught up, in a very short time, the clumsy colliers, galliots, and other short-built ships. We only left the Amazone ahead of us, who sailed better than the others; but for all that, badly enough for a man-of-war. When we reached Kullen's Point we had left most of the ships behind us. Toward evening the Swedish coast disappeared from sight, and when it became dark we could distinctly see the green and red lights of the Prussian ahead of us. Morton gave the man at the wheel and the watch the strictest orders to keep the Amazone in sight, and then went down to the cabin. Soon after he sent the steward to summon me. I found him sitting in deep thought at the table, with his head resting on his hand.

"Charley," he said, "I sent for you to have a little chat, for it is not pleasant to be all alone with one's thoughts."

After saying this, he pushed a box of Turkish tobacco over to me, and told me to fill my pipe, as he himself did. Then he ordered the steward to mix a strong bowl of punch, sent him away, and filled the glasses. I silently took a seat opposite, and, while waiting for what was coming, I veiled myself in the blue clouds of Latakia.

He emptied his glass at a draught, as if trying to give himself courage, and his usually so stern eyes assumed a milder expression. Then he began as follows:

"Charley, I am well aware that you distrust me, and that much in my conduct appears enigmatical to you; still, when you have heard the history of my past life, the shadows of my character will not surprise you. More than twenty years ago I was a midshipman on board the United States brig Sommers, and as happy and careless as a young man can be. There the devil tempted me, and I mixed myself up in the mutiny which the son of the Secreta-

ry of the Navy at that time brought about. Severe discipline and bad treatment caused us to take this step. Of course you remember the facts? The Sommers was the fastest vessel in the whole navy, and was afterward capsized by a squall off Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The mutiny was discovered, the leaders were summarily hanged, and I and several others taken in irons to New-York. There I succeeded in escaping from Governor's Island, and getting on board a Bremen ship in the Narrows, which was bound for Rio. From that time I knocked about every sea, for of course I was obliged to avoid the States. I brought many a freight of living ebony from the African coast to Cuba, and lost many thousand dollars at the Havannah at monté. I constantly sank deeper, for, as the French say, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." Daring and lucky in the trade as I was, I was no longer inclined to trade for the lazy Dons, but equipped, at the price of all I had in the world, a Baltimore clipper, and safely reached the Cuban coast with five hundred of the finest niggers, my own property. Fate decreed, however, that one of those accursed Government steamers, which are always sniffing round Key West, came across me. If we had had a decent breeze I should have got away and landed my cargo all right, but a dead calm suddenly set in, and I was only too glad to escape ashore with my crew in the boats. The man-of-war seized my vessel and the slaves; thus I again became a poor man, and I had hardly enough money left to keep me for a few weeks at the Havannah. I would now have gladly returned to New-Orleans, where I fancied that I was less known, when I read in the *New-York Herald* the report of the capture of my vessel, in which it was also mentioned that her captain was, in all probability, the runaway mutineer from the Sommers, who had now escaped his legal punishment for the second time. Alarmed by this article, I gave up for the time all hope of returning to my native land. In the same paper I read a long report about the new formation of a German navy, and that able-bodied seamen were required for it. As I had every reason to consider myself such, and was also resolved to begin an entirely new course of life, in a country where I was unknown, I hastened to Germany, where, by the aid of testimonials which my old



friends the Dons gave me, I soon obtained my appointment as officer on board one of the new men-of-war in course of equipment. I certainly had now only as many dollars as I before had doubloons, but I felt cheered by the fact that I had again become a respectable member of society. I also knew that if the new navy were really intended to fight the Danish men-of-war, which were at that time threatening the German coasts, I should have plenty of opportunities to distinguish myself, for you know, Charley, that I had often before looked death in the face without winking. In this expectation I did my duty quietly, and gained an excellent name as an instructor. Once at Bremenhaven I came across an old comrade, but he luckily took no notice of me, as he did not recognize me in my uniform. As we lay at anchor, inactive in the Weser, we had of course plenty of spare time, and employed it in making country excursions. On one of these I formed the acquaintance of a clergyman's daughter. I managed to gain her affections, and, in spite of her father's opposition, she became my wife. Charley, I tell you, at that time I was very happy, and I believe, too, on the best way to become an honest fellow."

At this point Morton was interrupted, for Brown, the boatswain, thrust his shock head into the cabin and hurriedly summoned us on deck. I took a passing glance at the barometer, and noticed that the mercury had fallen tremendously. On reaching deck we found the sky pitch-dark, not a star was to be seen, and only the red and green lights of the Prussian gleamed at intervals. In the perfect calm the sails flapped against the masts, and a faint streak of lightning over the rocky coasts of Sweden warned us that a storm was coming up, as so often happens in these latitudes on the approach of the cold season. This time, however, it was no ordinary storm, with the thin zigzag lines of northern lightning, but it resembled in violence those thunder-storms which cause terror in the tropics. We took in all sail, home to the double-reefed fore-topsail and fore-topmast staysail, or just enough canvas for the ship to answer the helm, and waited for what might come. Suddenly the tempest hurtled above our heads, and the sky was for several hours one incessant sheet of fire, until the pouring rain extinguished its gleaming lights.

Morton was standing by my side on

the quarter-deck, and pointing with his telescope to the Prussian corvette, which displayed its outline on the fiery sky about half a mile from us: it was a truly demoniacal sight, worthy of the Flying Dutchman. The Amazone, like our ship, displayed almost bare spars. Still she seemed to roll on the now excited sea like a drunken man, which was evidently the result of her bad build, while our ship heeled over gracefully on her larboard side. Toward morning, Morton went below, after giving me strict orders not to lose sight of the vessel ahead of us; for this purpose I went on the forecastle and ordered my night-glass to be brought me. My task was the easier because the Amazone was obliged to leave the Skagener Reef six miles to leeward, like ourselves. Mr. Brown joined me, made a few remarks about the sudden storm, and declared that if he had not known we were in the Cattegat, he should have fancied himself in the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Florida Channel.

"What is the master up to," he continued, "with that confounded Prussian? I am afraid no good. If we had set more sail we should have passed him long ago; the master is not usually so timid about a couple of spars or a little damage—besides, we are well insured."

"Heaven and Morton alone know that," I made answer. "You may be right. Still, Mr. Brown, you know the act of Congress by which the crew are compelled, under heavy punishment, to obey the Captain's orders unhesitatingly; he alone must bear the responsibility."

The boatswain went aft with a mysterious air, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," and I saw him, the carpenter, and several others, putting their heads together. In the mean while dawn had arrived, and the gray clouds were slowly dispersed by the beams of the rising sun. As the horizon grew gradually clearer, we could distinctly see, about two miles from us, the Prussian corvette drifting ahead of us under bare poles: she had lost a topgallant-mast during the storm, probably by a lightning-stroke. The sea ran hollow, the wind had got round more to the east, and about six miles from us the waves were breaking on the dunes of a desolate sandy coast. While I was surveying this any thing but pleasing prospect through my telescope, Morton came up to me, and pointing to the Amazone, said:

"Well, Charley, I thank you for not losing sight of our comrade there. The fellow has been hard hit, and the lightning has smashed a topgallant-mast for him: that comes from the guns attracting the electric current. Such children ought not to be trusted with guns; if they had put tarpaulin over them they would have escaped."

It now began to blow much harder, and the territory point of the Skagener Reef constantly drew nearer to us. That is a perfect cemetery for ships: with the telescope we could distinctly make out the blackened skeletons of the wrecks high up on the sand, and lashed by the waves at high tide. Here it was that Nelson, after carrying off the Danish fleet from Copenhagen, lost his badly-manned prizes in a south-east storm; here, too, Peter the Great, on his voyage from Saardam to Petersburg, was stranded, and only saved his life with difficulty. The other vessels which had left Elsinore with us were all out of sight, and we were struggling alone with the Amazone to steer clear of this point so dangerous to sailors with an unfavorable wind and a high running sea. At last, toward evening, when the long northern twilight was threatening to turn into night, we found ourselves, after many short tacks, in the mouth of the Skagener Rack, as the Scandinavians call it. Except the Prussian, no ship was in sight: the only thing we fancied we could see in the distance was the smoke of an eastward-bound steamer. The barometer pointed to stormy. Morton gave the necessary instructions for the night, ordered the man at the wheel not to let the corvette out of sight, and invited me into the cabin. After the steward had again prepared punch for us, and the smoke of the Turkish tobacco once more surrounded us, he continued his narrative:

"Charley, when I have once laid bare my heart to you, you will see what a just cause I have to track that accursed Prussian. After what happened to me in Germany, I should like to sink every vessel that bears the hateful black and white flag. You know how happy I was with my Mary, and how I had begun a new life! Our whole anxiety on board the newly-established fleet was to produce something respectable, and the foreigners wished to prove themselves grateful children to their adopted country. All at

once a dull rumor spread that the German parliament, on which our existence depended, was broken up by the princes, and the latter had resolved to destroy the navy as a creation of the revolution. Men whispered to each other that we should soon be discharged, and the fleet sold by auction. Our Admiral, whom we all esteemed, made several journeys in order to prevent the catastrophe through his representations; but he came back with sad looks, and we read in his eyes that our fate was decided. This broke his heart, and, as I have since heard, he soon after died of grief. The mutiny, in which I thoughtlessly took part as a young man on board the Sommers, was certainly illegal, but if we had resisted in the present case, right would have been on our side. Unfortunately, the promises which we secretly made each other led to no result, because we had imparted our plans to a false brother, a Scotchman, who had been before suspected, because he had run ashore and lost a large steamer bought in England for the fleet. He betrayed the still unripe conspiracy to an influential leader of the reactionary party, through whom the Admiral, who knew nothing of these facts, was induced to take such measures as stopped the execution of our plan. Soon after our arrears were paid us, and we were discharged. The little money I received was soon spent, and I was obliged to go to England to look for a fresh situation. My poor wife, who was expecting her confinement, was obliged to remain in a little town on the Weser, where I had hired apartments for her in the house of a respectable but poor family. During my absence, the police, under orders from Berlin, burst into her room, examined her scanty property and my papers, and found nothing. In consequence of the fright, a miscarriage was brought on, and she and her child died. Charley, I tell you, I never felt in my life as I did on receiving the news. I swore to avenge myself, and I believe that vengeance is within my grasp: it is there for me while others will bear the guilt and the cost."

Here we were interrupted by a sudden noise, and the shouts and stamping of the men on deck. We both hurried up, and found that the violence of the wind had torn our fore-topsail. The damage was not considerable, and was soon repaired: the ship was laid more to the north, and

the watch were stringently ordered not to lose sight of the Prussian, which was now rising and sinking in the trough of the sea. We then went below again.

"Believe me, Charley," Morton said, "the more stormy the elements grow, the happier I feel. A wild delight comes over me when the storm rages, for it harmonizes so well with my passions. Long live the tempest!" With these words he swallowed a bumper of the fiery liquid. "Ah!" he continued, "if my wife still lived, I should be another man, but now I am forced back into my wild, desperate courses, and my better feelings are deadened. After various changes of fortune, I at length went back to America, where I could reckon with tolerable certainty on not being recognized; and Senator W., for whom I had fetched many a cargo of niggers from the African coast while he was the partner of a Spanish Don at the Havannah, though he was now the loudest brawler among the abolitionists, gave me, out of friendship, or perhaps through fear, lest I should blow on him, the command of the Black Hawk. In Petersburg I met with an old acquaintance, a Prussian, who had formerly known me in the German navy, where he was a commissary of war. He gave me letters of introduction to two German noblemen in Copenhagen, and they were the two persons with whom I had such repeated conferences."

At this moment our vessel groaned again, through a tremendous sea striking her on the larboard quarter, and our presence on deck became necessary. The wind had so hightened during our conversation that we were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in tacking, so as not to lose a sail. This part of the North Sea, which is usually called the Skager Rack, is often visited by powerful currents, which render the sea even more turbulent. Toward morning, when the whitish-yellow fog cleared off a little, and we could survey the horizon, we also saw the Amazone. Morton had for a long time been seeking her with his telescope, and a smile of satisfaction played over his bronzed face when he saw her heaving and tossing in the trough of the sea. She seemed to be laboring heavily; evidently answered her helm badly, and her tall masts oscillated, owing to the looseness of the shrouds. Farther away a few sails were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher,

the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the mizen-sail, so that the Black Hawk heeled over gracefully and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly every now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the Amazone, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

In this way several days passed over; the weather was certainly stormy and the wind very changeable, but still it generally blew from the north. We met many sailing vessels, and also a few steamers, steering for the Baltic, in order to reach their destination before the close of the season and the setting in of the heavy frost. Morton was most of the time on deck, whence he looked at the Prussian and the other vessels through his glass. So soon as a fresh sail appeared on the horizon, he cursed savagely; it seemed as if he saw in it a witness of his criminal design; still no ship took notice of us, as each had enough to do in the hollow sea. One evening, early in November, he drew my attention to a small white cloud, which scarce rose above the horizon in the far west. The weather might be called relatively warm for these latitudes, and the barometer had fallen considerably. As a rule, this white cloud is only seen in the tropics, and is always the harbinger of a hurricane or a whirlwind. All of us aboard knew the danger, and nothing was neglected to make all snug; we also noticed that the Prussian, who was about three miles to windward of us, showed equally bare poles—a proof that he was awaiting the coming hurricane.

Morton and I were standing on the quarter-deck, when Mr. Brown came up to us, and remarked that he had not expected to see this white cloud in the North Sea, just as little as he had that tremendous storm in the Cattegat. "We shall soon have the tempest upon us," he remarked, as he looked windward to the horizon, which was now black as pitch, and distinctly showed the lines of the white-capped waves. "Shall we take in the try-sails, captain?"

"I really think we shall have a tornado," Morton replied, as he stepped off the weather-gangway, where he had hitherto been standing, and wiped the spray from his face. "I also notice that the glass has fallen remarkably. Take in all the small

sails aloft, and as soon as the staysail is drawn taut, run down the gaff and bring home the spanker; one watch, I think, will be sufficient for the present, for we will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brown answered, as the master walked away. "I could swear that he doesn't trouble himself much about it; at least, he looked so when he left the gangway."

"That is his manner: the more the elements threaten, the more daring his glances become."

After supper the new watch was called on deck, and the master gave me orders, which I punctually obeyed. I had to post in the bows a half-bred sailor from Canada, with strict orders not to lose sight of the Prussian corvette. Soublotte, that was his name, had the best eyes aboard.

"Now, Mr. Whitfield, we will make all snug for the night. Reef the fore-topsail and mainsail properly; those, with the foresail, the fore-staysail, and trysail, are all that we can carry."

During the first watch the tempest became much fiercer. Heavy drops of rain were mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled to windward, and from time to time sharp flashes of lightning darted through the gloom. The watch below slept carelessly, confiding in their comrades on deck. But the night was frightful, and Morton, myself, and the officer of the watch, did not leave the deck for a moment, as our presence was absolutely necessary.

At six in the morning the tempest had reached its height. The lightning traversed the firmament in all directions, and the thunder overpowered the howling of the wind as it blew through the rigging. The sea beat violently against our bows, and dashed along as far as the quarter-deck, as the Black Hawk laboriously rose out of the water.

"If this goes on much longer, we shall be obliged to lower the foresail entirely, and trust to the main-staysail," I said to the Captain.

"I really believe we must," Morton remarked. "But look, day is breaking. Let us wait awhile."

Then he ordered the man at the wheel to let the ship fall off a little. With increasing daylight, and as the storm grew worse rather than better, Morton was on the point of giving the necessary orders

to lower the foresail, when Soublotte, who was standing at the lee-gangway, suddenly shouted: "A sail to leeward!"

"A sail to leeward, sir, I immediately reported to Morton, as I held on by one hand to a rope, and touched my hat with the other.

"Fetch me my glass from the cabin directly," he said to one of the sailors. "I trust that it is our old companion."

"It is no very large vessel, and hardly half as heavy as ours," I said, after climbing up some half dozen rattlins.

The sailor brought the glass, and the Captain, after passing his arm round a thick rope, in order not to fall to leeward through the rolling of the ship, and getting the stranger into a focus, which was no easy matter, exclaimed:

"By Jupiter! it is the Prussian, but in a very bad state."

Other glasses were fetched, and Morton's opinion was confirmed by all.

"Let the foresail stand, Mr. Brown; we will run down to the corvette at once."

The Black Hawk fell off a little, dashed through the trough of the sea, and rapidly approached the stranger: in less than half an hour we were within a mile of the Amazone.

It was easy to see, even without the help of a telescope, that the people aboard the Prussian corvette, which had lost both mizen and mainmast, were making every possible effort to rig a jury-mast, for, which, however, their strength seemed to fail them. They did not dare lower their foresail, as the corvette would not stir without any sail upon her, and the last remaining mast would have rolled overboard, but without some sail at the stern it was impossible to keep her head to the wind, and hence she fell off a couple of points, and was at the mercy of the waves, although the man at the wheel certainly did his duty.

In a few minutes we were within three cables' length of the Prussian, and our ship trembled under the enormous pressure of sail. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder deafened, and the lightning blinded. The Almighty was present in all his majesty, but a furious human passion occupied Morton's heart. He sprang up the rattlins in order to convince himself that no sail was in sight, and came down again satisfied. With a furious glance at the helpless corvette, he



bade the man at the wheel go to the devil, and seized the spokes with his powerful hand. The rain, which had before fallen vertically, now dashed into our faces, so that every object was concealed by the spray. We heard a shout, which, however, was almost deadened by the howling of the storm, and saw that the *Amazone* suddenly ported her helm. Too late! a blow, a crash, a cry of terror which rose above the raging tempest! Our bow had caught her exactly in the center, smashing in the bulwarks, the netting, and a part of the aft-deck. Then our bow rose again, lifted by a mighty wave, and rode for a second on the bursting wreck. Our weight had broken her spine, and the two halves of the hapless ship sank in a second in the yawning deep. At the spot where she disappeared another mighty wave rose, and, as it broke, forced beneath the surface any living beings who were trying to save themselves.

The blow had hurled me and nearly the whole watch on to the deck, and Morton alone held on convulsively to the wheel. The other half of the crew, who were asleep below, started up in terror, and the confusion did not cease until the Captain, who was still standing at the wheel, gave the necessary orders in a voice of thunder. Morton then surrendered the wheel to an old steady sailor, and hurried to the bows, while the carpenter went into the hold to see if we had any leak. The damage was not so great as we had at first supposed: the bowsprit, which, with its supports, weighed twelve tons, was certainly seriously injured, and snapped in two in the middle, but our bows, owing to the reinforcement they had received at Copenhagen, were not so damaged as might have been concluded from the violence of the blow. The thick oak boards had done their duty, and protected the cut-water. The carpenter, too, soon returned on deck, and reported that the ship was quite sound.

As there was no sign of a leak, we soon cleared away with our axes the wreck of the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging

opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, made some remarks about the now visibly subsiding storm, and then said:

"Charley, you are the only man on board who can perhaps judge correctly of my conduct this morning; you alone know the motives of a deed which must appear to all the rest an unfortunate accident. I beg, nay, I demand your inviolable silence. The law can not touch me; remember that I am your captain, and that the regulations of Congress render my position unassailable."

With these words he turned away, carelessly took up a telescope, and surveyed the horizon, to see whether any sail were in sight. I went down to my cabin in a very desponding mood, and up to the present day I have been silent about a deed which was suggested by selfishness and revenge, and whose victims are eternally covered by the rolling waves.

So far the remarkable narrative of Charles Whitfield. Although we are not responsible for its truth, we thought it right to produce this explanation of a still mysterious and terrible catastrophe, for it reached us from a most trustworthy source. We may, at the same time, mention a few facts confirming the statement of our reporter to a certain extent. The *Margate* and *Deal* hovelers spoke openly of the affair at the time, because they hailed a large Yankee clipper, with broken bowsprit and damaged bows, in the Channel, and their help was very roughly declined. Any one who lived in New-York last winter will also know that it was publicly stated in all the coffee-houses on the Bowery and elsewhere that the *Amazone* was run down in the North Sea by an American, who had been bribed to do so in Copenhagen. A sailor, now stationed at Fort Monroe, on board the Federal fleet, also described the catastrophe to the German soldiers there. The American press, too, noticed the circumstance, and the report can be easily found by a little search in the shipping intelligence of last year.

From Fraser's Magazine.

' ' S I P P U R I M . ' '

It would not perhaps be easy to find a spot more calculated to excite a profound and melancholy interest than the old burial-ground of the Jews at Prague.\* After threading the narrow streets and alleys of the Ghetto, the stranger finds himself suddenly standing at the entrance of a spacious but gloomy yard, in which are heaped up the ashes of the countless dead. The air of desolation, the strange unknown characters on the decaying grave-stones, the tangled undergrowth of weeds, combine to create an impression most sad and solemn. As we stand lost in dreamy reverie, memory slips back to days long past and gone. Imagination peoples the space with dim phantoms of a vanished race. Visions of gray-bearded Rabbis, of Jewish youths and maidens, of Rachels weeping for their children, arise in swift succession, and

"The air is full of farewells for the dying."

For the dust of centuries lies here. The Jews, indeed, have now for many years been compelled to seek elsewhere a resting-place for their dead. It had become impossible any longer to find vacant room within the crowded, overflowing precincts of the old cemetery. But if we would recall the day when the first fresh sod was turned, when the first occupant of this holy ground was carried forth to burial, we must look back for almost a thousand years.

The early history of the Bohemian Jews is enveloped in profound obscurity. The most learned antiquaries differ as to the exact time when they first settled in the country, and all the ancient records have perished in the various conflagrations with which the Jews' town has from time to time been visited. Passing over an old tra-

dition, which would refer the foundation of the colony to a still more remote antiquity, we find it stated upon the authority of an old manuscript, formerly in the library at Oppenheim, that Lybyssa, who built the city of Prague in the year 750, and was herself accounted a prophetess, called her son to her upon her death-bed, and thus addressed him: "I go home to my forefathers, and before my departure would reveal the future to you. When thy posterity are ruling over my people, an alien, fugitive, oppressed race, which prays to one God alone, will seek a refuge in our forests. I would that they may be hospitably received, that thy posterity may vouchsafe them protection, for they will bring a blessing on the fields of this country." She died, but the memory of her prophecy survived; and more than a century after her death, when Hostiwit was on the throne, she appeared to him in a dream, and said: "The time has arrived when my prophecy shall be fulfilled. A people, few in numbers, and oppressed, which prays to one God alone, will appear before the steps of thy throne, imploring succor. Receive them hospitably, and graciously accord them refuge and protection."

In the year 850, when a horde of Wends poured over Lithuania and Muscovy, chasing away the original inhabitants and establishing themselves in their place, a Jewish community was expelled with the rest. For ten years these unfortunates wandered, houseless and homeless, over the land, and at length arrived in Bohemia. Weary and worn out, they implored an audience of Hostiwit. Their request was granted, and they were ordered to send two of their old men as their representatives. The Duke received them graciously, and asked: "Who are you? What do you desire?" The ambassadors fell on their knees, and said: "Mighty Duke! We come of a race few in numbers, and call ourselves after the founder of our tribe, Abraham, Hebrews. We

\* We visited this memorable historic ground a few summers ago with unwonted interest, as the ancient mausoleum of the descendants of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

are, with our women and children, but one hundred and fifty souls. We were living peacefully in Muscovy when a potent enemy invaded us, conquered the land, and expelled its inhabitants. We have been wandering without rest over the wide world. The cold heath was our bed, the hard rock our pillow, the blue sky our covering. We are a peaceful people, few in numbers, weak in strength. We follow the law of Moses. We believe in one God alone, who is omniscient, almighty, all-just, and all-merciful, whose glory filleth the whole earth. We make our humble supplication before thee, O Duke! that it may please thee to allow us to settle here, and to build ourselves houses to dwell in. Your land is broad enough, and your subjects seem faithful and honest. Accord us thy mighty protection, O Duke! and we will be faithful to thee, and will pray our God to grant glory and victory to thy people." When they had made an end, the Duke perceived that this was the people whose arrival had been foretold. He bade them tarry for two days, when he would give them an answer.

After consultation with his nobles and advisers, the Duke determined to grant the petition of the Jews, and assigned them a district on the left bank of the Moldau. The Jews faithfully observed their promise; and the most ancient Bohemian chronicler, Cosmos, relates that the Jews of Prague so powerfully assisted Hostiwit when at war with the Germans, with money and forage, that he succeeded in driving them out of Bohemia.

Thus it would seem that the Jews were established in Bohemia even in heathen times. Under Boriwoj, who was baptized in the year 900, (or, according to Palacky, in the year 871,) their numbers had multiplied so exceedingly that the space originally allotted to them had become too small. They petitioned, therefore, for another quarter, and the Duke conceded to them that district on the right bank of the Moldau which is occupied by the Jews' town even to this day. The building of the city was commenced in the year 907. Later on a large adjoining field was added as a burial-ground.

Innumerable traditions, as we can well believe, have grown up and gathered round the sacred soil. Every stone in the graveyard would furnish matter for some tale of thrilling horror. No history, in-

deed, is so tragical and romantic as was that of the Jews, whether considered collectively or individually, during many centuries. Tragical: for they were after all but strangers and sojourners in lands that they might never really call their own. They were despised, persecuted, exposed to every lawless caprice of princes or people. They were cut off from all equal intercourse with their fellow-men, confined within the narrow boundaries of a quarter set apart for them, as though they were so many noisome beasts. Romantic—for in proportion to the total want of other interests, to their entire sequestration from all active share in the affairs of the State or community within which they dwelt, was the intensity of the affection, the passion with which they clung to their own brethren, their own law—to the hopes of a future triumphant restoration of their race. Sublime indeed was the confidence with which, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, they clung to this hope. Generation after generation might pass away, might drop unheeded into the grave, but the promises would surely never fail; and trust in their fulfillment was as oil and balm in the wounds of many a poor broken-hearted Jew; a confidence that as God had promised, he would surely perform, gilded his last moments with a ray of hope, as he breathed out his soul under the tortures of some ruthless Christian baron, or the flames of a Holy Inquisition. Take the following short history as an illustration of one of those sudden persecutions to which the Jews were at any moment exposed, and of the heroic courage with which they were encountered. The massacre alluded to was perpetrated within the walls of the Old-new (Alt-neu) synagogue at Prague:

"It happened in the days of Wenceslaus the *Slothful*, that a knight was inflamed with desire for a Jewish maiden. She repelled his shameful proposals with virtuous indignation. The arts of seduction were foiled by the maiden's steadfast determination. The knight therefore resolved to attain his purpose by violence. The day of the Feast of the Atonement seemed to him the best suited for the accomplishment of his plan. He knew that Judith—so the maiden was named—would on that day be staying at home with her blind mother, while all the other members of the family were detained by prayer and pious exercises in the house of God. On the evening of that day Judith was softly praying by the bedside of her slumbering mother. The door of her cham-

ber opened, and her detested persecutor entered with sparkling eyes. Unmoved by her prayers, or tears, he already held Judith fast embraced in his powerful arms, when a lucky chance brought her brother home to inquire after the health of his mother and sister. The terrible unutterable wrath that took possession of him gave the man, naturally powerful, the strength of a giant. He wrenched the sword out of the villain's hand, who had only the woman to thank that he did not pay for the attempted infamy with the forfeit of his life. With kicks and grim mockery the outraged brother drove the dissolute fellow from the house. The knight, exposed to the scorn of the people, who had assembled in considerable numbers, swore a bloody, deadly revenge against the Jews. He kept his word.

"Long ago expelled from the ranks of the nobility on account of his worthless behavior, the knight had cultivated a connection with some discontented idle burghers of the city, and these he hoped to make the ministers of his cruel vengeance. Some short time afterward he put himself at the head of a mob, wrought up by frivolous pretexts to a frenzy of fanaticism, to murder the Jews, and plunder their town. The first who, frightened out of their peaceful dwellings, went to meet the robbers, were cut down. Determined as they were, the rest were overwhelmed by a superior force, and being unarmed were compelled, after a heroic struggle, to take refuge in the synagogue, which was already crowded with old men, women, and children. Mighty blows sounded heavily on the closed doors of the synagogue. 'Open, and give yourselves up!' yelled the knight from outside. After a short pause of consultation answer was made, that the Jews would deliver over their property to the mutineers, would draw up a deed of gift of it, and only reserve for themselves absolute necessities. They also promised to make no complaint to king or states, in exchange for which the honor of their wives and daughters was to be preserved, and no one compelled to change his religion.

"'It is not your business,' a voice from outside again resounded; 'it is ours to dictate conditions. If you desire life and not a wretched death, open at once, and abjure your faith. I grant but short delay for reflection: let the time of grace pass by, and you are one and all given over to destruction.'

"No answer followed. Further resistance could not be thought of; and a hope that the King would at length put a stop to this unheard-of, unparalleled iniquity, grew every moment less. The battle in the street—if the desperate resistance of a few unarmed men against an armed superior force could be called by that name—had lasted long enough to have enabled King Wenceslaus to send to their assistance. As no help came, the Jews were at length constrained to admit that he did not trouble himself about their fate. A silence of death reigned in the synagogue. Only here and there a suppressed sobbing, only here and

there an infant at the breast that reminded its mother of her sweetest duty, was heard. Once more the voice of the knight thundered, rough and wild—"I demand of you for the last time, which do you choose, the new faith or death?" There was a momentary silence. Then a cry of thousands, 'Death!' broke with a dull sound against the roof of the house that was consecrated to God. The rioters now began to demolish the doors with axes and hatchets. But the besieged, in their deadly agony, lifted up their voice in wonderful accord, and sang in solemn chorus the glorious verse of the Psalmist:

'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will not fear the crafty wiliness of the evil doer;  
For thou art with me! Thou art in all my ways;  
The firm staff of faith is my confidence!'

"The aged rabbi had sunk upon his knees in prayer upon the steps that led up to the tabernacle. 'Lord!' he implored, 'I suffer infinite sorrow. Yet, oh! that we might fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercy is boundless—only not into the hand of man—Ah! we know not what to do; to thee alone we look for succor. Call to remembrance thy mercy and gracious favor, which has been ever of old. In anger be mindful of compassion; let thy goodness be showed unto us, as we do put our trust in thee.'

"But God at this season did not succor his children; in his unsearchable counsels it was otherwise ordained. The first door was burst open; the mob pressed into the vestibule of God's house. A single frail barrier separated oppressed and oppressors. 'Lord,' cried the rabbi, in accents of deepest despair, 'Lord, grant that the walls of this house, in which we and our fathers with songs of praise have glorified and blessed thy name, that the walls of this thy temple may fall together, and that we may find a grave under its ruins! But let us not fall alive into the hands of the barbarians, let not our wives and maidens become a living prey to the wicked.' 'No,' now exclaimed a powerful voice, 'that shall they not, Rabbi. Wives and maidens, do you prefer death at the hands of your fathers, husbands, brothers, death at your own hands, to shame and dishonor? Would you appear pure and innocent before the throne of the Almighty, instead of falling living victims into the hands of these bloodthirsty, inhuman men outside, would you? Speak: time presses.' And again resounded from a hundred women's lips, 'Rather death than dishonor!'

"His lovely blooming wife pressed up close to the side of the man who had thus spoken, her baby at her breast. 'Let me be the first; let me receive my death at thy loved hands,' she murmured, softly. With the deepest emotion of which a human soul is capable, he



clasped her to his breast. 'It must be done quickly,' he said, with hollow, trembling voice. 'The separation must be speedy. I never thought to part from you thus. Lord, most merciful, forgive us; we do it for thy holy name's sake alone. Art thou ready?'

"'I am,' she said; 'let me only once more, but once more, for the last time, kiss my sweet, my innocent child. God bless thee, poor orphan; God suffer thee to find compassion in the eyes of our murderers. . . . God help thee! We, dear friend, we part but for a short time; thou wilt follow me soon, thou true-hearted.' With the most infinite sorrow that can thrill a man's heart, the husband pressed a fervent parting kiss, a last touch of the hand upon the loved infant, that absolutely refused to leave its mother, and her bared and heaving breast. One stroke of the knife, and a jet of blood sprinkled the child's face, and spouted up against the walls of God's house. The woman sank with a cry of 'Hear, O Israel, the Everlasting, our God is God alone!' and fell lifeless to the ground.

"All the other women, including Judith, followed the brave and gallant example. Many died by their own hands, many received their death-strokes from their husbands, fathers, brothers; but all of them without a murmur, silent and resigned to God's will. They had to tear away tender children, who, weeping and wringing their hands, climbed on to their father's knees, and piteously implored them not to hurt their mothers. It was a scene horrible and heart-rending; a scene than which the history of the Jews, the history of mankind, knows none more agonizing. It was accomplished; no woman might fall alive into the hands of the persecutors. The last death-sigh was breathed, and the few stout men, who had desired to defend the inner door only till then, stepped backward. A fearful blow, and the door, the last bulwark, fell in, sending clouds of dust whirling over it. The knight, brandished battle-axe in hand, stood on the steps that led up into the house of prayer. His countenance was disfigured by fury. Behind him crowded an immeasurable mass of people, armed with spits, and clubs, and iron flails. 'Yield your women and children!' he shouted, in a voice of thunder, at length betraying his real intention, 'and abjure your faith.'

"'Look at these blood-dripping, steaming corpses,' said a man who stood nearest to the door; 'they are women and maidens; they have all preferred death to dishonor. . . . Do you think that we men fear death at thy hands and the hands of thy murderous associates? Murder me, monster, and be accused here and hereafter, in this world and the next, forever and ever!' A moment afterward, the bold speaker lay on the ground weltering in his blood. At sight of the countless corpses of the women, the beastly rago of the populace, that saw itself thus cheated of the best part of its booty, mounted to absolute madness. Hyenas drunk

with blood would have behaved with greater humanity. Not a life was spared; and even infants were slaughtered over the bodies of their mothers. Blood flowed in streams. One boy alone was later on dragged still living from under the heaps of dead. As they approached the tabernacle, in order to inflict the death-stroke on the rabbi, who was kneeling on the steps before it, they found him lifeless, his head turned upward in the direction of the east, a soft smile upon his death-like features. Death had anticipated them. His pure soul had passed away in fervent prayer.

"The mob surveyed the work that had been accomplished; and now that the thirst for blood was stilled, shrunk in terror before the crime that had been perpetrated. The tabernacle remained untouched, the house of God unplundered. Discharging oaths and curses on the knight, their ringleader, the wild troop dispersed in apprehensive awe of the divine and human judge."

Environed by perils, holding his possessions, whether small or great, by the most frail and precarious of tenures, the momentary good-will or sufferance of the ruler, devoted to the cultivation of all domestic virtues, to the study of the Talmud, to trading with, perchance to spoiling, the Egyptians—such was very commonly the life of a Jew during the Middle Ages. Brighter times for them and all of us have since arisen. Intolerance, when it seeks to realize itself by cruelty and persecution, is no longer endured. But a modern Jew no doubt looks back upon the long dark periods of protracted persecution with the same bitter feelings as a Christian does to the shorter early persecutions of the Church, and studies his *Acta Judæorum* with the same reverence that we might feel toward the *Acta Sanctorum* or *Acta Martyrum*.

A very curious collection of what we may thus be justified in denominating the *Acta Judæorum*, has recently been published in Germany, under the title of *Sippurim*, by Dr. Wolf Pascheles, himself a learned Jew of Prague. To this work we are indebted for the eloquent narrative which we have already given, and for most of the facts relating to the advent of the Jews in Bohemia. It contains a large and varied store of popular traditions, mythic legends, chronicles, memorials, and biographies of the renowned Jews who have flourished in ancient times, but especially of those who dwelt at Prague during the Middle Ages. The stories are of very various merit and interest; but

taken together, afford considerable insight into the history, life, feelings, and customs of the Jewish people. In time, they range from Solomon to Napoleon; in character, from the most fantastic Arabian-Night fiction to the gravest chronicle; in style, from the wildest expression of passionate eloquence to the simplicity of the humblest narrative; and make up as a whole one of the most entertaining story-books that it has ever been our good fortune to fall in with. It is difficult by any example to give a fair idea of the attractive and varied nature of the work. The most striking story, *Gabriel*, from which the preceding account of the massacre is taken, is too long for insertion, and too intricate to be comprehensible in any abridged form. The following specimens may, however, perhaps serve as some, if not the best, proof of the wonderful picturesqueness and vigor of the language in which these tales are told, while they will at the same time afford a further illustration of that precarious condition of the Jewish societies in the Middle Ages to which we have alluded, and will show how, in seasons apparently most prosperous and peaceful, the Jews were always liable to the most calamitous vicissitudes of fortune. The events which we are about to relate are believed to have occurred in the reign of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and the narrative of them will be found in this compilation, under the title of *Der Retter, the Preserver*.

It was the eve of the first day of the Passover, in the year 1559. Afternoon service was just over, and large crowds of people streamed out of the synagogues in the Jews' town at Prague, and hurried home to perform the other religious offices prescribed for that night. Gradually the streets became empty, but from the windows came a friendly light and the loud voices of worshipers who were singing devout hymns of praise, or saying their prayers. One house was especially conspicuous for the blinding beams of light that shone from its windows, and fell upon the street. It was the house of Reb. Mordechai Cohen Zemach. Mordechai was the only son of Reb. Gerson, a wealthy goldsmith, and had in his earliest youth evinced signs of extraordinary talent. His father had given him an excellent education, and had sown upon a fruitful soil. Till far on in his childhood, the life of Mordechai had been calm and

prosperous. Suddenly, however, circumstances changed. Reb. Gerson, by a rapid succession of unmerited misfortunes, lost the whole of his property, and found himself unable to meet the liabilities which he had incurred. Sorrow at the loss of his good name stretched the honest man on a sick-bed, from which he never rose again. At the age of seventeen, Mordechai was left an orphan. He was alone in the world, for his mother he had already lost when a child. His first resolution, when the first stupor of grief had passed, was to restore the honored name of his departed father. He took to business, and pursued it with unwearied assiduity; so that scarce five years had elapsed before he had paid off all his father's creditors. In the mean time, he had fallen in love with a maiden, the daughter of his neighbor; but he had nothing to offer her. He was poor; he had sacrificed the rewards of his industry to the sacred memory of his father. Suddenly, however, she too became an orphan, and as a royal edict soon afterward expelled the Jews from Bohemia, and the poor girl did not know whither to turn her steps, Mordechai proposed to her to become the partner of his fate. Bela followed him, after they had been married, to Poland, where most of the exiles found a refuge. Eight years afterward, in the year 1551, King Ferdinand I. recalled the Jews home. Among those who pined for the land of their birth and returned to Prague were Reb. Mordechai and his wife. He again established himself in Prague. His vast knowledge won him the highest esteem and regard; his noble heart, the love of his neighbors. By industry and economy, too, during his residence in Poland, he had succeeded in acquiring a property by no means inconsiderable for that age. About a year after his return from Poland, Reb. Mordechai, with a full and clear consciousness of what he was doing, had sacrificed all this wealth for the preservation of a person entirely unknown to him, of whose very name he was ignorant. For the occasion of this sacrifice, we must refer to the beautiful description in the text. For our present purpose, it will suffice to say, that the person in whose favor it had been made, and who had been saved by it from shame and dishonor, had now become the private secretary of the Emperor, who placed in him the most unbounded confidence. We return to the

night of the Passover. Reb. Mordechai and his assembled family were celebrating the festival. The evening meal was just over, and all were uniting in one great hymn of praise, when a sudden knock was heard at the door, and a stranger craved an instant interview with the master of the house. As soon as the stranger was alone with Reb. Mordechai, he flung off his hat and cloak, and threw himself into his arms. It was the young man whose honor and life he had once saved. The young man came to warn Reb. Mordechai of a calamity which impended over the Jews, and to point out the only way in which it might be averted. The Emperor had vowed in a dream that he would expel the Jews from Bohemia, and was resolved to perform what he had sworn. Except his secretary, none, not even his most confidential ministers, as yet knew any thing of the imperial resolution. It was necessary, therefore, that the most inviolable secrecy should be preserved as to the means by which the information had been obtained, and as to the mode in which an attempt was to be made to countermine the intended cruelty. After an interview of many hours, the secretary took leave. Mordechai accompanied him to the gate of the Jews' town, which was opened. The two men pressed each other's hand in sign of leave-taking, and after a few last words of whispered counsel, the secretary stepped through the gate, and walked on to the hostelry.

"Mordechai lifted his glowing face to the heavens. 'Lord of the world,' he cried, 'thou art all-merciful, all-knowing, almighty. Why, then, should we despair? Can it be thy pleasure that thy children should be driven into adversity? They wish to banish, expel us. Why? By what right? They say that we are strangers in this land, in this beautiful Bohemia. Has not God made the whole world, and are not we too his children? We are strangers, and yet the graves of our fathers lie in this land. We are strangers, and yet we have already for centuries suffered and endured in this country. We are strangers, yet we dwell as long in the land as its other inhabitants. We are strangers; where, then, is our fatherland? Can men exist without a fatherland? No, no; and yet the Jew has nothing, nothing on this vast spacious earth that he can call his own—not the clod on which he rests his head, weary of this life. He can not bequeath his grave to his son, for he does not even know whether the weeping orphan will be driven from his grave, as himself had been chased away from the grave of his father.'

Mordechai might have remained standing still longer in the street, lost in these thoughts, but the atmosphere was suddenly agitated by a sharp gust of wind. Then a warm breeze of spring came gently whispering through the air. The fragrant breath of the wind which fanned Mordechai's hot face roused him from his dreams. It seemed to him as though it were a morning salutation from the Father of all men to his sons, which proclaimed 'Peace, peace to far and near—to all my children, peace!'

Mordechai then proceeded to the house of the chief rabbi, and imparted to him the secret which he had learned that night, and also his resolution instantly at break of day to set off for Vienna, that he might there endeavor to prevent the impending calamity in the manner which had been suggested to him by the secretary. The chief rabbi approved the plan, and Reb. Mordechai returned home in order to get ready for the journey and to bid his family farewell. As morning dawned on the first day of the Passover, Mordechai passed through the Wischerbader gate, vaulted upon a horse that stood ready saddled outside, pressed his spurs into his flanks, and fled swift as lightning on the road leading to Vienna.

After morning service on the same day, the chief rabbi invited the leading members of the community to a secret meeting, and informed them of what had taken place—that Mordechai, namely, had the night before received from a sure source the unexpected intelligence that the Emperor intended to banish all the Jews from Prague and Bohemia, and had hurried off to Vienna to pursue the course pointed out by his secret informant as the only one which might possibly effect a change in the Emperor's sentiments. The rabbi impressed upon the meeting that Reb. Mordechai, who, by his rare intellectual powers, his learning, and especially by the fact that he must be favored by some high personage, since he had before any one else been put in possession of so important a secret, was without doubt the fittest representative of their community; at any rate, that it would be best quietly to await the end of the affair, and on no account to allow the inauspicious tidings to be too soon noised abroad among the people.

It was not, therefore, till about midway between Easter and Pentecost that dark rumors began to spread abroad in the Jewish community of Prague about some terrible news which the chief rabbi had

communicated to the leading persons of the society on the first day of the Pass-over. The narrow circle, indeed, who had heard it from the rabbi's own mouth preserved the profoundest silence; but several Jews, who carried their wares from house to house in other quarters of the city, were recommended to sell at a moderate price, as they were soon to be sent into banishment, and would then be unable to sell any thing. At first the poor Jews paid no attention to what they heard, and looked upon it as mere mockery, to be patiently endured; but by degrees they were satisfied that it was no joke, and that in very truth tidings had arrived from Vienna that, in pursuance of an Imperial decree, all the Jews were to leave Bohemia. Presently nothing was talked about but this impending calamity. The absence of Reb. Mordechai Cohen had already been observed, but it was not yet known that his journey had been undertaken for the common weal. Now, however, the chief rabbi and authorities assured every one that they had long been informed of the circumstance, that they would make every effort in their power, and that Reb. Mordechai had gone to Vienna as their advocate. This knowledge had at first a soothing effect. But their hopes, alas! soon became clouded. No letter had arrived from Mordechai. Information at length was received, and they learnt that Mordechai had left Vienna. Whither he had since betaken himself, what had been the result of his representations—of all this the community was absolutely ignorant. At a full meeting it was proposed that a deputation should be sent to Vienna in order to lay their righteous cause at the foot of the throne. The majority voted with the proposer, but the chief rabbi opposed the measure. "If salvation," he said, "is possible—if any human being is able to induce the Emperor's Majesty to recede from a resolution that he has formed—it is Reb. Mordechai Cohen. I was, moreover," he added, "perfectly satisfied by Reb. Mordechai that there was but one way of salvation, and that he will try. If he fails, all is irreparably lost."

"The chief rabbi at Prague had ever exercised the greatest influence over his community. The assembly besides perceived that he had deeper insight into the matter than themselves. Nothing, therefore, remained for them but to confide in his wisdom and experience, to let him have his way, and to await the end in sor-

row. It was a painful situation. In order to appreciate its full significance, a little more light must be thrown upon it. The idea of banishment has in recent times, owing to the large number of German emigrants who sent themselves, so to say, into voluntary exile, lost so much of its original horror that we are very likely to be misled in our conception of it. Yet how different was the situation of a banished Jew in the middle ages from that of an emigrant in these days! The latter *voluntarily* forsakes his home after he has realized his immovable property. He is protected by the government, and hopes to better his condition. He has found a new country, where he is hospitably received. And if he feels a longing for his fatherland, if he is grown rich and prosperous in the distant country, and would return back again, if he would die at home, be buried in the grave of his forefathers; then the ship carries him back, he is again welcomed home, again becomes his country's child: he has two homes. The Jew, on the contrary, was compelled to tear himself with bleeding heart from the spot which he had perhaps for centuries called home. The Jew was cast forth poor and wretched, for even the wealthiest was impoverished by exile. His houses became worthless; for who would purchase a property that was from the necessity of the case to become shortly without an owner? The stored-up wares also which could not be carried with them in their wanderings in their search for a place of refuge became valueless to the proprietors, especially as so large a number of Jewish merchants could not dispose of their effects at one and the same time. The debts due to them in the country could not be levied. The banished Jew of the middle ages was without protection, for the home government refused him its protection, its sanction. The banished Jew of the middle ages could not but fear that his gray-haired parents, his wife, his tender children, would perish under the unwonted fatigues of the journey; for how could he tell how long it might not be? The banished Jew of the middle ages was constrained to tear himself from the arms of his weeping betrothed when their roads separated, and knew not whether he should ever see her again in this life. The banished Jew of the middle ages might die in a remote foreign land of longing for the graves of his loved ones, might die, but not return.

"The Jews were soon, however, to be relieved from this tormenting state of uncertainty, but only to obtain the most entire assurance of their misfortune. Some days after Pentecost, the Imperial edict reached Prague, and was proclaimed on the same day in the Jews' town by the Royal Governor. Thus it ran: 'The Jews must leave Prague in eight days, the country in four weeks.'

"At dawn on the day fixed, morning service was celebrated in all the synagogues. In the synagogue the chief rabbi officiated. As soon as the sun's first ray pierced through the narrow windows of the synagogue the service was



commenced. The temple was overflowing with worshipers. Many of the pious devotees had sunk on their knees, and lifted their clasped hands to heaven. The profound touching agony to be obliged to quit the holy spot forever had mastered the whole assembly, and had driven for a short time all care for the future out of their hearts. The prayers abounded in wonderfully striking passages, and soon nothing was heard in the entire building but the heart-rending sobs of the congregation. The service came to an end. The chief rabbi stood before the holy tabernacle to take leave of that consecrated place, which he had so often trodden, to take leave of his beloved congregation, and to strengthen and refresh them with the words of Holy Scripture for the dark uncertain future which was approaching. 'Friends and brethren,' he began. The words died away on his trembling lips—a boundless emotion took possession of him. In vain he endeavored to recover himself, his quivering lips refusing to utter a word. A pause of profoundest silence for some minutes ensued. The rabbi kissed the vail of the holy tabernacle, opened the sacred ark of the covenant, and took a roll of the law out of it. The head-overseers and the wardens of the synagogue followed him unbidden. Then came the principal Talmudists, until all the rolls of the law had been removed. The rabbi muttered a few more words of prayer in a low voice; then all left the synagogue in tears. The chief rabbi was the last but one; the head-overseer of the community the last to retire from it. As the latter came out of the synagogue he locked the gates, and handed the keys to the rabbi. Both of them desired to speak, as might be seen from the nervous twitching of their lips; but both were silent. The last priest can not have quitted the temple on Sion's hill with a heart more penetrated by grief. Once more, as though he could not tear himself away, the rabbi kissed the lintels of the temple; then the procession betook itself to his residence, there to deposit the rolls of the law till the moment of departure arrived. After that, the rabbi went to the burial-ground. The whole community, impelled by one and the same noble feeling, had here assembled to take leave of those who had gone to their long home before them, of the graves of their dead. No sound of sorrow disturbed the sacred quiet of the spot. Naught could be seen but a kneeling multitude, pale faces, and graves bedewed with tears. Bela, among the rest, Mordechai's wife, was kneeling on the grave of her father, while hot tears trickled down her face. A two-fold grief divided her heart. Where was Mordechai, her husband, the prop of her life?

"Gradually the vast burial-ground was deserted. Each one had still preparation to make for the long, weary journey. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a gate of the Jews' town was thrown open, through which they were all to defile. On the square facing the Jews' town two regiments of infantry and some troops of cavalry were drawn up. A vast multitude had

assembled to assist at the strange spectacle. The viceroy had commissioned a superior officer to see to the execution of the decree. Each family on its departure was ordered to give satisfactory proof that it had satisfied all claims of the royal treasury, and to declare by which gate of the city it wished to leave. The confused stir in the Jews' town offered a melancholy sight. Before many doors stood a small cart, drawn by a lean hack. They were intended to convey out of the country the old and sick who could not travel on foot. A group was standing before every door. Men with a wanderer's staff in their hands, a bundle which contained all their transportable wealth on their backs. Women with children at their breasts. At half-past eleven the officer in command ordered a trumpeter to ride through the streets and proclaim that they had only half an hour more, and that every one must make ready to depart. Friends and relatives now bade one another farewell in open street. A warm pressure of the hand, a brotherly kiss, and then they would set out. The chief rabbi had stationed himself at the gate of exit to comfort and bless the departing. At length the word of command rung out. Swords clashed as they were drawn from the sheath. The infantry ranged itself in line. The clock in the old Rathaus began to strike twelve. The rabbi whispered words of encouragement and resignation into the ears of those who were to be the first to leave the Jews' town. Not a breath was audible; a funereal silence prevailed. The clock struck one, two, three, four, five, up to twelve.

"At the last stroke a sound of horses' hoofs was heard, all eyes were turned in the direction of the Jesuits' College. A horseman was flying toward the Jews' town; the smoking steed was covered with foam and blood, the rider's face was convulsed and pale. He waved a roll of parchment in his hand, and cried:

"'Grace . . . in the Emperor's name.'

"In front of the commandant he drew rein, and as he handed him the parchment, sunk swooning to the ground. The horse reeled, staggered, and fell at his side.

"At the same moment, an imperial officer, accompanied by a mounted trumpeter, galloped up at full speed. He waved a white flag, and cried: 'I confirm it, in the name of his Apostolic Majesty! Grace!'

"When the commanding officer perceived the Imperial signet, he uncovered his head and read the revocation of the edict. This was all the work of a minute. At the same instant a loud scream was heard: 'Mor-de-chai! . . . Father!' . . . and Bela, with her children, forced her way through the crowd up to her husband, their father. The multitude assembled before the Jews' town had taken the warmest interest in the events of the morning. The unexpectedly fortunate issue excited the most joyful sympathy, and amidst the flourish of trumpets a thundering shout was raised, 'Long

live the Emperor! Long live Ferdinand the First!

"What passed in the hearts of men delivered from so great a peril can not be described, can not be conceived, can only be sympathized with by one who, threatened by the same danger, has obtained the same deliverance. Every one now pressed round the unconscious Mordechai. Those nearest to him kissed the hem of his raiment. He was borne in triumphal procession to his house. Arrived there, the chief rabbi said: 'We will now leave Reb. Mordechai to the care of his family; but before we ourselves do any thing else, let us go into the synagogue and render thanks to the Lord for this unexpected salvation.' 'Yes, to the synagogue, to the synagogue!' all joyously shouted, and the whole multitude followed the rabbi to God's temple with hearts overflowing with gratitude."

For the mode in which this salvation was wrought, for the details of Mordechai's swift journey to Vienna, to Rome, where he obtained letters from the Pope absolving the Emperor from the rash vow made in his dreams, we can but refer to the story. Mordechai Cohen has long been gathered to his fathers, his tomb is overgrown by luxuriant moss, but his memory still survives in the grateful recollection of his people.

Attracted by the strange interest that still cleaves to the old burial-ground at

Prague, we have directed our attention mainly to such stories as relate to the history of the Bohemian Jews. But there is scarcely a country in Europe which is not the scene of some curious history or adventure contained in this collection. We might have stood in the streets of Frankfort and watched the furious march of the Flagellants, who atoned, as they believed, for their sins against God by plundering and murdering the Israelites. We might have placed ourselves in the Mohammedan city of Cordova, and read the wild traditions which group themselves round the name of Maimonides—the second Moses, as he was called, and most learned of medieval Jews. Or, forsaking historic ground, we might have plunged into the regions of absolute fiction, and studied the miraculous powers which were imparted by the possession of the wonder-working seal of King Solomon. Whatever portion of this work, however, may be selected for more particular consideration, whether that which deals with history, myth, or legend, will be gleaned information may undoubtedly be gleaned respecting Jewish customs, manners, and opinions; and with this view it is as entirely of any interest that attaches to it as a mere story-book, *Sippurim* will repay an attentive perusal.

From the London Society Magazine.

## A L A D Y ' S D R E S S .

DRESS DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS—PRESENT FASHIONS—HINTS ON THE HARMONY OF COLOR.

"DRESS," said a lively writer some twelve or fourteen years ago, (referring to female attire,) "is a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect."

This last assertion is rather strong; still, viewed in the light of a guide-book for the quiet observer of character—as an index to the tastes, habits of life, and con-

dition of a people—a certain value must be conceded to the subject, even by those who denounce it as a frivolous topic, unworthy of any attention. But it assumes real importance, when we recognize it as the spring that moves the many hands of industry, and see in its wants and demands the stimulants that work upon man's fancy, taste, and inventive powers—exercise his skill and patience, and even

impel him to study and scientific research. What knowledge and calculation were necessary, for instance, before the machinery that has brought calico-printing to its present perfection could be produced! What experiments were essayed in the laboratory before a new shade of color could be procured to meet the taste for novelty, and, when procured, before it could be fixed and made permanently available!

During the last few years, we have had the hue of the fuchsia, the tender shade of the Chinese primrose, reproduced on silk or muslin, and delicate greens, seen before in nature only, rendered as lasting as in our climate a delicate color can be. In looking at the rich array of shades and hues employed in our present manufactures, we begin to question whether the use of the three primary colors in the earlier stages of society is to stand, as some writers on color are fond of assuming, the evidence of a purer taste, or simply the result of necessity. We can not think that any people possessing the means we now do, of robbing Nature of all her exquisite coloring, would have contented themselves with simple red, blue, and yellow. However effective and valuable, combinations of these with black or white are, for architectural and decorative purposes, for costume the *neutrals* and *hues* are peculiarly adapted, and only fail in pleasing as they ought, because injudiciously used or improperly combined. Dress should be to the person what the frame is to the picture, *subordinate*—the thing that enhances the beauty of the main, but does not overwhelm it.

Do not let it be supposed, however, that we are advocates of the sober browns, the grays, fawns, etc., the quiet colors that some people think the garb of propriety, to the exclusion of bright color. No! we dearly love and duly appreciate color; we have hailed with delight the resumption of the scarlet cloak this winter by our fair countrywomen, especially at a time of public mourning, when our streets have worn so monotonous and somber an aspect. The eye has been gladdened and refreshed by the warm bright red, set off by the black dress beneath; and the welcome effect it produced, proved to our minds how much pleasure we insensibly derive from the presence of color. We are hardly aware of it until we lose it; the aspect of our

crowded thoroughfares lately enables us to form some idea of what we should feel, if, by some freak of fashion, the fair sex were to adopt a costume as unvaried and hideous as the present masculine attire; and if our shops, that now display all that is lovely in color and exquisite in design, had nothing more attractive to offer than broad cloth or black stuff. We should feel depressed. The eye needs the stimulant of color and variety to keep it from fatigue; and beneath our gray and colorless sky we want more color, not less. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago, color was certainly at a discount in dress as well as in architecture and decoration. That there has been a revival in its favor no one will deny.

For dress the palest of shades were then preferred; a full color was pronounced vulgar, and brunettes were content to look ill in silver gray and faded pink, whilst blondes appeared in the most ethereal of blues. Well! fashion has changed to more advantage in this respect than in others; for although the material for a lady's dress was then inferior in design and color to what it now is, we think the general effect was preferable, more simple, more graceful, less extravagant in every sense of the word. But then a well-dressed woman was rather the exception than the rule, and we must allow that now the reverse is the case. Englishwomen are less *fagoté*—to use an untranslatable French word—than they were. They buy their bonnet with reference to the dress or cloak it is destined to accompany; they have ceased to think that they can furbish up a faded garment by a bow of ribbon here, or a bunch of flowers there; they are particular about their gloves and their shoes; they have added the finish of neatness to their dress, and rival the Frenchwoman in a point once peculiarly her own. But, then, if our countrywoman's taste has improved, we fear her expenses have progressed also, for luxury and extravagance in dress have vastly increased during the last ten years. How is this to be accounted for? to what is it owing? To French influence! cries a chorus of angry fathers and husbands with Christmas bills fresh in their recollections. Well, Paris, it is true, has long held undisputed sway over the fashions of the fair and fickle sex, and never was homage more willingly paid to any sovereign, than that which has been

rendered during the last eight years by ladies of every land to the Imperial Eugénie, as the Queen of Fashion in that gay city; but is the fair despot solely responsible for the very *enlarged* view now held as to the requirements of a lady's toilet? And if the Empress is to be charged with this, pray who, Messieurs les maris, is to blame for your extravagance in dinners, horses, and expensive furniture? Is it the Emperor's example? has it any thing to do with the centralizing influences of railroads? or is it in France the result of reaction? Let us look back a little.

The events of 1848 left most of the European states in an uncomfortable, unsettled condition for more than a twelve-month afterward. The winter of 1849-50 saw the greater part of Germany, however, tranquillized and reassured. The nobles flocked to the capitals, and those who visited any of the large towns of Southern Germany then, will remember that the carnival of 1850 was the gayest, the most brilliant, that had been known for years. The petty mediatized princes who had resigned to the crowns of Austria or Bavaria the little remnants of sovereign power so long jealously preserved by them, and the numerous counts and barons who had given up also the feudal rights they had retained over their tenantry, and the payments in kind often oppressively enforced, found their dignity and importance shorn of their former proportions in their native towns, and their pockets well filled, owing to the money compensation received in lieu of these rights; they therefore closed their old Schlosses, bade farewell to their former grand dullness, and repaired to Vienna or Munich, to dance away regret, spend their money, display their hereditary diamonds and pearls, and receive with gratification the attentions of a court anxious to conciliate and console.

"Society," as the word is understood in Southern Germany, comprises a very limited circle. That wondrous devetailing in of all classes that we have in England, and which makes our society consequently the most varied and intellectual in the world, is yet unknown there; and ten years ago the old nobility resented any attempt to introduce a new element into their world as an infringement upon their peculiar privileges. The ruling families of most of the German States were, in this respect, in advance of

their subjects. The man of letters, the artist, the poet, found readier admittance into his sovereign's palace than the noble's house; and the effort of the accomplished Maximilian of Bavaria to bring together, for mutual advantage, the aristocracy and the learned professors and savants of his capital met with no encouragement and little success. They stood aloof from each other, even under the royal roof; and the beautiful wife of a mediatized prince only spoke the sentiments of her class when she declared "that it was becoming quite disagreeable to go to court, for you met such very *odd* people there." It can be imagined how welcome an increase to their numbers, therefore, were the numerous families who had hitherto been content to keep petty state in the country, and who now flocked into the capitals eager for pleasure, and provided with means for the sudden increase in luxury and expense of all kinds that marked the return to tranquillity after the movements of 1848. The grand dame, who had no longer her one or two *dames de compagnie* (lady companions) to pay, devoted herself to her toilet as another means of maintaining a prominent position, or achieving distinction. She sent to Paris for her flowers, to Lyons for her silks; she could scarcely be seen twice in the same dress, and, in short, the taste for extravagance in dress which began in Germany then, and which has since been maintained by French example and other causes, was originally due, not to Eugénie's fair face, but to a political movement which had the effect of concentrating wealth in the capital at a time when France was still uneasy under a President whose intentions she mistrusted.

With regard to France, the ruin that had followed upon the Revolution, and the want of confidence in their successive governments, had taught the French to be careful, and the example of the Citizen King and his family strengthened this disposition. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was the aim of most French families to live, not *within*, but *below* their income. The *dot* for the daughter was the result of yearly saving, and if there were no children to save for, the same yearly amount was spared and put by, for a rainy day. Their habit was to abjure all credit, and to take such pleasures as they could afford; and whilst we were fond of



stigmatizing them as light-hearted and careless, they were in reality far more careful than we, who, making no provision for the expense of recreation, are seldom able to indulge in it without an uneasy feeling that we are hardly justified in so doing.

We English are in the main a conscientious people; we do not wish to incur debt we can not pay; but we start in life with a notion that a certain mode of living is necessary for respectability, and that, therefore, any sacrifice must be made to obtain it. When we find the means of compassing our ideas on this subject fall short, we too often have not the moral courage to adopt a less pretentious style of living, and, conscious that the foundations of our house are insecure, and that a storm would find us unprepared to meet it, we carry throughout our daily life, into society, as at home, a secret care which prevents our being light-hearted like the more careful, more provident French, as we knew them fifteen or twenty years ago.

We say, as we knew them; for the visitor to Paris now, will find the Parisian brow less serene, the Parisian sky less clear, the latter owing to the almost universal use of coal, which they have adopted, and with it many of our ways of living. They live more at home, less abroad. The solitary *femme de ménage* who managed all the household work for many a small family (the heads of the house dining abroad or having their dinner sent in from some neighboring restaurateur) has been replaced by two or more servants; and these "domestic comforts" have proved to them (as the present meaning of their name implies) the cause of many domestic troubles and many domestic difficulties. They have undertaken to keep more people at a time when wages are higher and provisions dearer: as the consequence of one piece of a folly is generally another, so one piece of extravagance begets a second, and expensive dinners are taking the place of the once easy mode of seeing your friends. In no particular is there stronger evidence of increased luxury and expense, than in that of dress.

Formerly the French lady of rank was easily satisfied, if her fortune was not large, with two silk dresses, one, either of black or some dark color, for walking, the other for her evening visiting, or re-

ceptions, and the latter she was content to vary by a change of head-dress or some exquisite lace. Instead of discarding it as she does now, when it has become known to her friends, she piqued herself upon its durability, and received, as a compliment to its original value, the remarks of her friends that "it had lasted well." With her the purchase of a new gown was an event—a subject of grave consideration. A good price was given, a good article expected. The accompaniments were selected in the same spirit: the lace was real and costly, the mantles and gloves accorded in color and quality, and the French lady, *when dressed*, was consequently well dressed, suitably to her position, becomingly to herself.

Whilst the Frenchwoman was thus simply elegant, the majority of what we call the middle classes in England were decidedly dowdy, and the higher classes far less expensive in their attire than they are now. An English lady of rank who had been eight years absent from London, returned there in the spring of 1850, after having passed the winter at the courts of Vienna and Munich. She expressed surprise at the comparative simplicity of dress at the court of St. James's. A few jewels, or a spray of flowers at the back of the head, was ornament enough then for the Englishwoman, whilst the Viennese or Bavarian noble lady was overloaded with flowers and diamonds. But this state of affairs was not destined to last long. We jog on in England contentedly enough in our old ways, until some one suggests a new idea for us, which we are some time comprehending, and then we go mad upon the subject. For the last ten years, we and France have certainly been playing the game of "follow my leader," whether in the organization of our army, the improvement of our towns, the reconstruction of our navy, or in the developments of dress. Yes—to answer the question asked a little way back—it is to French influence, French example, we must ascribe the increased luxury and expense of dress in England. The Germans have never been so much led by Paris as we have: the Viennese long had, and maintained their own fashions; and we have seen that after 1848 the change there, in this respect, was one of the several results of bringing together the wealthy and the great. But we, who have always plenty of money to

spend upon new projects, found one agreeable mode of disposing of it, was buying largely the costly productions from the looms of Lyons, Lille, etc., and all the articles of luxury for which the manufactures of France are renowned, and which the establishment of the Empire seemed to rouse from stagnation and depression.

Whatever the world may think of Louis Napoleon's celebrated *coup d'état*, to France it at once restored confidence. The people instinctively felt that whatever the Empire might be to Europe, to them it meant peace—peace at home, peace amongst themselves. *L'Empire c'est la paix*, was susceptible of many readings, but that most agreeable to France was, no more revolutions, no more ideal governments. The Empire is a fact. This feeling of confidence infused new life into every branch of trade; and the first care of the Emperor was to strengthen this spirit of activity, and to keep down the restless spirits of the manufacturing towns by promoting employment for them.

He found a most efficient ally in the Empress; and the richest brocades and costliest moirés, which had hitherto been sparingly manufactured for a few of the wealthy only, were soon lavishly displayed in every shop-window in Paris, and, ere long, worn by people who a few years before would have considered such materials beyond their means and unsuited to their station.

If dress may be considered as an index of the taste of the age, it is not in error now, when it marks an increase of luxury and expenditure in all classes.

So much for the cost and material of modern costume: the causes that influence the cut or fashion of a dress are less easily determined, or reviewed. The bright-colored petticoats of the present day are easily accounted for by their convenience and warmth. The hats worn in summer came, originally, from Germany and Switzerland. Although now sadly shorn of their sheltering proportions, and altered from their ugly but useful mushroom shapes, they recommend themselves for various reasons; they are becoming more durable, and cooler in summer than bonnets; their adoption is therefore easily understood, and the burnous, the Spanish mantilla, carry their own history with them. But how is it that we have one year a tight sleeve like a man's coat, and another a hanging one like that of a Chinese man-

darin? Who lengthens the cloaks of the fair sex until they almost touch the ground one year, and the following season cuts them off below the waist?

This is a mysterious subject. We are in the habit, when we don't exactly know what a man's occupation is, of saying: "Oh! he has something to do in the city." In the same way, all we know about these changes is that they are effected in Paris. We have heard that there are individuals there whose sole occupation it is, to devise a new pattern, invent a new trimming; but on what principles they proceed we know not. Every now and then we discover that some great novelty is only what our grandmothers wore before us. The adoption or rejection of a fashion, however, depends very much upon the taste and character of individuals who, from their rank or wealth, exercise an influence in society. Accordingly, in the present day, the Empress has been made responsible for much.

When Eugénie de Montijo espoused Napoleon III., envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were arrayed against her. She was not royal; she was not French; she rode on horseback; she had English blood in her veins, an English complexion, and most probably English tastes. When she returned from Notre Dame after the marriage ceremony, the vast crowds assembled near the Tuileries to view her entry there, gave her no welcome, received their Empress in silence; yet in a few months France unanimously pronounced her *charming*. She had none of the conventional manner prescribed to royalty; she laughed when she should have been grave, and wept when she should have been composed; she wore fancy dresses, offensive to court etiquette, yet in spite of all this, in spite of her being as natural as Frenchwomen are generally artificial, she was pronounced *charming*. Her beauty and grace captivated the other sex; but we have no hesitation in saying that one cause of her popularity with her own, was her being beyond all comparison the best-dressed woman in the empire. The French look upon the toilet as a work of art, and pay the same tribute to it that we do to any other artistic production. They accepted and valued her success as another proof of the supremacy of France in this as in other matters.

We really think it very hard, however, that the Empress should be charged with the present monstrosities of dress, the

hideous bonnets, the heavy wreaths loading the brows and lengthening the face so as to give some women (as a man in the pit of the Opera last year remarked) "the appearance of unicorns." The exaggerated hoops, too — are these purely French?

We have always had a liking for hoops in England, and some of our most decorous periods of costume have been those when the hoop was worn. We half think this is a fashion for which we are as much responsible as our neighbors across the water.

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## NAPOLEON I. AT THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

THE engraved print at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC* is a representation of Napoleon I. in deep thought after nightfall on the eve of the memorable and decisive battle of Austerlitz. An explanation of the scene in the engraving and a brief sketch of the attending events will serve to refresh the mind of the reader, and impart additional interest to the embellishment. We are not far removed from battle-scenes in our own land. The public mind pulsates with quickened and fresh excitement whenever new tidings of a bloody conflict are flashed with lightning velocity along the iron nerves of the nation. In such a state of things it is instructive to glance for a moment at the manner in which the greatest chieftain of his age, and the hero of a hundred battles, planned and achieved a world-renowned victory. Such victories ought to have attended the great chieftains of our own Federal armies, and such we hope will soon be recorded on the historic page.

The famed battle of Austerlitz was fought on the second of December, 1805. A few days previous to this event, and immediately after the battle of Ulm, Napoleon had swept down the swift-flowing Danube with his victorious army like an avalanche to Vienna. Arrived there, he seized, by a well-planned stratagem, the great wooden bridge Thabor, over the Danube, and crossing with his army, he thundered along the track of the retreating Austrians toward Moravia, in which the town of Austerlitz is situated. A few days sufficed the fiery energies of Na-

poleon to concentrate his forces and arrange his plans for the impending conflict with the now allied armies of Austria and Russia. Napoleon fixed his headquarters at Brunn, a few miles from Austerlitz. While reconnoitering the surrounding country with his staff, he was struck with the strategic advantages of the Austerlitz region, as a battle-ground. The movements of the allied armies indicated the near approach of the tremendous conflict. The position of Napoleon and his army was daily becoming more critical. Before the night of the first of December, more than ninety thousand men were here assembled within the space of two leagues. They were all veteran soldiers, inured to war, and burning with impatience to signalize themselves in the decisive battle which was to take place on the morrow. Napoleon spent the whole of that day on horseback, riding along the ranks, visiting the outposts, speaking to the soldiers, and studying the ground. "Soldiers!" said he, "we must finish this war by a decisive blow." Loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur," resounded through the air. He continued riding through the bivouacs, animating the men, till long after nightfall, and then retired to his tent. The night was cold and damp with the heavy fog which covered the low grounds. At a late hour in the night, after the fatigues and anxieties of the day, Napoleon enters his tent, as it was called, but it was, as we suppose, a peasant's cottage, as seen in the engraving. There he sits down before a blazing fire, to rest and warm himself. He muses in deep thought over

the scenes of the day, and the coming decisive struggle of the morrow. It is at this point—at this late hour of the night, and in this position before the cheerful blazing fire in the peasant's cottage—that the genius of the painter has depicted and presented the aspects of Napoleon. He is cold, and draws his chair close up to the blazing fire. Having thrown his military cloak over the back of another chair, and placed one foot on the andiron—he has fallen into deep meditation, as if reviewing his plans for the battle, to satisfy himself that all was right, and be ready for any sudden developments or changes in the great struggle on the morrow. His faithful Mameluke, Rustan, who had attended him in so many battle, stands near him, gazing intently on his master's face, waiting his orders, but not venturing to disturb him. The peasant woman, as if in fulfillment of some order to bring refreshment to Napoleon, has placed a loaf of bread upon the table, and stands near with a pitcher of beer, ready to pour it into the drinking-cup, whenever the great man should awake from his deep reverie.

This is our interpretation of the scene in the painting, in the absence of any explanation by the artist, and sufficient, we hope, for all instructive purposes. We could almost fancy we saw the identical cottage, while gazing with intense interest over the varied scenes and objects of this famed locality a few summers ago. The general aspects of the battle-ground, the hills, the valleys, the convent behind which Napoleon, with keen sagacity, placed a body of troops to surprise the enemy, are still fresh in our mind like yesterday, as also the city of Brunn, a little way off, at which we stopped on our way to Bohemia.

How long the Emperor sat warming himself before that blazing fire, in the high old-fashioned fire-place, deeply musing, we have no means of knowing. But at four o'clock in the morning Napoleon mounted on horseback. All was still among the immense multitude who were concentrated in the French lines, buried in sleep. The soldiers had forgotten alike their triumphs and the dangers they were about to undergo on the morrow. Soon after a murmur arose from the Russian host,

says the historian; gradually the stars began to disappear. The ruddy glow of the east announced the approach of day. At last the sun arose in unclouded brilliancy, that "Sun d'Austerlitz," which Napoleon so often afterward apostrophized as illuminating the most splendid periods of his life. As the morning advanced the battle began and raged along the lines. Napoleon, with his eagle eye, restrained the burning impatience of his marshals, who stood around him awaiting the signal. "Now," at length said the Emperor, "is the moment," and the marshals rode off at full gallop in all directions to their several divisions. At the same moment Napoleon mounted his horse, and riding through the foremost ranks, "Soldiers," said he, "the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish the war with a clap of thunder."

But we have not room to enlarge, nor is it needful. This memorable battle was fought and won. It was the most glorious of all the victories of Napoleon. The loss of the allies was immense—thirty thousand men were killed, wounded, and made prisoners. The cannon-balls of Napoleon ripped up the fields of ice across which the cavalry and artillery of the enemy were attempting to escape, and two thousand perished in the waters. A hundred and eighty pieces of cannon were captured. Napoleon also suffered the loss of twelve thousand of his brave men in killed or wounded. Such is terrible war. Such are a few of the great historic scenes and events which culminate at Austerlitz and illustrate our engraving, in which Napoleon, though long years since departed from the terrible tragedies of the battlefield, lives again in fancy by an artistic resurrection, and is seated before the eye of the reader in full view, as he is supposed to have been on the eve of that tremendous day. It is these stirring events which cluster around the name and person of Napoleon, which impart interest to the engraving which has been so admirably copied by Mr. Perine from a painting, for the loan of which we are indebted to a medical friend of New-York and his excellent lady, who brought it with other paintings from France, to adorn their parlors in America.



From the British Quarterly.

## T H E G R E E K R E V O L U T I O N . \*

THE revolution which has just taken place in Greece suggests an inquiry into the capacities of that country for the future, and into the causes of its backward condition now. There can be no doubt that Greek independence has long disappointed the world. Greece has lain under an eclipse ever since its dismemberment from Turkey and the settlement of its government under Otho. We have been naturally led, therefore, to look upon the restoration of her independence as an unquestionable practical failure, originating in a mere classical weakness. To outward appearance, the Greece which the Philhellenists of the days of Canning declared to be reënimated and restored, has presented, during thirty years of settled government, the aspect of a country corrupt, intriguing, venal, and poor. The Government has kept faith neither with its subjects nor with its creditors; it has endeavored by all means in its power to crush the constitutional liberties of its subjects; and by refusing throughout this period to pay a single drachma of its public debt, it has stamped itself either hopelessly bankrupt or scandalously fraudulently. The people, meanwhile, crushed by the incubus of a dishonest and extravagant foreign rule, remain in nearly the situation they held on the first establishment of their kingdom. In a word, Greece was thirty years ago transferred from one despotism to another. The Bavarian rule was no appreciable mitigation of the Turkish rule. If the Christian monarch hated his Hellenic subjects less than the Mussulman monarch, he was still more ignorant of the conditions of prosperous government.

These considerations may serve as a bar to our hastily judging of the future by the past. We are still entitled to date the origin of Greek independence from last autumn. The Greeks neither elected their own king nor chose their national polity. In a spirit of generous confidence they requested the three protecting Powers to name a king for them; and the three Powers rewarded their confidence by making the worst selection they could. They gave the Greeks a boy of seventeen, with neither a character to form nor an intellect to develop. This Bavarian prince brought with him a regency, and as many Bavarian troops as he allowed Greek troops in his army. Like the Swiss Guards of Bomba, or the African Zouaves at the gate of the Tuileries, these troops quickly gave the Greeks to understand what would become of them if they disputed the regal prerogative. With their help all the irregular military combinations which had served as a guarantee for the voice of the people being heard, whatever were the form of government, were violently suppressed. And by the time that these Bavarian regiments were withdrawn, the Government continued, by very much the expedient by which we maintain a certain hold over our Indian army, to keep the native army loyal and faithful to it. In this manner one rivet after another bound the people down in a state of complete subjection. This state of things continued until September, 1843. The Greeks then rose, and demanded a Constitution. This they then obtained; but it was a Constitution without any real guarantee for the legislative rights of the people, and the chief difference which it introduced into the government of Greece rested in a corruption and venality which were found necessary to defeat the representative action of the people. As soon, therefore, as the Greeks ascertained that no terms were to be made with Otho—or rather with his Queen, who was the real ruler of the country—they resolved to dethrone the dynasty. Their various attempts to effect

\* *History of the Greek Revolution.* By GEORGE FINLAY. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1861.

[Mr. Finlay has resided many years in Greece. He married an American lady. He owns a large property in Greece, upon which the Government seized, and refused to pay for, till Mr. Finlay compelled payment. He is a gentleman of large wealth, and author of a number of volumes of Greek history.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

such a revolution have probably passed out of public memory; but the army, meanwhile, had gradually become converts to the popular dissatisfaction, and with their assistance the overthrow of the Bavarians became a certainty.

The question, therefore, whether the people or the government have been chiefly to blame for the inert condition of the country throughout the period of its nominal independence, is at once answered. The circumstances which we have just sketched render it difficult to perceive how the people could have acted materially otherwise. They were not, of course, unanimous. The most clumsy despotism can always contrive to create a party which shall support it under the force of mercenary interests. But the majority of the population long and uniformly detested the Bavarian dynasty. The inductive reasoning, always plausible and attractive, which would lead us to condemn the Greek people on the ground of their past career, can not, therefore, be maintained. It would be more correct to say, perhaps, that we can not make an induction on the subject; for the circumstances of the Greek kingdom for the last thirty years have been in almost every respect dissimilar from what they now are.

This view is strengthened by the fact that the Greeks show themselves fully alive to the benefits of good government now. Their strange unanimity in favor of Prince Alfred is an instance of the firmness and consistency of their views; for what we take it to mean is, that they are resolved that their Government shall now be made to conform in fact to what they intended to make it in September, 1843. Because Otho would not observe the Constitution of that year, they dethroned him; and because the Greeks wish to see the establishment of the reforms on which they insisted twenty years ago, they now wish for a scion of the first constitutional Government of Europe. The Greeks care nothing for their co-religionists; they subordinate every consideration to the acquisition of political liberty; for the Duke de Leuchtenburg, of the Greek Church, expressly educated for the revolution and the throne, finds no followers. They are equally sensible of the advantages of stability and order; for they desire neither a republic nor the precarious rule of a prince of their own. A revolution so tranquil and so moderate, distinctly limited in its course—

hitherto, at least—to the advantages which it obviously has to acquire, can only be the work of a people of whom a prosperous future may fairly be predicted.

Assuming, therefore, not only the best intentions in the Greek people, but also a resolute determination to rise in the scale of nations, it becomes a practical question to inquire what they are susceptible of. The acuteness of the Greek mind has never been disputed, even by those who have been most prone to depreciate the attributes of the national character, and to describe the people as groveling and mercenary. The soil itself has been the subject of contradictory remarks, and its capacities for trade of the most inconsistent calculations. But before we can embark on a subject in which national character holds a place, it is necessary to clear the way by a few remarks on distinctions of nationality or ethnology. The Greek people and the Greek kingdom are terms very incommensurate. They are purely cross-distinctions; for while the Greek people are vastly more extensive than the Greek kingdom, the Greek kingdom, on the other hand, is by no means exclusively composed of a Greek population. The Greeks within the frontier have upset the territorial demarkation, so far as they can do so without immediately trenching on the rights of other states, which divides them from the Greeks beyond the frontier. They have called upon the whole Hellenic confraternity to join them in the election of a king, as though the non-independent Greeks were about to acknowledge a double homage—at once to the king of their domicile and the king of their choice. Nationality or ethnology therefore forms a strong ingredient in Greek politics at this day.

It has been computed that when the Greek people took up arms against the Turkish empire about forty years ago, their total number in and about the region of the Archipelago was approximately three millions and a half. Although we give this estimate as one derived from the best accepted sources, we have reason to believe it at any rate a minimum. Continental Greece, from the southern shores of the Morea to the most northerly range up to which the Greek language was spoken, was computed to number little more than a million. The population of the Islands was estimated at nearly another million. And the scattered Greek

population in the cities of Asia Minor, Cyprus, the Danubian Principalities, and other quarters, was estimated at a million and a half. The interval since the commencement of the Greek Revolution has been marked by the grant of independence to the minority of these Greeks, while the majority have remained in their former subjection either to Turkey or to some other European power. But strange as it may appear, the fact unquestionably is, that during that time the non-independent Greeks have risen greatly in wealth and intelligence, and that the emancipated Greeks have remained comparatively stationary. On a superficial view, this certainly presents itself as a very discouraging consideration to the principle of Hellenic independence.

Taking this computation of the Greek nation as a minimum forty years ago, we believe we shall not err on the side of exaggeration in estimating the Greek nation at four millions now. What then is the relation borne by the Greek kingdom to these four million of Hellenists?

The Greek kingdom numbers probably less than one million inhabitants; or in round figures it may be computed at that amount as a maximum calculation. The territorial division between Greece and Turkey is of the most arbitrary kind possible. According to the barbarous mode of settling boundary questions so prevalent in America, by drawing a line from east to west, such a line was drawn, in the case of Greece, from the Gulf of Volo to the Gulf of Arta. Originally it was proposed to emancipate only the Morea from Turkey; and it was not until it was repeatedly urged that so shallow a compromise as this would still leave in the hands of the barbarian, Athens, Marathon, Salamis, Plataea, Mantinea, Thermopylae, and Delphi, that British ministers who were endeavoring to combine the incompatibilities of keeping their Turkish pudding and eating it, resolved to draw the boundary as we have just described it. This line included all the continental Greek states of antiquity but the largest and most northerly ones of Thessaly and Epirus. In other words it contained less than two thirds, in point of area, of classical Greece; but as Thessaly and Epirus had hung loosely and ungratefully upon the Hellenic nation of antiquity, it was perhaps a poetical justice to exclude them from what was then thought the renaissance of the Greeks.

As regards Epirus, there was another reason, perhaps, that nearly the whole of its population is now Albanian; but in Thessaly, from Mount Pindus to Mount Pelion, and from Thermopylae to Mount Olympus, the land is singularly free from Albanian intermixture. In the Greek kingdom, therefore, we have to deal with the territory to the south of the line drawn from the Gulf of Volo to the Gulf of Arta; that is, with ancient Greece, exclusive of Epirus and Thessaly.

This Greek kingdom is inhabited by a majority of Hellenists and a minority of Albanians. Mr. Finlay, an authority upon modern Greece of whom no one can speak lightly, computes the number of Albanians at not more than two hundred thousand; although we are certainly led to believe that they form a proportion of considerably more than twenty per cent on the whole population of the kingdom. We will assume that the Greek kingdom consists approximately of Greeks in the proportion of three fourths, and of Albanians in the proportion of one fourth. But it is a singular fact that these Albanians have ousted the Greeks from the most celebrated states in all periods of antiquity. They hold the Isthmus of Corinth, and the country for a considerable distance on either side of it, thus expelling the Hellenic blood both from the Argolis of the Homeric age, and from the Attica of the historical age. Thus, Attica, Boeotia, the southern part of Euboea, Corinth, Megaris, Argolis, and Sicyonia, are entirely inhabited by a people of Albanian origin, and who still preserve the vital traditions of that origin by wearing an Albanian dress and speaking the Albanian language. To a great extent, at least, these distinctions of origin survive: in rural districts they do so almost without exception; but in the immediate neighborhood of the towns the Greek language has frequently triumphed. The cities themselves in these districts of modern Greece, are to some extent exceptions. In Athens itself, for example, there are no doubt more Greeks than Albanians; but, on the other hand, the whole of Attica will hardly furnish a single Hellenic peasant.

How this came to pass is a pure historical question. It is enough that we take the fact as we find it; for we are dealing with the Greece of the present. What we have to consider is, whether

such a confusion of nationalities practically interferes with the conditions of a homogeneous people, working together in a single commonwealth? We believe that it does not. The reason, however, is a historical one; and for that purpose we shall have to ascend, for a moment, into the history of the Turkish rule in Greece.

It is quite true that the immediate circumstances of the recent insurrection, which drove off King Otho, lent some probability to a distinct Hellenic agency as distinguished from an Albanian. The insurrection, it will be remembered, broke out in several portions of Western Greece simultaneously, and exclusively in districts inhabited by Hellenists, both in the Morea and in Central Greece. The first risings were at Naupactos, in Achaia, on the opposite coast of the Gulf of Corinth, in Acarnania, at Elis, and again on the Gulf of Arta. It ranged along the whole of Western Greece, which is the stronghold of the Hellenic nation, before it reached Athens, which, as we have seen, is surrounded by an Albanian population. A capital, on the contrary, is commonly the first place for an outbreak. But the circumstance that the garrisons at the original seats of the insurrection, which were probably recruited from the Hellenic and Albanian subjects of Otho indiscriminately, took part jointly with the civil population, leads us to believe that there is less force in the consideration than would appear at first sight. It must be remembered, that the cities on the western coast have long been the chief seats of liberty and chief foci of insurrection.

With the reservation, then, that a distinct nationality appertains to a distinct quarter of the kingdom, we may look upon the Greeks and the Albanians within it as more or less a homogeneous people in point of fraternity and general disposition. We account for the fact through the following sketch of the antecedents of the country.

The Turkish Government, as a Mohammedan state, has been always in theory, and commonly in practice, what is called a tolerating Government to all subject-nations that acknowledged its supremacy. Toleration at least has been its rule; propagandism and religious persecution the exception to its rule. The Greek Church being, therefore, suffered, it occurred to the astute apostate Greeks

(whom money and ambition had brought into the councils of the Sultans at Stamboul) that it should be also recognized, and taken advantage of as an engine of government. With an illiterate or half-fanatical people, there is no mode of control so sure as through their own hierarchy. In our own Ireland at the present day we can faintly trace the working of this truth. Though the Church of St. Sophia was turned in triumph into a mosque, the Patriarch of Constantinople was found eminently useful at the Turkish capital. Through him the Sultans, by the aid of pervert advisers, determined to govern the Greeks. They placed, therefore, nearly all authority in the hands of the Patriarch, which, again, was distributed through him to the metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, in descending scales of jurisdiction. In one prominent respect the interest of the Sultans and of the Christian hierarchy agreed. It was the object of the Sultan that the strict religious orthodoxy of the "infidels" should be preserved; and there was no need to inculcate such a condition upon a Greek prelacy already bigoted enough by disposition, without being additionally so through a spirit of servility to the Ottoman power. It was clear to the Divan at Constantinople, that unless rigid orthodoxy were insisted on by incentives of both rewards and punishments, there would be an end to the hope of the prelacy and clergy governing the people. Thus, the prelates, proud enough under the fall of Byzantine Christendom to continue in possession of political authority, no matter whether from Christ or Antichrist, became more bigoted than before. The practical result of this was, that important privileges were reserved for the orthodox. Political rights were conferred on the Greek Church; and wo betided those who were found outside its communion.

Hence the Christians of the Greek peninsula gradually learnt to subordinate every other consideration to that of religious orthodoxy. The Greek and Albanian were equal before the Turkish law. It was no use for the former any longer to pique himself on the purity of his descent, when his orthodoxy was the test of his civil rights, and to a great degree, therefore, of his social position. The shivering Scotchman without shoes, whose pedigree may carry him back for half a dozen centuries, finds himself in a condition of very



decided practical inferiority to the new-made Manchester millionaire. A conquered people bidding for position in their own world can not live upon empty theories of descent. It soon went into oblivion, as least as a test of inferiority, whether you were Albanian or Greek. Distinctions of language remained; but we doubt whether even the Greek territorial aristocracy, now extinct, and which gradually dwindled under the Turkish rule, retained any distinctive feeling of nationality. We find, at any rate, that the names of many of the most illustrious places that figure in classical history have long passed away from the national vocabulary; and a people who have thrown aside such traditions as those, would surely have abandoned other traditions also.

Thus we may account for, and become reconciled to, the apparent fact, that there have ceased to be any vital distinctions affecting public government between the two main races that now inhabit the Greek kingdom. Indeed, the election of Prince Alfred affords, at least, a presumption of this. The almost complete unanimity exhibited on this question shows that there can be no difference between Greeks and Albanians as to the king they most desire; and two nationalities who will agree on this point, will agree on most other points. The union cemented between them by the policy of the Turks, has survived the acquisition and realization of their independence.

At the same time this fusion of the Greek and Albanian populations has its distinct limits, which are those of the Greek kingdom itself. It does not appear that Albanians beyond the frontier were to have any share, like the Greeks beyond the frontier, in the election of a king. So far the national or Hellenic principle appears to survive. On the other hand, we believe that if the revolutionary Greek party were to triumph at Athens, and they should succeed in driving the Greek frontier further north, so as to include the Thessaly and Epirus of classical history, the Epirots, who, as we have seen, are Albanians, would be as readily accounted Greek citizens as the Thessalians, who are Hellenists. And no doubt, if that *grande idée* were ever to be realized which would sweep away the Turkish empire and establish a Greek empire in its place, Greeks and Albanians would be admitted into it on nominally equal terms. But as the

Greek kingdom stands, we must regard its whole population as practically Hellenic, the minority being absorbed into, though only in a political sense fused with, the majority. Yet in applying this view to the Albanians within the kingdom, we must be on our guard against confounding Greeks and Albanians under the Turkish rule.

Of what, then, are the community who are thus constituted, to be held capable? Their development must in the first place depend on the alternative, whether their immediate future is to be a career of domestic industry and peace, or of foreign revolutionary aggression. When the present movement first broke out, great doubt was entertained on which alternative the public mind in Greece would fall. But the subsequent attitude of the people has tended very materially to dissipate the apprehension that seemed at first well grounded. It is clear that in Greece Russia has no partisans; and where she has none, no spirit of intrigue or aggression is likely to prevail.

The whole work of the Bavarian dynasty requires to be undone in a more detailed and comprehensive manner than many people are apt to imagine. That *régime* was conspicuous for an extravagance, indolence, apathy, and stupidity, that do not combine to be true of any other European Government that we can call to mind. The rivets which it imposed on the people, partly from intrigue, partly through despotism, partly out of rapacity, and partly by sheer incapacity to rule, have together reduced the country to a position from which it can not rise without a total revolution in its laws and political constitution. Greece requires constitutional reform, agricultural reform, municipal reform, and financial reform, at the very outset. In order to point out the conditions of a prosperous Greek future, it may be well to glance successively at the monstrosities of the Constitution of the country, as the Bavarian left them, and as at present they still remain.

The object of Otho and his advisers was to centralize all power at Athens, and to deposit the whole of that centralized power with the Court. The authority of Parliament was reduced in practice to a shadow, and the local jurisdictions were suppressed even in form. A complete centralization was thus the keystone of the Bavarian policy. For this Greece was

not ripe; nor is she ripe for it now. Centralization ought to be simply the natural and necessary result of a high state of social development, and a complete system of communications between the capital, which then assumes the whole government of the country, and the provinces which it rules. But in a country in which there are no roads, real centralization is impossible. In such a case it merely implies that distant provinces go practically without any Government at all. There were no means of making the will of the Government respected in distant provinces, such as Acarnania or Elis. There were no means of putting down brigandage in any province of the kingdom, because authority without roads could not be maintained from the capital, and because local authority was extinguished. These were two immediate results of the centralization of Otho.

The counterpart of this centralizing of authority at Athens was the sweeping away of the old municipal jurisdictions. To these the Greeks were much attached, and they were essential to the effective government of such a country. It must not be forgotten that the Greeks enjoyed under the Turkish rule municipal privileges to a considerable extent. The Turkish polity has always been self-governing in respect of local interests. There is as much popular election in a Turkish village as at an English vestry. Under the Turkish rule in Greece, the bishops became, as it were, the civil prefects in their own districts, while (as in France) a coördinate authority rested with the commandants of the military divisions of the country. These municipalities were to a certain extent the lungs of the country. They were, under Turkish rule, the only remaining seats of Greek liberty; and they possessed considerable revenues, which were applied to objects of general improvement. It is due to the Bavarian Government to acknowledge that Capodistria led the way to the spoliation of these municipalities. But they completed the ruthless work. They reduced them to a mere centralized organization of communes, and reserved all but the very lowest offices among them for nomination by the Crown.

The Bavarian legislators were exempt, by reason of their very stupidity, from the charge of originality in blundering, unless, indeed, the expedient upon which they hit were one that was singularly coarse and

rapacious. They brought with them their own Bavarian notions of government, and when these failed them they declined on Turkish precedents and Capodistrian precedents, oscillating from one to the other, and finding out nothing for themselves.

Early in the reign of Otho, the Government issued an order, deliberately appropriating to themselves all the pasture-lands of the country, recklessly ejecting the existing proprietors from the ownership, or fee-simple as we should say, of the soil. By these means they hoped to derive an Oriental land revenue out of the agriculturists, in addition to the ordinary tax. The opposition, however, which this law encountered, necessitated its repeal. The story of the salt monopoly is akin to it. The Government, adopting this wretched German and Italian usage, forced the owners of salt-works in the interior of the country to close their establishments, in order to extract the exclusive profits of their own. But owing to the want of roads, the salt could not be got into the interior; the sheep died of diseases caused, or rendered incurable, by the want of it; and the farmers in very many cases were ruined. Such was the fiscal character of the Bavarian rule. It was no matter what interests were sacrificed, what impolicy accepted, in order to gain money, which, when procured, was chiefly lavished on the extravagances of the Court. But the attempts broke down in both instances; the salt monopoly, like the public property in pasture-lands, was revoked.

So long as the Government flourished in the narrow sense in which government was understood—that is, so long as the Court had all the power and much of the money of the country—it cared not what became of the nation. It held, apparently, that the people were only made to be taxed and commanded. To the lawlessness and brigandage that prevailed it was wholly indifferent. This brigandage was originally brought about much, as Macaulay tells us in his posthumous volume, that brigandage was produced in England after the peace of Utrecht. The irregular troops were suddenly disbanded without any precaution being taken for their obtaining legitimate livelihoods, and even without graduating the measure. These men were simply transformed from an irregular army of soldiers into an irregular army of bandits. It is false, therefore, for the apologists of the late Greek Government to say, that

the banditti which have unsettled the country for so long a period were the result of the war of independence. Before that war openly began a banditti existed, no doubt; and when it did break out, this banditti, who had been from the first malcontents as well as marauders, were in great measure drawn into the rebel irregular army. When in turn these irregulars were suppressed, they naturally returned to their original vocation. But the Bavarian Government was to blame, not merely for its original fault in the manner in which it heedlessly threw those men back on a life of brigandage, but for the apathy with which it afterward contemplated their excesses. It made no effort to provide for the security either of person or property. It discharged no single function the performance of which supplies a test that it is alive to its public responsibilities. It was even suspected, and not without reason, of being in collusion with these brigands to keep down the civil population when it ceased, and deservedly so, to place any reliance on the fidelity of the national army.

These few pages will supply a very imperfect sketch of the leading features of the Government of Otho; but they may, perhaps, serve generally to account for the collapse of the Greek kingdom under his reign. We may deduce from them, however, the leading reforms of which Greece now stands in need. In the first place she must undergo constitutional reform. Decentralization must set in. Local self-government must be restored in a great measure; and it must be made applicable to rural districts, as well as to the chief cities. At Athens the civil list must be rigorously cut down. The Senate must be selected from a better social class, it having been under Otho the most ignorant and cringing institution in Europe. The House of Representatives must possess a real hold over the public expenditure, must audit the public accounts in detail, and vote the aggregate of the charges of the state. The revenues of the municipalities must be placed out of the grasp of Ministers, and should only be diverted for the furtherance of material reforms.

It appears that the revenue of Greece is more than seven hundred thousand pounds sterling a year. It has varied considerably during successive years; but the average of recent years appears to fall above that amount. Assuming the Greek

kingdom to number a million, the rate of taxation is at the rate of fourteen shillings a head. This is more than one third of the taxation of the United Kingdom in 1850, the period of its lowest amount in our day. It is absolutely certain that the country can not require such a revenue as that, at any rate if it does not mean to pay its debts. Centralization has, of course, increased its civil expenditure; but as decentralization must now be the order of the day, until communications are greatly developed, the civil expenditure may be largely reduced.

One expensive and comparatively legitimate item in the public expenditure of Greece is the army. It consists of nearly ten thousand men; in precise numbers about ninety-seven hundred and fifty. This is in a ratio of one per cent on the population; a ratio not very inferior to that adopted by the great military monarchies of the Continent. But it is obvious, as we have already said, that Greece is a country which requires no army, or next to none; she is protected by England, France, and Russia, from attack from without. That guarantee would afford in itself a complete security from attack by Turkey, even if it were within the scope of Turkish policy to attempt any scheme so abortive as the reclamation of her lost dependencies. Besides, it is impossible that Greece could hold her own with any army she could command against the attack of a considerable Power; and her reliance, even in such an impossible event as this, would be at last on the Protectorate which established her independence. The only force, therefore, which the Greek Government can require, is just such an allowance beyond the limits of a police force as would suffice to repel some contingent and improbable Albanian depredation upon its northern frontier. For this purpose an organized and regular force of one in a hundred to the population becomes an absurdity.

The reason which led King Otho to maintain ten thousand men probably was that he made himself a tool of the Russian Government; and Russia wished him to be ever in readiness to support the demonstrations of the Albanians against the authority of the Porte. We may therefore expect that the Greek reformers who shall be in the councils of the new King, will reduce the army by at least one half of its present amount. This measure is dictated



by a sense of the inutility of the force in its present proportions, by economy, and by the interest of the Government itself in its own safety; but in doing this the new *régime* must act gradually, and take care to provide the disbanded soldiers with a means of livelihood which shall preclude them from falling back on predatory pursuits.

It may be said, no doubt, that an army is required as a police force, that it is essential to keeping the brigands in subjection; but we believe that well-informed residents in Greece have good reason to suspect the collusion of the military with the banditti. A return to good government, with the incentives which it naturally offers to a return to honest callings, presents, in our judgment, a surer hope of the decline of brigandage than the repressive influence of the military. The history of the settlement of Greek independence affords some illustration of this view. During the long-continued war, piracy became general in the Archipelago; but as soon as peace was reëstablished, the pirate captains, who had become rich from their unlawful prizes, found a more profitable occupation in commerce. We might point to many considerable Greek merchants, in the principal ports of Asia Minor, whose fathers are reputed to have been pirates in the war of independence.

Closely connected with the question of the army and the banditti, is that of material reforms. We look upon this as one of the most important considerations in the future of Greece. The country is nearly without roads. While this remains the case there can be no agricultural prosperity, nor can there be any suppression of the present banditti, let the military be as numerous and diligent as they may. Without roads a Government has no possible means of tracking and assailing large fraternities of bandits, whose advantage over it in that case becomes insuperable. This consideration presents in itself a sufficient inducement for road-making; but it is, of course, only an auxiliary motive. Roads are the imperious demand of the whole rural population. It is no use cultivating for exportation in the interior of a country from whence the cost of transit to the coast may increase the original expense of production by fifty or sixty per cent. In Greece the same want of roads prevails as in Turkey, and this is the bane of both countries. Many of the Greek valleys are

eminently fertile. As a rule, the soil of independent Greece is not so rich as that of Thessaly, beyond its frontier; but even within the limits of the kingdom there is a great variety of productiveness. Bœotia, for example, is as fertile as Attica is arid. That the average condition of the soil is good enough to render roads incalculably remunerative to the country, there can be no sort of doubt. Roads, then, would increase beyond comparison the production and trade of the interior. They would also in themselves bring about at any rate a decline of brigandage. Indirectly, they might even extinguish it by holding out greater incentives in the direction of honest industry.

We come, then, to the practical question, How are these roads to be made? The immediate answer is, By means of public money. But how, again, is the public money to be acquired? We believe that dishonest antecedents are no positive bar to the contraction of fresh loans, where there is a fair security to be obtained. The public debt of Greece amounts to a sum of about two million five hundred thousand pounds, due immediately to private bondholders, independently of the arrears accruing upon them. Its public debt to the three Protecting Powers, on account of a further loan guaranteed by them, and of which its perpetual defalcation has compelled them to pay the interest, amounts to a sum hardly less than the above; but there are no published means of ascertaining the amounts thus due from Greece to its protectors.

Meanwhile the ecclesiastical and educational position of the country admits of corresponding improvements by easier means. The Government of Otho, in its early years, suppressed the monastic institutions of the country almost entirely. The nearly incredible number of four hundred monasteries was dissolved. Many of these had fallen into decay during the war of independence; monks had often turned soldiers; and the temper of the country was adverse to monachism. But the lands attaching to the monasteries were immediately swallowed up by the Crown. Had the revenues they yielded been applied to the promotion of secular education, an immense advantage would have resulted, by this time, to the social condition of the lower classes. It will be for the new Government, if it turn out to be what it should be, to ascertain what



yet remains of these secularized revenues of the regular orders, and to make the best practicable use of them in the cognate interest of popular education. The Greek National Church, with all the pecuniary losses it has sustained, occupies a very superior position to the Eastern Church in Turkey, where systematized education for the priesthood appears to be a thing almost unknown. The provision for the religious education of the Greek public being thus better than in proportion to the general shortcomings of the country, one of the first objects in the new order of things should be to insure the growth of secular education.

On the whole, therefore, we are led to think that good government only is wanting to render the Greek future prosperous. The people have never possessed leaders worthy of them. They were preëminently a nation to shape social progress from individual elevation. They required not only a free Government, but a Government administered by intelligent statesmen. They have enjoyed neither the one nor the other; nor is it a demerit of theirs that they have failed in both these conditions

of prosperity. On a deliberate review of the past thirty years, we are led to absolve the people themselves from the bulk of the blame attached to the national career. We trace in their history under Otho circumstances, such as we have indicated, which justify the belief that under another Government, their career would have been essentially different. It is not too much, therefore, under altered external circumstances, to look for a corresponding change in the inner life of the people.

It is now of the utmost importance that the succession to the throne should be promptly settled. Already there is a disposition to fall back upon a republican polity, if Greece and her protectors do not soon agree upon the choice of a king. We do not believe that the Greek people are at present worthy enough of their ancestors to be intrusted with pure self-government. We would, therefore, entreat the Protecting Powers to complete their understanding with the National Assembly before any formal declaration of a republic shall bring them into collision with one another.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR THE MONTH.

REMARKABLE FOSSIL-BIRD—FOSSIL HUMAN REMAINS—CHEMICAL SCIENCE—WASTE PLACES OF THE EARTH—RAILWAYS IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT—TALLOW TREE—STEAMERS ON THE NIGER—DR. VOGEL—ISTHMUS OF CORINTH—THE GREAT COMET—CURES BY ANIMAL POISON—WASP-STINGS FOR THE RHEUMATISM, ETC.

WHILE civil strife still rages beyond the Atlantic, and Greece is looking about for an honest and capable king, and England, out of the abundance of her warm-hearted charity, is warding off famine from tens of thousands of destitute cotton-spinners, our metropolitan palæontologists have been roused to excitement by the newly-discovered fossil which is now deposited in the British Museum. The *Archeopteryx macrurus*, or ancient, long-tailed bird, as Professor Owen calls it, is certainly a very remarkable fossil. As a

bird, its anatomy is peculiar and unprecedented, and its feathers are the first ever discovered in a fossil state. It was found, too, in a geological formation much below that which has hitherto been considered the lowest bird-bearing stratum—keeping out of view the old red sandstone with its curious footmarks. In the reading of his paper at the opening meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Owen gave a full description of the interesting specimen, and expressed his entire conviction as to its having originally been a bird ca-

pable of sustained flight. The length of the tail may be imagined from the fact, that it has twenty vertebræ, which must in the living state have presented a remarkable appearance, as each one was furnished with a pair of spreading feathers. The fossil was found at Solenhofen, in Bavaria, in the quarry which has been worked for many years to get out slabs of stone for lithographers; and fortunately the upper and lower slabs, between which it was imbedded, have been preserved unbroken.

To secure this important fossil, the Trustees of the British Museum were compelled to purchase the entire collection to which it belonged, the price being four hundred pounds. But as the collection includes more than a hundred first-rate specimens, the cost can not be considered excessive. Among them is one containing the tail and hind-leg of a pterodactyle, which presents itself as a happy illustration of the difference between the archeopteryx and a reptile. In leaving this subject for the present, we take the opportunity to notice the perfection with which objects of natural history can now be represented by certain artists. At the reading of Professor Owen's paper, Wolfe's drawings of some of the fossil feathers were handed round, which are such perfect copies of the originals, that, even on close examination, it is scarcely possible to detect any difference between them.

The question of fossil human remains has acquired a little fresh interest from the exploration made in a cave at Engihoul, in the province of Liège, by M. Malaise, of which a notice appears in the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels. With a view to test the discoveries of Schmerling, made in the same province, M. Malaise explored the cave above mentioned, and discovered portions of lower jaws and fragments of skulls, all human, under a layer of stalagmite of from two to three centimeters thick, which in turn was covered by a bed of porous and pebbly silt, accumulated to a thickness of from fifty to sixty centimeters. With this silt were mingled bones of the cavern-bear, of pachyderms, and ruminants; and as it showed no trace of ever having been disturbed, the conclusion is that the human bones are older than those of the quadrupeds. The subject has been ably discussed by the Belgian geologists; and as geologists in all

parts of the world are keenly watching for fresh evidence, we may regard the question as likely to become more and more interesting.

St. Andrew's Day, as usual, has brought round the anniversary of the Royal Society. General Sabine delivered an interesting address, and gave away the medals to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, got the Copley medal in recognition of his valuable contributions to chemical science; among which, his method of analysis by liquid diffusion is pregnant with results of the highest importance. The Rumford medal was awarded to Professor Kirchhoff, of Heidelberg, for his well-known discoveries and researches in spectrum analysis, which have been mentioned from time to time in this journal. This medal carries with it a considerable sum in money; and we are glad to see that the Royal Society recognizes foreign as well as native merit. An eminent Irish astronomer, the Rev. Dr. Robinson of Armagh, got the royal medal, for his astronomical labors, which have been successfully carried on for nearly half a century.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the present day is the introduction of the highest achievements of art and civilization into the waste places of the earth; as, for example, a railway and telegraph across the Egyptian desert, along the dreary shores of Newfoundland, and other places. The wires are now making another stride, across North-eastern Europe, for the Russian Government, desirous of speedy communications with China and their settlements on the Amur, have already carried the wires as far as Tomsk, in Siberia, whence they will be extended to Irkutsk in the course of next year, and onward to the furthest Russian station on the frontier, Kiatcha. From the latter place, the messages will be sent on to Peking by the couriers who convey the official correspondence of the Government, until the time comes when the wires shall be stretched all the way to Peking. Among the news from India, we find that the introduction of the tallow-tree (*Stillingia sebifera*) from China has proved successful. Plantations of the tree are now growing in the Punjab and North-western Provinces, and we may expect, in course of time, that tallow and oil in large quantities will be extracted from the

seeds, as is extensively done by the Chinese. The leaves, moreover, are said to yield a black dye. It is shown, too, that in the Australian colony of Victoria there are numerous useful plants from which oil may be derived in quantities sufficient to become profitable as an article of commerce.

A line of ocean-steamers is to run from Marseille to Shanghai in competition with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, (who, by the way, possess a fleet comprising eighty thousand tons.) We hear too, that the French Government are about to make fresh attempts to open trade with the interior of Africa; by way of Algiers, and by steamers which are to ascend the Niger. This is satisfactory intelligence; as, by the extension of trade, there will ensue a widening and rectification of our geographical knowledge. We notice, with respect to Africa, that a rumor of Dr. Vogel being still alive, but held a close prisoner, is current. We trust the endeavors making to verify the fact will be rewarded by the restoration of the enterprising traveler to his friends. Another commercial project is worth a passing notice: the National Club of Montevideo are exerting themselves earnestly to open a trade with England for the preserved beef, of which such prodigious quantities are produced and wasted on the Pampas. If the article should only prove to be palatable, Europe will perhaps become a large customer.

Late news from the East tells that the French are pushing their way up the Cambodia River. We shall perhaps meet them some day on the confines of Burmah. The Greeks, amid political excitement, are talking of cutting a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Corinth. It would be a great commercial benefit, and would shorten by more than half the voyage from the Ionian Islands to the Ægean Sea. Other geographical facts of unusual interest may be found in the last published *Proceedings* of the Geographical Society: Sir R. Alcock's narrative of his journey in Japan, Mr. Kelly's account of British Columbia, and Consul Burton's ascent of the Cameroons, mountains on the west coast of Africa.

Among noticeable books recently published, we are glad to see a fourth edition of Mr. W. R. Grove's *Correlation of the Physical Forces*. Twenty years have elapsed since the author delivered at the

London Institution the lecture which formed the germ of the work, and there is no more striking fact in the history of philosophy and science than the subsequent growth of the interesting subject then treated of. We are beginning now to perceive the relationship between natural phenomena, that they are modifications of one grand essential principle, that heat is convertible into motion, and motion into heat; and from these and other conclusions our notions of nature and science are expanded and rectified. To all those who desire a philosophical view of the achievements of science during the past quarter of a century, we heartily recommend the *Correlation*. Another book is *The Earth and its Mechanism*, by Mr. Henry Worms, a work every way remarkable, being an exposition of some of the profoundest facts of philosophical science by an author who, we believe, has not completed his twenty-fifth year. It gives an account of the various proofs of the rotation of the earth, with a description of the instruments by which the rotation was experimentally demonstrated. The way in which the subject is treated exhibits much painstaking.

Mr. G. P. Bond's *Account of the Great Comet of 1858*, a large, handsome quarto, is worth notice as being the completest and most fully illustrated book that has yet appeared on the subject. It forms the third volume of *Annals* of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College, of which establishment Mr. Bond is Director. He has well employed his powers of observation and description; and if it be true that that comet never before appeared attended by such unusual facilities for observation, it is equally true that no comet was ever yet so thoroughly described and depicted. The book contains fifty-one plates, beginning with projections of the comet's and the earth's orbit, followed by views of the comet in all its stages, with the telescope and naked eye, and charts of the outlines of the tail and secondary tail and their deflections, and normal outlines of the head under different aspects. The effect of the engravings, in nearly every instance, is importantly assisted by the tint of the paper on which they are printed; and we can assure our readers that although Mr. Bond writes for astronomers, they will find much in his book suitable for general perusal.

Dr. Télecpe Desmartis of Bordeaux has

for some months past been making use of a most extraordinary medical remedy for the cure of certain diseases, which can not fail to excite astonishment among those who hear of it for the first time. Some account of it has been published at Bordeaux in a pamphlet entitled *Système d'Inoculations curatives*, from which we take a few particulars. That one disease may be cured or prevented by inoculation with the virus of another, is, as thousands of persons know, not a new idea; but there is novelty in the suggestion that painful maladies may be cured by causing insects to sting the part affected. This is the practice which Dr. Desmartis has been applying and which he desires to extend, and as his experiments on venomous inoculation have been carried on for fifteen years, he does not speak without experience. They have been tried on plants as well as animals, and with similar results. He observed that plants inoculated with the virus of syphilis produced small cryptogamia on different parts of their surface, and that a second inoculation, not with another animal poison, cleared the plants of these parasitic growths, and of the insects or animalculæ which they had attracted. It has long been a medical tradition that leprosy is curable by the poison of certain serpents, and it is well known that poisonous drugs are administered in medicine, as powerful alteratives in certain diseases. Dr. Humboldt, nephew of the late illustrious German, in his practice at Havana, has ascertained that the poison of the scorpion tribe is a remedy for yellow fever. He inoculated twenty-four hundred and seventy-eight men of the military and naval garrison; six hundred and seventy-six afterward caught the fever, of whom not more than sixteen died. A distinguished Frenchman, M. de Gasparin, having heard of the facts cited by Dr. Desmartis, communicated to him a fact in his own experience. He had long been afflicted with a rheumatism, which kept him almost constantly infirm. One day, in picking up a handful of weeds in his garden, he was stung by a wasp on the wrist. The arm swelled; but the rheumatic pain disappeared. Seeing this result he caused himself to be stung the next day along the seat of pain in his leg,

and was again delivered from suffering, and was able to walk with ease. This happened three years ago, and every subsequent reëpearance of the malady has been cured by similar means; and by a wasp-sting on his neck an attack of bronchitis was overcome. Among other instances mentioned by Dr. Desmartis, we notice a hopeless case of cholera in a man, and epileptiform disease in a child, both cured by the sting of a scorpion; and it appears that lachrymal fistula, and some other diseases of the eye, are curable by the sting of a wasp or bee.

These are curious facts. Their value will perhaps appear on further discussion. Dead insects and live leeches have long figured in pharmacy; but it will be something new to have to buy living hymenoptera, hemiptera, or aptera, in which orders stinging insects are found, to use as medical remedies. Yet after all, there may be nothing new in it; for, as M. de Gasparin remarks, are we not told that Mucianus, an important commander under Vespasian, used to carry about with him enveloped in a white cloth, a certain insect to cure him of the eye-disease, to which he was subject?

A report has been made public by the medical practitioners of Halifax, Nova Scotia, of a remedy for the small-pox, which we mention here with a view to elicit information as to its accuracy. The remedy is described as a plant of the poppy tribe, known in the colony as Indian cup, and to botanists as *Saracenia purpurea*, which grows wild in Nova Scotia. A decoction of this plant will cure small-pox within twelve hours; in the words of the report, "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the liquid, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste, that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee, and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink, without their being aware of the admixture. It has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued."



## DEATH OF REV. EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D.

ANOTHER star of the first terrestrial magnitude has fallen. The star has disappeared from these lower skies, but the bright radiance which had long illumined the minds of men with sacred learning still diffuses its celestial brightness over both hemispheres. His works follow him. This great and good man—this renowned *savan*—this man of toil and herculean labor in the departments of sacred learning—this able and accurate explorer of Bible-lands, has ceased from his labors and gone to his rest in heaven we can not doubt. As a personal friend of long years, whose character and memory we revere, we beg to record this brief tribute to his great worth as a man, as a Christian scholar, and as a benefactor to the minds, hearts, and souls of men in his direct and reflex influence on the dearest interests of the human race.

Rev. Edward Robinson, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, in this city, died on Tuesday evening, January 27th, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Dr. Robinson was born in Southington, Connecticut, in 1794. He entered Hamilton College, in this State, where he graduated in 1816. He was next made tutor in the college, when he devoted himself assiduously to his duties and the study of Greek. He was married in 1818, but his wife dying, he went to Andover Seminary, in 1821, where he resided five years, during which time he often took charge of Professor Stuart's classes, assisted him in several literary enterprises, and received the appointment of assistant-instructor in the department of sacred literature. In 1826, he went to Europe to pursue his studies, and while there, married, at Halle, the daughter of Professor Jacob, a lady since known in

literature as "Talvi." Returning to Andover in 1830, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary in the department in which he had previously served with signal credit, and at the same time took charge of the library of the theological seminary.

In 1833 he took up his residence in Boston. In 1837 he received the professorship in this city, which he held at the time of his death. Before entering upon his duties, Professor Robinson passed two years in Palestine, examining the localities mentioned in the Scriptures. These investigations he embodied in an elaborate work, entitled *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, which was published simultaneously in America, England, and Germany, in three large octavo volumes. In 1852 Dr. Robinson again visited Palestine, and in 1856 he republished his former work, adding to it the results of his later tour. Last year Dr. Robinson visited Europe again for his health, which had been impaired by his devotion to his studies. He returned a few months since, with the hope of a long term of activity.

Dr. Robinson received the degree of D.D. from Dartmouth and Halle, and of LL.D. from Yale. Among his published works are: *A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament*, a translation of Butmann's *Greek Grammar*, a translation of Gesenius's *Hebrew Lexicon*, and he edited *The Harmony of the Four Gospels*, Calmet's *Biblical Dictionary*, the *Biblical Repository*, and others, most of which have passed through several editions. Dr. Robinson was a man of very retired habits, but he was well known to the best educated men of the country. He was one of the few Americans who have attained an established European fame in the world of letters and scholarship.

## PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE ATLANTIC.

At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held in London lately, a paper was read by Dr. G. C. Wallich, on the the question of a Survey of the Physical Condition of the Atlantic, preliminary to the laying down of another electric cable connecting Europe with North-America. Dr. Wallich began by pointing out that both the amount and kind of information we now possessed regarding the deep-sea bed of the Atlantic were altogether inadequate to meet the requirements of oceanic telegraphy. Referring in proof of this to the line of soundings taken by Captain Dayman, in 1857, on board her Majesty's ship *Cyclops*, he observed that these, though as perfect as circumstances then allowed, furnished data necessarily incomplete; inasmuch as only forty-one soundings were taken at depths exceeding two hundred and fifty fathoms, across an area of thirteen hundred miles of ocean, leaving a mean interval of thirty-two miles between each two soundings. Having assigned his reasons for disbelieving that the entire central basin of the Atlantic is, as many have supposed, a vast plateau unbroken by alternations of level as great as those existing on land, he observed that in the intervals between the previous measurements of the depth of the ocean-bed some of the largest mountain ranges might very well be included—a matter obviously most important, as bearing upon the safe laying of a telegraphic cable. True, no such submarine slopes had hitherto been detected in the mid-Atlantic, but the data on which it was assumed that they did not exist there, were, he maintained, purely arbitrary. A sounding of one hundred fathoms had been taken by Lieutenant Sainthill, R.N., within about thirty-two miles of one of three thousand fathoms taken by Captain Dayman. Dr. Wallich then enumerated the various kinds of observations that he thought essential to a trustworthy telegraphic survey, among which was a method of probing the deposits of the sea-bed, with a view to determine their geological character. He exhibited an ingenious instrument de-

signed by him to effect this object, beside other new apparatus for raising specimens of water from any desired depth, and for gauging the pressure at all depths. Passing to the means requisite for carrying out his survey, Dr. Wallich recommended that the Government should equip two steamships for the work; the great novelty of his plan consisting in the two vessels sailing in parallel courses, removed only two miles from each other, and the soundings being taken alternately on each line of the longitudinal belt thus defined. While, therefore, there would be an interval of five miles at the utmost between any two soundings on the same line, (that was, taken by the same ship,) there would be an interval of only two and a half miles between those on alternate lines. Having indicated how a minuter inspection of doubtful or dangerous areas might easily be effected, he suggested that Captain Dayman's line of soundings should form, as it were, the base of operations, and be taken as the center of the two-mile longitudinal belt which he proposed to have surveyed. The entire work might, he thought, be finished in five or six months. Summing up the advantages of his plan, he remarked that it would furnish no less than six hundred and forty reliable observations, extending across the entire deep water of the Atlantic, and affording a basis upon which its whole sea-bed might ultimately be mapped out. In conclusion, he said the task was unquestionably arduous. Its execution might prove costly and tedious. But there it was, staring us in the face—a task which we must either manfully grapple with and master, or leave unfulfilled to our successors the accomplishment of the grandest international project that human sagacity had heretofore suggested. The paper was listened to with marked interest, and repeatedly applauded. At its close,

The President said that Dr. Wallich had accompanied Sir Leopold M'Clintock in his memorable explorations, and his pen had enriched the scientific literature of the country. That society had seldom had a paper placed before it more directly con-

nected with the highest objects of physical geography than that which had just been read. Dr. Wallich had also exhibited and explained to them the working of his ingenious apparatus for not only tapping the soft strata, but also boring into the rocks at the bottom of the ocean. Whether or not any adventurous body of persons would lay down a telegraphic cable between this country and our North-American kinsfolk, as a nautical people it was of the greatest importance that we should become acquainted with the characteristic features of the great ocean-bed between the two hemispheres. It was to prevent illusory schemes from being taken up, or encouraged, that the present paper had been submitted to them.

Sir E. Belcher, as almost the senior surveying officer now in England, felt it his duty to say a few words on this project. It was very well as far as concerned the passage across the Irish Channel; but in his experience of searching for shoals even within one hundred yards of his own ship, for six weeks, and fourteen hours a day, he knew the difficulty of finding a rock which did not cover a much larger space than that occupied by the President's chair. He therefore conceived that the proposed survey would not only cost the country an immense sum of money, and take sixty years to complete, but it could not be carried into effect. They did not want the deepest water for the laying of a transatlantic telegraphic cable. If they carried the line from the Hebrides or the Orkneys to the Faroe Islands, and so on in that direction, they would have a simple method of being sure of what they were doing. He thought a cable might be laid down from spot to spot at a very trivial expense, and in that mode they could surely feel their way across the ocean. He had himself used a very accurate instrument, not only for sounding and obtaining the bottom, but also for ascertaining the temperature at any exact depth and bringing up the water. That instrument consisted of a cylinder within a cylinder, made of stout bell-metal; and between the years 1836 and 1847 neither it nor the delicate thermometer within it showed the slightest derangement. In conclusion, Sir Edward expressed his conviction that, before sanctioning any such scheme as that sketched by Dr. Wallich, it would be better to take the opinions of

scientific men as to whether it would not be right to have four separate stations for the telegraph across the Atlantic, instead of adopting the plan of crossing by one long line.

Admiral Elliott believed that if they carried out the survey proposed by Dr. Wallich, and obtained the accurate information he desired as to the ocean-bed, they would then be no wiser than they were now with regard to the laying down of the electric cable; for they could not thread their way across the Atlantic, as Dr. Wallich suggested, in a manner which would avoid the hollows and mountains that might be found at the bottom. Moreover, he did not think the proposed scheme for sounding was at all practicable, and he should prefer the method recommended by Sir E. Belcher. Again, to keep the laying of the cable in abeyance until such a system of soundings could be taken would be most inexpedient. Let them lay down the cable at once, and if it lasted only for two years it would repay the outlay and confer a great benefit upon the public. He did not believe the failure of the last cable was attributable to the nature of the ocean-bed. It might be accounted for by various other causes. One of these was the weight of the cable itself, and another was that it might not have been sufficiently tested before being put on board ship. He had great faith in the possibility of laying a light cable across the Atlantic, so as to enable them to establish the communication between the two hemispheres, within the next twelve months. As the chairman of a company for laying down such a cable, he should regret any thing that might destroy the confidence of the public in the feasibility of such an undertaking and prevent its being carried out.

Professor Tyndall believed that as far as the physical objects indicated in the paper went, they were not likely to be of sufficient importance to justify a very great outlay. His own reflection had brought him to a conclusion on this matter somewhat in accordance with that of Sir E. Belcher and Admiral Elliott. The proposed survey was open to this objection, that in the five-mile intervals between the soundings, peaks like that of the Matterhorn might possibly exist in the ocean-bed without being discovered.

## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

**THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW.**—These two quarterlies were united at the beginning of 1863 in one, under the very able editorship of Prof. H. B. Smith, of the Union Seminary, and Rev. J. M. Sherwood, both of whom are well known to the learned and theological public, as editors in years past.

The associate editors are Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Rev. John Jenkins, of Philadelphia; Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, of the Union Seminary; Prof. Condit, of Auburn Seminary; and Prof. George E. Day, of Lane Theological Seminary. With such an array of talent, and other able writers, whose names are not here enumerated, this Review is expected to stand in the foremost rank of any in the world. The January number has appeared, richly laden with articles of massive strength and thought, which will command attention and interest. As we are no longer charged with the interests of its publication, as we have been for several years past, we beg leave to commend this united Review to the attention and patronage of all thinkers, who like to put on their bathing-dresses, and wade or swim in the deep theological waters of important thought.

P.S.—Volumes of this able work, for several years, may be had, neatly bound, at the office of **THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE**, and sent to order to any part of the country.

**THE STORY OF THE GUARD; A Chronicle of the War.** By JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. Pp. 230.

This chronicle of the war tells its own story. It bears two honored names, one a warrior, and the other a statesman. Senator Thomas H. Benton, who for many years stood up in colossal form in the Senate of the United States, was the father of the authoress. The name of General Fremont is too well known to need mention. This volume is substantially a record of war affairs in the neighborhood of St. Louis in 1861. It will be read with interest by all who study the history of this eventful war.

A SERMON of Rev. Albert Barnes, on *The Conditions of Peace*, has awakened strong interest in the subject as he has presented it. A large demand for it has been made. It is published in the *National Preacher* for January and February, filling thirty-nine pages of this double number. The double number is also embellished with a fine portrait of Mr. Barnes, which, with this double number, will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of *twenty five cents* at this office. The *National Preacher* is only one dollar a year.

**NEW SERIES ENLARGED.**—The five volumes of the new series of *National Preacher* for 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, neatly bound, each volume having a portrait, will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of \$1.25 each.

**REMARKABLE WEDDING.**—The grand nuptials of the two greatest little celebrities of this country or age, were celebrated in all due form and ceremony at Grace Church, in this city, February 10th, at noon. The arrangements had been amply made for this remarkable event by the prince of managers, P. T. Barnum, Esq., the renowned showman, to introduce to the curious public of New-York, and all civilized lands besides, this diamond edition of humanity. The skies were bright, and the air balmy and mild for a winter's day. The great and strong current of living beings along Broadway began to pause an hour before noon. Humanity began to assemble in mass in front of Grace Church; carriages of all kinds were turned aside into other streets; a strong police force preserved order, while the numerous guests, provided with necessary cards of admission, entered the church, and were assigned their seats. The church was filled up to the full measure of comfort. The organ pealed forth sweet music at brief intervals. At twelve precisely the officiating clergyman entered the chancel. Soon after the little celebrities—the observed of all observers—moved up the center aisle, led by Commodore Nutt and the miniature Miss Warren, followed by the renowned General Tom Thumb with Miss Lavinia Warren, who, a few moments after, was to become Mrs. General Tom Thumb. The parties at once ascended the elevation in full view, and the nuptial ceremonies were immediately commenced, and performed with all the quiet solemnity of the Episcopal marriage-service by the Rev. Mr. Wiley. The words were enunciated by the parties, after the minister, in clear, silvery tones, with perfect self-possession. The plighted ring was disposed of, and the pledges of unvarying fidelity were exchanged, when Dr. Taylor pronounced the benediction. Quite a number of celebrities were present, among whom was the brave General Burnside. A splendid carriage and four horses re-conveyed the party to the Metropolitan hotel, where a two-hours reception was given to innumerable guests. Thus ended this remarkable wedding—curious for the character, the size, form, features, aspects of these well-developed, yet miniature specimens of humanity. The whole is a physiological curiosity worthy of record—the last diamond edition of humanity just published. Beautiful photographs of these great little personages may be had at Brady's establishment, who is always prompt to publish any thing rare and interesting in his line.

**ARRIVAL OF A LIVE GORILLA IN LIVERPOOL.**—By the arrival of the African mail steamer *Armenian* at Liverpool there has been brought to that port a fine male gorilla. He appears quite docile, and amuses himself in dancing round the room at Mr. Newby's (the naturalist) and attempting to sew pieces of blankets together. His skin is of an olive color, and, as he is yet very young, is only slightly covered with hair. He is remarkably fond



of good living, and appears to have an especial relish for beef-steaks, mutton-chops, and fruit. Young Mr. Gorilla is about three feet and a half in height, very broad and thick across the chest, while his arms and legs are long and sinewy, displaying great strength. He has a habit of putting his feet into any stray boots and shoes which may be lying about, and when he is discovered in his freaks he invariably runs for protection to any lady who may be present. His face, unlike the generally entertained opinion, is not fierce or repulsive looking, although the jaws are both broad and heavy. This is the only live specimen of the gorilla ever brought to this country.

#### A TALE OF YESTERDAY.

A FONDER meeting could not be,  
Their hearts were tuned to ecstasy,  
Such bliss intense, on earth to gain,  
Would well repay a life of pain;  
O happy youth! O happy maid!  
How bright hath love the world arrayed;  
How like a dream, life glides away—  
But 'tis a tale of yesterday.

To part a pair so fond, so true,  
No power of earth would dare to do;  
'Twould melt a tyrant heart to tears,  
And shed o'er youth the frost of years;  
Yet think you such a heavenly flame,  
Endured for years and burned the same?  
Reflect—but ask me not to say—  
'Tis but a tale of yesterday.

Perchance their eyes now turn aside,  
Perchance *she* is another's bride:  
But yet in life how could they sever,  
Having vowed to love forever?  
Love in youth doth vow and sigh,  
On the wind its records die;  
Faith may be to falsehood prey—  
Ah! 'tis a tale of everyday.

J. W. THIRLWALL.

**SERIOUS EFFECTS OF EATING BETWEEN MEALS.**—Among the many slight causes of impaired digestion is to be reckoned the very general disregard to eating between meals. The powerful digestion of a growing boy makes light of all such irregularities; but to see adults, and often those by no means in robust health, eating muffins, buttered toast, or bread and butter, a couple of hours after a heavy dinner, is a distressing spectacle to the physiologist. It takes at least four hours to digest a dinner; during that period the stomach should be allowed to repose. A little tea, or any other liquid, is beneficial rather than otherwise, but solid food is a mere incumbrance; there is no gastric juice ready to digest it; and if any reader, having at all a delicate digestion, will attend to his sensations after eating muffins or toast at tea, unless his dinner has had time to digest, he will need no sentences of explanation to convince him of the serious error prevalent in English families making tea a meal, quickly succeeding a substantial dinner. Regularity in the hours of eating is far from necessary; but regularity of intervals is of primary importance. It matters little at what hour you lunch or dine, provided you allow the proper intervals to elapse between breakfast and luncheon, and between luncheon and dinner. What are those intervals? This is a question each must

settle for himself. Much depends on the amount eaten at each meal, much also on the rapidity with which each person digests. Less than four hours would never be allowed after a heavy meal of meat. Five hours is about the average for men in active work. But those who dine late—at six or seven—never need food again until breakfast next day, unless they have been at the theater, or dancing, or exerting themselves in Parliament, in which cases a light supper is requisite.

**THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.**—There is something very sad in the death of friends. We seem to provide for our own mortality, and to make up our minds to die. We are warned by sickness, fever, and ague, and sleepless nights, and a hundred dull infirmities; but when our friends pass away we lament them as though we had considered them immortal. It is wise—we suppose it is wise we should attach ourselves to things that are transient; else we should say that 'tis a perilous trust when a man ties his hopes to so frail an object as woman. They are gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untiring; but the leaf withers not sooner, the tropic lights fade not more abruptly into darkness. They die and are taken from us, and we weep; and our friends tell us that it is not wise to grieve, for that all which is mortal perisheth. They do not know that we grieve the more because we grieve in vain! If our grief could bring back the dead, it would be stormy and loud—we should disturb the sunny quiet of day—we should startle the dull night from her repose. But our hearts would not grieve as they grieve now, when hope is dead within us.

**TREATMENT OF LOVE.**—Strange is it that the passion of love should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician; let *them* reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness, mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Death must come, and love must come; but the state in which they find us—whether blinded, astonished, frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings—this depends on ourselves; and for want of self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue!—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy, cureless insanity; the death that comes early, and the love that comes late—reversing the primal laws of our nature.

It is always term-time in the court of conscience.

**FACTS FROM HISTORY.**—We are indebted to *Bacon* for gunpowder, and to *Pig Iron* for cannon-balls.

**LIVE FOR THE LIVING.**—When death enters our circle of friends, taking from us some loved one, the heart often repines, and in the intensity of our sorrow we are inclined to think there is no

thing left for which to live—that life is robbed of its sweetness, and the cloud overshadowing us has no “silver lining.” But there are others left who claim our love and care; and while we mourn for the sweet companionship of those who have gone from us to return no more, and cherish their memory with a holy reverence, should we not remember those yet spared to us? Should we not *live for the living*?

**THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.**—Goethe was in company with a mother and a daughter, when the latter, being reprov'd for some faults, blushed and burst into tears. He said: “How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. These may be hung on the neck of any woman, but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell.”

**STRANGE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—In Paris there is now exhibiting an instrument which is really a curiosity. It imitates the sound of the human voice—particularly the higher notes—almost to perfection. It was invented by Herr Faber, formerly a German professor of mathematics. The instrument has the external appearance of a woman seated; it is constructed according to the physiological principle of the larynx, which is represented by an india rubber tube; the voice has a range of two octaves, and sings any given tune, with the tone and force of a female voice; the form of the figure is rather defective, from the poverty of the inventor.

**THE EXHIBITION.**—As compared with former exhibitions, that of 1862 will be found to be the greatest both in the number of its visitors and even in the amount of its gross receipts. That of 1851 was open during five and a half months, and was attended by 6,039,135 visitors, *including staff and exhibitors' attendants*, as estimated daily by the police. The total amount paid at the doors was £358,800. The produce of the sale of season tickets amounted to £67,000, and the gross total received from all sources was £505,107 5s. 7d., *including the* £67,400 which was subscribed before the undertaking commenced, and which was afterward carried to the capital account and made to swell the gross total. The actual money taken from all sources, *less this subscription*, was therefore only £438,000.

The Paris Exhibition of 1855 was attended in six months by 3,626,934 visitors to the industrial department, and by 906,530 visitors to the fine art department—in all 4,533,464, who paid for admission to each department the sum of £117,666. This display left a deficit larger than our surplus, and which had to be made good by a grant from the Imperial Government.

The present Exhibition has also been open six months, or seventeen days longer than that of 1851. The total number of visitors, *excluding the staff and exhibitors' attendants*, has been 6,117,450, or 87,000 over the gross numbers on the first occasion. The comparison between the two English displays, however, to be perfectly fair should include on this

occasion the staff and exhibitors' attendants, which were used to swell the total of 1851. This would give the Exhibition that has just closed a majority of quite a million over its predecessor, while its gross receipts will, we believe, be between £80,000 and £90,000 greater than on the first occasion, if we exclude from the total of 1851 the £67,400 subscribed throughout the country at the first conception of the scheme, and which it is quite needless to say was never returned to the subscribers.

The Commissioners may now, therefore, feel justly proud of having achieved a success in the very teeth of obstacles which threatened to be fatal to all their hopes, and which, if one tithe of them had been foreseen when their plans were arranged, now two years ago, would have led to the postponement of the whole undertaking to some less calamitous era. Notwithstanding the famine in our manufacturing districts—a famine of the worst kind, as arising from the enforced idleness of the people; notwithstanding the death of the great originator of the plan, with a Court absent and in mourning, a wet summer, a bad harvest, and trade generally in such a state of depression as it has seldom been in before in this country, the Exhibition has in all popular and practical results surpassed the hitherto unapproachable standard by which all similar efforts have been judged, the Exhibition of 1851. That this result will be a bitter grievance to the prophets of evil is likely enough, but the day when these could injure it is now long past, and the Exhibition of 1862 will find in its results an ample answer to all detraction and ill-will.—*Times, Nov. 3d.*

**THE SAVAGE HORDES OF AFRICA.**—At the meeting of the Ethnological Society of London, lately, a paper was read from Major Burton, her Majesty's Consul at Fernando Po, containing an account of a visit to the Fans. The Major's visit was only a short one, and he had not much opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the tribe, but he confirmed the previous accounts of their cannibalism, so far that he saw heaps of human bones, though no skulls. He said that the eating of human flesh was confined to the males, and that they practiced it in secret. He described their appearance to be not ferocious; but so far as his observation extended, they had generally a wild expression of countenance, and their complexions were not very dark. Their intellectual capacity he considered extremely limited, their mental development having been apparently arrested after attaining the age of seven years. Mr. Galton said that Major Burton's paper tended to confirm the opinion that the tribes in the interior of Africa were incapable of attaining a high degree of civilization. He regretted to say that the hope of the future of Africa had been much weakened by recent researches, for it was formerly supposed that the degraded condition of the negroes was attributable entirely to slavery and the slave-trade. The recent explorations in the interior of Africa, beyond the range of the slave-trade, had proved that the negroes there were quite as barbarous, if not more so, as in the country near the coast. The African negro seemed to require the restraint of some higher authority to develop even the small degree of education and of civilization of which he is generally capable. Sir Charles Nicholson agreed with Mr. Galton in thinking it was desirable that the lower race of mankind should be placed under some restraint to promote their civilization. He referred to the aboriginal in-

habitants of Australia and New Zealand in confirmation of that opinion. Dr. Hunt considered the remarks of Major Burton on the Fans confirmed, in a great degree, the statements of M. du Chaillu, such discrepancies as existed between them being attributable to the short time that Major Burton had to make his observations. Dr. Hodgskin expressed his surprise to hear slavery defended, and he contended, in opposition to Mr. Galton and Sir Charles Nicholson, that negroes are capable of a high degree of civilization.

**QUIETNESS.**—True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them. Quietness and peace flourish where reason and justice govern; and true quietness reigneth where modesty directeth.

### P H Œ B E .

PHŒBE had wakened with a start  
Early at morn—within her brain  
Dull dreams had wandered, and her heart  
Pressed with a sense of growing pain,  
Scarcely the window could she gain;  
Open the casement she feebly swung,  
Chilling her hands with the dewy rain  
Down from the clustered woodbines flung;  
The keen winds in her chamber flying,  
Back from her pallid cheeks had blown  
Her long dark tresses—"Dying—dying!"  
Ever she murmured with sob and moan.

She looked out; through the one-arched bridge  
The white brook flashed: against the sky  
The woods were dark on every ridge  
About the valley: and close by  
The hawthorn flickered on her eye  
With swaling plumes of virgin white:  
Poor Phœbe thought it hard to die,  
Whilst the blossom of her youth was bright—  
Hope's golden realms around her lying,  
While Life but sunny hours had shown,  
"Ah, me!" she murmured, "I am dying!  
None to help me—alone! alone!"

She heard the lapwing from the fen  
Wailing aloud; the wild brown bee  
Hummed by her suddenly; and then  
The sparrow chirped in the lilac tree,  
Dimly her failing eyes could see  
The white moth settling on the leaves  
Beside her hands, and swallows flee  
Under and out of the cottage eaves  
With a sound of joy, while she was dying  
Like a fair blossom newly blown,  
Which Time in the fields of Life descrying  
Into Death's sullen stream hath thrown.

At close of day, when came the moon,  
They found her dead by the fallen chair;  
The sharp gusts of the afternoon  
Had blown the rain into her hair  
Loosely dropt o'er forehead fair,  
Darkening her cold down-lidded eyes;  
Clasped were her white hands—surely prayer  
Wafted her spirit to the skies.  
Many a face was swollen with crying,  
All the night long was sob and moan,  
Poor Phœbe, alas! for thine early dying—  
Dying so strangely, and all alone!

WESTBY GIBSON.

**LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EFFORTS TO OBTAIN A WIFE.**—It is generally understood that in the spring of 1852 offers of marriage were made by the Emperor to three German princesses, but were politely declined in every instance. The first of these offers was to the Princess Mary of Baden, daughter of the then reigning Grand Duke, who being himself the offspring of a "morganatic" marriage, could, as it was thought, make no serious objection to the match. His Highness, in fact, did give his consent; but his death occurring on the twenty-fourth of April, 1852, his son and successor threw obstacles in the way, and, as the Princess herself showed no desire to occupy the French throne, the negotiations were finally broken off. The hand of a Princess of Hohenzollern having been likewise refused to the Prince President of the French Republic, a last offer of marriage was made to Princess Frederica of Oldenburg, aged thirty-two, the sister of the Queen of Greece. Princess Frederica, it is said, was excessively anxious to wear the imperial diadem, then already within the grasp of Napoleon III. But her relatives, particularly the Grand-Duke Peter, strongly objected, and consequently this proposal likewise came to nothing. The poor Princess of Oldenburg soon after, in despair of getting the right husband, or any husband at all, committed a morganatic alliance, giving her hand to one Baron de Washington. Not choosing to submit to further indignities, Napoleon III. now Emperor, determined to seek for a wife at home, and, having met one evening at the house of a literary acquaintance, M. Prosper Mérimée, Mademoiselle Eugénie Maria de Guzman, Countess of Teba, his Majesty offered at once his hand and heart, was accepted, of course, and married a few weeks after, on the twenty-ninth of January, 1853. The event somewhat took the public by surprise, the official announcement having been made only seven days previous to the ceremony, on the twenty-second of January.—*Spectator*.

THAT man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as committing a mean action, and undauntedly fulfills his duty, whatever be the dangers which impede his way.

IN the voyage of life men profess to be in search of heaven, but generally take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it as to lose sight of the earth.

WHAT is that which you can give away, and have increased, and yet retain it yourself?—Information.

It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind.

**GUILTY THOUGHTS.**—A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.

BEGIN your life-work betimes: it is sad to be sowing your seed when you should be reaping your harvest.

THE more people do the more they can do; he that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing any thing: whilst we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.



## OUR COTTAGE IN THE VALE.

I remember many forms  
That were dear in early years,  
When life was like the sweet spring-time,  
Sunshiny in its tears:  
From memory's pale, uncertain page,  
The names have passed away,  
The voices echo round me still,  
The merry cries of play:  
The old, delighted oft would seem,  
Among us girls and boys,  
Grew young again, or seemed to do,  
Amid our glee and noise:  
And the Thrasher with his flail,  
And the Milkmaid with her pail,  
Are mingled in the memory  
Of our Cottage in the Vale.

When many years had passed and gone,  
Again I sought that scene;  
The leafy wood, the singing stream:  
Were there, our happy green:  
And merry children blithe as we,  
Were out with hoop and ball.  
But ah! my mates like birds had flown,  
None answered to my call:  
Our humble cottage swept away,  
The garden choked with weed;  
Amid the wreck one rose I found,  
A prize, though none else heed;  
And the Thrasher with his flail,  
And the Milkmaid with her pail,  
Came mingled with the memory  
Of our Cottage in the Vale.

J. W. THIRLWALL.

**SPURGEON ON PULPITS.**—He said he had very little opinion of those wooden boxes called pulpits. He thought they must have been invented for the benefit of some one whose legs were deformed. He believed the power of oratory lay very much in the legs, and he liked to see a man when preaching walk about and roar out the truth like a lion.

**ALL WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL.**—We all like to be beautiful—to be objects of admiration either in mind or person. But the most valuable and lasting beauty is that which is least cultivated—and this is the beauty which is born of amiability—of genuine goodness of heart. This is indeed Beauty herself, and she is ever a favorite. She never seems to grow old. The longer she is known the better she is loved. She is prepared with comfort for every emergency; and the heart that is once wedded to her is bound in a bond of everlasting bliss.

**A JOKE IN SEASON.**—When the British troops were storming Badajoz, Lord Wellington rode up while the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor." "A very good name, too," he said. "Cheer up, lads! our Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches—in the walls." At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

**HOW SIMPLE!**—A story is current of the explanation given by an Italian philosopher of the working of the steam-engine, which is unparalleled for exhaustive simplicity. First, said the lecturer, there

is the water—every body knows what water is; nothing difficult about that—*cosa semplice*. Then there is the fire—well, what is fire? *cosa semplice*. Then, there is the wheel; we all know what a wheel is—*cosa semplice*; and so the fire boils the water—*cosa semplice*—and the water turns the wheel, and the wheel makes the ship move. *Cosa semplice*, (How simple!)

Two cardinals found fault with Raphael for having, in one of the pictures, given too florid a complexion to St. Peter and St. Paul. "Gentlemen," said the artist, ill-pleased with the criticism, "don't be surprised. I paint them just as they look in heaven. They are blushing with shame to see the Church below so badly governed."

**WATER AND MORALS.**—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motive to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, give a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now, what is true of water, is equally true of morals. The best of men only need a slight push from adversity to obtain a downhill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

**MOTIVES.**—It is the motive that more than any thing else renders an action good or bad. However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting, the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. It is right to insist on the principles for their own sake; because the principles give their value to the action, not the action to the principles.

**DOMESTIC SWEETMEATS.**—It is a singular fact that many ladies who know how to preserve every thing else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to "keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed."

**DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS ASSOCIATES.**—Private letters from South-Africa, received in England, show that a disagreement has arisen between Dr. Livingstone and the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission party. They have fallen back from the station to which he conducted them, at a place called Magomera, in the highlands, because they found themselves involved in the savage wars of the Manganja and Ajawa tribes; and they complain that they were brought into this false position by Dr. Livingstone's conduct previously in seeking out the Ajawa and attacking them as slaves—an accusation of which, in the opinion of the Rev. H. Rowley, there was not sufficient proof. Dr. Livingstone, on the other hand, says the missionaries lacked energy to maintain their ground after he left them at Magomera. He is preparing to bring up a small steamer for the navigation of the great Lake Nyassa.

**GALIGNANI** says that General Count de Serau, formerly aide-de-camp to the Duke d'Enghien, has just died in his ninety-third year. He was one of the last representatives of the army of 1789. He had been a fellow-student, and even the corporal of Napoleon at the school of Brienne.

"HUSBAND, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear."





Born at Mecca in the year 570, Mohammed was, like most Meccan children of good family, nursed by the Bedouins of the neighboring desert. His father had died before he was born, and soon after his return from the desert in his sixth year, his mother succumbed to the grief and care of widowhood, and left her child to the care of his paternal grandfather. Scarcely two years had passed, when Abd al Muttalib, too, died, and the boy became the charge of an uncle, to whom the affectionate old man hopefully committed him. Abu Talib proved eminently worthy of his trust. He watched over his delicate and much-attached nephew with unfailing solicitude, and when he was twelve years of age, gave him a mount on his camel, and joined the caravan to Syria. Their journey extended to Bostra—perhaps further; and though it can not well have been fraught with such appreciable religious and theological results as some of the biographers of the Prophet have supposed, it is only just to believe that it made impressions which had most important effects upon his subsequent life and character, which could never be forgotten, and which developed into consequences which could then be as little foreseen as they can now be retraced.

“He passed,” says Mr. Muir, “near to Petra, Jerash, Ammon, and other ruinous sites of former mercantile grandeur; and the sight, no doubt, deeply imprinted upon his reflective mind the instability of earthly greatness. The wild story of the Valley of Hejer, with its lonely deserted habitations hewn out of the rock, and the tale of Divine vengeance against the cities of the plain, over which now rolled the billows of the Dead Sea, would excite apprehension and awe; while their strange and startling details, rendered more tragic by Jewish tradition and local legend, would win and charm the childish heart, ever yearning after the marvelous. On this journey, too, he passed through several Jewish settlements, and came in contact with the national profession of Christianity in Syria. Hitherto he had witnessed only the occasional and isolated exhibition of the faith: now he saw its rites in full and regular performance by a whole community; the national and the social customs founded upon Christianity; the churches with their crosses, images, or pictures, and other symbols of the faith; the ringing of bells; the frequent assemblages for worship. The reports, and possibly an actual glimpse, of the continually recurring ceremonial, effected, we may suppose, a deep impression upon him; and this impression would be rendered all the more

practical and lasting by the sight of whole tribes, Arab like himself, converted to the same faith, and practicing the same observances.”—Vol. i. pp. 83, 84.

Making due note of this journey into Syria, we are to think of the young Mohammed, after his return to Mecca, as engaged in not very diligent and not very lucrative commerce, varied at intervals with the supposed effeminate and mean occupation of tending sheep, up to his twenty-fifth year. His character with his fellow-citizens was that of a retiring and reflective young man of few business qualifications, with almost no talent for money-making, but singularly moral, and constant in observing the religious and other duties prescribed by the established Paganism. He was any thing but the profligate scoundrel Dean Prideaux has described, and had even won for himself the by-name, El Amin, or *The Faithful*.

At twenty-five the whole course of his life was changed. A wealthy and virtuous widow, largely engaged in trade, required a steward and superintendent for a caravan she was dispatching to Syria, and the offer of the place being made to Mohammed the Faithful, was gladly accepted. He appears to have managed Khadija's business better than he had usually managed his own, and brought back to her, it is said, an unusually handsome profit. The next thing was that Khadija, though forty years old and very wealthy, wished to marry the poor young man, who had nothing but a comely person and a good character to recommend him. Their union proved a remarkably happy one. Khadija is reported to have availed herself but little of her husband's newly discovered business talents, while Mohammed was well content with the freedom from commonplace anxieties, and the command of ease and leisure, secured through his admirable wife. As the years glided by, they were blessed with a son, who lived but two years, with a daughter, then a second daughter, a third, and a fourth, and last another son. On each of these occasions, there was a sacrifice to the idols of Mecca of one or two kids, according as the child born was girl or boy. How far Mohammed concurred in these acts of piety in his wife we cannot tell. All we know is, that he did not in any way forbid them. Khadija meant well, no doubt, did what was usual, and in his then state of indecision and inquiry,

Mohammed did not feel at liberty to interfere.

We pass thus rapidly over earlier events, because the interest of the Prophet's life does not properly commence till after his fortieth year. His personal appearance at about that age is thus described by Mr. Muir:

"Slightly above the middle size, his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding, the chest broad and open, the bones and framework large, the joints well knit together. His neck was long and finely molded. The head, unusually large, gave space for a broad and noble brow. The hair, thick, jet-black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eyebrows were arched and joined; the countenance thin, but ruddy. His large eyes, intensely black and piercing, received additional luster from their long dark eyelashes. The nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated. The teeth were far apart. A long black bushy beard, reaching to the breast, added manliness and presence. His expression was pensive and contemplative. The face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous also might be there discerned. The skin of his body was clear and soft. The only hair that met the eye was a fine thin line which ran down from the neck towards the navel. His broad back leaned slightly forward as he walked; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided, like that of one rapidly descending a declivity."—Vol. ii. pp. 28, 29.

There certainly should be something solid, real, forcible, in a man whose exterior should correspond with this description. And placing beside it our remembrance of the assured habits and religiousness of Mohammed, we are not surprised to find that his perpetual reflectiveness was concerned with religion, and that his persistent and quietly resolute will was to arrive at something more satisfactory than the quasi-theological dogmas upon which the idolatry of the Meccans was built. With that idolatry we are certified that he had long been secretly dissatisfied. He had learnt, while yet a boy, that even of his own countrymen were many in the more northern parts of Arabia who had rejected it. He must since that time have had repeated opportunities of informing himself as to the religion of the Jewish tribes of Arabia; he can not have lived for forty years without frequently hearing of the Jews of Yathrib, the rival of Mecca; and we know that at the fair of Okatz he listened to the preaching of Coas, or Qoss,

a Christian missionary who repeatedly went thither to declare the falseness of Polytheism and the unity of God.

We know too that Mohammed very carefully observed the month of fasting and prayer prescribed by the Meccan religion, and that not satisfied with this, he would often at other times betake himself, with a few days' provisions, to a cave in the neighboring Mount Ilira, now called Jebel Nur, and address himself with renewed devotion to the task of finding out a religion in which he could rest. Of his sincerity at this period we confess that we entertain no doubt, and are unable to discover the reasons which justify such doubt where entertained. That his sincerity was absolutely such, or that his ardor of religious inquiry was always pure of self and ambition, we neither say nor are concerned about. No man can escape from himself; and all that is needful to be urged in favor of Mohammed is that self and ambition were in no wise prominent, and, so far as appearances may warrant a conclusion, were unfelt, and perhaps unknown. For the Prophet's thoughts were passionate and profound. Alone, amid the ineffable silence and vast solitudes of Mount Hira and the desert, he watched the darkening sky, unresponsive to his prayers, and the nightly brilliance of the stars which he knew had shone down upon his fathers of forgotten age, and he wondered why they had worshiped Aldebaran, and whether Sirius, or Canopus, or Jupiter could really aid him. He was enraptured at the breaking day as it surged up the crimsoning east with its glory at the flood, and felt that the world must have a Maker, and might one day have a Judge. He was feeling after God, if haply he might find him. Miserable figments and distorted facts of a dead Judaism and of a hopelessly corrupted Christianity, only added to his perplexity. They suggested inquiries it was impossible they should answer, while they added to the reasons for regarding with skepticism the religion of his youth. A man not sadly and resolutely in earnest would have given up this strife. It was itself most assuredly no gladness, but otherwise. For Mohammed was not pursuing truth, but only endeavoring to find out where that pursuit might begin. The pursuing of truth, indeed, may be a life-long pleasure; but how shall a man pursue that of which he has no trace, and toward which he knows no path?

Lessing, quoted by Sir William Hamilton, said: "Did the Almighty, holding in his right hand *Truth*, and in his left hand *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request, *Search after Truth*." And the fullest justification of such a choice, it is obvious, would be found in that peculiar constitution of man which renders him ever happier in pursuit than in possession. But in Mohammed's case things were wholly different from this; and we need not wonder, therefore, if his inquiries, instead of bringing quiet, brought wretchedness, and if his philosophy, instead of being Divine and sustaining, conducted him to melancholy and despair. So must it be with every man with whom the question is the same as that which was presented to the Prophet; the question, in effect of Theism or of Atheism; of a Polytheism which was certainly false, or of a Skepticism which could not be true. This was the question with which it seems clear the Prophet of Islam was, year after year, doing battle. Things of morality, of abstract right, of duty in daily life, were probably enough revolved; but the great, mastering, and central question was, doubtless, in effect the one we have supposed. Happy he, indeed, who knows the causes of things—*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*—and also happy he, who, feeling his equal ignorance and impotence, can let them alone. Mohammed belonged to neither class, and being driven to despair, contemplated suicide. Sometimes again an erratic and uncertain light would gleam across the chaos of doubt, and in strong but irregular rhapsody the tormented soul cried out:

"By the declining day I swear!  
Verily man is in the way of ruin;  
Excepting such as possess faith,  
And do the things which be right,  
And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness."—*Sura*, 103.

At length there dawned on his mind the conviction of a personal Deity, supreme and infinite, neither begotten nor begetting. And then Mohammed rejoiced and said:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of Creation,  
The All-merciful, the All-compassionate!  
Ruler of the day of reckoning!  
Thee we worship, and thee we invoke for help.

Lead us in the straight path;  
The path of those to whom thou hast been gracious,  
Not of those that are the objects of wrath or that are in error."—*Sura* 1.

Great as was the advance which is here indicated, it did not suffice. New difficulties arose to take the place of the old ones, and having attained the conviction of a Supreme Deity, Mohammed came, as others had come before him, and as yet others are coming constantly, to be utterly perplexed as to the relations sustained or sustainable to such Supreme. Vague traditions of Abrahamic legend had come down to him; and sundry most pitiful and cruel strifes about a greater than Abraham he had not only heard of, but, especially in Syria, had seen the bitter fruits of. It was no wonder if these schisms and logomachies led to any thing but Ilim about the mystery of whose person and work they were chiefly concerned. Indeed this, we find, is the epoch and phrase in Mohammed's life which, once apprehended, explains, though it does not apologize for, the fundamental distinction of the religion he founded. He could discover no certainty as to the way in which he might best approach God. From the travestied Syrian accounts of the one Mediator between God and man—himself possessing the nature of both—he was unable to eliminate the countless and impious refinements of Arian, and Athanasian, and Nestorian zealots, agreeing in nothing save the fervor with which they out-preached, out-cursed, and spoiled and slew each other. *That* sort of thing *could* not be true, thought Mohammed. Trinitarian discussion—especially when it made Mary, the mother of Christ, to be the Third Person of the Trinity—perplexed even less than it offended him. All that he felt really clear about was the existence and the government over his creatures of an infinitely wise, and just, and powerful God. Hence the cardinal distinction of the Mohammedan religion—the entire absence of the doctrine of mediation. Islam proper, accordingly, though we may concede it to be in some sort a gospel, inasmuch as it is essentially and intensely anti-idolatrous, is a gospel with almost no good tidings. To the sensual it permits sensualism without calling it sin; to the ignorant and selfish it offers formalism and mechanical rules of piety; to the intellectual an intellectual theism;



to all men a tiresome but not wholly useless ceremonial; and for the rest this :

“ When the earth shall tremble with her quaking ;

And the earth shall cast forth her burdens ;  
And man shall say, ‘ What aileth her ?’

In that day shall she unfold her tidings,  
Because the Lord shall have inspired her.

In that day shall mankind advance in ranks,  
that they may behold their works ;

And whoever shall have wrought good to the  
weight of a grain shall behold it ;

And whoever shall have wrought evil to the  
weight of a grain shall behold it.”

—*Sura 99.*

It was at this stage of his inquiries apparently, that Mohammed’s real or pretended inspiration was interrupted. For nearly three years Gabriel never came near him, and he was driven anew to misery and despair.

Meanwhile he had become a marked man to his fellow-citizens. Persuaded of his Divine call to such a task, he strove in what way he could to show to all who would listen, but especially to the members of his own family and tribe, the wrong of idolatry and the unity of God. They laughed him to scorn, pointed the finger at him, called after him in the streets as a half-witted fellow, and considered him withal an intolerable bore. Sometimes, indeed, this treatment of contempt and scoffing got the better of him, and the poorer part of a merely human nature showed freely out beneath the professions of heavenly zeal. One day, for example, he called a meeting of the leading citizens of Mecca. They came; but when Abu Lahab, an ill-natured uncle of the Prophet’s, found it was merely to hear another harangue on the now familiar topic of the sin of idolatry, he listened till his patience was exhausted, and then announced the extremity of his disgust by briefly and contemptuously damning his nephew. And the much-forbearing Mohammed could forbear no longer. The fierce wrath leaped out of his heart, and though Abu Lahab was the father-in-law of two of his daughters, as well as his own paternal uncle, he both cursed him and placed his curse on record as an inspiration from God.

“ Damned be Abu Lahab’s hands; and let himself be damned !

His riches shall not profit him, nor that which he hath gained.

He shall be cast into the FIRE of flame,  
And his wife also laden with fuel;  
About her neck shall be a rope of palm-fiber.”—*Sura 111.*

Others too opposed Mohammed no less scornfully and harshly than did Abu Lahab; and altogether the would-be prophet and reformer had but an evil time of it. The occurrence of the Fatrah, or intermission of revelations, was a serious addition to his troubles. In what way he contrived to pass the three years of its continuance is not recorded. It suffices that at the end of that time the command to preach became imperative and irresistible. Mohammed preached accordingly. His first disciple was his own wife. Soon after followed Abu Bakr, a wealthy and prudent citizen, whose name and character were a tower of strength. Zeid, formerly the Prophet’s slave, subsequently his freedman and adopted son, and Ali, his impetuous and warlike nephew, were among his earliest adherents, and too notable not to be specially mentioned. Other converts followed, especially from among the slaves of Mecca; and Islam, notwithstanding discouragements and obstacles, was steadily and slowly becoming a fact. The opposition of the Coreish, which appears to have been slumbering for a while, was suddenly aroused afresh, stung into activity by the growing audacity of the Prophet. Only for his being under the special protection of the faithful Abu Talib, and so under the protection of the whole Hashemite family, he would certainly have fallen a victim to the freedom with which he declared himself the antagonist of idolatry and the Apostle of the Most High.

It was about three years after the open declaration of his apostleship that Mohammed hired a house near the middle of the city, with a view to the more effectual propagation of the new faith. He lost no opportunity of public preaching, and seems to have conjoined with it the habit of private exhortation. He frequented fairs and all places of popular resort, and braved every danger in the performance of what he thought to be duty. The Coreish at once resorted to yet stronger measures. They strove by every means, especially by insinuation and calumny, to disparage the Prophet and to hinder his success. They dealt as harshly as they dared with both himself and his converts, and subjected

their believing slaves to refined and intolerable tortures. It is not to be wondered at if there were a few recantations; but it is the credit of teacher and disciples alike that they were very few indeed as compared with the number of persons persecuted. So effectual, however, were the obstacles now offered to his progress that at the end of six years, counting from the public announcement of his mission, Mohammed had not more than fifty disciples, and was profoundly discouraged at what he felt obliged to regard as failure.

Seeking refuge from the miseries inflicted by the Coreish, a number of the Moslems emigrated to Abyssinia, and, not long afterwards, Mohammed committed the most glaring error of this first part of his public career. He admitted that the idol gods of the Meccan temple might possibly be better than he had said; might, in fact, be legitimately supplicated and honored with a view to obtaining their intercession with God himself, the one God. There was an immediate reaction in his favor. He became in a moment the most popular man in Mecca. His doctrines were forthwith tolerated—as well they might be when robbed of their meaning—and his followers were no longer oppressed as men who would fain turn the city upside down.

How long Mohammed remained guilty of this fault we do not know. What is certain is, that his concession to the prejudices and creed of the Meccans was not a mere lapse of the tongue, nor the utterance of a moment's impulse, but was given openly and remained for some time untracted. Soon, however, the Prophet returned to his right mind, and behaved thereupon in a manner which the upholders of the simple impostor theory would find no less difficult to explain, than would the holders of the true-prophet theory the fall which led to such behavior. He publicly recanted his confession, and so far played into his enemies' hands as to say that the heretical verses of concession had been inspired by the devil. He was perfectly aware that he would be asked how it should be known that his recantation rather was not prompted by the devil; and supposing him liable to inspirations, sometimes heavenly and sometimes satanic, what was the criterion by which they should be severally distinguished? On no impostor theory, we think, can Mohammed's admissions be explained. Supposing him to

have been influenced mainly by ambition, his conduct was positively suicidal. For he belonged not only to the ruling tribe of Mecca, but to the ruling family of that tribe. It was one of his ancestors who founded the city; and as Mecca took precedence of all other cities in Arabia, so did the Hashemites take precedence of all other families in Mecca. He might, accordingly, have aspired to something like chieftainship and practical sovereignty without being charged with any great presumption; and here was personal supremacy all but formally offered to him. In the moment in which he conceded semi-divine honors to Lat and Ozza, he secured to himself the possibility of accomplishing with ease the most ambitious projects of which he can have dreamed. Yet he absolutely turned his back upon such possibility, flouted it, and flung it away. Dr. Sprenger himself, generally hostile to Mohammed, does not scruple to say that:

“By deviating from his conviction only to the extent to which several truly pious Christian missionaries did not scruple to go, he might have extricated himself from all persecutions and difficulties, the end of which he could not then foresee, and he might at once have placed himself at the head of his nation; but he disdained to gain this victory at the sacrifice of his conviction, and declared that the devil had prompted to him the objectionable verses. This is the strongest proof of the sincerity of Mohammed during the beginning of his career.”

As the revocation of these concessions was emphasized by a renewed condemnation of the idols and a most solemn denunciation of idolatry, the persecutions were immediately renewed. The Abyssinian exiles, who had returned to their former homes on hearing of the reconciliation with the Coreish, again sought safety in Africa. Others followed them, and the persecutions grew increasingly severe. Deputations from the Coreish waited upon Abu Talib and upon other leaders among the Hashemites, and demanded that his family should give up Mohammed as an enemy to the public peace, to be dealt with as such. Failing in this, they plotted his assassination; and failing in this also, the whole family of the Hashemites was placed under the Ban. The Coreish solemnly bound themselves by a sealed document, which, for greater impressiveness, they hung up in the temple of the city, to consider the Hashemites excommunicate. They swore “that they would

neither marry their women, nor give their own in marriage to them; that they would sell nothing to them, nor buy aught from them; that dealings with them of every kind should cease." Under these circumstances the Hashemites found it prudent to withdraw to a separate and secluded part of the city, called the Sheb quarter, and lying in a dælle of the mountains. They appear to have stood by each other in the noblest manner, and to have carried to a pitch that is truly romantic and heroic the obligations involved in their relationship. Their supplies being in course of time almost exhausted, they were reduced to extreme distress. The ban, however, continued to be rigorously enforced, and not a man of them could venture beyond the gate of the quarter, save at the times of pilgrimage. And even when the weary and sorrow-laden months had passed, and the period of pilgrimage came round and made every act of violence a crime and impiety, even then malignant Coreishites would go about disseminating all evil reports against the Hashemites, and would use every endeavor to prevent the merchants, who wisely combined commerce with pilgrimage, from selling any thing to the men whose fidelity and persistence in a seeming duty had brought them to the very verge of starvation. In Mecca, Islamism was effectually arrested, and in the Sheb quarter it scarcely did more than maintain a bare existence. Yet, amid the cries of famished children, the tears of mothers who could give no help, and the desperate misery of men on whom his persistence forced the dire alternative of either ceasing to protect a relative in whose mission but few of them believed, or of watching wives and little ones share starvation with themselves, Mohammed failed not, quailed not, lost neither heart, nor reason, nor kindness, nor hope. It were surely but a sad and pitiful thing to refuse admiration to conduct such as this of the Hashemites, however erroneous we may deem it. At the end of nearly three years, however—and not earlier—came a truce to these hostilities. Without detailing the circumstances which led to it, we may note that some of the Coreish had really relented, others were overcome by the firmness and persistence, apparently for conscience' sake, which had in this stern fashion proved itself. The ban was revoked and the Hashemites returned.

We have space to mention only one other incident in this first part of the Prophet's life, and shall then have reached what we must account as being, in more senses than one, his grand climacteric. Finding that his own perseverance in preaching was so fully matched by the constancy of the Coreish in not believing, Mohammed resolved to address himself to the people of Tayif, a beautiful and fertile district and city at about seventy miles' distance. Accompanied by Zeid, he went thither, explained his mission to the principal men of the city, and inquired whether they would protect him. They declined having any thing to do with him. He addressed himself to the people generally; they regarded him with even more suspicion than their superiors, and, on the tenth day of his visit, their murmurs broke out into open brawl. Mohammed was hooted through the streets, pelted with stones, and hunted by a rabble of blackguards who desisted not till he and Zeid were some three miles beyond the bounds of their city. Bleeding, exhausted, and mortified to the last degree, he took refuge with his companion (more seriously injured than himself) in a way-side orchard, flung himself upon the ground, and passed through one of those agonies to which even the strongest must sometimes give way. When composure returned, he sought refuge as aforetime in prayer, and his prayer is said to have run thus:

"O Lord! I make my complaint unto thee of the feebleness of my strength and the poverty of my expedients, and of my insignificance before mankind. O thou most merciful! thou art the Lord of the weak, and thou art my Lord. Into whose hands wilt thou abandon me? Into the hands of the strangers that beset me round? or of the enemy to whom thou hast given the mastery over me? If thy wrath be not upon me, I have no concern; but rather thy favor is the more wide unto me. I seek for refuge in the light of thy gracious countenance, by which the darkness is dispersed, and peace ariseth both for this world and the next, that thy wrath light not upon me, nor thine indignation. It is thine to show anger until thou art pleased; and there is not any power or resource but in thee."

As we look at the whole circumstances and result of this attempt, and Mohammed's reported behavior in reference to such a result, we can not refuse concurrence with Mr. Muir, when he says: "There is something lofty and heroic in this journey of

Mohammed to Tàyif; a solitary man, despised and rejected by his own people, going boldly forth in the name of God—like Jonah to Nineveh—and summoning an idolatrous city to repentance and the support of his mission. It sheds a strong light upon the intensity of his own belief in the Divine origin of his calling." (Vol. ii. p. 207.)

Some four or six weeks prior to the expedition to Tàyif, had died the beloved and truly excellent Khadija, Mohammed's first, best, and, while she lived, his only wife. She left a void in his heart which neither youth, nor beauty, nor variety could fill. Ayesha, the most influential of her successors, had both the former, and something of brilliance in addition; and one day, when years had passed since this irreparable loss, she said to Mohammed, half toying, half seriously: "Now, am I not better than Khadija? She was a widow—old—and had lost her good looks: you love me better than you did her?" "No, by Allah!" was the swift and true-hearted answer. "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that."

Soon after her died Mohammed's guardian and uncle, the faithful and great-hearted Abu Talib. Perhaps, as he had never been able to persuade himself of the Divineness of his nephew's mission, we may have the less difficulty in yielding to the demands of his magnanimity and fidelity upon our admiration for those rarest of great men, those in whom the moral virtues preponderate over all else.

It was the tenth year of the Prophet's mission, and the fiftieth of his age, when these calamities overtook him. His grand climacteric was fully reached.

Up to the time of the death of Khadija, the character of Mohammed's mission presents to him who would estimate it correctly—who would truly adjudge its indubitable good and evil, its mingled falsehood and nobleness—the greatest difficulties; difficulties greater, as we fear, than our necessarily rapid sketch and memoranda of it have allowed us to exhibit. For, without in any way omitting from our account the general hue and mist of exaggeration and panegyric with which Mohammedan zeal has covered the whole history of the Prophet, we are obliged to admit that the earlier part of his life was singularly pure; that during

the first ten years of his mission he bore persecution with constancy, and at least *appeared* to be disinterested and sincere. Yet the confessedly sublime lyric of many parts of the Koran which were then produced, was frequently placed side by side with the pruriency of a paradise that would have moved a Sybarite to envy, and with the extravagance of a folly and impiety which it would seem morally impossible for any human being to believe Divine. Mohammed's conduct, too, though frequently heroic and worthy, as we have admitted, was by no means uniform. Suspending our judgment at this point, and noting that one epoch is closed and another commenced, we find the next part of the Prophet's life distinctly and conveniently marked as the commencement of his connection with Medina, at that time called Yathrib.

The last three months had dealt hardly with him. If Khadija's wealth had not been exhausted during the three years' suffering in the Sheb quarter, it must have gone to benefit others after her death; for Mohammed had become poor. We have seen how miserably he has failed hitherto in his career as a reformer and prophet, and how sorrowfully, yet how brilliantly, all other failures have been crowned by the episode at Tàyif. Very soon after his return from that city—Khadija not more than ten weeks dead—he was married to a second wife, and betrothed to a third, Ayesha, the daughter of Abu Bakr, at that time not seven years old. In the following month, March, 620 A.D., the clouds in this otherwise dark sky broke somewhat; not wholly indeed, but just enough to show that the sun was not set forever.

It was the time of pilgrimage; and Mohammed is said to have used it to the uttermost, according to his wont, in urging on the crowds of strangers gathered from almost all parts of the peninsula, the inefficiency and superstition of the ceremonies they observed, and the superiority of the revelation he affirmed himself to possess.

"The ceremonies were nearly at an end; Mohammed had followed the votaries of the Kaaba\* on their procession to the Hill of Arafat, and now back again to Miná; whence, after sacrificing their victims, the multitudes would disperse to their homes. Wandering through

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\* The Meccan temple.



the busy scene that now presented itself in the narrow Valley of Minâ, he was attracted by a little group of six or seven persons, whom he recognized as strangers from Medina. 'Of what tribe are ye?' said he, coming up and kindly accosting them. 'Of the tribe of Khazraj,' they replied. 'Ah! confederates of the Jews?' 'We are.' 'Then, why should we not sit down for a little, and I will speak with you?' The offer was accepted willingly, for the fame of Mohammed had been noised abroad in Medina, and the strangers were curious to see more of the man who had created in Mecca so great an excitement. He then expounded to them his doctrine, asserted the warrant of a Divine mission, set forth the difficulties of his position at home, and inquired whether they would receive and protect him at Medina. The listeners were not slow to embrace the faith of Islam. 'But as for protecting thee,' said they, 'we have hitherto been at variance among ourselves, and have fought great battles, as that of Boath. If thou comest to us thus, we shall be unable to rally around thee. Let us, we pray thee, return unto our people, if haply the Lord will create peace amongst us, and we will come back again unto thee. Let the season of pilgrimage in the following year be the appointed time.'—Vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.

The appointment thus made was duly kept, and the interval would seem to have been to Mohammed a time of suspense if not of inactivity. Mecca was obstinate. It positively despised him, and he knew it. After more than ten years' teaching, after listening to the sublimest of the Suras, and to an eloquence which even his enemies admitted to be not only unsurpassed but unequalled, it persisted in rejecting him, and it entertained for him withal feelings such that, only for its respect for national and tribal usages and laws, it would long since have silenced him in the most effective manner. He appears to have rested accordingly all through this year, quietly waiting for the time of pilgrimage.

At the time and at the place agreed on—in a sheltered and rocky glen near Minâ, namely—the handful of Medina converts, accompanied by some friends, again met the Prophet. In all they were twelve; and after due consultation and converse, they thus gave their faith to Mohammed: "*We will not worship any but the One God; we will not steal, neither will we commit adultery, nor kill our children; we will not slander in any wise; and we will not disobey the Prophet in any thing that is right.*" Mohammed's response was in the words:

*"If ye fulfill the pledge, Paradise shall be your reward. He that shall fail in any part thereof, to God belongeth his concern, either to punish or forgive."* Thus was given the First Pledge of Acaba, and faithfully was it kept. To the latest and completest of his biographers the spectacle presented by the Prophet at this juncture appears something sublime; and we are not willing to take exception to what he has so heartily conceived and so eloquently presented in reference to it.

"Mohammed, thus holding his people at bay; waiting in the still expectation of victory, to outward appearance defenseless, and with his little band as it were in the lion's mouth; yet trusting in His almighty power whose messenger he believed himself to be, resolute and unmoved; presents a spectacle of sublimity paralleled only in the sacred records, by such scenes as that of the prophet of Israel when he complained to his master: 'I, even I only, am left.' Nay, the spectacle is in one point of view *more* marvelous; because the prophets of old were upheld by a Divine inspiration, accompanied (as we may conclude) by an unwavering consciousness in its reality, and strengthened by the palpable demonstrations of miraculous power; while with the Arabian Prophet, the memory at least of former doubt, and the confessed inability to work any miracle, must at times have caused a gleam of uncertainty to shoot across the soul. It is this which throws out into if possible still bolder prominence the amazing self-possession and enduring enthusiasm which sustained his course. 'Say unto the unbelievers'—such was the Divine message he professed to receive—'say, *Work ye in your place. Wait ye in expectation. We, too, in expectancy will wait.*'"—Vol. ii. pp. 228, 229.

Meanwhile, Mohammed was again looking forward to the annual pilgrimage. He found that he could, for the then present, work better by his agents than in person; that his strength was in sitting still. He was kept sufficiently informed as to the state of things in Medina, and rejoiced at the steadily brightening prospect. Every thing was carried on with the profoundest secrecy, and with a success and skillfulness which, the nature and machinery of the new propagandism considered, may well fill us with surprise. The twelve men who had met Mohammed at the last pilgrimage were to meet him again, but in company with the converts they had made. The place was the same secluded glen in the Valley of Minâ, and under the well-known hight called Acaba. The time was night; for every thing was

to be concealed from the Coreish especially, as well as from all other pilgrims; and the Moslems were to come cautiously, silently, "waking not the sleeper, nor tarrying for the absent."

"One or two hours before midnight, Mohammed repaired to the rendezvous, the first of the party. He was attended only by his uncle Abbas, [who was not a convert, but who had endured the rigor of the ban, and felt some interest in his nephew accordingly.] To secure the greater secrecy, the assembly was, perhaps, kept private even from the Moslems of Mecca.\* . . . Mohammed had not long to wait. Soon the Medina converts, singly, and by twos and threes, were descried through the moonlight, moving stealthily along the stony valley and among the barren rocks toward the spot. They amounted to seventy-three men and two women. All the early converts who had before met the Prophet on the two preceding pilgrimages were there. When they were seated, Abbas, in a low voice, broke the silence by a speech something to the following effect:

" 'Ye company of the Khazraj! This, my kinsman, dwelleth amongst us [the family of Hashim] in honor and safety. His clan will defend him—both those that are converts and those who still adhere to their ancestral faith; but he preferreth to seek protection from *you*. Wherefore, consider well the matter, and count the cost. If ye be resolved and able to defend him, well; but if ye doubt your ability, at once abandon the design.'

"Then spoke Abu Barâ, an aged chief: 'We have listened to thy words. Our resolution is unshaken. Our lives are at his service. It is now for *him* to speak.'

"Mohammed began, as was his wont, by reciting appropriate passages from the Koran; then he invited all present to the service of God, dwelt upon the claims and blessings of Islam, and concluded by saying that he would be content if the strangers pledged themselves to defend him as they did their own wives and children.' "—Vol. ii. pp. 234–236.

They gave the undertaking asked for, large as it was; and Mohammed then selected twelve of the chief of them to be sureties for the rest, citing the assumed parallel cases of Moses and of Christ. When the business of the meeting was over, all hastened back to their several encampments, and thus passed the night of the Second Pledge of Acaba.

On the following morning, a vague rumor of this clandestine transaction reached the Coreish; but they were successfully

foiled in an endeavor, promptly made, to ascertain its real character. During that day the vast concourse at Minâ broke up. The pilgrimage had been accomplished, and the countless caravans began their dispersing of the thousands whom zeal in the worship of they knew not what, had once again gathered round the Kaaba of Mecca. Then came to the Coreish a repetition of the rumors, accompanied by more definite statements; and they at once dispatched horsemen after the caravan of Medina, to demand some account and justification of proceedings so suspicious. The "Camels of Yathrib," however, were too far on their way homeward to be thus overtaken. The pursuers only succeeded in getting sight of a couple of Moslem stragglers, one of whom escaped, and the other of whom they rudely maltreated, tying his hands behind his back, and dragging him to Mecca by the hair of his head. It was but natural, that thus disappointed and provoked, with just grounds, moreover, for suspecting Mohammed's attempted religious reforms to be not wholly free from political designs, the Coreish should at once assume their old attitude of hostility to his followers. Mohammed was doubtless prepared for this, and had possibly even challenged it. It is not giving him credit for any extraordinary measure of foresight or sagacity, to suppose that he had carefully matured his plans before so far compromising himself with his fellow-citizens as to contract with the men of Medina the engagements which have just been reviewed, and that he was already prepared for the several alternatives which might speedily present themselves. We find, accordingly, that but a few days after the second pledge of Acaba, he gave to his disciples the command, "Depart unto Medina; for the Lord hath given you brethren in that city, and a home in which ye may find refuge." They made their preparations accordingly, chose companions for the journey, and set out in small parties secretly, for fear of the Coreish. In about two months, from one hundred and sixty to two hundred of them had in this way escaped; some on foot, but many of them going two and two upon camels. At length there were left behind, beside a few who were forcibly detained, only Mohammed and his most immediate associates and attendants. The Coreish were paralyzed. Whole quarters of the city they ruled were left tenantless,

\* If the Moslems of Mecca knew of the meeting, as the chief of them in all probability did, they at least did not attend it.—*Reviewer's Note.*

the houses closed, and the doors locked. Their whole anger turned on Mohammed. What might they not fear from a man whose personal influence could scarcely be exaggerated, who was so perfect a master of all the arts of eloquence, and secrecy, and management, whose followers had repeatedly given up all rather than forsake him, and whose resolution had passed through ordeals so terrible, and had yet come out triumphant? Self-preservation was their first duty no less than their natural instinct; and they resolved, it is said, that a man from every single family of the entire tribe of the Coreish, including even the Hashemites, should sheathe a dagger in the man, whose blood could not then be charged upon any one family to the exclusion of the rest. Certain it is, that Mohammed's position was most critical, his danger extreme. He had staid with unshaken courage, not to say hardihood, until now; he had seen almost all his followers safely away; and to stay longer might tempt his fate too far, or be useless although it should not. In anticipation of the emergency which had now arrived, Abu Bakr had already purchased two swift and well-tried camels for himself and Mohammed, and kept them in his yard constantly ready and in high condition. Spies and intimates reported the excitement and plots of the Coreish; and at the close of an anxious and dangerous day, the Prophet and his friend escaped through a back-window of Abu Bakr's house, fled unobserved from the south side of the city, and having climbed Mount Thaur, took refuge in a cave at its summit. They were proved by the event to have done wisely in thus resting; for whatever foundation there may or may not be for the reported plot to assassinate, it appears that, at least for some reason, Mohammed was urgently wanted in Mecca that same evening. The supposition of his flight was the first thing that occurred to the disappointed Coreish; and so far were they from being thankful that the troubler of their peace was at length departed, that they sent out scouts and pursuers on every side, and instituted a rigorous search along every road and pathway in which it was supposable Mohammed might be found. Some of these scouts are reported to have explored the mouth of the very cave in whose depths the fugitives lay hid, and to have turned away deceived by appearances into thinking that no hu-

man foot had crossed it. As the morning light shone down into their hold, Abu Bakr whispered, in alarm: "What if one of them were to look beneath him; he might see us under his very feet!" "*Think not thus,*" rejoined the Prophet: "WE ARE TWO, BUT GOD IS IN THE MIDST A THIRD."

On the third night they were supplied with provisions by a Moslem spy; and learning that the ways were somewhat less unsafe, Mohammed mounted Al Caswâ, and, accompanied by Abu Bakr on the second camel, they descended Mount Thaur, found a guide at an appointed place, avoided the usual roads till Mecca had been left far behind, and then fled along the shore of the Red Sea bound northward for Medina. Traveling at speed, they completed the journey in eight days. Four additional days were passed at Coba, one of the suburbs of Medina, while various arrangements were being made, and deputations of citizens and disciples received. On Friday, July 2d, 622 A.D., Mohammed publicly entered the city of his adoption. From that time Yathrib was no more called Yathrib, but Medinat al Nabi, the City of the Prophet. The Hejira had become an accomplished fact, and history received on that day a new era from which to date events.

By the flight to Medina was demonstrated what the conferences at Acaba gave only too good reason to suspect, that Mohammed had resolved upon a new and bolder course of procedure. He had tried persuasion and had conspicuously failed: he would see whether the sword might be more convincing than the tongue.

No sooner had he established himself in Medina, and provided a temple for public worship, and houses adjoining it for the accommodation of his wives, than Mohammed commenced a series of expeditions which proved an admirable training for the greater things that followed. Mercantile caravans were repeatedly waylaid, and were attacked at first with varying success. On one occasion a band of these saintly robbers would have missed great booty and an easy victory if they had not broken the truce observed throughout Arabia during the sacred month, and they broke it accordingly. Scarcely any sacrilege or scandal could have been greater. Even Mohammed was shocked; and when the captain of these over-zealous missionaries returned, he was received with the



rebuke: "I never commanded thee to fight in the sacred month." But he who gave the rebuke seems to have overcome, without very much difficulty, whatever scruples he may have felt about accepting the lion's share of the booty, and all wounds of conscience healed under the inspired application: "They will ask thee concerning the sacred months, whether they may war therein. SAY, Warring therein is grievous; but to obstruct the way of God, and to deny him, and hinder men from the holy temple, and expel his people from thence, is more grievous with God. Tempting (to idolatry) is more grievous than killing." (*Sura ii. 217.*)

The expedition which gave occasion to this extremely opportune and profitable revelation is distinguished also as that in which the first life was taken in the armed propagation of Islam. It is much dwelt upon by the Arabian historians accordingly. "This," says Ibn Hishâm, "was the first booty that the Mussulmans obtained; these the first captives they seized; this the first life they took."

In the following year the minor expeditions were continued, and were followed by the important battle of Badr. It was fought between the Moslems, assisted by the men of Medina, against an army of the Coreishites of Mecca, which had been dispatched in defense of an endangered caravan. The caravan escaped, but the army was defeated, and a remarkable number of Mohammed's principal enemies were found among the slain. Unfortunately for his fame, the Prophet was not content with a decisive victory, nor with the booty obtained on the field of battle. He could not but gratify on this occasion the dearer passions of revenge and hatred. Among the prisoners of war he discovered an old opponent named Nadhr. "Strike off his head!" cried the Prophet, and the faithful Ali struck it off forthwith.

Two days later another prisoner, ordered out for execution, begged for his life, and asked why he should be treated more rigorously than others. "Because of thy enmity to God and to his Prophet," replied Mohammed. "*And my little girl!*" cried Oeba in his anguish, "*who will take care of her?*" "Hell-fire!" exclaimed the conqueror; and in another moment the little girl was fatherless.

The effect of the victory at Badr, followed by such severities as these, was immediate and conspicuous. At Medina the

Prophet's position was greatly strengthened, and he was able immediately to assume a more independent attitude toward the non-Moslem inhabitants of the city and neighborhood. The neighboring tribes were more favorably impressed by the prophetic claims which were accompanied by promises of booty and an invitation to adventure, and which, even at the worst, guaranteed a paradise of the most tempting kind. At Mecca the Coreish were appalled. Every family went mourning. Their gods had forsaken them. They seemed to be at the mercy of a man they both hated and despised; and even the cries of heart-broken mothers and wives were stifled by the swift and incredible lust for revenge. "Weep not for your slain," said the valiant and capable Abu Sofîân. "Bewail not their loss; neither let the bard mourn for them. Show that ye are men and heroes! If ye wail and lament, and mourn over them with elegies, it will ease your wrath and diminish your enmity towards Mohammed and his fellows. Perchance you may yet obtain your revenge. As for me, I will touch no oil, neither approach any woman, until I go forth to war against Mohammed."

Though in the cases of Nadhr and Oeba the Prophet would seem to have behaved with simple vindictiveness, it is possible he may have been in some part actuated by motives of policy. His language admits of only an unfavorable construction. "It is not for a prophet," said he, "to take prisoners until he hath inflicted a grievous wound upon his enemies on the earth. Ye seek after the good things of this life; but God seeketh after the life to come, and God is glorious and wise." Designing to strike terror by means of cruelty, he vindicated his conduct by a pretended Divine revelation. He had not only the pious cunning to attribute his victory, moreover, to Divine assistance, and so to invest his prophetic claims with the weight and majesty of Divine approbation, but he had the boldness to describe the means by which such assistance was afforded. He scrupled not to declare that he saw thousands of angels fighting with his followers against the unequal strength of the Coreish and a legion of their satanic allies, led by Satan in person. More: he affirmed that the devil had played his friends, the Coreish, an extremely shabby trick on this occasion; for that, perceiving he would



have no chance of victory in such a combat, he turned on his heel, made an excuse for himself, and left the field. But however ill Mohammed may have consulted for his fame in dictating Suras so absurd as those which relate to Badr, he turned his victory to great practical advantage. The remaining prisoners were treated with marked kindness and attention. Some of them were converted; some were ransomed on the terms befitting their importance and wealth; and others, unable to find money or valuables, obtained their liberty on condition of teaching to ten boys each the art of writing.

We have dwelt at some length on the battle of Badr and its consequences, because it brings out into undeniable clearness the position Mohammed had assumed. His intentions are not ambiguous any longer. He had entered upon an armed struggle with his native city, and was resolved to abide by its issue. If he failed there, no other success was feasible; but if he conquered at Mecca, the idlest dreams of his ambition might some day be fulfilled. Whatever he may have known or not known of other civilizations and of earlier religions, there is one thing most certain: that of the passions and strength and weakness of human nature—especially of Arabian human nature—he had a profound and consummate knowledge which never failed him, and that, with an audacity and brilliance of success that sometimes looks like inspiration, he was able to turn that knowledge to account. Yet how lamentably is he degenerated from the Prophet whom ten years of persecution could not daunt, and whom the banishment and sufferings of the three years' ban could in no measure change! Sometimes gentle, benevolent, and considerate, he appears one of the greatest and most lovable of men, and the fervor of his disciples' attachment ceases to be a mystery: at other times silent, scheming, and bloody, we wonder that no Arab Decius staked his life upon ridding his country of such a monster and fiend.

For example: at Medina was a Jewess, Asma, disliked by Mohammed because she had composed sundry patriotic couplets setting forth the danger of trusting a man who had behaved as Mohammed had behaved.

"The verses spread from mouth to mouth, (for such was one of the few means possessed

by the Arabs of giving expression to public opinion,) and at last reached the ears of the Mussulmans. They were offended; and Omeir, a blind man of the same tribe, vowed that he would kill the author. It was but a few days after the return of Mohammed from Badr, that this man, in the dead of night, crept into the apartment where, surrounded by her little ones, Asma lay asleep. Feeling stealthily with his hand, he removed her infant from her breast, and plunged his sword with such force into her bosom that it passed through her back. Next morning, being present in the Mosque at prayers, Mohammed, who seems to have been aware of the bloody design,\* said to Omeir: 'Hast thou slain the daughter of Marwân?' 'Yes,' he answered; 'but tell me, now, is there any cause of apprehension for what I have done?' 'None whatever,' said Mohammed: 'two goats will not knock their heads together for it.' Then, turning to the people assembled in the mosque, he said: 'If ye desire to see a man that hath assisted the Lord and his Prophet, look ye here!' 'What!' Omar exclaimed, 'the blind Omeir!' 'Nay,' replied the Prophet, 'call him not blind; rather call him *Omeir the Seeing*.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 131, 132.

Not many weeks after this, and at the Prophet's express instigation and command, another composer of stinging verses was murdered as he slept outside his tent. In the following year, and some six months before the battle of Ohod, occurred the assassination of Káb, Mohammed not only enjoining it, but accompanying the assassins to the outskirts of the town, and bidding them God-speed in their bloody and treacherous task. Next came a general permission for the Moslems to slay any non-Moslem Jew they might chance to meet; and just before this a whole tribe of Jews, to the number of four hundred persons, was expelled from its possessions, escaping from Medina by scarcely the skin of the teeth, and grudging even that. We have no space to follow Mohammed's course in detail, and must allow that, though stained indelibly with crime, he appears to have ruled Medina itself with justice and skill, except in the instances in which he was personally opposed, or in which he found justice demanding an unduly great sacrifice from selfishness.

The fifth year of the Hejira we must notice more in detail. It is difficult to write of it with calmness at even the dis-

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\* Hishâmi says that Mohammed, being vexed by Asma's verses, said publicly, "Who will rid me of this woman?" which speech overheard by Omeir, led to the assassination.—*Author's note.*

tance of twelve centuries; and to the reader who has not previously given much attention to the history of the Prophet, it may well seem impossible to account for the view we have been willing to take of Mohammed's earlier career, when not unaware of the lamentable declension which ensued. The difficulty, however, is not that Mohammed was guilty of diabolical deeds, but that, though thus guilty, and flagrantly guilty, he was none the less the object of every thing but adoration to the vast majority of his followers. They treasured his lightest word as the utterance of heavenly inspiration, and regarded his most trivial actions with a veneration for which superstition were too good a name. When, thinking of his lust and barbarity, we are almost ready to join with sundry ecclesiastics and call him an "incarnate devil," we have still to remember that *somehow* Mohammed so lived with his followers in poverty and simplicity, sweeping his own apartment, mending his own shoes and clothes, faring on common food, controlling a constantly increasing army, and preaching, praying, sinning, so as to seem to those followers very far higher than the highest saint that ever lived. We must remember that somehow his lawless passions, and the unbounded gratification of them, "excited the envy rather than the scandal, the veneration rather than the envy, of the devout Mussulmans."\* There must, therefore, have been much of which we are ignorant, as well as much that we know, to stand as a set-off against the flagitiousness of the year in which he appears to ordinary judgment to descend to the very nadir of human hypocrisy and crime. The first of the transactions which we have thus prefaced was Mohammed's affair with Zeinab, daughter of Jahsh.

"The numerous marriages of Mohammed," says Mr. Muir, "failed to confine his inclinations within the ample circuit of his harem. Rather, its multiplied attractions weakened restraint, and stimulated desire after new and varied charms. On a certain day the Prophet visited, as he often did, the house of Zeid, his freedman and adopted son. Zeid was not at home. His wife Zeinab invited him to enter, and starting up in her loose and scanty dress, made haste to array herself for his reception. But the beauties of her figure through the half-opened door had already been too freely unveiled before the licentious gaze of Mohammed. He was smitten

by the sight. '*Gracious God Almighty!*' he exclaimed; '*Gracious God! how thou turnest the hearts of mankind!*' These rapturous words were repeated, as he turned to depart, in a low voice; but they were uttered distinctly enough to be heard by Zeinab, who perceived the flame she had kindled; and, proud of her conquest, she was nothing loth to tell her husband of it on his return. Zeid went straightway to Mohammed, and declared his readiness to divorce Zeinab for him. This Mohammed declined. 'Keep thy wife to thyself,' he said, 'and fear God.' But Zeid could plainly see that these words proceeded from unwilling lips, and that the Prophet had still a longing eye for Zeinab. Perhaps he did not care to keep her when he found that she desired to leave him, and was ambitious of the new and distinguished alliance. Accordingly he completed the divorce. Mohammed still hesitated. There might be little scandal, according to Arab morals, in seeking the hand of a married woman whose husband had no wish to retain her; but the husband in the present case was Mohammed's adopted son, and even in Arabia such a union was held to be illicit. Still the passion for Zeinab could not be smothered; it continued to burn within the heart of Mohammed, and at last, bursting forth, scattered all other considerations to the winds. Sitting one day with Ayesha, the prophetic ecstacy appeared to come over him. As he recovered he smiled joyfully, and said: 'Who will go and congratulate Zeinab, and say that the Lord hath joined her to me in marriage?' His maid Solma made haste to carry the glad news to Zeinab who showed her delight by bestowing on the messenger all the jewels she had upon her person. Mohammed delayed not to fulfill the divine behest, and took Zeinab to his bed."—Vol. iii. pp. 228, 229.

The marriage caused great scandal amongst his followers, while to the merely pagan unbelievers it seemed nothing less than incest. A revelation from heaven showed to the former the equal error and folly of the scruples they had indulged, while the latter had learned discretion from the fate of Asma, of Abu Afak, of Káb, and of many more. A little later came another wife to the ever-growing harem of the Prophet; and while still engaged in regulating its government and guarding its occupants from glances less holy than his own, Mohammed received tidings of coming war. The Coreish were joined by an immense force of Bedouins, and laid siege to Medina. The city was placed in extreme jeopardy, and was saved at first by the trench outside it, and ultimately by generalship which was not very unlike jockeyship. Mohammed succeeded in rousing suspicions and mutual distrust in the minds of the allies, and caused them to raise the siege according-

\* Gibbon, chap. 51.

ly. But till the siege was actually raised his danger was extreme. There was dissension in his own camp, and no danger so great as that which had been discovered within Medina itself. For a tribe of Jews, the Bani Coreitza, took this opportunity of giving up their allegiance to Mohammed, and promised aid to the Coreish. That they deserved an exemplary chastisement we are obliged to admit; but we may not condemn them utterly, for Mohammed had certainly given them the strongest reasons for fear and distrust. Their conduct was treacherous: had Mohammed's been sincere?

"He had just begun to cleanse himself from the dust of the campaign, when suddenly he pretended that Gabriel had brought him a command to proceed immediately against the Bani Coreitza. 'What!' said the heavenly visitant in the language of reproach, 'hast thou laid aside thine armor, while as yet the angels have not laid theirs aside? Arise, and go forth against the Coreitza. Behold, I go before thee to shake the foundations of their walls.'"

The army was at once assembled, three thousand strong, with thirty-six horse, and marched to the fortress of the Coreitza, two or three miles south-east of the city. Not having expected such a thing, the Coreitza were wholly unprepared, and were speedily reduced to the verge of starvation. At the end of from fourteen to twenty-five days, (it is not clear which,) they capitulated on condition that their fate should be decided by another tribe, their own and Mohammed's allies, the Bani Aws. It happened that while assisting in the defense of Medina, an old chief of this tribe, Sâd ibn Muadz, had been wounded in the shoulder by an arrow; and Mohammed, having acceded to the stipulation of the Coreitza, appointed Sâd ibn Muadz to pronounce their fate. How matters went, and what fate the white-haired old Jew pronounced upon his fellows, are well told by Mr. Muir:

"Sâd still suffered from the severe wound he had received at the trench. From the field of battle he had been carried to a tent pitched by Mohammed in the court-yard of the Mosque, where the wounded men were waited on by Rufeida, an experienced nurse. His wound had begun apparently to heal. But the sense of the injury still rankled in his heart; and Mohammed knew well the bitter hate into which his former friendship had been turned by the treachery of the Coreitza. He was now summoned. His figure was large and corpulent. Having been

mounted with some difficulty on a well-padded ass, he was conducted to the camp. The men of his tribe [his own tribe, note] who thronged about him by the way, continually reminded him of the friendship and services of the Coreitza, and urged him as their own representative to deal gently with the prisoners. He answered not a word till he approached the scene; and then he said: 'Verily, this grace is given to Sâd, that he careth not, in the affairs of God, for any blame the blamers may cast upon him.' As he drew near, Mohammed called aloud to those around him: 'Stand up to meet your master, and assist him to alight.' Then he commanded that Sâd should pronounce his judgment on the Coreitza. 'Proceed with thy judgment,' repeated the Prophet. Sâd turned himself to his people, who were still urging mercy on him, and said: 'Will ye then bind yourselves by the covenant of God, that whatsoever I shall decide ye will accept the same?' There was a general murmur of assent. Then he proceeded: '*This verily is my judgment, that the male captives shall be put to death, that the female captives and the children shall be sold into slavery, and the spoil be divided amongst the army.*' Many a heart quailed besides the hearts of the wretched prisoners, at this savage and bloody decree. But all questionings were forthwith stopped by Mohammed, who adopted the verdict as his own, nay, declared it to be the solemn judgment of the Almighty. Cold and unmoved, he said: '*Truly thou has decided according to the judgment of God pronounced on high from beyond the seven heavens.*'"—Vol. iii. pp. 274-276.

The sentence was forthwith carried into execution, and when about eight hundred victims had saturated the market-place of Medina with their blood, Mohammed turned him from the ghastly sight to a beautiful Jewess, all whose male relatives had but a moment before been butchered in cold blood, and invited her to become again a bride! She refused, and was retained by the Prophet as his concubine and slave.

Thus closed the fifth year of the Hejira. Sick and weary of its bloody horrors and its brutal lust, we are thankful when it ends. We are bound, as we think of it, to remember the simplicity, the ignorance, and the distinguishing characteristics of the Arabs, in order to understand how such things should have been possible; and we are also bound, ere we condemn Mohammed, to remember that human nature is the same in our day as in the days gone by, and that crimes and hypocrisies scarcely less revolting than those which have just moved our indignation, have not been wholly unknown even among



nations which, according to popular opinion, are far more enlightened and far more moral than the Arabians of the time of Mohammed.

It was nearly three years later than this, that Mohammed compassed the one desire of his heart, which would seem to have been dearer to him than all others. He marched with an army of from eight to ten thousand men, and, almost without fighting, made himself master of Mecca. His enemies were at his feet: the hour of his most brilliant and indisputable, though long and patiently expected triumph, was fully come. Scores of times and in scores of places had he fought for it, planned and preached, prayed and lied, and shed blood for it. It was attained at last, and from that time he regarded himself, and was regarded by others, as virtual Sovereign of Arabia. He received numberless deputations from tribes in all parts of the peninsula, tendering allegiance and homage. He organized his government, and though his agents collected an imperial revenue in his name, he never used the funds thus obtained for merely personal aggrandizement, but only for consolidating and extending the power of the nation which had now first found its hands. Indeed, much of praise must be awarded in respect of these things, we believe, to his principal advisers and lieutenants as well as to himself. We are ready to admit, with Dr. Sprenger, though it is slightly anticipating the actual course of events, that they who call these principal friends and advisers, most of whom were among the Prophet's earliest converts, "hot-headed fanatics, must take fanaticism as synonymous with wisdom and perseverance. We find that in all their actions they were guided by the most consummate prudence and by cool reflection, and their objects were in most cases noble, and the means which they employed were rarely objectionable."\*

Shortly after the conquest of Mecca the ritual of Moslem worship was completed, and it remains unchanged to this present

day. The same ceremonies are observed now which were observed by Mohammed the year before his death. The pilgrimage he then performed has served ever since as a model to the Moslem world, and may not be knowingly departed from even to the saving of a hair of the shaven head, the changing of the color of the garments worn, or the omission to cast at least so many stones in such a place, and to say so many prayers at certain other places; to drink water, to bathe, to fast, to walk, to run, precisely as tradition affirms to have been done in the first and last great pilgrimage to the reformed Kaaba of Mecca which the founder of Islamism led.

In just ten Arabian years after the date of his arrival in Medina, an outcast from his native city, and seeking home and hospitality among strangers, Mohammed sickened and died. On the last day of his illness a strange invigoration occurred to him; and as it was the hour of public worship, he was assisted to the temple in which he had so often ministered. He spoke to the breathless and devoted crowd with a force and eloquence unusual even for him, discharged a small debt which he had previously forgotten, attended to some important matters of state, and returned to the room of his favorite wife, exhausted by the exertion. He felt himself rapidly sinking, and having called for a pitcher of water, he wetted his face and prayed: "O Lord! I beseech thee assist me in the agonies of death!" Three times he ejaculated with fervor: "Gabriel, come close unto me!" He requested to be left in perfect quiet; prayed in a whisper, "Lord, grant me pardon, and join me to the companionship on high;" then at intervals were heard the feebly articulate whispers: "Eternity in Paradise!" "Pardon!" "Yes; the blessed companionship on high." He stretched himself gently as he paused, his head grew heavier as it rested on Ayesha's breast, and with this last aspiration after the companionship on high the Founder of Islam and of the empire of the Saracens had passed away.

\* *Life of Mohammed*, pp. 173, 174.



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# BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.\*

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 329.

WE now come to the Bishop's grand article of impeachment; namely, the number of the Israelites when they went down with Jacob into Egypt, and their alleged numbers when they left it.

The first difficulty here has respect to the number of souls which are said to have migrated with Jacob at that time. Dr. Colenso places the difficulty on this point in front of all the rest, and makes very much of it. We must confess that we are not ourselves greatly affected by it.

Our first observation on this point is, that we think candor should suggest that where a supposed discrepancy is so obvious that the writer himself could not have failed to see it, and to have seen that it could not fail to be seen by others, the presumption is strong that there must have been circumstances, whether known to us or not, which gave him full warrant for writing as he has done. To suppose otherwise would be to suppose him destitute, not only of principle, but of common sense. In Genesis 46 the total of the souls said to have come from the loins of Jacob, and to have come with him into Egypt, is given as "threescore and six;" and in the next verse, where they are made to include Joseph and his two sons, they are given as "threescore and ten," (26, 27.) In the same chapter, the writer who gives these totals has given the series of names from which they are to be made up. Surely he was capable of seeing whether the names he had written down amounted to the numbers sixty-six and seventy or not. He must have known when he openly reckoned Joseph and his two sons among "the souls of the house of Jacob, which came into Egypt," that

it was only in some special or loose sense that this could be true, inasmuch as Joseph had gone to Egypt long before, and his sons Ephraim and Manasseh were born there. Nor could the required numbers be made up without including Jacob himself as in this series; and the writer could hardly need to be assured that Jacob could not have come out of the loins of Jacob. Nevertheless, he reckons after this manner, and tells us at the commencement of his genealogical table that he means so to do. Here are his words: "These are the names of the children of Israel which came into Egypt, Jacob *and* his sons," (ver. 8.)

But the grand difficulty is about "Hezron and Hamul," (ver. 12.) These were great-grandsons of Jacob. Their names occur in a list described as descendants of the patriarch who came with him into Egypt, while, in fact, these persons were not born until after that event. How are we to account for this? It would not, we think, be very wonderful if we were obliged to confess that we can not account for it. For though *we* might not be able to assign a sufficient reason, it would not at all follow that there was no such reason. The buried circumstances of the past have left many a mystery of this kind on the surface of history. Dr. Colenso, indeed, settles the matter in a very curt fashion. According to his interpretation, the historian was an imbecile, and did not see the inconsistency; or something worse, would not see it. But thoughtful and cautious men do not dispose of such questions after this summary manner. The man who, in this genealogy, has, without any disguise, counted Jacob along with the sons of Jacob, and counted Joseph, and Ephraim, and Manasseh, along with those described as having come into Egypt with Jacob, though they had not so come, may have had a reason, though he has not stated it, for having named

\* *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longman & Co.

Hezron and Hamul as though they had formed a part of that migration, though they did not. From the open and ingenuous manner in which the historian has explained his somewhat singular mode of making up his numbers sixty-six and seventy, we are bound in candor to suppose that he saw the discrepancy in the case of Hezron and Hamul, and was far from meaning to deceive any one by what he had written.

Indeed, the manner in which these names are introduced is manifestly an exceptional manner. In the preceding verses we have the name of Reuben, then of his sons. So of Simeon. So of Levi. But coming to Judah, two of his sons, Er and Onan, are said to have died in Canaan. As they were dead, they might, as the simplest and briefest course, have been passed over. But as this is the only instance in which death had diminished the offspring of Jacob, the void created by the death of two grandsons in Canaan is to be filled up by two great-grandsons born in Egypt. Beyond a doubt, what is said of Hezron and Hamul, and what is said of Jacob, and what is said of Joseph and his sons — all are open to the charge of not being strictly accurate. But a lofty negligence of this kind, in regard to little things, is a characteristic of the sacred writers. We might cite hundreds of passages in which the introduction of a brief expression, or it may be of a single word, would, as we think, have sufficed to preclude all misconception. But the expression or the word is not there. Dr. Colenso thinks he has caught the historian making blunders. The historian seems to say: "Honest men will see what I mean. If men wish to cavil, I do not write for such. I use general expressions, but I use them with exceptions, and every man may see what the exceptions are." It is manifest that in the author of the Pentateuch we have to do with the writer who has not the fear of critics of the Colenso order before his eyes. The volume of revelation, if written so as to meet or anticipate all the questionings of such men, would have been a strange book.

Had more than two of Jacob's grandsons died in Canaan, possibly more than two of his great-grandsons after the migration would have been reckoned in the sacred number seventy, which was to form the starting-point of Israel in Egypt.

That the historian saw the alleged discrepancy, that he did not mean to deceive by it, and that there were circumstances at the time to justify his presenting this genealogical chapter as we have it, are points we can believe to the full, and without difficulty. As to the supposition that there were no such circumstances, and that the historian has really blundered, or attempted to play the knave, it must suffice to say that proof on these points has not been given, and that the idea of its being given is preposterous. The inconsistency described by Dr. Colenso is too palpable to be real. The man must have been on the verge of idiocy that should have perpetrated it. The argument of the Bishop is pushed so far that it destroys itself. He has not done justice to what we *know* of the case. He has not made the allowance which a wise man should have made for what we do *not* know.

Concerning the increase of these seventy souls into two millions before the Exodus, we beg the reader's attention to the following particulars:

First. We regard the interval from Jacob's going down into Egypt to the departure of his descendants under Moses, as restricted to two hundred and fifteen years. The notion that it extended to four hundred and thirty is not tenable.

Second. Jacob's children included in the seventy consist almost wholly of sons, and the younger would take to themselves wives necessarily and freely from among the Egyptians. Joseph's example would not be without its influence in that direction.

Third. In their new circumstances, with a more settled home, and with the most ready means of subsistence, and regarding the Divine promise of increase as the promise of a national blessing, marriage would be general, and would take place early. Even in a country like Ireland, where the increase of population has been unusually rapid, we learn, from the census of 1841, that in a population of one million six hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and four from the age of seventeen to forty-six, only six hundred and ninety thousand and eighty-six were married, leaving nine hundred and fifty-three thousand and eighteen unmarried. We have no reason to suppose that any such state of things existed among the Israelites in Egypt. It should be remembered, too, that among the Hebrews illicit

intercourse between the sexes was not tolerated.

Fourth. We must not suppose these people to have been strangers to polygamy. The lives of the patriarchs were not without precedent of this kind. Abraham loved Sarah, but he had Ishmael by Hagar. Jacob had been husband to Leah and Rachel at the same time; and, in the meanwhile, children were born to him by Zilpah the handmaid of Leah, and by Bilhah the handmaid of Rachel. Deut. 21: 15-17 shows, not only that polygamy existed among the Israelites, but that it was recognized and regulated by law.

Fifth. While the increase of population in tropical regions is often such, especially among the lower classes of the people, as we never know in our latitude, Egypt is mentioned by Plutarch, Seneca, Strabo, and other ancient writers, as remarkable beyond all other countries for the fecundity of its women. More than one child at a birth was common. Five at a birth, says Aristotle, (*Hist. Anim.* lib. viii. c. 5, § 1,) are the most that has been known; but that number had been known at four successive births.

Sixth. The depressed state to which a large portion of the people were reduced during some while before the Exodus, in place of imposing any check on population, would tend rather to increase it; the depressed classes in all parts of the world being found to be the most prolific. The rice-eaters of Bengal, for example, number a population of twenty-one hundred and sixty-six to the British square league.

Seventh. These particulars will have respect to purely natural causes. But on this question we are not to be restricted to merely natural law. Among a people whose increase was to be the special care of Providence, not only might the births have been more numerous than natural law would account for, but the deaths might be much fewer. And if we suppose the deaths to have been comparatively few, while the births were unusually high, the increase of numbers might soon become such as to be without parallel in the history of any other people.

From all these considerations we are justified in looking to the highest rate of increase in any known population, and in accounting it probable that the increase of the Israelites in Egypt was not merely up to that rate, but something more. We shall take as an illustration of the

possible in this respect from purely natural law, the increase among the settlers in Pitcairn's Island during the last century.

In 1790, nine European men, mutineers from the *Bounty*, left the island of Otaheite with six native men and twelve native women. They landed and settled on the then uninhabited island now known as Pitcairn's Island. When two years had passed, the six Otaheitian men conspired against the white men, and killed five of them. The result was that the murderers were all killed in their turn. This reduced the population at the end of the second year to four European men and ten Otaheitian women. Five years later the four European men were reduced to two, and one year later a solitary man survived with the remaining women and children. In 1814 the island was visited by a British frigate. This was twenty-two years after the population had been limited to four men and ten women, sixteen years after the four men had been reduced to two, and fifteen years since the two men were reduced to one. But the number of souls found in the island was forty-eight, consisting mostly of adults. That is, the population may be said to have more than trebled itself within the twenty-four years. For had not two of the men making up the fourteen persons in 1793 been prematurely cut off, the increase would no doubt have been considerably above forty-eight, and this circumstance may be reckoned against the few infants the men may have left who were cut off at the close of the second year.\*

It is clear from these facts, than an increase of population may take place, in favorable circumstances, at the rate of a triple increase every quarter of a century. But if this was possible in Pitcairn's Island, why not possible in Egypt? And if such increase be possible from purely natural laws, surely it may be possible—more than possible—where there is the action of a special providence to that end. Immediately after their migration it is said: "And Israel dwelt in the land of Egypt, in the country of Goshen; and they had possessions therein, and grew, and multiplied exceedingly," (Gen. 47: 27.)†

\* *Mutiny of the Bounty*, in *Murray's Family Library*, ch. viii. Doubleday's *True Law of Population*, pp. 61-62.

† Kallsch, indeed, in his commentary on Ex. 12: 37, mentions an instance in which five persons multiplied at a far more rapid rate than the

It was promised to Abraham that his seed should go out of Egypt in the "fourth generation." It is not easy to interpret that expression from its connection. Dr. Colenso labors hard to show that there were names which, taken in succession, spanned the whole distance of two hundred and fifteen years. Who doubts it? It is probable that, in two millions of people, and where life was considerably longer than at present, there were many such instances. In this sense the promise was no doubt fulfilled. But each one of those senior men may have seen sons, and grandsons, and great-grandsons, all making so many successive generations. It is said of Joseph that he saw "Ephraim's children of the third generation." That is, Joseph lived to see his fourth generation. Now, Joseph did not marry until after he was thirty years of age, and he died when one hundred and ten; so that in eighty years from the time of his marriage he saw four generations. Suppose we give twenty years to a generation; that will give something more than ten generations and a half in two hundred and fifteen years. But take twenty-five years to the average generation, and that we may apply this reckoning we have now to ask—What would be a fair number to name as forming the root of the intended Israelitish nation in Egypt? If we take the between sixty and seventy male persons who settle with Joseph in that country, and if we suppose these men to be married or soon to marry, we have somewhere between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and forty. We must further insist, notwithstanding the Bishop's protest, that the patriarchal history requires us to suppose that the servants and retainers of Jacob and his sons formed a considerable body of persons, that should be regarded as a part of the new social organization which now passed into the land of the Pharaohs, and was to become settled there for the next two centuries. It should not be forgotten that Abraham, when he determined to rescue Lot, is said to have "armed his three hundred and eighteen trained men born in his house;" and if the establishment of

Abraham, who was then childless, was of that order, did the establishment of Jacob and his twelve sons bear no resemblance to it? Had Jacob's "three bands" with which he met Esau dwindled to nothing, or next to nothing? It is true the people who left Egypt are described as the children of Israel, and as the seed of Abraham. But they could not have been such without a considerable admixture of other blood. Ephraim and Manasseh had the blood of the Egyptians in their veins, and passed it to the tribes which descended from them. The bond-maids of Leah and Rachel became the mothers of men who were to found Hebrew tribes. The nucleus of the race would be Abrahamic, but there would be many adhesions from other sources. Let us then reckon the number which were of the migration into Egypt with Jacob, and which may be regarded as destined to give existence to the future Hebrew population, as two hundred. That number would not include more than two or three score of persons beside the sons and grandsons of Jacob, with their wives, and not more than half the number we might justly demand, if the exigency required it.

Dr. Colenso indeed says, the whole tenor of the narrative is against the supposition that the Hebrews took wives from among the Egyptians. "As the object of the King," it is said, "was to keep down their numbers, it is not to be supposed that he would allow them freely to take wives from among his own people," (p. 104.) But where is the evidence that the Pharaoh cotemporary with Joseph had any wish to keep down their numbers? The presumption is, that he had no such thought. The priest caste of Egypt, according to the testimony of all history, was the highest caste in that kingdom, and the highest man of that caste had given his daughter in marriage to Joseph; and courts, all the world over, give fashion to crowds. It is true, the time came in which a king arose who knew not Joseph; and then, how soon or late we can not say, the Egyptian rule began to be unfavorable to the Hebrews, and they became an obnoxious people in the eyes of the subsequent Pharaohs. But by that time this people may have become sufficiently numerous to make it no longer necessary that they should marry much otherwise than among themselves; and the Hebrew type in the men had no doubt so far impressed itself

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settlers on Pitcairn's Island. This was the case of a man named Pine, who, in the seventeenth century, was wrecked, with four women, on a desert island north-east of the Cape of Good Hope. But as we are not acquainted with the evidence in this case, we lay no stress upon it.



on their wives as to constitute them a class separate from the Egyptians. We see not the slightest reason to doubt, that within a very short interval after the migration, the Hebrew community in Egypt—that is, a community characterized strongly by its Hebrew blood—became much more considerable than we have assumed.

And now what will follow, if we suppose this two hundred persons to increase in a triple ratio through eight generations and a half in the two hundred and fifteen years? The result would give us a population of three million two hundred and eighty thousand five hundred. So much for the impossible about the two millions. And so this arithmetical battering-ram, though wielded by episcopal hands, fails of its office, and is shaken into fragments. We scarcely need say we do not regard the Israelites on leaving Egypt as numbering three millions. We are not obliged to suppose that they had increased so fast even under the special arrangement of Providence, as we know the settlers in Pitcairn's Island did under the influence of nothing beyond natural law.

But we are now admonished that the supposition that the people of the Exodus were two millions in number, makes their reputed departure on the night of the Passover "utterly incredible and impossible." The text on this point says: "And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, beside children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle," (Ex. 12 : 37, 38.) On which the Bishop says:

"It appears from Numbers 1 : 3; 2 : 32, that these six hundred thousand were the men in the prime of life, from twenty years old and upward, all that were able to go forth to war in Israel. And (as we have seen) this large number of able-bodied warriors implies a total population of at least two millions. Here then we have this vast body of people of all ages, summoned to start, according to the story, at a moment's notice, and actually started, not one being left behind, together with all their multitudinous flocks and herds, which must have been spread out through a district as large as a good-sized English county. Remembering as I do, the confusion in my own small household of thirty or forty persons, when once we were obliged to fly at dead of night—having been roused from our beds with a false alarm, that an invading Zulu force had entered the colony,

had evaded the English troops sent to meet them, and was making its way direct for our station, killing right and left as it came along—I do not hesitate to declare this statement to be utterly incredible and impossible. Were an English village, say, two thousand people, to be called suddenly to set out in this way, with old people, young children, and infants, what indescribable distress there would be! But what shall be said of two thousand times as many? And what of the sick and infirm, and the women in recent or imminent child-birth, in a population like that of London, where the births are two hundred and sixty-four a day, or *about one in every five minutes?*

"But this is but a very small part of the difficulty. We are required to believe that in one single day the order to start was communicated suddenly at midnight, to every single family of every town and village, through a tract of country as large as Hertfordshire, but ten times as thickly peopled; that in obedience to such order, having first borrowed from their Egyptian neighbors in all directions, (though, if we are to suppose Egyptians occupying the *same* territory with the Hebrews, the extent of it must be very much increased,) they then came in from all parts of the land of Goshen to Rameses, bringing with them the sick and infirm, the young and the aged; further, that since issuing the summons, they had sent out to gather all their flocks and herds, spread over so wide a district, and had driven them also to Rameses; and lastly, that having done all this, since they were roused at midnight, they were started again from Rameses that very same day, and marched on to Succoth, not leaving a single sick or infirm person, a single woman in child-birth, or even a single hoof (Ex. 10 : 26) behind them."—Pp. 61, 62.

We give this passage at length because it presents as strong a case as is to be found in the volume, and because it may be taken as a fair sample of the manner in which the Bishop has generally constructed his argument. Every circumstance tending to give a character of incredibility to the history is not only prominently stated, but is often exaggerated; and the marshaling of the whole is skillfully managed so as to carry the usual conclusion. But, unhappily, circumstances of a contrary tendency, which ought to have been given with equal care, distinctness, and emphasis, are not so given, and in this instance are passed over altogether.

It would be easy to show that by thus magnifying the difficulties in the way of migration in the case of large numbers of people, the author has proved too much. If many of the impediments to all movements of that kind which are here dwelt upon are to be regarded as insuperable,

then we must not believe in the migrations of peoples in vast numbers in any age or country. According to this sort of historical criticism, the hordes of Tartary and Mongolia, which from time immemorial have consisted of migratory nations, can never have existed; for at no juncture could those multitudes have moved from place to place without impediment from the presence of the aged and the young, the sick and the pregnant, nor without encountering a host of inconveniences on their march of which they knew little while at rest. With those people, tents, utensils, flocks, herds—every thing—moved when they moved. Asiatics have always known how to achieve much in this way which we Europeans can not readily understand. Nearly all the great revolutions in early Oriental history have been brought about by the migration of “shepherd-kings,” who, at the head of their whole people, have come down from Central Asia upon Southern Asia. Attila and Zenghis were late instances of this sort. Gipsy life, or Egyptian life as it is sometimes called, is a low remnant of Eastern ways still found even in the West.

But our great complaint against Dr. Colenso on the point now under consideration is, not that he has overlooked such facts as these, for it is not in his way to appreciate them, but that he has wholly ignored one fact of a very obvious description, and which is of such a nature as to show that much which he has accounted as incredible is really credible, and that many of his impossibilities are possibilities after all.

The Bishop's assumption is, that the Israelites were “summoned to start at a moment's notice;” that the word which came to them at midnight was a word as unexpected as the alarm of the invading Kaffirs which roused his lordship's household from their slumbers at Natal; and that the two millions of persons began their march accordingly that very night. But what if this whole assumption about the suddenness and unexpectedness of the summons should itself be unhistorical—untrue? The history informs us of a mission given by Jehovah to Moses and Aaron.\* The lan-

guage of this commission places the Israelites before us as an organized people, with their recognized leaders, who were well known and easily convened. What was designed for the “children of Israel” was to be delivered to them through their “elders;” and Moses is assured that elders and people will be made to hearken to his voice; that is, they shall have faith in him when he tells them that Jehovah is about to free them from their bondage in Egypt, and to settle them in Canaan. Their traditions would prepare them for the exercise of such faith. The first effect, indeed, of the message of Moses to Pharaoh was only to cause their burdens to be made more heavy, and, as might have been expected, the faith and spirit of the people failed. But from the time the great national plagues began—plagues which fell so heavily upon the Egyptians without touching the Israelites—we hear no more of distrust or complaint. The space occupied by the infliction of these chastisements must have been at least some five or six weeks. The first plague was continued seven days, the last was in anticipation quite as long, and there were eight between these two. During that interval two words—deliverance and Canaan—would, we may well suppose, be words ringing ceaselessly in their ears. Each new plague as it came upon the Egyptians would be as a new iteration of the Divine promise, and a new evidence that, difficult as it might be of accomplishment, accomplished it would be. Moses had been assured that neither the first nor the second wonder would suffice to bend the stubborn will of Pharaoh, but that the terror sufficient to that end would at length come. At length, the last judgment was at hand; and be it observed that it was predicted that it should be the last, and that with this should come the promised deliverance:

“And the Lord said unto Moses, Yet will I bring one plague more upon Pharaoh, and upon Egypt; *afterward he will let you go hence:*

\* “And God said unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of

Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you.—Go, and gather the elders of Israel together, and say unto them, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, appeared unto me, saying, I have surely visited you, and seen that which is done to you in Egypt: and I have said, *I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto the land of the Canaanites—a land flowing with milk and honey. And they shall hearken to thy voice.*”—Ex. 3: 15-18.

when he shall let you go, he shall surely *thrust* you out hence *altogether*. Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow [ask] of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians. Moreover, the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and the sight of the people."

Every thing now, it will be seen, bespoke the near approach of the promised departure. The very suddenness and hurry of it are indicated beforehand.

Now, if Dr. Colenso had been disposed to exercise his imagination on this posture of things as he has done upon some others, it is easy to see the kind of picture he would have presented to us. We think we hear him say: "It must be remembered here, that these people were all well acquainted with their descent from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and with the promise concerning their future in Canaan as the seed of those holy men. Joseph's dying injunction to them, and their preservation of his bones as the consequence of their faith in his last words, were facts which must have been familiar to them all, from the oldest to the youngest. And now, when, according to the Divine promise, they have multiplied in a manner so extraordinary, when Egypt, too, has become as the furnace of the oppressor to them, the tidings comes to them that Moses has been commissioned to free them from their sufferings, and to lead them to their long-promised and long-expected heritage. As plague after plague falls upon the land of Egypt, sparing the land of Goshen, we have to imagine how every mind, every heart, would be filled with the expectation of deliverance; how the good news, thus shown to be so trustworthy, would be upon all tongues; how all the ordinary currents of secular traffic would be disturbed; how every head of a family would endeavor to bring his property as closely about him as possible, and to reduce it to as small a compass as possible; how the men would covertly search after arms, and buy them at almost any price; how the women would ply their hands in providing clothes for the day and tent covering in every form possible for the night; how the men who had the care of herds would be questioning themselves as to the best manner of caring for them; how each plague, as

it came on the Egyptians, would stimulate the faith of the Israelites, and prompt them to some new forecast; how the faith, augmented by nine successive plagues, would rise to its highest when Moses should assure them that the effect of the tenth would be that Pharaoh would thrust them out—themselves, and all that they possessed. An extraordinary crisis was at hand, and extraordinary preparation was thus to be made for it."

All this Dr. Colenso might have said, *ought* to have said; but not a glimpse of this aspect of the question has he given us. The fact that the people in being thus forewarned were so far forearmed, is a fact of which the Bishop has no knowledge. The Israelites no more expected this summons on the night of the Passover than the Bishop and his household expected their alarm on the memorable night in Natal! It may be said that Dr. Colenso does not believe in the previous history of which we have spoken, and in consequence does not believe in this forewarning. It may be so. But has it come to this—that a writer is at liberty to make use of all circumstances recorded in the Pentateuch which, taken apart, seem to make against its credibility, and to pass over all matters tending to account for these circumstances, and to establish a different conclusion? No one, indeed, will venture to say that Dr. Colenso has a right to take this course; but whether right or wrong, it is the course he has taken. We do not say that the Israelites were sure as to the hour in which their departure would commence. Hence there was enough of suddenness in the summons to occasion their taking dough with them that had not become bread, and many of them were but ill-provided with food for their journey. Such circumstances were sufficiently characteristic of the manner in which they had been "thrust out altogether," to be noticed by the historian, without at all disturbing our conclusion, founded on the most certain evidence, that during the past five or six weeks, at least, the departure had been foreseen, and that with the approach of the tenth plague and the Passover service it was made to be certain a week before.

The notion that the Israelites are described as having come from all parts of Goshen to Rameses, and then as setting forth together on the march, and all this during the night of the Passover, is one



of Dr. Colenso's exaggerated fancies. The departure may have commenced in the night, but it is not said that it did. It is described, more than once, as taking place that "self-same *day*." Nay, more; in Num. 33d the departure from Rameses is made to be the work of the whole "morrow" after the night of the fourteenth. "And they departed from Rameses in the first month, on the *fifteenth* day of the first month; on the *morrow* after the Passover the children of Israel went out with a high hand *in the sight* of all the Egyptians." The Israelites who started from Rameses, with Moses and Aaron probably at their head, were, no doubt, the advanced body, joined from various points by others, as was found possible. Of Rameses, and the exact route taken, we have no certain knowledge. It is painful to see how the Bishop clings to every expression which by the most literal and unnatural construction may be made to tell against the credibility of the sacred narrative, suppressing or imagining evidence without limit to carry his point.

What we have said above will go far toward meeting Dr. Colenso's difficulty about the "tents," and the provender, and the arms. We have seen, too, that the necessity of sustaining large flocks and herds in the wilderness was superseded by the fact that the Levitical ritual was but very partially observed during the sojourn there. In the first and second year a measure of conformity in this respect was exacted; and we know that the delivery of the law from Sinai was followed by the celebration of the Passover. Whence the requisite number of lambs or kids (for either served the purpose) were obtained is not stated. In a history relating to such extraordinary events, and consisting not so much of a continuous narrative as of jottings at intervals, and sometimes long intervals, the marvel is that the instances in which we have to confess our ignorance as to how things were done are not more numerous.

No one denies that there were parts of the desert which, in their barrenness and desolateness, fully justified the terms in which the Prophets have described it; but the Pentateuch itself shows that there were districts in those days to which such language could not be applied. We know, also, from later history, and from modern travel, that this has always been the case, and we have reason to believe that it was

much more the case anciently than at present. The valleys about Sinai, which yield the means of subsistence to some six thousand Arabs now, may have been more fruitful then, and other valley districts, or tracts bordering upon the desert, may have included sufficient pasturage to allow of its being possible that the number of lambs or kids necessary for the required service should be available, either as reared by the Israelites or as purchased by them.\* We may add, that as the only instance of the celebration of the Passover in the wilderness was on this occasion, and as the full observance of the Levitical law was reserved to the Promised Land, we know not how far the Passover at that time was really such as the ritual had required. We know it was sufficiently in conformity with what Moses had commanded to be accepted; but our information goes no further.

The Bishop makes much of the passage which says that the Israelites were not to be put in possession of the Promised Land "in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against them," (ch. 13.) But it would be easy to show that two millions of persons would be a sparse population in the expected territory compared with what we have reason to suppose existed in Egypt, and with what we know to exist in many parts of Asia at this day. We know, too, that far down in Hebrew history the flock of the shepherd and the highway of the traveler were not secure against the lion and the bear. Palestine bore no resemblance to the level land along the tract of the Nile, nor to the plains of Hindostan: it was to a considerable extent the land of hills, and lakes, and forests—the land in the eye of the Psalmist when he said: "Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens," (Psalm 104: 20–22.) The promise had respect, not to what was absolutely necessary, but to what would be a privilege and convenience to the new settlers.

Dr. Colenso's exception to the specified number of the Hebrew first-born is more deserving of attention. We admit that in a population of two millions the number of

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\* Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, ch. i.



the first-born must have been greater than is stated; and we have little doubt that a corruption has crept into the transcription of the numerals on this point; an occurrence which will be very credible to those who know the resemblance between certain letters used by the Hebrews in their enumerations. Those who attribute a plenary inspiration to the sacred text, do not suppose that an infallible guidance of that nature has been extended to the multitude of persons who in later ages have been employed in transcribing that text. If a man shall be disposed, on account of an occasional error arising in this way, to question the general credibility of the sacred history, there is nothing in the Bible as it has come to us to prevent his indulging an imbecile and perverse humor of that sort. Even here, Dr. Colenso has not been content with the case as he finds it, but has done his best to complicate the real difficulty by introducing others which are merely imaginary. The first-borns were not only restricted to males, but to the first born to the father, whatever the number of his wives might be. Jacob had sons by four wives, but Reuben only, his son by his first wife, Leah, was his first-born. See also Deut. 21 : 15-17.\*

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\* It may be well to state, that there are orthodox and devout men who say, that long before Dr. Colenso undertook to enlighten them on this subject, they had ceased to place more than a very partial dependence on the mention of numbers in the Pentateuch, and in the early Hebrew Scriptures generally. The system of notation among the Jews being, as we have said, so liable to oversight in transcription, and an error of this kind once introduced being so liable, not only to be repeated, but to lead to further corruptions that other figures might be brought into harmony with it, these persons say that, from these causes, they can readily suppose that the number of the Israelites who are said to have left Egypt, and the numbers given in many connections afterward, are to a large extent inaccurate, and feel, at the same time, that these errors of copyists, whether coming in as oversights or from design, have left, not only the moral and religious teaching, but the chain of historical facts contained in the record, undisturbed. All the difficulties, accordingly, which Dr. Colenso has founded upon figures—and nearly all his difficulties are of that nature—become very light matters to such persons.

Our aim has been to show, that supposing no error of this kind beyond what may be described as a rare exception, the scheme of Dr. Colenso is untenable; that after all he has written, the historical character of the Pentateuch, as generally accepted, has not been materially impeached. We would only add, that the persons who dispose of Dr. Colenso by telling him that they care little about those Hebrew figures of which he makes so

The Christian who knows so much concerning the extraordinary history in the Pentateuch, and who can explain so much in relation to it, is not likely to have his credence in it shaken because there are a few things in respect to which his knowledge is small, and where his explanations must be imperfect. The aggregate of evidence in a case may be irresistible, while some points may be obscure, and from the want of further light may seem to be contradictory. Englishmen know too well how to look at evidence, to allow of their being driven from their faith in a case because while nine points out of ten relating to it are proved, the evidence pertaining to the tenth does not amount to proof. In place of its being true, as Dr. Colenso assumes, that we have no right to *suppose* any thing in such a connection, we maintain, on the contrary, that in all cases where the general evidence is so strong, it becomes us to accept of any possible solution of minor difficulties as probable. The mind of this country will never cease to look at this question after this manner. It would be foreign to its whole habit of thought to do otherwise. Dr. Colenso and his admirers have to lay their account with this fact.

We have now dealt with the historical credibility of the Pentateuch, article by article, passing over nothing that can be regarded as forming a material part of it. And we think we have said enough to enable any man to judge fairly as to the merits of the performance. It has been shown, we think, that, with very rare exceptions, the hostile conclusions of the Bishop are founded on a most partial and erroneous interpretation of the writings from which they are professedly drawn. A book more full of palpable errors we never read as coming from an author with any pretension to scholarship.

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much use, have to remember: 1st, that the errors of this nature which they cede, are not solitary, but in the Pentateuch recur as the scheme or system; 2d, that these errors were existing in the Hebrew text before the Septuagint translation was made from it; 3d, that it is, accordingly, to writings thus disfigured by inaccuracy, that the Apostles, Evangelists, and our Lord himself, so often make their appeal, without the slightest indication as to the existence of those many untrue statements which are supposed to have found a place in the sacred narrative. All this may have been, and thoughtful men say they feel that the grounds of the Christian faith remain unshaken, inasmuch as even the history may be safe, though the numbers be given up.

From Chambers's Journal.

## T H E S L E E P O F P L A N T S .

EVERY body knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening. Their petals, in fact, close up in the same folds, and return to the same position which they originally occupied in the bud. This phenomenon was called by Linnæus the *Somnus plantarum*, or sleep of plants. The investigations of botanists since the time of Linnæus have brought to light several interesting physical truths explanatory of this vegetable sleep.

According to Carl Fritsch, the duration of this plant-sleep, which is the same condition of rest as that of animal-sleep, varies in different species from ten to eighteen hours; its average duration is about fourteen hours.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat than others to enable them to open. Hence the hours of the day are to some extent indicated by the opening and closing of certain flowers, so that Linnæus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "horologium floræ," or flower-clock. Thus, Common Morning Glory (*Convolvulus purpureus*) opens at dawn; the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock; the Ice Plant, at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the Goat's-beard, which opens its flowers at sunrise, closes them at mid-day, and for that reason is called "Go-to-bed-at-noon;" the Four o'Clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the Evening Primrose and of the Thorn Apple open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering *Cereus*, when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. The white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset, and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and again floats on the surface as before. The *Victoria regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

Some flowers, such as the gentian and crocus, after they have closed, may be made to open by exposure to strong artificial light; but on others, such as the convolvulus, it has no effect whatever.

The phenomenon of the opening and closing of flowers is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, which is continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day. The complete expansion seldom exceeds an hour in duration—most frequently not so long; the petals then begin to close, at first slowly, but afterward more rapidly, as they become more folded together, and in this closed condition the flower continues until the time of opening again returns.

Most flowers open during the first hour after sunrise, and close in the afternoon. Mid-day is therefore the culminating point of floral awakening, and midnight of floral sleeping.

Even the ordinary green leaves or vegetative organs are affected by sleep as well as the organs of reproduction. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order *Leguminosæ* or the Pea tribe. Thus the compound leaves of the American Senna (*Cassia Marilandica*) and the locust-tree droop at sunset, and continue in that state through the night, but with approach of morning they again elevate themselves to their usual position. In the sensitive-plant, the leaflets fold together, and the leaf-stalk supporting them sinks down as soon as the evening shades prevail. The change of position in the leaves of these plants is so well marked, that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust-tree that grew before her nursery-window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied with much acuteness: "O mother! it is not yet time to go

to bed; the locust-tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

There can be no doubt but that temperature exercises the highest influence in the production of these diurnal changes. The higher the degree of heat which is necessary to the germination of a plant and its subsequent growth, so much the higher is the warmth required to awaken its flowers and cause them to expand. If this temperature is not reached during the day, the flowers will not open, as is the case with many compositæ whose florets close in cloudy weather. Hence it is also a law of nature that the flowers which are the first to open in the morning, when the sun is low in the heavens, and the earth does not receive much heat from him, belong to plants which will germinate at low temperatures. Consequently, when the daily temperature ascends above a certain point, these flowers close themselves.

So long as the corolla is open, and the flower awake, it proves that the plant is active; but this vegetable activity is the result of the amount of heat and light received from the sun, and that is always directly in proportion to the angular elevation of the sun above the horizon. This is proved by the slumbering of flowers in polar countries, even when the sun never sets below the horizon, but approaches its margin at midnight without sinking below its surface; the flowers thus continuously illuminated go to sleep, and open at certain hours with as much regularity as during the temporary absence and appearance of the sun in lower latitudes. Man has invented instruments to guide him back to more southern lands when he wanders to polar countries, but nature has anticipated all his care; for the slumbering flowers around him tell him that it is night, that the sun is in the north, and rapidly approaching his lowest point above the horizon. This wonderful midnight sun has a peculiar effect on the polar vegetation. Although the foliage of ligneous plants, such as shrubs and trees, which here sink down to the condition of dwarfs, is tough and coriaceous, and of a dark and somber green, gloomy as the long night of the polar world, yet in the steady light which comes from the sun as he circulates above the horizon for weeks, that somber green tint of the foliage is beautifully softened in the grasses and other herbaceous plants. But far higher and purer are the colors of the flowers. The *trientalis* and

anemone, which in temperate climates produce white flowers, steep themselves in the beams of the midnight sun of the deepest red. They continue open when the rest of the polar flowers are closed. Thus, within the arctic circle, as in the other regions of the earth, there is the same law of periodicity in the opening and closing of the flowers, even under continuous sunlight, proving to a certainty that these movements follow the ever-varying angular elevation of the sun above the horizon, and consequently are wholly the result of the variability of the heat and light derived from him in the course of the day.

But how do the sun's light and heat produce these mechanical movements of the petals and leaves of plants? It may be thus explained. All living tissues possess a certain amount of elasticity and tensibility, and are capable of being expanded and becoming turgid and distended when filled with moisture and gases. Thus, drooping flowers placed in water speedily recover themselves, their leaves assuming their natural position, for the water ascends by capillary attraction in their stem, and diffuses itself in the fibrous and cellular tissues of the plants, which are again distended with the fluid. Now, the heat and light of the sun during the day must greatly favor the evaporation from the leaves, and this will cause the sap to rise with greater energy; so also, under the same influences, the decomposition of the carbonic acid, the evolution of oxygen, and its assimilation, with the other nutritive processes, must go on more rapidly; because we know that when the sun is absent, plants cease to give out oxygen; that their leaf-green or chlorophyl ceases to form, for plants grown in the dark become etiolated or deprived of color, and their resins, volatile oils, and other organic products disappear. The slumbering of flowers is therefore very analogous to the sleep of animals. Their life-processes are still going on, but with less activity. Their whole system is relaxed. As soon, however, as the first rays of the sun strike the foliage, the chemistry of nature is again resumed in the laboratory of the leaf, each foliole recommences its allotted task in the labor of construction, and the growth of the portion within the lightened portion of the planet steadily tends to the

and the tissues of the plant being again filled with fluid and gases, the plants themselves naturally strive to take their greatest amount of rigidity and elasticity, their flowers open, their drooping leaves elevate themselves, and they recover all their vital energies.

But how is the fact to be understood, that some flowers open at sunset, and others when his last rays have disappeared, or in the night-time? At first, this appears to contradict the principles already laid down. But it is easily explained. It is probable that heat is the chief agent in causing these movements of flowers whether by day or by night, and that the light only influences them in so far as it contains calorific rays. On this principle,

the opening of some flowers at sunset whilst others are closing, is very readily understood. Chemical changes connected with nutrition and reproduction in plants, can only take place when they are surrounded by the conditions of heat and light necessary to produce them, and these conditions in some plants only exist at sunset. Hence such plants are awake and active at this time. And the same observation applies to night-flowers; these only experience the proper amount of warmth at night, and therefore open themselves and are the most energetic at this period; but as soon as morning comes, the conditions again change, the vital energies of these plants relax, and they fold themselves once more to their daily slumbers.

From the London Quarterly.

## MAN A BALLOONING ANIMAL.\*

MAN is not only a ballooning animal, but also progressively such. After all the ascents of Lunardi, Gay Lussac, our own Green, and many others, there comes in our day, and before this meeting of the British Association, a philosopher who outvies and overtops them all. "*Excelsior*" has been Mr. Glaisher's motto; and he has truly verified its meaning. If the physiologists had the warmest words, Mr. Glaisher has soared into the coldest regions. That enterprising meteorologist has made no less than eight scientific balloon ascents, and with the greatest advantage to the science he professes. In fact, the balloon, in place of a huge toy, has now become a philosophical instrument; and its application to higher purposes has been shown to keep pace with its ascension to higher regions. By no other means could science rise above those distracting influences which affect all experiments near the surface of the earth; where are felt all the consequences

of radiation, conduction, and the reflection of heat, and of currents of air, with many other influences of a similar character. In the aërial regions, these causes of disturbance are escaped; but the doubt was, whether an aëronaut could make the required observations with comfort and safety to himself at great elevations. There was the strongest inducement to make the trial; not only meteorology, but all the allied sciences, as astronomy, magnetism, and chemistry, would be benefited by success. It might not be obvious how astronomy would be advantaged until it is remembered that our acquaintance with the true position of every heavenly body depends upon an accurate knowledge of the laws of refraction.

Before ascending, let us look at the principal objects of the experiments to be made. The primary one was, the determination of the temperature of the air, and its hygrometric state; or its capacity for and condition of moisture at elevations varying up to five miles. A secondary object was to compare the

\* The British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cambridge.



readings of an aneroid barometer, (now much in favor with observers,) with those of a mercurial barometer, also up to an elevation of five miles. Another proposition was to determine the oxygenic condition by means of ozone papers—that is, by papers made sensitive to the influence of ozone, a recently-discovered ingredient in the atmosphere which has perplexed meteorologists, and has been thought by Faraday to be a mode (allotrope) of oxygen. It was also highly desirable to determine the temperature of the dew-point, by different instruments, particularly up to such heights as those at which man may be somewhere resident, or at which troops may be located, as in the plains and highlands of India. All these objects are of practical as well as of scientific importance.

Amply provided with well-made instruments, Mr. Glaisher ascended from Wolverhampton in July, August, and September last; from the Crystal Palace, near London, also, in July, August, and September; and once from Mill Hill, near Hendon, where the balloon had fallen the preceding night, and had been anchored during the darkness. By the first ascent a height was reached of twenty-six thousand one hundred and seventy-seven feet, and in the descent a mass of vapor, of eight thousand feet in thickness, was to be traversed, so dense that during the passage through it the balloon was not visible from the car. By the second ascent (August 18th) an altitude was attained of eleven thousand five hundred feet. The balloon then descended to thirty-two hundred feet, and afterwards ascended to a height of twenty-three thousand four hundred feet. Then a consultation was held; and, as clouds of unknown thickness and moisture were immediately above the aeronauts, they decided not to pass into them. At the third ascent, (August 20th,) from the grounds of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, the air was so calm, that the balloon hovered for a long time over the Palace, and afterward over London, while it was lighted up. Then it soared above the clouds, and, finally, descended at Mill Hill, near Hendon, some eight or nine miles from London. There the balloon was anchored for the night, and the lower valve closed, with the hope of retaining the gas. Before the next sunrise the machine and its human freight were afloat again and afar. At a

height of five thousand feet the light of the sun increased, and the balloon gradually emerged from dense clouds into a basin, surrounded with immense black mountains of cloud, confusedly piled. Shortly after, Mr. Glaisher beheld below deep ravines of grand proportions, bounded with beautiful curved lines. Soon the tops of the mountain-like clouds became silvery and golden; and, at eight thousand feet, the aeronauts were on their level. Now the sun flooded with its golden radiance the whole space directly right and left for many degrees, until all before and behind seemed tinted with orange and silver. It was a glorious scene; and even a calculating philosopher accoutered with all kinds of instruments, was compelled to pause from all science, and to admire the ravines of wonderful extent which opened every minute upon his view. Shining masses, in mountain-like chains, rose perpendicularly from cloudy plains, dark on one side, but bright and silvery on the other, with summits of dazzling whiteness. "Some there were," says Mr. Glaisher, "of a pyramidal form, a large portion undulatory, and in the horizon Alpine ranges bounded the view." On this occasion a height of nearly three miles was attained.

Each ascent had its notable scenery, but apparently none so grand as that just described. The ascent from Wolverhampton, on September 5th, was remarkable for the great height reached. It is estimated that the altitude was from thirty-five thousand to thirty-six thousand feet. At twenty-nine thousand feet from the earth Mr. Glaisher became insensible, and only recovered his consciousness when he descended to the same height as that at which he had lost it on ascending. This fact serves to determine the limit of human consciousness; and above this there is evidently danger, since the balloon is necessarily left to itself. An ingenious suggestion has been made of a contrivance by means of which the opening of the escape-valve will, when desirable, depend on the relaxation of voluntary exertion on the part of the aeronaut. When insensibility supervenes at great altitudes, the valve would open spontaneously by means of a weight attached to its rope, thus causing a descent of the balloon to safer altitudes. Without the adoption of some such expedient, there will be peril of life at thirty thousand feet and upward.

It would naturally be expected that the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, occasioned by balloon ascents, would exercise a very different influence on different persons. In all probability this difference depends upon individual temperament and organization, and even the same man is differently affected at different times.

From his eight ascents Mr. Glaisher has deduced many results of great interest to aeronauts and meteorologists. In respect of aeronautics, it is found necessary to employ a balloon which will contain nearly ninety thousand cubic feet of gas, for great altitudes; and even with a balloon of this magnitude, it is impossible to reach a height of six miles, unless carburated hydrogen, varying in specific gravity from three hundred and seventy to three hundred and forty, is supplied for the purpose. We have a ready method of predicting the altitude attainable by a balloon, in the fact that at three miles and three quarters in height a volume of gas will double its own bulk; and it is obvious that, in order to reach an elevation of six or seven miles, one third of the capacity of the balloon should be able to support its entire weight, inclusive of sufficient ballast for descent. The amount of ballast taken up also affords another mode for calculating the power of ascending. By reserving less a great height can be attained; but then a large quantity is necessary to regulate the descent, and enable the aeronaut to select a favorable spot with security of reaching it. In this respect, there seems to be a limit never to be exceeded; for the necessity of carrying five or six hundred pounds of ballast at once clips the wings of fancy, and reminds man of gravitation. Moreover excessive altitude is found to be incompatible with philosophical observations on several accounts—one being, that the balloon holds its highest place very briefly, and appears reluctant to linger even in a much lower elevation, even should there be no leakage or any imperfection in itself.

What has been said by an aeronaut of experience, that strong opposing upper currents have been heard in audible contention, and sounding like the "roaring of a hurricane," seems to be exaggerated; for Mr. Glaisher and his companion found themselves in the most perfect stillness, excepting a slight whining noise in the

netting when the machine was rising with great rapidity. Possibly the supposed "roaring like a hurricane" was caused by the flapping when the balloon descends, and especially when it tends to collapse. In a rapid descent the lower part of the balloon might flap so loudly, that the noise might be mistaken for wind.

It is satisfactory to learn that ballooning is not confined to men of extraordinary nerve or endurance; for Mr. Glaisher assures us, that any person possessed of an ordinary degree of self-possession may ascend to a height of three miles; but he warns all who are affected with heart-disease, or pulmonary complaints, that they should not attempt an altitude of four miles. Above all, the balloon must be properly handled; and if the adventurer can secure Mr. Coxwell, the companion of Mr. Glaisher, he will be fortunate, and may be daring; for Mr. Coxwell has made as many as four hundred ascents, and knows the why and wherefore of all aeronautic operations. "I saw this immediately," says Mr. Glaisher, "from the clearness of his explanation to me of each operation; and it enabled me to dismiss from my mind all thoughts of my position, and to concentrate my whole energies upon my duties." In fact, Mr. Coxwell did wonders before he started, for in six weeks he built a balloon larger than any which had been seen in England. Its dimensions were—sixty-nine feet in height, diameter fifty-four feet. It met, however, with mishaps before ascending; and, while in process of inflation at Wolverhampton, a gust of wind tore the ring from it, and the consequence was a rent from bottom to top, a speedy collapse, and the loss of fifty-eight thousand feet of gas. In the whole eight ascents three hundred and twenty-nine thousand cubic feet of gas have been used, of which as much as one hundred and fifteen thousand feet have been lost. The total expenditure has been two hundred and seventy pounds; and it was recommended that the Balloon Committee should be reappointed, with a grant of two hundred pounds, estimated as sufficient to cover all the probable expenses of the ensuing year.

Reducing the scientific results of these atmospheric explorations to as small a compass as possible, we may state that Mr. Glaisher has tabulated the mean temperature of the air at every five thousand feet of elevation above the level of the sea

in each ascent up to the height of thirty thousand feet. From this table we observe that the average decrease of temperature in the first fifty-six hundred feet exceeds twenty degrees; while in the next five thousand it is little more than ten degrees. The average decrease for twenty-five thousand feet is nearly fifty-one degrees. It seems that two-fifteenths of the whole decrease of temperature in five miles take place in the first mile, and therefore that the decrement in temperature is not uniform with the increment in elevation. From another table we learn that the mean decrease of temperature exceeds twenty-one degrees for the first mile, and that the rate of decrease of temperature is not uniform up to five thousand feet. More information is desirable upon the actual decrease, seeing that it is not uniform, and particularly as to its influence on the laws of refraction.

With reference to barometers, an aneroid can be made to read correctly, certainly to the first and probably to the second place of decimals, to a pressure as low as five inches. As to hygrometric conditions, the humidity of the atmosphere does decrease with the height, and that at a remarkably rapid ratio; until at heights exceeding five miles the amount of watery vapor in the atmosphere is very small indeed. This briefly compressed residuum of æro-nautic experiments must be regarded as the mere first-fruits of ascents advancing to altitudes of seven and eight miles. It is to be hoped that a grant in the ensuing year will aid in the accomplishment of other and important observations.

It is not impossible that in future ascents we may learn something of the extent of the earth's atmosphere. Analogy and reasoning lead us to infer that it is only of limited extent, and, as Professor Challis has argued, there are good grounds for thinking that it does not extend to the moon. From a consideration of the atomic constituents of bodies, it would seem that beyond a certain point there can be no more atoms; and there the atmosphere would terminate with a small finite density. It has been generally supposed, though on no sufficient or definite grounds, that the atmosphere of our earth is about seventy miles high. Those who suppose that it extends to the moon, have to meet the objection of Professor Challis, that in such case "the moon would attach to itself a considerable portion of its gravitation,

which must necessarily have connection with the remainder, and thus there would be a continual drag on the portion of atmosphere more immediately surrounding the earth, and intermediately on the earth itself, which would in some degree retard its rotation on its axis. If, therefore, that rotation be strictly uniform, which is fairly presumable, the earth's atmosphere can not extend to the moon." The same gentleman proposed observations by barometer and thermometer in balloon ascents, with a view to insure an approximate determination of the height of the atmosphere. It is most philosophical to suppose that atmospheres generally have definite boundaries, at which their densities have small but finite values.

While we are discoursing upon the presumed limits of our atmosphere, and are so far in the clouds, we may as well continue our upward flight, and even dare the dazzling sun himself. Observations of the great source of our light have always been attended with inconvenience, and often with danger. Sir John Herschel has frequently found the heat of the sun to be so intense as to break the obscured glass by which his eye had been protected, and that so suddenly as to threaten the loss of sight. That eminent astronomer, therefore, proposed a reflecting-plate of glass, of which the Rev. Dr. Pritchard gave a description to the proper section. By using this, the observer is placed in the most absolute security, and can at pleasure moderate the light reflected to the eye piece; so that, with an ordinary-sized telescope, the object-glass of which is not more than three or four inch aperture, the willow-leaved objects of which the sun's luminous surface seems to be entirely composed, can be distinctly seen and studied at leisure.

The mention of these objects leads us to notice more particularly what they are. Mr. Nasmyth gave an account of them in a short but highly interesting sketch of the character of the sun's surface as at present known. The "spots of the sun," so familiar to us all by name, are, in fact, gaps or holes, more or less extended, in the photosphere or luminous surface of the sun. They expose the nucleus, or totally dark bottom of the sun, and over this appears a misty surface, a thin, gauze-like veil. Then comes the penumbral stratum, and over all the luminous stratum. The latter, as Mr. Nasmyth had the good for-



tune to discover, is composed of a multitude of very elongated, lenticular, or, to use a more familiar term, willow-leaf-shaped, masses, crowded over the photosphere, and crossing one another in every possible direction. To represent these pictures to the eye, Mr. Nasmyth exhibited an odd-looking diagram, on which he had pasted elongated slips of white paper over a sheet of black card. These crossed one another in every direction, and in such numbers as to hide the dark nucleus everywhere, except at the spots.

The exhibitor had found the elongated lens-shaped objects to be in constant motion relatively to one another. They sometimes approached, sometimes receded, and sometimes assumed a new angular position, in which one end either maintained a fixed distance or approached its neighbor, while at the other end they retired from each other. Some of these objects were in superficial area as large as all Europe, and some even as large as the surface of the whole earth. They were seen to shoot in streams across the spots, bridging them over in well-defined lines; sometimes, by crowding in on the edges of the spot, they closed it in, and by this closing in frequently obliterated it. It was discerned that, although these objects were of various dimensions, yet generally their length was from ninety to one hundred times as great as their breadth at the middle or the widest part.

These observations unquestionably form, as Dr. Pritchard remarked, a very important addition to our knowledge of the physical structure of the sun. The whole difficulty lies in at first detecting them; as soon as they are once observed there is no difficulty in studying them and their relative motions at leisure. It was objected that these willow-leaved appearances might be produced by diffraction, caused by the numberless minute ridges which even the finest polishing-powder, and most careful labor, must leave upon the surface of even the best polished glass. Such an objection demanded refutation, and received it from Dr. Pritchard, and Mr. Nasmyth himself. They particularly noticed that the changes of relative position in these objects were incompatible with the objector's supposition.

Mr. Nasmyth may well be gratified with the marked attention his short paper received; and may readily be pardoned for saying that "he felt more proud of some

of the too flattering observations of Dr. Pritchard, than if an order of knighthood were conferred upon him." Should the willow-leaves not fade away as mere foliage of fancy, and should Mr. Nasmyth's observations be confirmed by others, we shall certainly know more of our brilliant and beneficent illuminator than we could have anticipated. And the dark reflector of Sir John Herschel, already alluded to, may add to the facilities for protracted telescopic study.

From the physical condition of the body of the sun to the distribution of its rays is a natural transition; and we may here advert to a paper read by Professor Hennessey, "On the Relative Amount of Sunshine falling on the Torrid Zone of the Earth." By a mathematical calculation, the area of that portion of the equatorial regions of the earth which receives as much sunshine as the rest of the earth's surface, is ascertained. This area is found to be bounded at the outer limits of the earth's atmosphere by parallels situated at distances of twenty-three degrees forty-four minutes and forty seconds at each side of the equator. Consequently the amount of sunshine falling upon the outer limits of the earth's atmosphere between the tropics, is very nearly equal to that which falls upon the remaining portions of the earth's surface. Principal Forbes has shown that the amount of heat extinguished by the atmosphere before a given solar ray reaches the earth, is more than one half for inclinations less than twenty-five degrees, and that for inclinations of five degrees only the twentieth part of the heat reaches the ground. Hence we at once infer that the torrid zone must be far better situated for receiving solar heat than all the rest of the earth's surface; and it follows that the distribution of the absorbing and radiating surfaces within the torrid zone must, upon the whole, exercise a predominant influence in modifying terrestrial climate in general.

Since the sun has now so long been the great portrait-taker of society, it does seem a singular omission that he was never compelled to take a portrait of himself. Sir John Herschel suggested in 1834 that daily photographs of the sun should be made; and this suggestion gave birth to a remarkable instrument which at first bore the name of the solar photographic telescope, but which is now known as the Kew photoheliograph. The British Asso-



ciation assisted in carrying out this work by assigning to it the dome of the Kew Observatory, and by securing its completion in 1857 in their workshop at the same place. The expense of its construction, one hundred and eighty pounds, was defrayed by Mr. Oliveira. This instrument was conveyed to Spain at the time of the eclipse in 1860, and did good solar service under the care of Mr. De La Rue, who has generously undertaken the charge of the instrument for the present. The object is to continue the use of the photoheliograph for a series of years, and by accumulating observations to afford fair grounds for reasoning. In plain language, the sun must be made to take a large number of likenesses of himself for every day in every year, and then we may form a warrantable idea of his real condition. We shall then know his frowns and his smiles, his spots and his luminous surface, and learn how he really appears when he looks his best or his worst.

Professor Selwyn exhibited several "autographs of the sun" taken by a photographer at Ely. The phenomena shown in these autographs seemed to confirm the views of Sir J. Herschel that the two parallel regions of the sun where the spots ap-

pear are like the tropical regions of the earth where tornadoes and cyclones occur. The *faculae* indicate that the tropical regions of the sun are highly agitated, and that immense waves of luminous matter are thrown up, between which the dark cavities of the spots appear, whose sloping sides are seen in the penumbra, as explained by Wilson in the last century. Other solar phenomena might be pointed out as analogies between solar spots and earthly storms; and the autographs here referred to confirm the observations of Mr. Nasmyth.

The subject of Refraction was treated by Professor Challis; but it is too scientific for brief popular representation. Its importance is practically great, as, for instance, in the case of determining the real diameter of the moon; for if refraction in any atmosphere which the moon may have, be such as it is in that surrounding our earth, the apparent diameter of the moon as ascertained by measurement would be greater than that inferred from the observation of an occultation of a star, because by reason of the refraction of the atmosphere the star would disappear and reappear when the line of vision was within the moon's apparent boundary.

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From the London Magazine.

## THE HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BART.

THE first great earthquake of which any very distinct knowledge has reached us is that which occurred in the year 63 after our Saviour, which produced great destruction in the neighborhood of Vesuvius, and shattered the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum upon the bay of Naples, though it did not destroy them. This earthquake is chiefly remarkable as having been the forerunner and the warning (if that warning could have been understood) of the first eruption of Vesuvius on record, which followed sixteen years afterward in the year 79. Before that time none of the ancients had any notion of its being a volcano, though Pompeii itself is paved with its lava. The crater was probably filled, or at least the bottom occupied by a lake; and we read of it as the stronghold of the rebel chief Spartacus, who, when lured there by the Roman army, escaped with his followers by clambering up the steep sides by the help of the wild vines that festooned them.

The ground since the first earthquake in 63 had often been shaken by slight shocks, when at length, in August, 79, they became more numerous and violent, and on the night preceding the eruption, so tremendous as to threaten every thing with destruction. A morning of comparative repose succeeded, and the terrified inhabitants of those devoted towns no doubt breathed more freely, and hoped the worst was over; when, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Elder Pliny, who was stationed in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum in full view of Vesuvius, beheld a huge black cloud rising from the mountain, which, "rising slowly always higher," at last spread out aloft like the head of one of those picturesque flat-topped pines which form such an ornament of the Italian landscape. The meaning of such a phenomenon was to Pliny and to every one a mystery. We know now too well what it imports, and they were not long left in doubt. From that cloud descended stones, ashes, and pumice; and the cloud itself lowered down upon the surrounding country, involving land and sea in profound darkness, pierced by flashes of fire more vivid than lightning. These, with the volumes of ashes that began to encumber the soil, and which covered the sea with floating pumice-stone, the constant heaving of the ground, and the sudden recoil of the sea, form a picture which is wonderfully well described by the Younger Pliny. His uncle, animated by an eager desire to know what was going on, and to afford aid to the inhabitants of the towns, made sail for the nearest point of the coast and landed; but was instantly enveloped in the dense sulphureous vapor that swept down from the mountain, and perished miserably.

It does not seem that any *lava* flowed on that occasion. Pompeii was buried under the ashes; Herculaneum by a torrent of mud, probably the contents of the crater, ejected at the first explosion. This was most fortunate. We owe to it the preservation of some of the most wonderful remains of antiquity. For it is not yet much more than a century ago that, in digging a well at Portici near Naples, the Theater of Herculaneum was discovered, some sixty feet under ground, —then houses, baths, statues, and, most interesting of all, a library full of books, and those books still legible, and among

them the writings of some ancient authors which had never before been met with, but which have now been read, copied, and published, while hundreds and hundreds, I am sorry to say, still remain unopened. Pompeii was not buried so deep; the walls of some of the buildings appeared among the modern vineyards, and led to excavations, which were easy, the ashes being light and loose. And there you now may walk through the streets, enter the houses, and find the skeletons of their inmates, some in the very act of trying to escape. Nothing can be more strange and striking.

Since that time Vesuvius has been frequently but very irregularly in eruption. The next after Pompeii was in the year 202, under Severus; and in 472 occurred an eruption so tremendous that all Europe was covered by the ashes, and even Constantinople thrown into alarm. This may seem to savor of the marvelous, but before I have done, I hope to show that it is not beyond what we know of the power of existing volcanos.

I shall not, of course, occupy attention with a history of Vesuvius, but pass at once to the eruption of 1779—one of the most interesting on record, from the excellent account given of it by Sir William Hamilton, who was then resident at Naples as our Minister, and watched it throughout with the eye of an artist as well as the scrutiny of a philosopher.

In 1767, there had been a considerable eruption, during which Pliny's account of the great pine-like, flat-topped, spreading mass of smoke had been superbly seen, extending over the Island of Capri, which is twenty-eight miles from Vesuvius. The showers of ashes, the lava currents, the lightnings, thunderings, and earthquakes were very dreadful; but they were at once brought to a close when the mob insisted that the head of St. Januarius should be brought out and shown to the mountain, and when this was done, all the uproar ceased on the instant, and Vesuvius became as quiet as a lamb!

He did not continue so, however, and it would have been well for Naples if the good Saint's head could have been permanently fixed in some conspicuous place in sight of the hill—for from that time till the year 1779 it never was quiet. In the spring of that year it began to pour out lava; and on one occasion, when Sir William Hamilton approached too near,

the running stream was on the point of surrounding him, and the sulphureous vapor cut off his retreat, so that his only mode of escape was to walk across the lava,\* which, to his astonishment, and, no doubt, to his great joy, he found accompanied with no difficulty, and with no more inconvenience than what proceeded from the radiation of heat, on his legs and feet, from the scorix and cinders with which the external crust of the lava was loaded, and which in great measure intercepted and confined the glowing heat of the ignited mass below.

In such cases, and when cooled down to a certain point, the motion of the lava-stream is slow and creeping; rather rolling over itself than flowing like a river, the top becoming the bottom, owing to the toughness of the half-congealed crust. When it issues, however, from any accessible vent, it is described as perfectly liquid, of an intense white heat, and spouting or welling forth with extreme rapidity. So Sir Humphry Davy described it in an eruption at which he was present; and so Sir William Hamilton, in the eruption we are now concerned with, saw it, "bubbling up violently" from one of its fountains on the slope of the volcano, "with a hissing and crackling noise, like that of an artificial firework, and forming, by the continual splashing up of the vitrified matter, a sort of dome or arch over the crevice from which it issued," which was all, internally, "red-hot like a heated oven."

However, as time went on, this quiet mode of getting rid of its contents would no longer suffice, and the usual symptoms of more violent action—rumbling noises and explosions within the mountain, puffs of smoke from its crater, and jets of red-hot stones and ashes—continued till the end of July, when they increased to such a degree as to exhibit at night the most beautiful firework imaginable. The eruption came to its climax from the fifth to the tenth of August, on the former of which days, after the ejection of an enormous volume of white clouds, piled like

bales of the whitest cotton, in a mass exceeding four times the height and size of the mountain itself, the lava began to overflow the rim of the crater, and stream in torrents down the steep slope of the cone. This was continued till the eighth, when the great mass of the lava would seem to have been evacuated, and no longer repressing by its weight the free discharge of the imprisoned gases, allowed what remained to be ejected in fountains of fire, carried up to an immense height in the air. The description of one of these I must give in the picturesque and vivid words of Sir William Hamilton himself. "About nine o'clock," he says, on Sunday the eighth of August, "there was a loud report, which shook the houses at Portici and its neighborhood to such a degree, as to alarm the inhabitants and drive them out into the streets. Many windows were broken, and as I have since seen, walls cracked by the concussion of the air from that explosion. . . . In one instant a fountain of liquid transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height, as to strike every one who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. I shall scarcely be credited when I assure you that, to the best of my judgment, the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which, you know, rises perpendicularly near thirty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea." (The height by my own measurement in 1824 is thirty-nine hundred and twenty feet.) "Puffs of smoke, as black as can possibly be imagined, succeeded one another hastily, and accompanied the red-hot, transparent, and liquid lava, interrupting its splendid brightness here and there by patches of the darkest hue. Within these puffs of smoke at the very moment of their emission from the crater, I could perceive a bright but pale electrical fire playing about in zigzag lines. The liquid lava, mixed with scorix and stones, after having mounted, I verily believe, at least ten thousand feet, falling perpendicularly on Vesuvius, covered its whole cone, part of that of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter being nearly as vivid and inflamed as that which was continually issuing fresh from the crater, formed with it one complete body of fire, which could not be less than two miles and a half in breadth,

\* We spent the night of August 2d, 1849, on Vesuvius, which was pouring out a river of melted lava, forming a lake a mile and a half long and a mile wide, upon which we walked a considerable distance, jumping from one old block of lava to another. We saw quite near us streams of lava running along like red-hot molasses.—  
EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

and of the extraordinary height above mentioned, casting a heat to the distance of at least six miles around it. The brush-wood of the mountain of Somma was soon in a flame, which, being of a different tint from the deep red of the matter thrown out from the volcano, and from the silvery blue of the electrical fire, still added to the contrast of this most extraordinary scene. After the column of fire had continued in full force for near half an hour, the eruption ceased at once, and Vesuvius remained sullen and silent."

The lightnings here described arose evidently in part from the chemical activity of gaseous decompositions going forward, in part to the friction of steam, and in part from the still more intense friction of the dust, stones, and ashes encountering one another in the air, in analogy to the electric manifestations which accompany the dust-storms in India.

To give an idea of the state of the inhabitants of the country when an explosion is going on, I will make one other extract: "The mountain of Somma, at the foot of which Ottaviano is situated, hides Vesuvius from its sight, so that till the eruption became considerable it was not visible to them. On Sunday night, when the noise increased, and the fire began to appear above the mountain of Somma, many of the inhabitants of the town flew to the churches, and others were preparing to quit the town, when a sudden violent report was heard, soon after which they found themselves involved in a thick cloud of smoke and minute ashes: a horrid clashing noise was heard in the air, and presently fell a deluge of stones and large scoriae, some of which scoriae were of the diameter of seven or eight feet, and must have weighed more than one hundred pounds before they were broken by their falls, as some of the fragments of them which I picked up in the street, still weighed upward of sixty pounds. When these large vitrified masses either struck against each other in the air or fell on the ground they broke in many pieces, and covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire, which communicated their heat to every thing that was combustible. In an instant the town and country about it were on fire in many parts; for in the vineyards there were several straw huts, which had been erected for the watchmen of the grapes, all of which were burnt. A great magazine of wood in the

heart of the town was all in a blaze, and had there been much wind, the flames must have spread universally, and all the inhabitants would have infallibly been burnt in their houses, for it was impossible for them to stir out. Some who attempted it with pillows, tables, chairs, tops of wine-casks, etc., on their heads, were either knocked down or driven back to their close quarters, under arches and in the cellars of the houses. Many were wounded, but only two persons have died of the wounds they received from this dreadful volcanic shower. To add to the horror of the scene, incessant volcanic lightning was writhing about the black cloud that surrounded them, and the sulphureous smell and heat would scarcely allow them to draw their breath."

The next volcano I shall introduce is *Ætna*, the grandest of all our European volcanos. I ascended it in 1824, and found its height by a very careful barometric measurement to be ten thousand seven hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea, which, by the way, agrees within some eight or ten feet with Admiral Smyth's measurement.

The scenery of *Ætna* is on the grandest scale. Ascending from Catania, you skirt the stream of lava which destroyed a large part of that city in 1669, and which ran into the sea, forming a jetty or breakwater that now gives Catania what it never had before, the advantage of a harbor. There it lies as hard, rugged, barren, and fresh-looking as if it had flowed but yesterday. In many places it is full of huge caverns, great air-bubbles, into which one may ride on horseback, (at least large enough,) and which communicate, in a succession of horrible vaults, where one might wander and lose one's self without hopes of escape. Higher up, near Nicolosi, is the spot from which that lava flowed. It is marked by two volcanic cones, each of them a considerable mountain, called the Monti Rossi, rising three hundred feet above the slope of the hill, and which were thrown up on that occasion. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of *Ætna* is that of its flanks bristling over with innumerable smaller volcanos. For the height is so great that the lava now scarcely ever rises to the top of the crater, for before that its immense weight breaks through at the sides. In one of the eruptions that happened in the early part of



the century, I forget the date, but I think it was in 1819, and which was described to me on the spot by an eye-witness—the Old Man of the Mountain, Mario Gemellaro—the side of *Ætna* was rent by a great fissure or crack, beginning near the top, and throwing out jets of lava from openings fourteen or fifteen in number all the way down, so as to form a row of fiery fountains, rising from different levels, and all ascending nearly to the same height, and thereby proving them all to have originated in the great internal cistern as it were, the crater being filled up to the top level.

From the summit of *Ætna* extends a view of extraordinary magnificence. The whole of Sicily lies at your feet, and far beyond it are seen a string of lesser volcanoes, the Lipari Islands, between Sicily and the Italian coast, one of which, *Stromboli*, is always in eruption, unceasingly throwing up ashes, smoke, and liquid fire.

But I must not linger on the summit of *Ætna*. We will now take a flight thence, all across Europe, to Iceland—a wonderful land of frost and fire. It is full of volcanoes, one of which, *HECLA*, has been twenty-two times in eruption within the last eight hundred years. Besides *Hecla*, there are five others, from which in the same period twenty eruptions have burst forth, making about one every twenty years. The most formidable of these was that which happened in 1783, a year also memorable as that of the terrible earthquake in Calabria. In May of that year, a bluish fog was observed over the mountain called *Skaptar Jokul*, and the neighborhood was shaken by earthquakes. After a while a great pillar of smoke was observed to ascend from it, which darkened the whole surrounding district, and which descended in a whirlwind of ashes. On the tenth of May, innumerable fountains of fire were seen shooting up through the ice and snow which covered the mountain; and the principal river, called the *Skapta*, after rolling down a flood of foul and poisonous water, disappeared. Two days after a torrent of lava poured down into the bed which the river had deserted. The river had run in a deep ravine, six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad. This the lava entirely filled, and not only so, but it overflowed over the surrounding country, and ran into a great lake, from which it instantly expelled the water in an explosion of steam. When the lake

was fairly filled, the lava again overflowed and divided into two streams, one of which covered some ancient lava-fields; the other reëntered the bed of the *Skapta* lower down, and presented the astounding sight of a cataract of liquid fire pouring over what was formerly the waterfall of *Stapafoss*. This was the greatest eruption on record in Europe. It lasted in its violence till the end of August, and closed with a violent earthquake; but for nearly the whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island; the Faroe Islands; nay, even Shetland and the Orkneys, were deluged with the ashes, and volcanic dust and a preternatural smoke which obscured the sun, covered all Europe as far as the Alps, over which it could not rise. I have little doubt that the great Fire-ball of August 18th, 1783, which traversed all England and the Continent, from the North Sea to Rome, by far the greatest ever known, (for it was more than half a mile in diameter,) was somehow connected with the electric excitement of the upper atmosphere, produced by this enormous discharge of smoke and ashes. The destruction of life in Iceland was frightful; nine thousand men, eleven thousand cattle, twenty-eight thousand horses, and one hundred and ninety thousand sheep perished; mostly by suffocation. The lava ejected has been computed to have amounted in volume to more than twenty cubic miles.

We shall now proceed to still more remote regions, and describe, in as few words as may be, two immense eruptions—one in Mexico in the year 1759, the other in the island of Sumbawa in the Eastern Archipelago, in 1815.

I ought to mention, by way of preliminary, that almost the whole line of coast of South and Central America, from Mexico southward as far as Valparaiso—that is to say, nearly the whole chain of the Andes—is one mass of volcanos. In Mexico and Central America, there are two and twenty, and in Quito, Peru, and Chili, six and twenty more in activity; and nearly as many more extinct ones, any one of which may at any moment break out afresh. This does not prevent the country from being inhabited, fertile, and well cultivated. Well, in a district in Mexico celebrated for the growth of the finest cotton, between two streams called *Cuitimba* and *San Pedro*, which furnished water for irrigation, lay the farm and

homestead of Don Pedro de Jurullo, one of the richest and most fertile properties in that country. He was a thriving man, and lived in comfort as a large proprietor, little expecting the mischief that was to befall him. In June, 1759, however, a subterraneous noise was heard in this peaceful region. Hollow sounds of the most alarming nature were succeeded by frequent earthquakes, succeeding one another for fifty or sixty days; but they died away, and in the beginning of September every thing seemed to have returned to its usual state of tranquillity. Suddenly, on the night of the twenty-eighth of September, the horrible noises recommenced. All the inhabitants fled in terror; and the whole tract of ground, from three to four square miles in extent, rose up in the form of a bladder to a height of upward of five hundred feet! Flames broke forth over a surface of more than half a square league, and through a thick cloud of ashes illuminated by this ghastly light, the refugees, who had ascended a mountain at some distance, could see the ground as if softened by the heat, and swelling and sinking like an agitated sea. Vast rents opened in the earth, into which the two rivers I mentioned precipitated themselves, but so far from quenching the fires, only seemed to make them more furious. Finally, the whole plain became covered with an immense torrent of boiling mud, out of which sprang thousands of little volcanic cones called Hornitos, or ovens. But the most astonishing part of the whole was the opening of a chasm vomiting out fire, and red-hot stones, and ashes, which accumulated so as to form "a range of six large mountain masses, one of which is upward of sixteen hundred feet in height above the old level, and which is now known as the volcano of Jurullo. It is continually burning; and for a whole year continued to throw up an immense quantity of ashes, lava, and fragments of rock. The roofs of houses at the town or village of Queretaro, upward of one hundred and forty miles distant, were covered with the ashes. The two rivers have again appeared, issuing at some distance from among the hornitos, but no longer as sources of wealth and fertility, for they are scalding hot, or at least were so when Baron Humboldt visited them several years after the event. The ground even then retained a violent heat, and the hornitos were pouring forth columns of steam twenty or thirty feet

high, with a rumbling noise like that of a steam-boiler.

The Island of Sumbawa is one of that curious line of islands which links on Australia to the south-eastern corner of Asia. It forms, with one or two smaller volcanic islands, a prolongation of Java, at that time, in 1815, a British possession, and under the government of Sir Stamford Raffles, to whom we owe the account of the eruption, and who took a great deal of pains to ascertain all the particulars. Java itself, I should observe, is one rookery of volcanos, and so are all the adjoining islands in that long crescent-shaped line I refer to.

On the Island of Sumbawa is the volcano of Tomboro, which broke out into eruption on the fifth of April in that year; and I can hardly do better than quote the account of it in Sir Stamford Raffles's own words:

"Almost every one," says this writer, "is acquainted with the intermitting convulsions of Etna and Vesuvius as they appear in the descriptions of the poet, and the authentic accounts of the naturalist; but the most extraordinary of them can bear no comparison, in point of duration and force, with that of Mount Tomboro in the island of Sumbawa. This eruption extended perceptible evidences of its existence over the whole of the Molucca Islands, over Java, a considerable portion of the Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of one thousand statute miles from its center," (that is, to one thousand miles' *distance*), "by tremulous motions and the report of explosions. In a short time the whole mountain near the Sang'ir appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction. The fire and columns of flame continued to rage with unabated fury, until the darkness, caused by the quantity of falling matter, obscured it at about eight P.M. Stones at this time fell very thick at Sang'ir, some of them as large as two fists, but generally not larger than walnuts. Between nine and ten P.M., ashes began to fall, and soon after a violent whirlwind ensued, which blew down nearly every house of Sang'ir, carrying the roofs and light parts away with it. In the port of Sang'ir, adjoining Sumbawa, its effects were much more violent, tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and carrying them into the air, together with men, horses, cattle, and whatsoever came within

its influence. This will account for the immense number of floating trees seen at sea. The sea rose nearly twelve feet higher than it had ever been known to do before, and completely spoiled the only small spots of rice-land in Sang'ir, sweeping away houses and every thing within its reach. The whirlwind lasted about an hour. No explosions were heard till the whirlwind had ceased at about eleven A.M. From midnight till the evening of the eleventh, they continued without intermission; after that time their violence moderated, and they were heard only at intervals; but the explosions did not cease entirely until the fifteenth of July. Of all the villages round Tomboro, Tempo, containing about forty inhabitants, is the only one remaining. In Pekaté no vestige of a house is left; twenty-six of the people, who were at Sumbawa at the time, are the whole of the population who have escaped. From the best inquiries, there were certainly not fewer than twelve thousand individuals in Tomboro and Pekaté at the time of the eruption, of whom five or six survive. The trees and herbage of every description, along the whole of the north and west of the peninsula, have been completely destroyed, with the exception of a high point of land near the spot where the village of Tomboro stood. At Sang'ir, it is added, the famine occasioned by this event was so extreme, that one of the rajah's own daughters died of starvation."

I have seen it computed that the quantity of ashes and lava vomited forth in this awful eruption would have formed three mountains the size of Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps; and if spread over the surface of Germany, would have covered the whole of it two feet deep! The ashes did actually cover the whole island of Tombock, more than one hundred miles distant, to that depth, and forty-four thousand persons there perished by starvation, from the total destruction of all vegetation.

The mountain Kiraniah in the Island of Owyhee, one of the Sandwich Isles, exhibits the remarkable phenomenon of a lake of molten and very liquid lava *always* filling the bottom of the crater, and always in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows—yet with this it is content, for it would seem that at least for a long time past there has been no violent outbreak

so as to make what is generally understood by a volcanic eruption. Volcanic eruptions are almost always preceded by earthquakes, by which the beds of rock, that overlie and keep down the struggling powers beneath, are dislocated and cracked, till at last they give way, and the strain is immediately relieved. It is chiefly when this does not happen, when the force below is sufficient to heave up and shake the earth, but not to burst open the crust, and give vent to the lava and gases, that the most destructive effects are produced. The great earthquake of November 1st, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, was an instance of this kind, and was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest on record; for the concussion extended over all Spain and Portugal—indeed over all Europe, and even into Scotland—over North-Africa, where in one town in Morocco eight thousand or ten thousand people perished. Nay, its effects extended even across the Atlantic to Madeira, where it was very violent, and to the West-Indies. The most striking feature about this earthquake was its extreme suddenness. All was going on quite as usual in Lisbon the morning of that memorable day, the weather fine and clear, and nothing whatever to give the population of that great capital the least suspicion of mischief. All at once, at twenty minutes before ten A.M., a noise was heard like the rumbling of carriages under ground; it increased rapidly and became a succession of deafening explosions like the loudest cannon. Then a shock, which, as described by one writing from the spot, seemed to last but the tenth part of a minute, and down came tumbling palaces, churches,\* theaters, and every large public edifice, and about a third or a fourth part of the dwelling-houses. More shocks followed in rapid succession, and in six minutes from the commencement sixty thousand persons were crushed in the ruins! Here are the simple but expressive words of one J. Latham, who writes to his uncle in London: "I was on the river with one of my customers going to a village three miles off. Presently the boat made a noise as if on the shore or landing, though then in

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\* While in Lisbon in September, 1853, we saw the walls of a marble Gothic church still standing in ruins, with the key-stones of the arched windows dropped out, left as a monument of the dreadful scene.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.



the middle of the water. I asked my companion if he knew what was the matter. He stared at me, and looking at Lisbon, we saw the houses falling, which made him say: 'God bless us, it is an earthquake!' About four or five minutes after the boat made a noise as before, and we saw the houses tumble down on both sides of the river." They then landed and made for a hill; thence they beheld the sea\* (which had at first receded and laid a great tract dry) come rolling in, in a vast mountain wave fifty or sixty feet high, on the land, and sweeping all before it. Three thousand people had taken refuge on a new stone quay or jetty just completed at great expense. In an instant it was turned topsy-turvy; and the whole quay, and every person on it, with all the vessels moored to it, disappeared, and not a vestige of them ever appeared again. Where that quay stood, was afterward found a depth of one hundred fathoms (six hundred feet) water. It happened to be a religious festival, and most of the population were assembled in the churches, which fell and crushed them. That no horror might be wanting, fires broke out in innumerable houses where the wood-work had fallen on the fires, and much that the earthquake had spared was destroyed by fire. And then too broke forth that worst of all scourges, a lawless ruffian-like mob who plundered, burned, and murdered in the midst of all that desolation and horror. The huge wave I have spoken of swept the whole coast of Spain and Portugal. Its swell and fall was ten or twelve feet at Madeira. It swept quite across the Atlantic, and broke on the shores of the West-Indies. Every lake and firth in England and Scotland was dashed for a moment out of its bed, the water not partaking of the sudden *shove* given to the land, just as when you splash a flat saucerful of water, the water dashes over on the side *from* which the shock is given.

One of the most curious incidents in this earthquake was its effect on ships far out at sea, which would lead us to sup-

pose that the immediate impulse was in the nature of a violent blow or thrust upward, under the bed of the ocean. Thus it is recorded that this upward shock was so sudden and violent on a ship, at that time forty leagues from Cape St. Vincent, that the sailors on deck were tossed up into the air to a height of eighteen inches. A British ship eleven miles from land near the Philippine Islands in 1796 was struck upward from below with such force as to unship and split up the main-mast.

The same kind of upward bounding movement took place at Riobamba in Quito in the great earthquake of February 4th, 1797, which was connected with an eruption of the volcano of Tunguragua. That earthquake extended in its greatest intensity over an oval space of one hundred and twenty miles from south to north, and sixty from east to west, within which space every town and village was leveled with the ground; but the total extent of surface shaken was upward of five hundred miles in one direction, (from Puna to Popayan,) and four hundred in the other. Quero, Riobamba, and several other towns, were buried under fallen mountains, and in a very few minutes thirty thousand persons were destroyed. At Riobamba, however, after the earthquake, a great number of corpses were found to have been tossed across a river, and scattered over the side of a sloping hill on the other side.

The frequency of these South-American earthquakes is not more extraordinary than the duration of the shocks. Humboldt relates that on one occasion, when traveling on mule-back with his companion Bonpland, they were obliged to dismount in a dense forest, and throw themselves on the ground, the earth being shaken uninterruptedly for upward of a quarter of an hour with such violence that they could not keep their legs.

One of the most circumstantially described earthquakes on record is that which happened in Calabria on the fifth of February, 1783—I should say began then, for it may be said to have lasted four years. In the year 1783, for instance, nine hundred and forty-nine shocks took place, of which five hundred and one were great ones, and in 1784 one hundred and fifty-one shocks were felt, ninety-eight of which were violent. The center of action seemed to be under the towns of Mon-

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\* Lisbon is six miles from the ocean up the river Tagus. The bed of the river was laid bare for a moment, and then came in the wave sixty feet high from the ocean. The earth along the shore of the river opened, and the quay, vessels, and people went down in a moment into a watery grave, and the earth closed over them. No relic came to the surface.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.



teleone and Oppido. In a circle twenty-two miles in radius round Oppido every town and village was destroyed within two minutes by the first shock, and within one of seventy miles' radius all were seriously shaken and much damage done. The whole of Calabria was affected, and even across the sea Messina was shaken, and a great part of Sicily.

There is no end of the capricious and out-of-the-way accidents and movements recorded in this Calabrian earthquake. The ground undulated like a ship at sea, people became actually sea-sick, and to give an idea of the undulation, (just as it happens at sea,) the scud of the clouds before the wind seemed to be fitfully arrested during the pitching movement when it took place in the same direction, and to redouble its speed in the reverse movement. At Oppido many houses were swallowed up bodily. Loose objects were tossed up several yards into the air. The flagstones in some places were found after a severe shock all turned bottom upward. Great fissures opened in the earth, and at Terra Nova a mass of rock two hundred feet high and four hundred in diameter traveled four miles down a ravine. All landmarks were removed, and the land itself, in some instances, with trees and hedges growing on it, carried bodily away and set down in another place. Altogether about forty thousand people perished by the earthquakes, and some twenty thousand more of the epidemic diseases produced by want and the effluvia of the dead bodies.

Volcanoes occasionally break forth at the bottom of the sea, and, when this is the case, the result is usually the production of a new island. This, in many cases, disappears soon after its formation, being composed of loose and incoherent materials, which easily yield to the destructive power of the waves. Such was the case with the Island of Sabrina, thrown up, in 1811, off St. Michaels, in the Azores, which disappeared almost as soon as formed, and in that of Pantellaria, on the Sicilian coast, which resisted longer, but was gradually washed into a shoal, and at length has, we believe, completely disappeared. In numerous other instances, the cones of cinders and scoriæ, once raised, have become compacted and bound together by the effusion of lava, hardening into solid stone, and thus, becoming habitual volcanic vents, they continue to increase in

height and diameter, and assume the importance of permanent volcanic islands. Such has been, doubtless, the history of those numerous insular volcanoes which dot the ocean in so many parts of the world, such as Teneriffe, the Azores, Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan d'Ambra, etc. In some cases the process has been witnessed from its commencement, as in that of two islands which arose in the Aleutian group, connecting Kamtschatka with North-America, the one in 1796, the other in 1814, and which both attained the elevation of three thousand feet.

Beside these evident instances of eruptive action, there is every reason to believe that enormous floods of lava have been at various remote periods in the earth's history, poured forth at the bottom of seas so deep as to repress, by the mere weight of water, all outbreak of steam, gas, or ashes; and reposing perhaps for ages in a liquid state, protected from the cooling action of the water on their upper surface by a thick crust of congealed stony matter, to have assumed a perfect level, and, at length, by slow cooling, taken on that peculiar columnar structure which we see produced in miniature in starch by the contraction or shrinkage, and consequent splitting, of the material in drying; and resulting in those picturesque and singular landscape-features called basaltic colonnades, when brought up to day by sudden or gradual upheaval, and broken into cliffs and terraces by the action of waves, torrents, or weather. Those grand specimens of such colonnades which Britain possesses in the Giant's Causeway of Antrim, and the Cave of Fingal in Staffa, for instance, are, no doubt, extreme outstanding portions of such a vast submarine lava-flood which at some inconceivably remote epoch occupied the whole intermediate space, affording the same kind of evidence of a former connection of the coasts of Scotland and Ireland as do the opposing chalk-cliffs of Dover and Bonlogne of the ancient connection of France with Britain. Here and there a small basaltic island, such as that of Rathlin, remains to attest this former continuity, and to recall to the contemplative mind that sublime antagonism between sudden violence and persevering effort, which the study of geology impresses in every form of repetition.

There exists a very general impression that earthquakes are preceded and ushered

in by some kind of preternatural, and, as it were, expectant calm in the elements, as if to make the confusion and desolation they create the more impressive. The records of such visitations which we possess, however striking some particular cases of this kind may appear, by no means bear out this as a general fact, or go to indicate any particular phase of weather as preferentially accompanying their occurrence. This does not prevent, however, certain conjunctures of atmospheric or other circumstances from exercising a determining influence on the times of their occurrence. According to the view we have taken of their origin, (namely, the displacement of pressure, resulting in a state of strain in the strata at certain points, gradually increasing to the maximum they can bear without disruption,) it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. Great barometrical fluctuation, accumulating atmospheric pressure for a time over the sea, and relieving it over the land; an unusually high tide, aided by long-continued and powerful winds, heaping up the water; nay, even the tidal action of the sun and moon on the *solid* portion of the earth's crust—all these causes, for the moment combining, may very well suffice

to determine the instant of fracture, when the balance between the opposing forces is on the eve of subversion. The last-mentioned cause may need a few words of explanation. The action of the sun and moon, though it can not produce a tide in the solid crust of the earth, *tends* to do so, and, were it fluid, *would* produce it. It therefore, in point of fact, does bring the solid portions of the earth's surface into a state alternately of strain and compression. The effective part of their force, in the present case, is not that which aids to *lift* or to *press* the superficial matter, (for *that*, acting alike on the continents and on the bed of the sea, would have no influence,) but that which tends to produce lateral displacement; or what geometers call the *tangential force*. This of necessity brings the whole ring of the earth's surface, which at any instant has the acting luminary *on its horizon*, into a state of strains; and the whole area over which it is nearly vertical, into one of compression. We leave this point to be further followed out, but we can not forbear remarking, that the great volcanic chains of the world have in point of fact, a direction which this cause of disruption would tend rather to favor than to contravene.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## T H E S P E C T E R ' S V I S I T .

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

TOWARD the close of the year 18—I went with my children to spend some time at the quiet watering-place of S——. I had just recovered from a dangerous illness, and had been recommended by my medical advisers in London to pass the ensuing winter in the mild climate of the south-west of England. At S—— I found a house, which in all respects suited me, and I took it by the month, wishing to give the place a trial before fixing myself there for the winter. The house I hired

was handsomely furnished and fitted up, pleasantly situated, with a sloping lawn in front, and a garden, sheltered by some fine old trees, behind, and the rent was, all its advantages considered, uncommonly low. I soon established myself in it, much to my satisfaction. But the weather was becoming cold, and I found it necessary to have a fire in my bedroom. Unfortunately, the one I had selected, from its being a cheerful, airy apartment, smoked, and the art of the chimney-

sweeper was resorted to in vain. I am rather asthmatic, therefore I was compelled to evacuate my otherwise pleasant room, and to take possession of a large, gloomy-looking apartment in what seemed to be a wing of the house. This remote chamber was situated at the extreme end of a long, narrow passage; it was spacious, and opened into an inner room, or dressing-room, which again communicated with a private staircase.

The windows of these rooms were in the Gothic style, high and arched, the papering was of a dusky hue, and the curtains of the bed were of the darkest shade of green. In short, all around was so somber that I felt a corresponding tinge of gloom as I retired to my new apartment for the night; but I stirred the fire, it blazed brightly, and as I was free from my enemy—*smoke*—I committed myself to my pillow, and soon found the repose I sought. How long I slept soundly I do not know, but after a time my dreams became dreadfully disturbed; I started up, and I thought I heard the door of my room, which led to the dressing-room and to the back staircase, open and shut. I listened—there was no repetition of the sound—all partook of the deep, dead stillness of night; I felt extremely drowsy, and soon slept again. Again my fancy was busy with horrid things, and I dreamed that a wild-looking, bloody figure was standing by my bed, and glaring with fiery eyes at me from fleshless sockets. I was sensible of intense agony, and I thought I fainted from absolute fright. After a time I seemed to come to myself; the dreadful figure had vanished; I attempted to scream out, but the power of utterance seemed denied to me. At length, after long struggling with what I afterward concluded was an attack of nightmare, I shook off my uneasy sleep, and hailed, with a sense of transport and security, the first faint dawn of day. I rose unrefreshed, but after breathing awhile the pure morning air, its vivifying influence restored my harassed spirits to their usual equanimity, and the little duties and occurrences of the day banished from my mind the painful impression of its midnight vision. As night approached, however, I felt some reluctance to retire to my gloomy and distant dormitory, but I was not so weak as to give way to such folly, and, conquering my unpleasant sensations, I again took possession of the

couch with dark-green curtains. I slept calmly and well, and after occupying that apartment for a few days, I began to forget altogether my singular dream.

About this time I was invited to spend an evening at the house of the oldest medical practitioner in the town. He had been called in previously to attend one of my children who was unwell, and his wife had, in consequence of this introduction, paid me a visit. I was a stranger in S—, and Dr. and Mrs. Graham were noted for their hospitality, which they were so good as to extend to me. On arriving at their house I found about fourteen persons assembled, to some of whom I was introduced. Cards were the order of the evening, for the good people of S— were inveterate card-players, and whist was the favorite game. I never play at cards, and whist is to me an unfathomable mystery; so, after much entreaty, many excuses, and repeated protestations of my utter incapacity to “take a hand,” I made good my escape from the card-tables, and was permitted to join two ladies, who, like myself, preferred conversation or *silence* even if there were no other resource. My companions were not very similar in age or appearance; the one was an old lady, who had assuredly passed the whole of that undefined and undefinable period known by the uncertain name of “a certain age;” the other was a young married woman, whose Hebe countenance and laughing black eyes plainly told that she was little acquainted with care, and that she preferred “L’Allegro” to “Il Penseroso.” After discussing the pretty scenery and the pretty walks round S—, the accommodations it affords for strangers, and the prices and qualities of its markets, the advantage of its climate was mentioned. “I don’t know,” said the black-eyed lady; “I can not quite agree in the mildness of its climate—at least, we don’t experience it where we live, on the top of that horrid hill.”

“It is a very airy situation,” observed the old lady.

“Yes,” said the younger, “it is so airy that we might as well live in the open air; but my husband, who is a captain in the navy, and who has all his life been accustomed to a fresh breeze, as he calls it, can not bear to live except in what I call a gale of wind. For my part, I should much prefer that pretty-looking house at the foot of the hill, which has quite enough of

the sea-breezes in front, and is sheltered so well from the northerly winds behind."

"I am surprised to hear you say so, ma'am," replied the old lady; "if you were in *that* house, I don't doubt you would soon be glad to get out of it."

"Why, pray?" asked both the other lady and myself at the same moment.

"Oh!" she replied, "you are both strangers here, or you would not ask that question;" then, dropping her voice, and looking very solemn, she continued, "that house is haunted, they say."

"Good heavens! haunted?" I exclaimed.

"Haunted? that's delightful!" said the other lady, laughing violently. "Of all things I should like to live in it, then, it would be so droll to see a ghost."

"Droll?" repeated the elder lady, in a tone of grave rebuke; "I do not think that word applicable to any thing which belongs to the other world."

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the black-eyed lady of me, with a gay smile and a suppressed sneer.

"I believe that nothing is impossible with God," I replied.

"Well," said she, "I would as soon expect to see these tables and chairs begin to dance about,\* as dead people get out of their graves to perambulate the earth; but I should like vastly to see what the ignorant and superstitious would call a ghost."

"Then, ma'am," resumed the old lady, "if you occupied the house you fancy so much, you would be very likely to see one."

I felt annoyed at this intelligence, and I dare say I turned pale, but the ancient narrator of the ghost-story was purblind, and neither heeded this symptom of particular interest on my part, nor the winks and warning looks of Mrs. Graham, who, being a prisoner at whist, could not come to the rescue, nor succeed in stopping the old lady's unlucky communications. She went on:

"In that house a fearful deed has been done, a murder was committed there, and that worst kind of murder, which leaves no time for repentance, no hope of forgiveness. The monster who deprives his fellow-being of life may yet live to repent of his crime, and to have his guilt washed out in the blood of his Redeemer, but the

misguided wretch who lays violent hands on himself, and takes that life which God had given him, rushing uncalled for into the presence of his Eternal Judge, what time has he to breathe even one repentant prayer to the Throne of Grace? What right to hope for pardon of his guilty deed? The late owner of that house committed suicide; it is charity to hope that his intellects were deranged, but there is much reason to fear that his conscience was bad, for he had led any thing but a correct life."

"Who was he?" asked the younger lady.

"A Mr. Norton, a man of some property, although he had squandered the greater part of his fortune in gambling and extravagance. It was said that he had been a sad profligate in his youth, and had been quite devoted to pleasure, until a series of disappointments and mortifications disgusted him with the world, and changed him into a misanthropic recluse. He was a middle-aged man when he came here to live. S—— was not then so much frequented as it is now, and only a few families came here for sea-bathing occasionally in summer. He bought the house and grounds at the foot of the hill, and built an addition to the house, and there he lived in the utmost seclusion. But he was not quite alone, for two young ladies lived with him who were said to be his daughters, though they did not bear his name. They were of course illegitimate children. Two fair lovely girls they were, but so drooping and sad-looking! They seemed to feel the disgrace of their birth, and to shun all notice, never even walking but in the most unfrequented places. I have heard that their mother was governess to his sister's children; that he persuaded her to elope with him, and afterward kept an establishment for her at a village near London, where he frequently visited her. It seems he spared no expense on the daughters' education, but they were very unhappy, for after their mother's death he took them to reside with him, and he was to them the most cruel of tyrants. His temper was dreadful, and it became daily more morose and more violent. No servant would have remained with him but for the enormously high wages which he gave. Well, he had been quite outrageous for some time, and one night, as our friend there, Dr. Graham, was passing

\* Table-turning and spirit-manifestations were not in vogue then.



down the lane that runs almost close to one side of the house, going on a night-visit to patient, he was startled by seeing a figure all bloody at a window in Mr. Norton's house; he thought it was fancy at first, but the moon was shining brightly, and on looking attentively he became convinced that he saw a human being covered with blood, and holding up its hands apparently in supplication to heaven. He went to the house, and with much difficulty roused the servants. When he described what he had seen, and at which window the bloody figure was standing, they said that it was the window of their master's chamber, and that they dared not disturb him; but the Doctor insisted that Mr. Norton might have burst a blood-vessel, or be ill in some way, and that he was determined to inquire into the matter; so a man-servant and he proceeded to the room occupied by Mr. Norton. They knocked. No one answered. As they stood waiting at the door they heard a deep groan within, so they burst open the door, which was locked on the inside; and you may imagine their horror when they found the miserable man lying on the floor, at the foot of the window, weltering in his blood! There was a wide gash in his throat, and surgical assistance was in vain. He expired a few moments after. But I should tell you that before he died he expressed by signs much anxiety to have pen, ink, and paper brought to him. It was done, and he tried hard to write a few lines, but death soon arrested his progress, and the writing he had accomplished was so indistinct that the only words which could be made out were 'daughters'—'sealed papers'—'proofs'—'marriage.'

"What became of the unfortunate girls?" I asked, forgetting, in my interest about them, the appearance of the spirit in the house I occupied.

"Ah! poor things," said the old lady, "they have been very badly off since, I fear. They were terribly shocked at their father's death, and much grieved, though he had been such a cruel and unkind parent to them; but their minds were in some degree tranquillized by his body being allowed Christian burial, for at the coroner's inquest it was brought in 'Insanity.' So he lies in the churchyard yonder, but not very quietly, if all tales be true.

"As soon as his relations got notice of his death, his nephew, a rich lawyer in London, came down here and took possession of all the papers and effects of the deceased; no will was found, so this gentleman and his family, being the legal heirs, claimed and got all his property. No provision had been made for the two poor girls by their father, and the heir, who was a hard-hearted, miserly sort of man, refused at first to give them any thing, saying they might go to be chambermaids; but he was at length shamed into giving them a few hundred pounds, and with these he turned them adrift.

"They went to London, where they struggled with many difficulties, and the last time I heard of them they were keeping a little day-school in the village where their mother had resided, and which afforded them but a scanty pittance, hardly sufficient to maintain them."

"Could nothing have been done for them here?" I asked—"no subscription entered into for them?"

"I dare say," replied the old lady, "had they staid among us, something might have been done to assist them, but their dispositions were very shy; they left S—— immediately after the father's shocking death, and they took great pains that every trace of them should be lost. The absent are apt to be forgotten, and to be poor is far from a claim to remembrance."

"But," interrupted the lady with the black eyes, "the ghost—you have forgotten the ghost—I want to hear about it. No doubt it is the cut-throat gentleman."

"Yes," said the old lady, sinking her voice to a mysterious whisper, "they say *he* walks. His heir endeavored to sell the house, but no one would buy it; he then left instructions to have it let furnished, but the rent he asked was so high that the house remained long unoccupied.

"It was about a year after Mr. Norton's death that a man, passing one clear moonlight night down the lane I mentioned before, saw a figure standing at the window of the room in which Mr. Norton had committed suicide; it seemed covered with blood, and its clasped hands were apparently raised to heaven.

"The man was terrified out of his wits, and not venturing on a second look, he never stopped running until he reached

his own door, where he fell down in strong convulsions. The old woman, too, who lived in the house to take care of it, was one night about the same time disturbed by the distant flapping of doors; she supposed that she had inadvertently left a window open in the old part of the building, and on going to ascertain, she encountered at the head of the back staircase some dreadful object, the sight of which frightened her almost out of her senses. She could never exactly describe what it was, but she thought it seemed a figure covered with blood. She took shelter that very night at the house of her nearest neighbor, and no entreaty could prevail on her, or on any one else, to stay again in 'the haunted house,' as it has been called from that period."

"And so," interrupted the skeptical dame, "this poor house has been denounced as haunted upon the testimony of a country booby who was probably drunk, and that of a sleepy old woman whose brains, if she had any, were no doubt stuffed with nonsensical stories about witches, and charms, and hobgoblins."

"Have any other persons seen any thing in that house to frighten them?" I asked, in a tone of eager inquiry.

"Yes," said the old lady. "I was going to tell you that last summer a gentleman took the house for six months. He had a large family, and brought his own servants; therefore, as they had no introductions or acquaintances here, it was not likely that they could have heard any of the stories relative to the spirit that haunts it. When they had remained here three months exactly, they suddenly took their departure without assigning any reason for going, and forfeiting the rent of the other three months. They did not complain of any nocturnal visitor, but the washerwoman, who was sent for to receive the amount of her bill, said she heard among the servants that some members of the family had been much alarmed by something they had seen in the dead of night, and that this was the cause of their unexpected removal."

"But," persisted the lady with the black eyes, "the house is occupied at present, and the family do not seem to have been disturbed with ghosts; at least, they take the visitations of the dead man very quietly."

"Wait a little," replied the pertinacious supporter of the ghost-story, "They have not been there long yet, but if they remain there they *will* see him, depend on it. By the by, this is the anniversary of the night on which he committed suicide; it was on a Christmas-eve, like this. I should not wonder if he walks to-night."

Supper was just then announced, and our conversation was broken off; but, urged by a painful curiosity, I seized an opportunity before leaving Dr. Graham's to ask the communicative old lady what particular apartments were said to be haunted by the restless spirit of the unhappy suicide. As I had surmised, she described the very rooms which I myself occupied! It was in one of them that he died, to them his wandering ghost was said thus frequently to return, and that very night I might become the witness of a spectacle terrible to behold! My spirits sank within me, and I returned home in no enviable mood. Persons of vivid imaginations, whether they do or do not believe in ghosts, will understand my sensations as I entered my remote apartment—the scene of a bloody murder, if not the haunt of a damned spirit! I became so nervous that I thought of desiring my waiting-maid, on the plea of indisposition, to sleep on the sofa near me. But how could I pretend to be ill when I had just returned at a late hour from an evening party? I would seem unreasonable, and I never liked to appear whimsical to my servants.

For this night, then, I determined to brave the terrors of the haunted chamber; to-morrow I would return to the smoky room, and no longer expose myself needlessly to uncomfortable feelings. Committing myself to the benign protection of Him who watches over the universe, I trimmed my night-lamp and retired to bed; but, alas! not to sleep. I endeavored to chase from my mind the gloomy subjects which had taken possession of it—to think of cheerful things, or to recall the cherished remembrance of scenes long past; in vain, fancy would have its own way, and, to my distempered imagination, the pale moonbeams, as they glanced from the high arched windows, assumed spectral forms, that flitted in shadowy mockery before my aching sight. I closed my eyes, and lay in that breathless state of vague apprehension which is too

dreadful long to endure. All was stillness around me; the plaintive whistling of the wind had hushed, the very waves of ocean seemed to slumber; there was no sound but the quick throbbing of my own heart. A cold chill crept over me, and I became sensible of an undefinable sensation of solemn awe. Presently I heard the door of the inner room which led to the back staircase open softly; there was a pause of total stillness, and the door of the room I occupied opened gently and slowly as the other. Again all was still; no footfall met my ear—no sound to betray that a living being had entered my lonely chamber. For some moments I lay in an agony of suspense, my face covered with my hands; but a curiosity, too painful to be restrained, overcame my dread, and raising my eyes I beheld an object more fearful than words can describe! Oh! the intense horror of that dreadful moment! There it stood—the unearthly gory figure, with its blood-stained hands lifted in apparent supplication to that distant Heaven whose laws it had violated, whose promised blessings it had forfeited forever! It stood at the identical window at which Mr. Norton had been seen by Doctor Graham the Christmas-eve on which the suicide was committed. I tried to scream—to rise and make my escape from the apartment—but I had no power either to move or to speak, nor had I the power of averting my gaze from the appalling object. It turned, and its hollow eyes fell full upon me; it advanced, slowly extending its right hand, and with a finger (from which drops of blood appeared to fall, although they left no trace on the floor beneath) it pointed to a remote corner of the chamber, in which stood an old-fashioned bureau. Earnestly it pointed, and earnestly was its unearthly look riveted upon me! Cold dews poured down my face, my teeth chattered, and, in the emphatic words of Scripture, my very “flesh quaked.” Human nature could bear no more! my head reeled, and I fell back totally insensible. When I recovered from my long fainting-fit the morning was far advanced—the bright rays of the joyous sun enlivened my gloomy chamber. I heard the dipping of oars, the boatswain’s shrill whistle, and distant rattling of wheels, and I thankfully welcomed the stirring sounds of animated life. I heard, too, and hailed

with transport, the gay voices of my children as they pursued beneath my window the innocent sports of happy infancy.

Blest hours of cheering day! How I rejoiced in their return! How I loathed the sable night—

“When mortals sleep, when specters rise,  
And naught is wakeful but the dead!”

To remain in the haunted house was impossible, and I determined to leave it that very day. It was necessary for me to return to the scene of the preceding night, in order to remove some papers I had placed in the old bureau. Whilst I was engaged in searching the different drawers, I felt something give way beneath my finger; surprised at this, I continued the pressure, when a secret-drawer suddenly flew open, and discovered to my amazed view a bundle of old papers, tied with a black cord, and labelled “Certificate of the marriage of Oswald Norton with Matilda Manners.” “Will,” etc., etc. I stood for some moments lost in astonishment, but having no time to spare, I speedily determined on sending for Dr. Graham, and communicating the discovery to him.

I related to him in strict confidence the awful scene of the past night, the apparent anxiety of the unearthly intruder to direct my attention to this bureau, and the chance which had just led to the extraordinary fulfilling of his restless wish. The worthy Doctor heard me with the most profound attention and the deepest awe.

“It was most strange, most startling!” he exclaimed, “even if it had been but a sleeping vision.”

“We will not discuss that subject further at present,” I said. “But I shall leave these papers with you, in the hope that you who were present at Mr. Norton’s awful death will take the necessary steps to restore his injured daughters to the rights which have so long been withheld from them.”

I received his promise to this effect, and that day I quitted S—— forever. Circumstances soon after called me abroad; I remained absent some years, and on my return to England I felt a wish to learn if the papers I had found had been instrumental in placing the Miss Nortons in the situation they were born to fill. I dispatched, accordingly, to Dr.

Graham a letter of inquiry, and heard from him in return that the proper legal proceedings had been instituted with success, and that the daughters of the unfortunate Mr. Norton had received, along with the acknowledgment of their legitimacy, the sum of five thousand pounds each, which had been left to them by their father's will. Dr. Graham added, that the haunted house was haunted no longer, and that the restless dead, its errand on earth accomplished, returned no more from the silent, though populous mansions of the grave!

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## THE WEALTH OF NATIONS AND THE SLAVE POWER.

BY A PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

It has long been a prevalent notion, that Political Economy is a series of deductions from the principle of selfishness or private interest alone. The common desire of men to grow rich by the shortest and easiest methods—to obtain every gratification with the smallest sacrifice on their own part, has been supposed to be all that the political economist desires to have granted in theory, or to see regulating in practice the transactions of the world, to insure its material prosperity. A late eminent writer has described as follows the doctrine of Adam Smith, in the *Wealth of Nations*; “He every where assumes that the great moving power of all men, all interests, and all classes, in all ages and in all countries, is selfishness. He represents men as pursuing wealth for sordid objects, and for the narrowest personal pleasures. The fundamental assumption of his work is that each man follows his own interest, or what he deems to be his interest. And one of the peculiar features of his book is to show that, considering society as a whole, it nearly always happens that men, in promoting their own, will unintentionally promote the interest of others.” \*

But, in truth, the acquisitive and selfish propensities of mankind, their anxiety to get as much as possible of every thing they like, and to give as little as possible

in return, are in their very nature principles of aggression and injury instead of mutual benefit: the mode of acquisition to which they immediately prompt, is that of plunder or theft, and the competition which they tend to induce is that of conflict and war. Their first suggestion is not, “I will labor for you,” but, “You shall labor for me;” not, “Give me this, and I will give you what will suit you better in exchange, but, “Give it to me, or else I will take it by force.” The conqueror rather than the capitalist, the pirate rather than the merchant, the brigand rather than the laborer, the wolf rather than the watch-dog, obey the impulses of nature. The history of the pursuit of gain is far from being the simple history of industry, with growing national prosperity; it is the history also of depredation, tyranny, and rapine. One passage in it is thus given, in the early annals of our own country: “Every rich man built his castle, and they filled the land with castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at their castles, and when they were finished they filled them with evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, seizing both men and women by night and day; and they put them in prisons for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable . . . The earth bare no corn; you might as well have tilled the sea; for

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\* Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. ii.



the land was all ruined by such deeds." \* Such deeds ruin at this day some of the fairest lands in this world of good and evil.

But, if misery and desolation are the natural fruits of the natural instincts of mankind, how has the prosperity of Europe steadily advanced in spite of the enemy to it which nature seems to have planted in every man's heart? How has the predatory spirit been transformed into the industrial and commercial spirit? Under what conditions are individual efforts exerted, for the most part, for the general good? These are the chief problems solved in Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. He has been careful to point out that "the interests of individuals and particular orders of men, far from being always coincident with, are frequently opposed to, the interests of the public;" and he observes that "all for themselves and nothing for other people, seems to have been, in every age, the vile maxim of the masters of mankind." The effort of every man to improve his own condition is, it is true, in Adam Smith's philosophy, a principle of preservation in the body politic; but his aim was to demonstrate that this natural effort is operative for the good of society at large only in proportion to the just liberty secured to every member of it to employ his natural powers as he thinks proper, whether for his own advantage, or for that of others. Every infraction of, and every interference with, individual liberty, he denounced as being as economically impolitic as morally unjust. His systematic purpose was to expose the losses which a nation suffers, not only from permission of the grosser forms of violence and oppression, but from every sort of restriction whatever upon voluntary labor and enterprise. Of laws regulating agriculture and manufactures for the supposed advantage of the public, he said: "Both were evident violations of natural liberty, and therefore unjust, and they were as impolitic as they were unjust." That security, he added, which the laws in Great Britain give to every man, that he shall enjoy the fruits of his own labor, is alone sufficient to make any country flourish. The history of Europe, in so far as it is the history of the progress of

opulence, is not, in his pages, the history of selfishness, but of improving justice; of emancipated industry, and of protection for the poor and weak. It is, accordingly, the history of strengthening restraints upon the selfish disposition of mankind to sacrifice the happiness and good of others to their advantage or immediate pleasure. The fundamental principles on which the increase of the wealth of nations rests are thus summed up, at the end of Adam Smith's Fourth Book: "All systems, either of preference or restraint, being thus completely taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, so long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and his capital into competition with those of any man or order of men."

The treatise on the Wealth of Nations is, therefore, not to be regarded, as it was by Mr. Buckle, as a demonstration of the public benefit of private selfishness. Adam Smith denies neither the existence nor the value of higher motives to exertion. The springs of industry are various. Domestic affection, public spirit, the sense of duty, inherent energy and intellectual tastes, make busy workmen, as well as personal interest. And personal interest is itself a phrase for many different motives and pursuits, deserving the name of selfishness or not, according to their nature and degree; just as wealth under a single term includes many things of very different moral quality, according to their character and use. The aims of men in life may be high or low; they may seek for riches of very different kinds and for very different purposes.\* But what

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\* This paper was written before the publication of M. de Lavergne's essay, *De l'Accord de l'Economie Politique et de la Religion*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the fifteenth of November last. It may not be out of place, however, to notice here a misconception, as the present writer thinks, which runs through that essay. Political economy and religion are, according to M. de Lavergne, though essentially distinct, related to each other as the soul and body are. Wealth, he says, means food, clothes, and houses; and religion, though it treats of higher things, does not teach that men should be left to perish of hunger and cold. Political economy has for its special end the satisfaction of the bodily wants, and religion that of the spiritual wants of man. M. de Lavergne seems to have been led astray by the economic

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\* *Anglo Saxon Chronicle*.—Bohn's edition.

Adam Smith contended for was, that no class of men, be their motives good or bad, should be suffered, under any pretext, to encroach upon the industrial liberty of other men. The true moving power of the economic world, according to his system, is not individual selfishness, but individual energy and self-control. His fundamental principle is perfect liberty. The *Wealth of Nations* is, in short, an exhaustive argument for free labor and free trade, and a demonstration of the economical policy of justice and equal laws. Arguing against the law of apprenticeship, the philosopher said: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper for his own advantage is a plain violation of that most sacred property. It is a manifest encroachment upon the just liberty both of the workman and of those who might be disposed to employ him. As it hinders the one from working at what he thinks proper, so it hinders the other from employing whom they think proper."

The system, therefore, which is most subversive of the doctrines of political economy, as taught by Adam Smith, is that most selfish of all possible systems—slavery. The political economist must condemn it as loudly as the moralist. It attacks the life of industry, and prevents the existence of exchange. It robs the laborer of his patrimony; it robs those who would hire him in the markets of their lawful profits; and it is a fraudulent abstraction from the general wealth of na-

use of general terms, such as material wealth, material interests, and material progress. For wealth is not really or properly limited in political economy to such things as satisfy the bodily or material wants of humanity. It comprehends many things, the use of which is to minister to man's intellectual and moral life, but which have, notwithstanding, a price or value. Books, for example, as well as bread and meat, are wealth. Spiritual and other instructors are paid for as well as butchers and doctors. Wealth means, in fact, many different things, more or less material or immaterial, in different ages and countries. The highest kinds of wealth will be found where there is most general freedom for the development of the highest powers of humanity, and where no class have a license for the gratification of their selfish passions at the expense of any other class.

tions, the quantity and quality of which depend upon the degree of industrial liberty secured to every individual throughout the world for the exercise of his highest powers. Of the property of the slaveholder in the industry of his slaves, the paradox, *la propriété c'est le vol*, is a literal truth according to political economy as well as common morality, and as regards not only the slaves, but the whole commercial world.\* A political economist lately remarked, that "the foundation of economic science is the right of private property and exchange, which is opposed to socialism, which seeks to abolish private property and exchange."† The fundamental principles of the science are still more opposed to slavery, which abolishes the laborer's right of property in the fruits of his own exertion, not with his own consent, but by the violence of others. Yet slavery is a system within the legitimate range of economic inquiry, which is by no means limited, as the writer just referred to has contended, to the phenomena of an imaginary world of free exchanges, but extends to all the economic phenomena of the real world, in which wealth is produced and distributed according to very different systems.‡ Injustice and oppression

\* An American apologist for slavery invokes Political Economy on the side of the "domestic institution," in the following terms: "Would it not be better that each—Great Britain and the slave States of America—should go on in the career which they are now following, and (acting upon that fundamental principle of Political Economy which commands nations to develop their own resources at home, to sell where they can realize the greatest profit, and to buy where they can buy the cheapest) content themselves with their present prosperity, instead of seeking a doubtful prosperity from the destruction of the prosperity of others?" (*The South Vindicated*, p. 127.) Great Britain does, undoubtedly, owe her present prosperity to her obedience to that fundamental principle of Political Economy which commands nations to develop their resources at home by freeing domestic industry from every fetter. It would have been happy for the Southern States of America had they been content with a similar prosperity, instead of "seeking a doubtful advantage by the destruction of the prosperity of others."

† Paper read before the British Association at Cambridge, by Mr. H. D. Macleod.

‡ "The definition of Political Economy is the science of exchanges or of values. . . . The general conception of wealth is exchangeability. Hence, if Political Economy is the science of wealth, it must be the science of the exchangeable relation of quantities. . . . Exchanges form the domain of economic science. . . . The whole body of exchanges which take place within a country, and with foreign countries, constitute what the major-

have their natural train of economic consequences as well as liberty and equal laws, and the economist is concerned with both, as the physician studies the laws of disease as well as health. "Writers on political economy," says the chief among them in our time, "propose to investigate the nature of wealth, and the laws of its production and distribution, including, directly or remotely, the operation of all the causes by which the condition of human beings is made prosperous or the reverse."\* There is not a country in Europe at this day, not excepting our own, the economic phenomena of which the principle of exchange would be sufficient to interpret. But, even if pure commercial competition now regulated, throughout the whole of Europe, the production and distribution of every article of wealth, the whole domain of history, and the breadths of Asia, Africa, and America would remain for the economist to explore, and to account on other principles for the direction and results of human industry, the use of natural resources, and the division of the produce. The economy of the slave States of America, for example, afforded an opportunity for this inquiry, of which Mr. Cairnes availed himself, in his admirable *Essay on the Slave Power*. In an earlier *Essay*, he described political economy as belonging to "the class of studies which includes historical, political, and social investigations," and defined it as "the science which traces the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth up

to their causes in the principles of human nature, and the laws and events of the external world."\* In the later *Essay*, instead of deducing unreal consequences from the hypothesis of industrial liberty, he has traced the origin and consequences of the opposite order of things. Instead of the theory of wages, profit, and rent, applicable to a free society, he lays bare the structure of a society which excludes wages, for the laborer is fed and flogged like a beast of burden; in which there is no profit, according to the economist's definition, for labor is not hired, but stolen; in which there is little or no rent, for only the best soils can be cultivated, and they are constantly becoming worthless instead of growing in value; in which fear is substituted for the hope of bettering his condition, and torment for reward, as the stimulus to the laborer's exertion; and in which wealth exists only in its rudest forms, because the natural division of employments has no place, and only the rudest instruments of production can be used. Adam Smith had previously examined the milder conditions of feudal servitude, demonstrating that the backwardness of mediæval Europe was attributable to these and similar discouragements to industry, and showing how it was forced into unnatural channels by such obstructions. For, through every part of his philosophy, "Dr. Smith sought," as Dugald Stewart relates, "to trace from the principles of human nature and the circumstances of society, the origin of the positive institutions and conditions of mankind." In the *Wealth of Nations*, † accordingly,

ity of economists now hold to be pure economic science."—*Abstract from Mr. Macleod's Paper in the Parthenon, November 1st, 1862.*

\* *Principles of Political Economy*. By J. S. Mill. Fifth edition, 1862, vol. i. p. 1. And, in p. 526, Mr. Mill says: "One eminent writer (Archbishop Whately) has proposed, as a name for Political Economy, Catallactics, or the Science of Exchanges; by others, it has been called the Science of Values. . . . It is, nevertheless, evident that, of the two great departments of Political Economy, the production of Wealth and its distribution, the consideration of Value has to do with the latter alone, and with that only so far as competition, and not usage or custom, is the distributing agency. Even in the present system of industrial life, in which employments are minutely subdivided, and all concerned in production depend for their remuneration on the price of a particular commodity, Exchange is not the fundamental law of the distribution of the produce—no more than roads and carriages are the essential laws of motion. . . . To confound these ideas seems to me not only a logical, but a practical blunder."

\* *Logical Method of Political Economy*. By J. G. Cairnes, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin.

† The *Wealth of Nations* contains the substance of the last division of a complete course of lectures upon moral science, in which Adam Smith expounded in succession, Natural Theology, Ethics, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy. His lectures on Jurisprudence have not survived; but his pupil Dr. Millar states, that "he followed in them the plan suggested by Montesquieu, endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effect of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property, in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government." From this it is clear that his conception of the true scope and method of jurisprudence agreed with his conception of the true scope and method of economic inquiry.



he traced the operation both of the causes which rescued Europe from barbarism and occasioned its progress in opulence, and of those which impeded the action of the natural principles of preservation and improvement. In short, his treatise included an inquiry into the cause of the poverty as well as of the wealth of nations, and an investigation of the actual constitution and career of industrial society. He showed how rural industry and progress were thwarted in the middle ages by such impediments; that, but for the happier circumstances of its towns, Europe could never have emerged from the calamities which befel it after the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The servile and insecure position of the cultivators of the soil prevented industry from achieving its first triumphs in the country according to the course of nature, which makes agriculture the primary, because the most necessary, business of mankind. "Order and good government, on the other hand, and along with them the liberty and security of individuals, were established in cities at a time when the occupiers of land in the country were exposed to every sort of violence. But men in this defenceless condition naturally content themselves with a bare subsistence, because to acquire more might only tempt the injustice of their oppressors. On the contrary, when they are secure of enjoying the fruits of their industry, they naturally exert it to better their condition, and to acquire, not only the necessaries, but the comforts and elegancies of life. That industry, therefore, which aims at something more than necessary subsistence, was established in cities long before it was commonly practiced by the occupiers of land in the country." In this manner, Adam Smith has traced the causes of the actual and, as he calls it, the "unnatural" course of industry in the slow and chequered progress of modern Europe. He investigated the phenomena of what was, happily for us, on the whole, a progressive society. Mr. Cairnes, on the contrary, has investigated those of a retrograde one. For, to begin with the laborer, the ambition of the slave is, as Bentham says, the reverse of the freeman; he seeks to descend in the scale of industry rather than to ascend. "By displaying superior capacity, he would only raise the measure of his ordinary duties." Yet we are

sometimes assured that the negro slave, with this cogent reason for indolence—the more cogent the more reasonable he is—and kept, moreover, in compulsory ignorance by his master, is by nature a stupid and indolent workman. Tocqueville remarks, in his *Tour in Sicily*, that agriculture which had fled from the neighborhood of the owners of the Sicilian soil, flourished around the smouldering fires of Etna, because the chance of occasional ravages by the volcano did not fill the mind of the cultivator with unceasing despair. "Soon," he says, "we left the lava, and found ourselves in the midst of a kind of enchanted country, which anywhere would be striking, but in Sicily it is ravishing. Orchard succeeds orchard, surrounding cottages and pretty villages; no spot is lost; every where there is an appearance of prosperity and plenty. As I went on, I asked myself what was the cause of this great prosperity. It can not be attributed wholly to the richness of the soil, for the whole of Sicily is so fertile as to require less cultivation than most countries. . . . The reason which finally seemed to me to be most conclusive was this: The land round Etna being liable to frightful ravages, the nobles and the monks grew disgusted with it, and the people became the proprietors." But in no age or country of Europe have the owners of the soil ever crushed the energies and intelligence of the cultivators beneath such a cruel yoke as that which the planters of the Slave States of America have laid upon their unhappy negroes;—of whose kinsmen, breathing the air of liberty, the Governor of Tobago was able to assert, "that a more industrious class does not exist in the world."\* In Brazil, the children of emancipated negroes are found in every walk of civil life, often distancing their white competitors; and in the youngest colonies of Great Britain, the negro often proves as good a tradesman as the Anglo-American, and more often still a better citizen. †

\* "It is a mistake," says another high authority, "to suppose that the African is by nature idle and indolent, less inclined to work than the European. He who has witnessed, as I have, their indefatigable and provident industry, will be disposed to overrate rather than underrate the activity of the negro and his love of labor.—*The West Indies as they Were and as they Are*.—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1859.

† The following statement, affording evidence as to the character, capacity, and enterprise of



In the Slave States of America Mr. Buckle might have seen the economical results of a society based upon selfishness instead of justice. The negro shows elsewhere, as we have seen, his capacity to take his part in the free division of labor, and the consequent multiplication of the productions of the different arts, which occasions, in the words of Adam Smith, in a well-governed society that universal opulence which extends itself to

the negroes, is contained in a letter to the writer of this paper from one of the principal English residents in Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island. It formed part of a general description of the Colony, furnished without any reference to the question of Slavery:—"Before the gold excitement, but during the same year, (1858,) the Legislature of California passed a law forbidding the immigration of negroes. This caused the latter to appoint a deputation, which visited the British Possession of Vancouver's Island; and so favorable was their report, that it not only caused many colored people to leave California, but also aroused general attention, particularly that of British subjects; for by all who had occasionally heard of the Island before, it was considered a sort of petty Siberia. While people were reading accounts of the climate, soil, and low price of town lots in Victoria, there came rumors of rich gold sands on the banks of the Frazer River in British Columbia. Two or three small coasting vessels had previously sailed with colored passengers; but the demand for passages by white people became so great, that large steamships departed every few days with from three hundred to one thousand. Among them were some colored people, and they have increased in number until, I think, we may safely estimate them at five hundred. The occupations of these colored people in Victoria are, to the best of my recollection, porters, sawyers, draymen, day-laborers, barbers, and bath-keepers; eating-house keepers; one hosier, as black as a coal, with the best stock in the town; and two or three grocers. Some of them went to the mines, and were moderately successful. Their favorite investment is in a plot of ground, on which they build a neat little cottage and cultivate vegetables, raise poultry, etc. Nearly all had been prosperous, and a few had so judiciously invested that they were in receipt of from ten pounds to forty pounds a month from rent. They are industrious, economical, and intend to make the colony their permanent home; the outskirts of the town are well sprinkled with their humble but neat dwellings, and their land is yearly increasing in value. By this showing they are a quiet, industrious, and law-abiding people; but there is a drawback, taking them altogether as citizens, which arises from their earnest desire to be on a perfect social equality with the whites at church, the theater, concerts, and other public places of assembly. When you consider the strong disinclination for their company, not only of our large American population, but also of Englishmen, who very quickly imbibe the American prejudice, you can readily conceive that a number of disagreeable scenes occur."

the lowest ranks of the people. In the squalid and comfortless homes even of the higher ranks of the people in the American Slave States, we see the consequence of oppressed and degraded industry. "It may be," says Adam Smith again, "that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages." The American slave-owner is, as it were, a petty African king, and in real penury, as well as in power, resembles such a ruler. It is said, indeed, that we owed to slavery the produce which supplied the principal manufacture of Great Britain. But the whole of this production was in truth to be credited to free industry, while all the waste and ruin which accompanied it must be ascribed to slavery. The possibility of the profitable growth of so much cotton was caused by the commerce and invention of liberty, while the barbarism of the poor whites, the brutifying of the negro population, and the exhaustion of the American soil, are the net results of slavery. In truth, to Watt, Hargreaves, Crompton, and Whitney—free citizens of England and the Northern States—the Southern planters owed the whole value of their cotton. What slavery may really claim as its own work is that, by exhausting the soil it occupies by a barbarous agriculture, which sets the laws of chemistry as well as of political economy at defiance, it hastens its own extinction from the day that its area is once definitely and narrowly circumscribed. This, its own advocates admit, but with a singular inference: "Slavery has, by giving to the laws of nature free scope, moved over a thousand miles of territory, leaving not a slave behind. Why should good men attempt to check it in its progress? If the laws of nature pass slavery farther and further south, why not let it go, even though, in process of time it should, by the operation of natural laws, pass away altogether from the territory where it now exists?"\* Why, we may ask, should devastation be suffered to spread? Should fires be suffered to burn themselves out by advancing from street to street until not a house remains to check the conflagration? The slave-

\* *The South Vindicated.*

holder, as he moves southward or westward, not only carries moral and material destruction with him, but leaves it behind for those who come after him. The rich slave-breeder follows him with his abominable trade, and the poor white sinks back into barbarism in the wilderness the slaveholder has made.\* The order of European progress has been reversed. In Europe, justice, liberty, industry, and opulence grew together as Adam Smith described. In the Slave States of America, as Mr. Cairnes has shown, the Slave Power constitutes "the most formidable antagonist to civilized progress which has appeared for many centuries, representing a system of society at once retrograde and aggressive—a system which, containing within it no germ from which improvement can spring, gravitates inevitably toward barbarism, while it is impelled by exigencies inherent in its position and circumstances to a constant extension of its territorial domain."

Once it was the prayer of every planter that slavery might soon cease to degrade his habitation. Now the Governor of a Southern State boldly declares in a message to its Legislature, without perception of the real force of his own argument, that "irrespective of interest, the Act of Congress declaring the slave-trade piracy,

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\* Mr. Hopkins, in his introduction to *The South Vindicated*, puts the total free population of the Southern States at six millions three hundred thousand. The number of free "families" he puts at one million one hundred and fourteen thousand six hundred and eighty-seven, of which three hundred and forty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-nine own slaves. He then asks what becomes of the five million whites referred to by Mr. Cairnes as "too poor to own slaves"? Mr. Hopkins, however, has taken his figures from the census of 1850, the census of 1860, he says, not being completed or published. By a reference, however, to the statistics given in Mr. Ellison's excellent work on *Slavery and Secession*, 2d Ed. p. 363, it will be seen that the total free population of the States enumerated as Slave States by Mr. Hopkins was, in 1860, considerably above eight millions. Taking the same proportion of non-slaveowning to slaveowning families, it would follow that more than five millions of the population belong to the former.

is a brand upon us, which I think it important to remove. If the trade be piracy, the slave must be plunder, and no ingenuity can remove the logical necessity of such a conclusion."\* And a Southern journal avows: "We have got to hating every thing with the prefix 'free,' from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue. Free farms, free labor, free society, free will, and free schools all belong to the same brood of damnable 'isms.' But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of free schools." For the perpetuation and extension of the system to which is owing this retrogressive movement of the English race in a region endowed with every natural help to progress, the slaveholders are in arms. They have not been slow to point, indeed, at General Butler's misrule in a Southern city, and to ask if the cause of their adversaries in the cause of liberty? But such men as General Butler are living arguments against a Slave Power. General Butler was absolute master at New-Orleans; and, even in the words of an ardent apologist for slavery, "that cruelties may be inflicted by the master upon the slave, that instances of inhumanity have occurred and will occur, are necessary incidents of the relation which subsists between master and slave, power and weakness."† There was never a more striking example of the ease with which men are cheated by words, than the generous sympathy given in England to the cause of the slaveholders, as the cause of independence, and therefore of liberty! It is the cause of independence, such as absolute power enjoys, of every restraint of justice upon pride and selfish passions. The power of England is in a great measure a moral power, founded on the respect of the civilized world for the courageous opposition of her people for centuries to such independence both at home and abroad.

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\* *Slavery and Secession*, by T. Ellison, 2d Ed., pp. 16, 18.

† *The South Vindicated*, p. 82.

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## PERUVIAN-BARK TREES AND THEIR TRANSPLANTATION.

BY BERTHOLD SEEMANN, F.L.S., F.R.G.S.

MANY years before the Irish famine, William Cobbett predicted that calamity, and many years before the present cotton distress, far-seeing minds foretold that catastrophe. Nothing could be more sound than the principles upon which these unheeded warnings were based—the uncertainty always attendant on a *single source of supply*. Cobbett knew that potatoes, like all other organisms, are subject to occasional attacks of diseases and wide-spread epidemics; and that a whole people, like the Irish, relying for their staple food upon these roots, must sooner or later share the fate of the product upon which they have placed their main dependence, and with the fortunes of which they have intimately associated themselves. It was the same with cotton. Far-seeing men could perceive the political thunderstorm gathering in the United States; and knowing that all Lancashire, all England—in fact, all the world—relied upon this one source of supply for cotton, they denounced the recklessness of such improvidence in the strongest terms, formed associations for obtaining the raw material from other countries than the United States, and in speech and print did all in their power to arouse public attention. Yet as long as the mills were busy, and millions of bales were coming in without interruption, no notice was taken of their endeavors to stave off the fearful doom to which our manufacturing population was drifting. Now that the calamity has at length overtaken us, and thousands upon thousands of pounds are spent in keeping the workpeople from actual starvation, every body remembers hearing Cassandra's voice. If but a hundredth part of what is now required to feed the hungry spinners had been devoted to encouraging the growth of cotton in the various tropical and subtropical possessions of Great Britain, Lancashire distress would

never have been heard of, and manufacturers would have gradually relied upon the produce of free labor instead of paying a premium to slavery.

Mankind is threatened by a third danger, which may prove equally great, equally fatal in its consequences. Most men are probably not aware of the vast benefits they owe to the discovery of the Peruvian bark, the produce of various species of *Chinchona*, and the alkaloids, quinine and chichonine, embedded in it. History takes no notice of the death of countless mediocrities from fever and ague, but fails not to record that Alexander the Great died of the common remittent fever at Babylon, and that Oliver Cromwell was carried off by ague. A few doses of quinine might have saved their lives, and compelled Clio to make very different entries in her diary than she has done. The whole Walcheren expedition was saved from destruction by a Yankee skipper arriving just in the nick of time with a supply of this medicine. In order to hold many important tropical possessions it is not only necessary for our race to keep the powder dry, but also take care not to let the quinine run too low. In fact the drug is almost as indispensable to mankind as air itself, and aided by this silent agent Europeans have been able to establish happy homes, busy factories, and flourishing colonies in districts which, without this invaluable aid, would have simply become their graveyards. Our only wonder is how we could ever have done without it, and what would become of us if the supply should ever fail. And the supply does begin to fail, fail rapidly. It is known that one million two hundred thousand pounds of Peruvian bark (meaning by that term all medicinal barks produced by *Chinchona* trees) are annually imported into England; and it is estimated that no less than three million pounds, and

probably a much greater quantity, are consumed every year throughout the world. The demand is daily increasing, and the drain upon the South-American forests, including those of New-Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, has now been going on for more than two centuries, though not to such an extent as at present. The better kinds, those yielding the largest quantity of alkaloids, are very local in their geographical range at present, often limited to very circumscribed districts; and though we speak of Chinchona forests, it is absolute delusion to fancy that these trees, like our own pines and oaks, form entire woods by themselves. On the contrary, they are intermingled with other trees, and generally occur in isolated specimens. The bark is collected by ignorant Indians, who, improvident of the future, strip the tree anyhow, and in most instances without properly felling it, so that it begins to rot after being robbed of its produce, and has no power to put forth new shoots from the root. Thus, what with the excessive and unceasing demand for bark, and the reckless manner of collecting it, large tracts of country, formerly famous for their abundant yield, are now entirely denuded of almost every trace of Chinchona vegetation. The neighborhood of Loxa in Ecuador was at no very remote period one of the principal localities for several of our best barks, but when, in 1847, Captain Pim and I visited the place, we had to go a considerable distance from the town before we obtained even the sight of a single specimen. Stimulated by the present high prices the bark collectors have penetrated the remotest districts, explored wilds probably never trodden by the foot of the white man; and if by any chance they are lost, or their provisions fall short, death is their inevitable doom. Dr. Weddell describes a poor fellow who thus had ended his days, far away from home and friends. His corpse was nearly naked, and covered with myriads of insects, the stings of which had tormented his last moments. Close by was a hastily-constructed hut, his clothes, his knife, and an earthen pot, showing the remnants of the last meal of a man in search of medicine which was to save the life of others.

The Indians, though at present the best *cascarilleros*, or bark-collectors, and

intimately acquainted with the names and commercial value of the different sorts, are supposed by some to have been formerly ignorant of the great therapeutic qualities of these drugs. They called the Loxa bark "Quinaquina" (bark of barks,) and Markham has well shown that in the Quichua language, to which the term belongs, a doubling of a name is an indication that the plant to which it applies possesses, in the estimation of the Indians, some medicinal virtue. Now, we know of no other use of the Loxa bark except that derived from its febrifuge properties, and in my mind there is little doubt that it was to this the doubling of the name must be attributed. Those who have had practical experience in gathering information about medicinal plants from the lips of barbarous people, as I have had, will not be surprised at the secrecy with which the knowledge of the use of Quinaquina was preserved. As a rule, the most sovereign remedies are never revealed to a stranger, nor known to the people at large, and no bribe will induce the "medical profession" amongst the Indians to be otherwise than reserved when questioned by Europeans. Madame de Genlis, in her *Zuma*, builds the plot of her charming little story on a conspiracy of the Indians, the object of which was to allow the climate to destroy their Spanish enemy by withholding the knowledge of the bark when fever attacked them. I am aware that this is not history, but I have always thought, considering the Indian character, and the strong desire of the aboriginal population to get rid of their foreign oppressors, that Madame de Genlis had here hit upon the true solution of the question why so many years elapsed before Europeans became acquainted with this bark of barks.

It is not until the year 1630, that Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, the Spanish Corregidor of Loxa, being ill of intermittent fever, an Indian is said to have revealed to him the virtues of the bark, and instructed him in the proper way of administering it. About eight years later the wife of the fourth Count of Chinchon, Viceroy of Peru, was suffering from the same complaint, when the Loxa Corregidor forwarded a parcel of powdered quinaquina as a sovereign and never-failing remedy for "tertiana." It effected a complete cure, and the particular plant which had this honor, and yields the true



and original Peruvian bark is, as Howard justly concludes, the *Chahuarguera* variety of *Chinchona Condaminea*, a kind containing a large percentage of *Chinchonidine* (the importance of which is just beginning to be recognized.) It is therefore not to quinine, but to *Chinchonidine* that the Countess's cure was due. That lady on returning to Spain in 1640, took with her a quantity of the healing bark, and was thus the first to introduce this invaluable medicine into Europe. Hence it was sometimes called Countess's bark, or Countess's powder; and hence, to commemorate the event, Linnæus named the genus of plants producing these barks, *Chinchona*. By some accident, not isolated in his nomenclature, he misspelt the name, writing *Cinchona*, and until a recent period no attempt was made to correct it.

The Jesuits in their wanderings through South-America became well acquainted with the bark, and in 1680 sent parcels of it to Rome, whence it was distributed by Cardinal de Lugo amongst the members of their society throughout Europe, and obtained the name of Jesuit's bark, or Cardinal's bark. It was in consequence of this patronage that bigoted Protestants refused to avail themselves of a medicine favored by the Roman Catholics, just as staunch Catholics objected to the use of beer, an infusion of barley flavored with hop, instead of sweet gale, and other herbs, as in the case of *ale*, because as an old song has it, "with this same beer came in heresy here." At the time of Cromwell's death from ague, the use of Peruvian bark was actually known in London. In 1678 Louis XIV. bought the secret of preparing quinaquina from Sir Robert Talbot, an English physician, for two thousand louis d'ors, a title, and a large pension, and from that time downward, the use of this medicine, though often and violently opposed by practitioners, gradually made its way into every country and all circles of society. The only people who now entertain any prejudice against its administration are the natives of those very countries from which we obtain our supplies. The medical men of Guayaquil, for instance, must call it by some other name in their prescriptions, or else patients object to taking it. The Spanish people throughout America have a deeply-rooted theory that all diseases are referable to the influence of either

heat or cold, and, confounding cause and effect, they pronounce all fevers to proceed from heat. Bark they justly believe to be very heating, and hence their prejudice against its application in fever—a prejudice which seems to have communicated itself even to the Indians.

Until the present century Peruvian bark was administered in its crude state; and it was not until 1816 that a Portuguese surgeon, Dr. Gomez, succeeded in isolating the febrifugal principle, hinted at by Dr. Duncan at Edinburgh, and named by the former Chinchonine. But the final discovery of quinine is due to two French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou, in 1820, who considered it a vegetable alkaloid analogous to morphine and strychnine, and they afterward found that the febrifugal principle was seated in two alkaloids, quinine and chinchonine, separate or together. In 1829 Pelletier discovered a third alkaloid, aricine, derived from *Chinchona pubescens*, and at present of no known medicinal value.

Quinine is a white substance, without smell, bitter, fusible, crystalized, with the property of left-handed rotatory polarization. The salts of quinine are soluble in water, alcohol, and ether. Chinchonidine differs from quinine in being less soluble in water, altogether insoluble in ether, and having the property of right-handed rotatory polarization, agreeing in the latter respect with quinine, a substance which forms salts like those of quinine, and becomes green by successive additions of chlorine and ammonia. In this changing of color it differs essentially from chinchonidine, which has not the property of turning green, and forms a sulphate almost exactly like that of quinine.

In many distant parts quinine is equal in value to gold, and there is hardly a chemist of eminence who has not tried his hand at producing these alkaloids artificially. We have of late years obtained so many wonderful results in the laboratory, that we should not treat their endeavors as aiming at any thing beyond their reach. There is just a possibility that one day the dreams of alchemists may be realized by the baser metals being converted into gold, and the artificial production of quinine ranks in the same category. But these alkaloids are such complex atoms, that there is very little probability of their ever being obtained from any sources save Nature's own workshop. Such being the

present aspect of this question, it becomes a matter of the highest interest to mankind that the even flow of their source should not be interrupted.

The genus *Chinchona* of Linnæus belongs to the Chinchonaceæ, the same natural order which embraces the Coffee, Ipecacuanha, and many other important productions. All the species, and there are a great number, are either trees or large shrubs, and the general aspect may be compared to our beech, whilst a flowering branch might be likened to that of a lilac. The bark is smooth, or in the older trees more or less rugged, often covered with various lichens, which at one time were thought to be excellent marks for distinguishing the different sorts of barks, but which are now accounted of little value in pharmacological determination. The wood is at first white, but afterward assumes a yellowish tinge; it is of beautiful grain, and takes a ready polish. The leaves are opposite, entire, either glabrous, or more or less covered with hair, and on the under side, in the axils of the veins, either covered with *scrobiculæ* or destitute of them. A theory had gained ground that the absence of these *scrobiculæ* proved the worthlessness of a species for all febrifugal purposes, but this theory has of late been demolished, some utterly worthless species having *scrobiculæ*, and some really valuable ones, for instance *Chinchona succirubra*, the Red bark, not having them. The petiole is rather long, and supported by stipules. The flowers, arranged in cymose panicles, are white, pink, or purple, and often sweetly scented. The calyx is five-toothed. The corolla hypocrateriform, five-lobed, and having inside five stamens. The capsule is ovate, oblong, or linear-lanceolate, crowned with the remnant of the calyx—two-celled, many-seeded, and opening from the base to the apex. This latter technicality was first pointed out by Linnæus in his tenth edition of his *Genera Plantarum*; but in consequence of information, probably received from Mutis of Bogota, that the capsules opened sometimes from the top to the base, as well as from the base to the top, the character was disregarded until restored by Endlicher and Klotzsch; Dr. Karsten has called its validity once more in question, but many botanists are inclined to think that the exceptional cases brought forward in support of his opinion may be explained away by regarding them as the result of

mechanical, rather than organic dehiscence. Commercially, this technical point (by which Chinchonas principally differ from Ladenbergias) is of the utmost value, as all the Chinchonaceous plants, the capsules of which open from the apex to the base, may, in a practical point of view, according to Howard's investigation, be considered as not producing alkaloids. The seeds are flat, winged, and so light that one would fancy that a breath of wind could disperse them over large tracts of country, and that by means of these peculiarities the different species of *Chinchona* enjoyed a very wide geographical range, while exactly the contrary is the case, all the species being extremely local.

The Chinchona trees range from the nineteenth degree of South to the tenth degree of North latitude, following the almost semicircular curve of the Cordillera of the Andes over seventeen hundred and forty miles of latitude. The most favorable conditions of their growth are, as Markham has summed them up, a continuous vegetation, a mean temperature, varying according to species, from sixty to seventy degrees Fahrenheit, an almost constant supply of moisture, and an elevation of from five thousand to eight thousand feet; some species, however, descending below twenty-five hundred, and some ascending to nine thousand feet. Their favorite haunts are ravines and valleys, or slopes of mountains. There they grow, surrounded by the most magnificent scenery in the world, midst tree-ferns, arbore-scent passion flowers, *Melastomaceæ*, and allied Chinchonaceous genera.

There are five principal regions from which our present supply of bark is derived, namely, the New-Granada region, the Red-bark region on the western slopes of Chimborazo, the Crown-bark region in the province of Loxa (Ecuador,) the Gray-bark region of Huanuco in Northern Peru, and the Calisaya region in Southern Peru and Bolivia. The species inhabiting most of these regions have lately been studied with more than usual accuracy and minuteness. Those of New-Granada have been investigated for many years by Mr. Lindig, and the results have been made known by Dr. Karsten in his *Flora Columbiana*. The Red-bark region has visited by Messrs. Spruce and Cross, both of whom wrote excellent reports on it. Southern Ecuador and Northern Peru have been most ably handled by Mr. J. E.

Howard in his *Illustrations of the Nueva Quinologia of Pavon*, a work originally embracing some of the results of the Spanish expedition to South-America under Ruiz, Pavon, and Tafalla, but left unpublished until Mr. Howard took them in hand, embellished them with splendid plates, and gave them to the world with a long series of annotations such as only a perfect master of the subject could supply. The Caravaya region in Bolivia and Southern Peru, first explored by Hænke, has lately been visited by Mr. Markham, whose investigations have been published in his *Travels in Peru and India*, a volume full of the latest and soundest information on every thing connected with the history, conditions of growth, and cultivation of Chinchonas. Dr. Weddell, an English botanist, residing in France, had previously given us a monograph, principally on the Bolivian species, which he has studied during his extensive travels in their native country. The literature relating to Chinchonas is an extremely rich one; even when, in 1826, Bergen published his monograph, his catalogue of all written on the subject extended over seventy-two pages, and included six hundred and seventy different publications. Since then numberless additions have been made, but none of them exceed in value those of Karsten, Markham, Howard, and Weddell.

The constant drain for Chinchona bark upon South-America has already been pointed out, and the exhaustion of the forests is proceeding at so rapid a rate that the utter annihilation of the trees, local as many species are, is merely a matter of time. Indeed, the days are fast approaching when the poor fever-stricken patient will sigh in vain for the only remedy that can afford a speedy and certain relief. The Republics in whose dominion Nature has placed these invaluable forests are too weak and ignorant to pass or enforce laws for their proper protection and administration, and too indolent to make plantations which would insure our future supplies of bark. Under such circumstances German, Dutch, and English men of science—I shall not discuss the question of who was the first—have for years advocated the necessity of introducing the bark trees into the higher mountains of the East and West Indies, but for a long time their memoirs were shelved by men in office. In 1852, how-

ever, the Dutch Government was induced by Mr. Pahud, then Minister of the Colonies, to send Dr. Hasskarl, a German botanist, to Peru in order to obtain seeds and plants of the Chinchonas for transplantation to the Upper mountains of Java. Unfortunately Dr. Hasskarl got hold of a species which he believed to be a valuable one, but which, after millions of it had been raised in Java, proved to be *Chinchona Pahudiana*, utterly useless for all practical purposes. The really valuable species the Dutch did not succeed, and have not succeeded to this day, in propagating to any extent, though under skillful treatment they may be multiplied rapidly, even the leaf-buds striking readily. But considering that the whole cultivation was necessarily an experiment, their progress was sufficiently encouraging to back the proposal which first Dr. Royle, and afterward with better success of being accepted, Mr. Markham, made to the British Government to introduce the Chinchona trees to India, Ceylon, and Jamaica. In 1859 the Secretary of State for India charged Mr. Markham, who was thoroughly familiar with South-America and the Spanish and Quichua languages, with the duty of superintending the introduction. The latter at once submitted a plan which, if carried out in its integrity, would have been productive of the best results. It was to send a competent botanist to every one of the five great Chinchona regions, and have a swift steamer on the coast of South-America to receive the seeds and plants collected, and convey them direct to the East Indies, where about forty thousand pounds are annually spent to purchase quinine for the troops and officials. A false system of economy induced the India office to withhold its sanction, not only to the exploration of the New-Granada and Loxa regions, but also to the use of a steamer, the most important part of the whole plan. Messrs. Spruce and Cross undertook to forward the product of the Red-bark region, Mr. Pritchett those of the Huanuco district, whilst Mr. Markham himself penetrated into Caravaya, far beyond the boundaries of even Spanish civilization. Though the utmost secrecy was observed, the real object of these explorations soon spread about, and the narrow-minded South-American governments passed laws prohibiting the exportation of seeds or plants. Mr. Markham had just collected a sufficient number of the *Chin-*

*chona Calisaya* and other valuable species, when the jealousy of the municipal Juntas compelled him to beat a hasty retreat, and avoiding the regular roads, make the best of his way over the frozen summits of the Cordilleras to the port of Islay.

Though Mr. Markham's well-conceived plan was but partially carried out, there are now fine plantations of Chinchonas, including the most valuable species, in the East Indies, Ceylon, and Jamaica, and so rapid is their extension that, in all human probability, there will be a supply of Peruvian bark from these sources at the very time South-American forests are approaching exhaustion. Other countries with

climates suitable might try the cultivation, which, in order to be of real benefit to mankind, ought to be as general as that of the spices, and conducted by private enterprise. The first plantations in Java were made in the open clearings, but afterward this system was given up, and avenues were cut through the virgin forest, in which the Chinchonas were set, thus going to the other extreme, and allowing them no sun whatever. The latter is the system still pursued in Java, whilst the former, with some modification, has been adopted on some of the most important plantations in India, and is expected to lead to more speedy and profitable results.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## H A P P Y O L D A G E .

I FEEL that age has overta'en  
My steps on life's descending way,  
But time has left no lingering pain,  
No shadow of an evil day;  
And you, my children, gather near  
To smooth and solace my decline,  
And I have hope that your career  
Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky  
From threatening storm and lowering  
cloud,  
But sunbursts shed from source on high  
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.  
Not all without the shard and thorn  
Has been my path from first to last;  
But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,  
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—  
As I serenely talk or muse—  
Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,  
Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues.  
Time has not dulled my moral sense,  
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;  
No passions weaken my defense,  
No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,  
Will lead me through past trodden ways,  
And I remember—why forget?—  
The magic of my early days;

All nature so divinely wrought,  
The unraveled mystery of things,  
Awoke me to exalted thought,  
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew  
Up to the sunny noon of youth,  
From youth to manhood, till I knew  
That love was near akin to truth.  
My trials, bravely overcome;  
My triumphs, not of purpose vain—  
All these, with vague but pleasant  
hum,  
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree  
Whose top is hoary with decay,  
Whose trunk is shaken as may be  
Before it falls and fades away—  
Receive what faithful men unfold,  
Revere what truthful men proclaim,  
And before Heaven and man uphold  
The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,  
No tremblings as I hurry down;  
My way is clear, the end is near,  
The goal, the glory, and the crown.  
Then shed no bitter tears for me,  
As ye consign me to the dust;  
Rather rejoice that I shall be  
With God, my strength and trust.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## CONCERNING CUTTING AND CARVING:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON TAMPERING WITH THE COIN OF THE REALM.

I BEHELD, as in a vision, the following remarkable circumstances:

There was a large picture, by that great artist Mr. Q. R. Smith, hung up in a certain public place. It appeared to me that the locality partook of the nature of a market-place in a populous city; and numbers of human beings beheld the picture. A little vulgar boy passed, and looked at it; his words were these: "My eye! Ain't it spicy? Rather!" A blooming maiden gazed upon it; and her remark was as follows: "Sweetly pretty!" But a man who had long painted wagons for agricultural purposes, and who had recently painted a signboard, after looking at the picture a little, began to improve it with a large brush, heavily loaded with coarse red and blue, such as are used for painting wagons. Another man came, a house-painter; and he touched the picture, in several parts, with a brush filled with that white material which is employed for finishing the ceiling of rooms which are not very carefully finished. These persons, though horribly spoiling the picture, did honestly intend to improve it; and they fancied they had much improved it. Finally there came a malicious person, who was himself an artist; and who envied and hated the first artist for painting so well. As for this man, he busied himself upon the principal figure in the picture. He made its eyes horribly to squint. He put a great excrescence on its nose. He painted its hair a lively scarlet. And having hideously disfigured the picture, he wrote beneath it, *Q. R. Smith pinxit*. And he pointed out the canvas to all his friends, saying: "That's Smith's picture: isn't it beautiful?"

Into this vision I fell, sitting by the evening fire. The immediate occasion of this vision was, that I had been reading a little volume, prettily printed and nicely bound, purporting to be *The Children's Garland from the Best Poets, selected and ar-*

*ranged by Coventry Patmore*. There I had been pleasantly reviving my recollection of many of the pieces, which I had been taught to read and repeat as a boy at school. And as I read, a sense of wonder grew, gradually changing to a feeling of indignation. I said to myself: Surely Mr. Coventry Patmore's modesty has led him to take credit on his title-page for much less than he deserves. He has not merely selected and arranged these pieces from the best poets; he has also (according to his own ideas) *improved* them. We have (I thought) in this volume, the picture of Q. R. Smith touched up with red and whitewash, and having the eyes and nose altered by the painter of signboards. Or to speak more accurately, in reading this volume, we are requested to walk through a gallery of paintings by great masters, almost all improved, in many places, by the same painter of wagon-wheels, with the same large brush filled with coarse red. As we go on with the book, we come upon some poem which we have known all our lives, and every word of which is treasured and sacred in our memory. But we are made to feel that this is indeed our old friend; but his nose is cut off, and one of his eyes is put out. Such was my first hasty and unjust impression. Every poem of those I remembered from childhood, had a host of verbal variations from the version in which I knew it. In Southey's well-known verses about *The Bell on the Inchcape Rock*, I counted thirty-seven. There were a good many in Campbell's two poems; one called *The Parrot*, and the other about Napoleon and the British sailor. So with Cowper's *Royal George*; so with Macaulay's *Armada*. So with Scott's *Young Lochinvar*; so with Byron's *Destruction of Sennacherib*; so with Wordsworth's poem as to the dog that watched many weeks by his dead master on Helvellyn; so with Goldsmith's *Good*

people all, of every sort; so with Mrs. Hemans's *Graves of a Household*. Mr. Patmore tells us in his Preface, that, "in a very few instances he has ventured to substitute a word or phrase, where that of the author has made the piece in which it occurs unfit for children's reading." But on my first reading of his book, it appeared that he had made alterations by scores, most of them so trivial as to be very irritating. But I proceeded to investigate. I compared Mr. Patmore's version of each poem, with the version of each poem contained in the last edition of its author's works, and though I found a few variations, made apparently through careless transcribing, and though I was annoyed by considerable disregard of the author's punctuation and capitals, still it appeared that in the main Mr. Patmore gives us the pieces as their authors left them; while the versions of them, given in those books which are put into the hands of children, have in almost every case, been touched up by nobody knows whom. So that when Mr. Patmore's book falls into the hands of men who made their first acquaintance with many of the pieces it contains, in their schoolboy days, and who naturally prefer the version of them which is surrounded by the associations of that season, Mr. Patmore will be unjustly accused of having cut and carved upon the dear old words. Whereas, in truth, the present generation has reason to complain of having been introduced to the wrong things in youth; so that now we can not rightly appreciate the right things. And for myself, my first unjust suspicion of Mr. Patmore, speedily dispelled by investigation, led me to many thoughts upon the whole subject of literary honesty and dishonesty in this matter.

It seems to me quite essential that a plain principle of common faithfulness should be driven into those persons who edit and publish the writings of other men. If you pretend to show us Raphael's picture, let it be exactly as Raphael left it. But if your purpose be to exhibit the picture as touched up by yourself, do not mendaciously call the picture a Raphael. Call it what it is; to wit, Raphael altered and improved by Snooks. If you take a sovereign, and drill several holes in it, and fill them up with lead, you will be made to feel, should you endeavor to convey that coin into circulation, that though you may sell it for what it is worth as a sove-

reign plugged with lead, you had better not try to pass it off upon people as a genuine sovereign. All this is as plain as may be. But there are many collectors and editors of little poems, who take a golden piece by Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Campbell, or Moore, and punch out a word here and there, and stick in their own miserable little plug of pinchbeck. And then, having thus debased the coin, they have the impudence to palm it off upon the world with the superscription of Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Campbell, or Moore. It is needful, I think, that some plain principles of literary honesty should be instilled into cutting and carving editors. Even Mr. Palgrave, in his *Golden Treasury*, is not free from some measure of blame; though his sins are as nothing compared with those of the editors of school collections and volumes of sacred poetry. Mr. Palgrave has not punched out gold to stick in pinchbeck; but in one or two glaring instances, he has punched out gold and left the vacant space. Every one knows that exquisite little poem of Hood's, *The Death Bed*. That poem consists of four stanzas. Mr. Palgrave gives us in his book a poem which he calls *The Death Bed*; and puts at the end of it the honored name of Hood. But it is not Hood's *Death Bed*; any more than a sovereign with one half of it cut off would be a true sovereign. Mr. Palgrave gives us just two stanzas; Hood's first and last; leaving out the two intermediate ones. In a note, whose tone is much too confident for my taste, Mr. Palgrave attempts to justify this tampering with the coin of the realm. He says that the omitted stanzas are very ingenious, but that ingenuity is not in accordance with pathos. But what we want is Hood with his own peculiar characteristics; not Hood with the corners rubbed off to please even so competent a critic as Mr. Palgrave. In my judgment, the two omitted stanzas are eminently characteristic of Hood. I do not think they are very ingenious; they express simple and natural feelings; and they are expressed with a most touching and pathetic beauty. And on the whole, if you are to give the poem to the world as Hood's, they seem to have an especial right to stand in it. If you give a picture of a bison, surely you should give the hump; even though you may think the animal would be more graceful without it. We want to have

the creature as God made it; with the peculiarities God gave it.

The poems which are cut and carved to the extremest degree, are hymns. There is indeed some pretext of reason here; for it is necessary that hymns should be made, in respect to the doctrines they set forth, to fit the views of the people who are to sing them. Not that I think that this justifies the practice of adulterating the text. But in the few cases where a hymn has been altered so completely as to become virtually a new composition; and a much better composition than it was originally, and where the authorship is a matter really never thought of by the people who devoutly use the hymn, something is to be said for this tampering. For the hymn is not set forth as a poem written by this man or that, but merely as a piece which many hands may have brought into its present shape; and which in its present shape suits a specific purpose. You don't daub Raphael's picture with wagon paint; and still exhibit it as a Raphael. You touch it up according to your peculiar views; and then exhibit it saying merely, Is not that a nice picture? It is nobody's in particular. It is the joint doing of many men, and perhaps of many years. But where hymns are presented in a literary shape, and as the productions of the men who wrote them, the same law of honesty applies as in the case of all other literary work. I observe, with very great satisfaction, that in the admirable *Book of Praise* lately published by Sir Roundell Palmer, that eminent lawyer has made it his rule "to adhere strictly in all cases in which it could be ascertained, to the genuine uncorrupted text of the authors themselves." And Sir Roundell Palmer speaks with just severity of the censurable, but almost universal practice of tampering with the text.

I confess that till I examined Mr. Patmore's volume, I had no idea to what an extent this literary clipping of the coin had gone, even in the matter of poetry, for clipping and altering which there is no pretext of reason. It appears to me a duty, in the interest of truth, to protest against this discreditable cutting and carving. There are various editors of school-books, and other collections of poetry for the young, who seem incapable of giving the shortest poem by the greatest poet, without improving it here

and there with their red brush. No statue is presented to us without first having its nose knocked off. And of course there is no necessity here for squaring the poems to some doctrinal standard. It is a pure matter of the editor's thinking that he can improve the compositions of Campbell, Wordsworth, Moore, Goldsmith, Southey, Scott, Byron, Macaulay, or Poe. So that in the case of every one of these manifold alterations the question is just this simple one: Whether Wordsworth or some pushing teacher of elocution is the best judge of what Wordsworth should say; whether we are to hold by these great poets, believing that they most carefully considered their most careful pieces; or to hold by any body who chooses to alter them. There is something intensely irritating in the idea of Mr. Smith, with his pencil in his hand, sitting down with a volume of Wordsworth, every word in every line of which was carefully considered by the great poet, and stands there because the great poet thought it the right word; and jauntily altering a word here and there. The vision still returns to me of the sign-painter touching up Raphael. But I have no doubt whatsoever that Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown thinks himself quite equal to improving Wordsworth. The self-sufficiency of human beings is wonderful. I have heard of a man who thought he could improve things better than any thing of Wordsworth's. Probably you never heard of the youthful Scotch divine who lived in days when stupid bigotry forbade the use of the Lord's Prayer in the pulpits of the Scotch Church. That young divine went to preach for an aged clergyman who was somewhat wiser than his generation; and who accordingly told the young divine in the vestry before service that the Lord's Prayer was habitually used in that church. "Is it necessary," said the young divine, "that I should use the Lord's Prayer?" "Not at all," replied the aged clergyman, "if you can use any thing better." But the young divine was true to his party; and he used certain petitions of his own, which he esteemed as improvements on the Lord's Prayer.

You may be quite sure that in the compositions of any careful writer you could not alter many words without injury to the writer's style. You could make few alterations which the writer would approve. In a careful style, rely on it there

was some appreciable reason present to the author's mind for the employment of almost every word; and for each word's coming in just where it does. This is true even of prose. And I should fancy that few men would long continue to write for any periodical the editor of which was wont to cut and carve upon their articles. You remember how bitterly Southey used to complain of the way in which Lockhart altered his. But all this holds good with infinitely greater force in the case of poetry; especially in the case of such short gems as many of those in Mr. Patmore's volume. The prose writer, however accurate, covers his pages a day; each sentence is carefully weighed; but weighed rapidly. But the poet has lingered long over every word in his happiest verse. How carefully each phrase has been considered; how each phrase is fitted to all the rest! I declare it seems to me there is something sacred in the best stanzas of a great poet. It is profanation to alter a word. And you know, how, to the sensitively strong mind and ear of the author a single wrong note makes discord of the whole; the alteration of a word here and there may turn the sublime to the ridiculous. And such alterations may be made in all good faith by people whose discernment is not sharpened to this particular use. There was a pretty song, popular some years ago, which was called *What are the wild waves saying?* The writer had many times heard that song; but he hardly recognized its name when he heard it once asked for by the title of *What are the mad waves roaring?* Let us have the poet's work as he left it. You do not know how painfully the least verbal alteration may jar upon a sensitive ear. I hold that so sacred is the genuine text of a great poet, that even to the punctuation, and the capital letters, however eccentric their use may be, it should be esteemed as sacrilege to touch it. Let me say here that no man who does not know the effect upon poetry of little typographical features is fit to edit any poet. It seems to me that Mr. Coventry Patmore fails here. It is plain that he does not perceive, with the sensitiveness proper to the editor of another man's poetry, what an effect upon the expression of a stanza or a line is produced by typographical details. Mr. Patmore not unfrequently alters the punctuation which the authors (we may suppose) adopted

after consideration; and which has grown, to every true reader of poetry, as much a part of the stanza as its words are. Every one knows how much importance Wordsworth attached to the use of capital letters. Now, in the poem entitled *Fidelity*, (*Children's Garland*, p. 248,) Mr. Patmore has at *nine* different places substituted a small letter for Wordsworth's capital; considerably to the destruction of the expression of the piece; and at any rate, to the clipping of the coin Wordsworth left us. In the last verse of Poe's grand poem, *The Raven*, Mr. Patmore has, in six lines, made *five* alterations; one quite uncalled for; *four* for the worse. Poe wrote *demon*; Mr. Patmore chooses to make it *dæmon*. Poe wrote "the shadow that *lies* floating on the floor;" Mr. Patmore substitutes *is for lies*, to the detriment of the sense. And Poe ends the stanza thus:

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies  
floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

It is extraordinary how many variations for the worse Mr. Patmore introduces into the last line. He makes it

"Shall be lifted 'Nevermore.'"

First. The dash before the *nevermore* is omitted: a loss.

Second. The *Nevermore* is made to begin with a capital: which though very right in preceding stanzas, is here absurd.

Third. The *Nevermore* is marked as a quotation; which it is not. It is one in the preceding stanzas, and is properly marked as one; but here the mark of quotation is wrong.

Fourth. Poe puts, most fitly, a mark of exclamation after the *nevermore*! If ever there was a stanza which should end with that point, it is here. But Mr. Patmore, for no earthly reason, leaves it out.

Now, some folk may say these are small matters. I beg to say that they are *not* small matters to any accurate reader; and above all, to any reader with an eye for the expression of poetry. And no man who has not an eye for these minute points, and who does not feel their force, is fit for an editor of poetry. I am quite sure that no mortal, with an eye for such niceties, will deny, that each of Mr. Patmore's *four* alterations of one line of



Poe, is an alteration for the worse. I have taken as the proper representation of Poe, the best American edition of his whole works, in four volumes. But if you look at the beautiful little edition of his poems, edited by Mr. Hannay, you will find that the accurate scholar has given that stanza exactly as the American edition gives it; and of course, exactly right. If Mr. Patmore does not understand how indescribably irritating these little cuttings and carvings are to a careful reader or writer, he is not the man to edit the *Children's Garland*, or any other collection of poetry. Every one can imagine the indignation with which Wordsworth the scrupulous, and Poe the minutely accurate, would have learned that their best poems were, either through carelessness, or with the design of making them better, altered by Mr. Patmore, even in the matter of capital letters and points; and that finally the result was to be exhibited to the world, not as Raphael touched up by Smith the sign-painter, but as Raphael pure and genuine.

And while thus fault-finding at any rate, I am obliged to say that though acquitting Mr. Patmore of any vain-glorious purpose of improving those *Best Poets* from whom he has selected his *Garland*, I can not acquit him of culpable carelessness in a good many instances. Though he may not have smeared the great master's picture with red paint, he has not been sufficiently careful to present the picture to us unsmeared by any body else. Except in those "very few instances" in which he has changed a word or phrase "unfit for children's reading," we have a right to expect an accurate version of the text. But it is quite easy to point out instances in which Mr. Patmore's reading could not have been derived from any edition of the poet, however bad; nor can any one say that Mr. Patmore's reading is an improvement upon the *textus receptus*. The third and fourth lines of Macaulay's poem, *The Armada*, runs as follows:

"When that great fleet invincible against her  
bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest  
hearts of Spain."

Mr. Patmore makes two alterations in these lines. For *that great fleet* he reads *the great fleet*, to the detriment alike of rhythm and meaning. And for *the richest spoils of Mexico*, he reads *the richest*

*stores*. It is extremely plain that *spoils* is a much better word than *stores*. It was not the *stores* of Mexico; that is, the wealth stored up in Mexico, that the Armada bore. It was the *spoils* of Mexico; that is, the wealth which the Spaniards had taken away from Mexico, that the Armada bore. It is possible that the Spaniards may have taken away *all* the wealth of Mexico; in which case the *spoils* and the *stores* would coincide in fact. But they would still be totally different in conception; and so exact a writer as Macaulay would never confound the two things.

Next, let us turn to Campbell's touching verses entitled *The Parrot*. Campbell put at the top of his verses the words, *The Parrot: a Domestic Anecdote*. Mr. Patmore puts the words, *The Parrot: a true Story*. The poem tells us, very simply and beautifully, how a certain parrot, which in its early days had been accustomed to hear the Spanish language spoken, was brought to the island of Mull; where, we may well suppose, it heard no Spanish. It lived in Mull for many years till its green and gold changed to gray; till it grew blind and apparently dumb. But let the story be told in the poet's words:

"At last, when blind and seeming dumb,  
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,  
A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
To Mulla's shore;  
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,  
The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,  
Dropped down, and died."

In glancing over Mr. Patmore's reading of this little piece, I am annoyed by observing several alterations in Campbell's punctuation; every alteration manifestly for the worse. But there is a more serious tampering with the text. The moral of the poem, of course, is that parrots have hearts and memories as well as we. And the poem sets out by stating that great principle. The first verse is:

"The deep affections of the breast,  
That Heaven to living things imparts,  
Are not exclusively possessed  
By human hearts."

Mr. Patmore has the bad taste, not to say more, to leave that verse out. I can not see any good reason why. The principle it states is one which a word or two would render quite intelligible to any

child. Indeed, to any child who could not take in that principle, the entire story would be quite unintelligible. And I can not recognize Mr. Patmore's treatment of this poem as other than an unjustifiable tampering with the coin of the realm.

There is another poem of Campbell's which fares as badly. Campbell calls it *Napoleon and the British Sailor*. Mr. Patmore in his zeal for cutting and carving, calls it *Napoleon and the Sailor: a true Story*. This poem, like the last, sets out with a principle or sentiment; and then goes on with the facts. Mr. Patmore takes it upon himself to leave out that first verse; and then to daub the second verse in order to make it intelligible in the absence of the first. I hold this to be utterly unpardonable. It is emphatically Raphael improved by the sign-painter. And the pretext of any thing "unfit for children's reading" will not hold here. Any child that could understand the story would understand this first verse:

"I love contemplating—apart  
From all his homicidal glory,  
The traits that soften to our heart  
Napoleon's story!"

Then Campbell's second verse runs thus:

"'Twas while his banners at Boulogne  
Armed in our island every freeman,  
His navy chanced to capture one  
Poor British seaman."

Thus simply and naturally does the story which follows rise out of the sentiment which the poet has expressed. But as Mr. Patmore has cut out the sentiment, he finds it necessary to tamper with the second verse, and accordingly he starts in this abrupt, awkward, and ugly fashion; which no true reader of Campbell will behold without much indignation, and which would have roused the sensitive poet himself to still greater wrath:

"Napoleon's banners at Boulogne  
Armed in our island every freeman,  
His navy chanced,

And so on. Here, you see, in the verse as improved by Mr. Patmore, we have two distinct propositions, separated by a comma. Mr. Patmore not merely has no eye for punctuation, but is plainly ignorant of its first principles. If any school-boy, after having had the use of the colon

and semicolon explained to him, were to use a comma in such fashion in an English theme, he would richly deserve a black mark for stupidity; and he would doubtless receive one. But apart from this lesser matter, which will not seem small to any one with a sense of grammatical accuracy, I ask whether it be not too bad that Campbell's natural and beautiful verse should be adulterated into this irritating caricature of it?

Let us next test Mr. Patmore's accuracy in exhibiting Sir Walter Scott. Every body knows *Lady Heron's Song*, which Sir Walter himself called *Lochinvar*; but which Mr. Patmore, eager for change, calls *Young Lochinvar*. Sir Walter's first two lines are these:

"O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was  
the best"

Mr. Patmore can not render these simple lines accurately. He begins *West* with a capital letter; which, right or wrong, Sir Walter did not. Then he puts a point of exclamation after *West*, where Sir Walter has a comma. Sir Walter tells us that *Lochinvar's steed was the best*; Mr. Patmore improves the statement into *his steed is the best*. The very pittance of these changes makes them the more irritating. Granting that Mr. Patmore's reading is neither better nor worse than the original, why not leave us the poem as the great man gave it us? Through all that well-known song, one is worried by Mr. Patmore's wretched little smears of red paint. The punctuation throughout is no longer matter for an imposition; it is matter for a flogging. Sir Walter says,

"So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall;"

Mr. Patmore with his brush makes it *so bravely*. And, eager for change at any price, Mr. Patmore gives us a new spelling of the name of the river Esk. Sir Walter, like every body else, spells that word *Esk*. Mr. Patmore is not content with this, but develops the word into *Eske*. Sir Walter describes a certain locality as *Cannobie Lee*; Mr. Patmore improves the name into *Cannobie LMA*. And finally, the song ending with a question, Sir Walter ends it with a point of interrogation. But Mr. Patmore, impa-

tient of the restraints of grammar, concludes with a point of exclamation.

All this is really too bad. Byron fares no better; and Mr. Patmore's alterations are of the same irritating and contemptible kind. Byron wrote

"And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;"

Mr. Patmore can not leave this alone. In the first line he reads *nostrils* for *nostril*; in the second, *them* for *it*. Now, not only are Byron's words the best, just because Byron chose them, but Byron's description is strikingly true to fact. Every one who has seen a horse fallen, or a horse dead, knows how remarkably *flat* the creature lies upon the ground. It is startling to find the sixteen hands of height, when the animal was upon his legs, turned to something that hardly surpasses your knee when the creature is lying upon his side. And the head of a dead horse, lying upon the ground, would show *one* nostril and not *two*. You would see only the upper one, and remark that the warm breath of the creature was no longer rolling through *that*. These little matters make just the difference between being accurate and being inaccurate; between being right and being wrong.

I do not know whether it be from a desire to improve Mr. Keble's name, that Mr. Patmore, in his *Index of Writers*, alters it to *Keeble*. I object likewise to Mr. Patmore's improving Barnfield's couplet

"She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up till a thorn:"

by substituting *against* for *up till*. The very stupidest child would know, after one telling, the meaning of *up till*; and Mr. Patmore's alteration is a destruction of the antique flavor of the piece.

The thoughtful reader, who has had some experience of life, must have arrived at this conviction; that if two or three slices of a leg of mutton are extremely bad, all the rest of the leg is probably bad too. I have not examined the whole of Mr. Patmore's volume; but I am obliged to conclude, from the absence of minute accuracy in the pieces which I have examined, that the entire volume is deficient in minute accuracy. Now, in a book like this, accuracy is the first thing. If

any scholar were to take up a play of Æschylus or Aristophanes, and find it as carelessly edited as several of the poems which we have considered, I think the scholar would be disposed to throw that play into the fire. And I can not for my life see why perfect accuracy should be less sought after by an editor of English poems than by an editor of Greek plays.

But on the general question of cutting and carving I would almost go so far as to say, that after a poem has been current for years, and has found a place in many memories, not even its author has a right to alter it. Nothing, at least, but an improvement the most extraordinary can justify such a breaking in upon a host of old associations. It is a mortifying thing when a man looks, in later life, into the volume of his favorite author, to find that the things he best remembers are no longer there. Even manifest improvement can not reconcile us to the change. When the present writer was a youth at college, he cherished an enthusiastic admiration for John Foster's *Essays*. Let it be said, his admiration is hardly less now. I read and re-read them in a large octavo volume; one of the earlier editions, which had not received the author's latest corrections. Yet I valued every phrase; and I well remember how aggrieved I felt when I got an edition with Foster's final emendations, and found that Foster had cut out, and toned down, and varied, just the things of which my memory kept the firmest hold. One feels as though one had a vested interest in what had been so prized and lingered over. You know how Wordsworth and Moore kept touching up their verses; generally for the worse. I do not think the last edition, which Wordsworth himself corrected, is the best edition of his poetry. In that poem of his which has already been named, concerning the faithful dog on Helvellyn, he made, late in life, various little changes; which not being decidedly for the better, must be held as for the worse. For any change from the dear old way is for the worse, unless it be very markedly for the better. And surely, after describing the finding of the poor tourist's body, the old way, which was this:

"Sad sight! the shepherd, with a sigh,  
Looks round, to learn the history;"

is quite as good as the new way, which is this:

"The appalled Discoverer with a sigh,  
Looks round, to learn the history."

No rule, indeed, can be laid down here. No great poet cuts and carves upon his own productions so much as Mr. Tennyson. You remember how

"Revered Victoria, you that hold—"

has changed into

"Revered, beloved, oh you that hold."

You remember how in the story of the schoolboys who stole a litter of pigs, the passage,

"We paid in person, scored upon that part  
Which cherubs want."

has now dropped all reference to the scoring. And *Locksley Hall* bristles with verbal alterations, which every careful reader of Tennyson knows. One bows, of course, in the presence of Mr. Tennyson; and does not venture to set up one's own taste as against his. Yet, let me confess it, I miss and I regret some of the old things. Doubtless there are passages which at the first were open to hostile criticism, and which met it; which now have been raised above all cavil. There is that passage in the *Dream of Fair Women*, which describes the death of Iphigenia. She tells of it herself. Here is the verse as it stands even in the seventh edition:

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,  
The temples and the people and the shore;  
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat  
Slowly—and nothing more."

Every one feels how unpleasant is the picture conveyed by the last two lines. It passes the limits of tragedy, and approaches the physically revolting. It is, likewise, suggestive rather of the killing of a sheep or pig, than of the solemn sacrifice of a human being. I confess, I incomparably prefer the simplicity of the inspired statement: "And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son." We don't want any details as to how the knife was to be used; or as to the precise point at which it was to let out life. It would jar, were we to read, "Abraham stretched forth his hand, and was just going to cut

Isaac's throat." Now Mr. Tennyson is worse than that; for he gives us, doubtless with painful accuracy, the account of the actual cutting of the throat. Then, beside this, Mr. Tennyson's verse, as it used to stand, was susceptible of a wrong interpretation. I do not mean that any candid reader would be likely to mistake the poet's sense; but I mean that an ill-set critic would have occasion for misrepresenting it. You may remember that a severe critic *did* misrepresent it. In an ancient Review, you may see the verse printed as I have given it above; and then the critic goes on to say something like this: "What an unreasonable person Iphigenia must have been! 'He cut my throat; nothing more;' what more could the woman possibly want?" Of course, ~~we~~ we know what the poet meant; but, in strictness, what he meant he did not say. But look to the latest edition of Mr. Tennyson's poems; and you will be content. Here is the verse now. You will see that it has been most severely cut and carved; but to a most admirable result:

"The high masts trembled as they lay afloat;  
The towers, the temples wavered, and the shore;  
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat,  
Touched, and I knew no more."

I should fancy, my friend, that you have nothing to say against such tampering with the coin. This is as though a piece of baser metal were touched with the philosopher's stone, and turned to gold. And there have been cases in which a very felicitous change has been made by one man upon the writing of another. A single touch has sometimes done it. I wonder whether Mr. Palgrave was aware that in giving in his book those well-known verses *To Althea from Prison*, which he rather absurdly describes as by Colonel Lovelace, (why does he not tell us that his extracts from a greater poet are by William Shakspeare, *Esquire?*), there is one verse which he has not given as Lovelace wrote it,

"When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds, that wanton in the air,  
Know no such liberty."

Lovelace wrote "the *gods* that wanton in the air;" and *birds* was substituted by



Bishop Percy. It is a simple and obvious substitution ; and the change is so greatly and so unquestionably for the better, that it may well be accepted ; as indeed it has universally been.

The mention of a happy substitution naturally suggests the most unhappy substitution on record. You may remember how the great scholar, Bentley, puffed up by his success in making emendations on Horace and Terence, unluckily took it upon himself to edit Milton. And here indeed, we have, with a vengeance, Raphael improved by the painter of wagons. Milton wrote, as every body knows :

“ No light, but rather darkness visible : ”

but Bentley, eager to improve the line, turns it to

“ No light, but rather a *transpicuous* gloom.”

There is another passage in which the contrast between the master and the wagon painter is hardly less marked. Where Milton wrote,

“ Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements : ”

Bentley, as an improvement, substituted the following remarkable passage :

“ Then, as *'twas well observed*, our torments  
may,  
Become our elements.”

It is to be admitted that the stupidity of Bentley's reading, is even surpassed by its impudence. Of course, the principle taken for granted at the beginning of such a work is, that Bentley's taste and judgment were better than Milton's. For, you observe, there was no pretext here of restoring a more accurate reading, lost through time ; there was no pretext of giving more exactly what Milton wrote. There was no question as to Milton's precise words ; but Bentley thought to make them better. And there is something insufferable in the picture of the self-satisfied old Don, sitting down in his easy-chair with *Paradise Lost* ; and, pencil in hand, proceeding to improve it. Doubtless he was a very great classical scholar ; but unless his wits had mainly forsaken him when he set himself to edit Milton, it is very plain that he never could have been more than an acute verbal critic.

Thinking of Bentley's *Milton*, one imagines the Apollo Belvedere put in a hair-dresser's window, with a magnificent wig ; and dressed in a suit of clothes of the very latest fashion. I think likewise of an incident in the life of Mr. N. P. Willis, the American author. When he was at college in his youth, the head of his college kept a white horse, which he was accustomed to drive in a vehicle of some kind or other. Mr. N. P. Willis and his companions surreptitiously obtained temporary possession of the horse ; and painted it crimson, with a blue mane and tail. I confess that I like Mr. N. P. Willis better for that deed, than for any thing else I ever heard of his doing ; and I may mention, for the satisfaction of my younger readers, that the colors used in painting the horse were of such a nature, that they adhered to the animal for a lengthened period, notwithstanding all endeavors to remove them. Now Dr. Bentley, in editing Milton, did as it were paint the white horse crimson and blue ; and then exhibit it to the world, saying : “ That is Smith's fine horse ! ” Nor should it be accepted as any apology for like conduct on the part of any editor, that the editor in good faith has such a liking for these colors, that he thinks a horse looks best when it looks blue and crimson. And though the change made by an editor be not of such a comprehensive nature as the painting of an entire horse anew, but rather consist of a multitude of little touches here and there ; as points changed, capitals left out, and *whiches* for *thats* ; still the result is very irritating. You know that a very small infusion of a foreign substance can vitiate a thing. Two drops of prussic acid in a cup of water ; two smears of red paint across the Raphael ; affect the whole. I know hardly any offense, short of great crime, which seems to me deserving of so severe punishment, as this of clipping the coin of the realm of literature.

There is something, too, which irritates one, in the self-sufficient attitude which is naturally assumed by a man who is cutting and carving the composition of another. It is an evil which attends all reviewing, and which a modest and conscientious reviewer must feel keenly, that in reviewing another man's book, you seem to assume a certain superiority to him. For in every case in which you find fault with him, you are aware that the question comes just to *this* ; whether your opinion

or his is worth most. To which may be added the further question; whether you or he have devoted most time and thought to forming a just opinion on this particular point. But when a man sits down not merely to point out an author's faults, but to correct them, the assumption of superiority is more marked still. And every body knows that the writings of great geniuses have been unsparingly cut and carved by very inferior men. You know how Byron sent *The Siege of Corinth* to Mr. Gifford, giving him full power to alter it to any extent he pleased. And you know how Mr. Gifford did alter it; by cutting out all the good passages and leaving all the bad. The present writer has seen a man in the very act of cutting and carving. Once upon a time, I entered a steamer which was wont to ply upon the waters of a certain noble river, that winds between Highland hills. And entering that bark, I beheld a certain friend, seated on the quarter deck, with a little volume in his hand. I never saw a man look more entirely satisfied with himself than did my friend, as he turned over the leaves of the little volume in a hasty, skipping fashion, and jauntily scribbled here and there with a pencil. I beheld him in silence for a time, and then asked what on earth he was doing. "Oh!" said he, "I am a member of the committee appointed by the Great Council to prepare a new book of hymns to be sung throughout the churches of this country. And this little volume is a proof copy of the hymns suggested; and a copy of it is sent to each member of the committee to receive his emendations. And as you see, I am beguiling my time in sailing down the river, by improving these hymns." In this easy manner did my friend scribble whatever alterations might casually suggest themselves, upon the best compositions of the best hymn writers. Slowly and laboriously had the authors written those hymns, carefully weighing each word; and weighing each word perhaps for a very long time. But in the pauses of conversation, with no serious thought whatsoever, but willing to testify how much better he knew what a hymn should be than the best authors of that kind of literature, did my friend set down his random thoughts. Give me that volume, said I, with no small indignation. He gave it to me, and I proceeded to examine his improvements. And I can honestly

say that not merely was every alteration for the worse, but that many of the alterations testified my friend's utter ignorance of the very first principles of metrical composition; and that all of them testified the extreme narrowness of his acquaintance with that species of literature. Some of the verses, as altered by him, were astounding specimens of rhythm. The only thing I ever saw which equalled them was a stanza by a local poet, very zealous for the observance of the Lord's day. Here is the stanza:

"Ye that keep horses, read psalm 50:  
To win money on the Sabbath day, see  
that ye never be so thrifty!"

In Scotland, we have a psalter and a hymnal imposed by ecclesiastical authority; so that in all parish churches there is entire uniformity in the words of praise. But it worries one to enter a church in England, and to find, as one finds so often, that the incumbent has published a hymnal the sale of which he insures by using it in his church; and all the hymns in which are cut and carved to suit his peculiar doctrinal and æsthetical views. The execrable taste and the remarkable ignorance evinced in some of these compilations, have on myself, I confess, the very reverse of a devotional effect. And the inexpressible badness of certain of the hymns I have seen in such volumes, leads me to the belief that they must be the original compositions of the editor himself. There is an excellent little volume of psalms and hymns collected by Mr. Henry Herbert Wyatt, of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; but even in it, one is annoyed by occasional needless changes. In Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, which begins "From Greenland's icy mountains," Mr. Wyatt has smeared the third verse. The Bishop wrote, as every one knows:

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?"

But Mr. Wyatt substitutes *can* for the *shall* with which the first and third lines begin, a change which no man of sense can call an improvement. A hymn to which I always turn, as one that tests an editor, is Bishop Ken's incomparable one, commonly called the *Evening Hymn*. I find, with pleasure, that Mr. Wyatt has not tried to

improve it, save that he has adopted an alteration which has been all but universally accepted. Bishop Ken wrote :

“ All praise to Thee, my God, this night :”

while most of us, from childhood, have been taught to substitute *Glory* for *All Praise*. And this is certainly an improvement. *Glory, gloria*, is certainly the right word with which to begin an ascription of praise to the Almighty. If not in itself the fittest word, the most ancient and revered associations of the Christian Church give it a prescriptive right to preference. A hymn which no man seems able to keep his sacrilegious hands off, is Charles Wesley's hymn :

“ Jesu, lover of my soul.”

I observe Mr. Wyatt makes three alterations in the first three lines of it ; each alteration for the worse. But I begin to be aware that no human being can be trusted to sit down with a hymn-book and a pencil, with leave to cut and carve. There is a fascination about the work of tampering, and a man comes to change for what is bad, rather than not change at all. There are analogous cases. When I dwelt in the country, I was once cutting a little path through a dense thicket of evergreens and a friend from the city, who was staying with us, went out with me to superintend the proceedings. Weakly, I put into my friend's hands a large and sharp weapon called in Scotland a *scutching-knife*, and told him he might smooth off certain twigs which projected unduly on the path. My friend speedily felt the fascination of cutting and carving. And after having done considerable damage, he restored me the weapon, saying he felt its possession was a temptation too strong for him to resist. When walking about with the keen sharp steel in his hand it was really impossible to help snipping off any projecting branch which obtruded itself upon the attention. And the writer's servant (dead, poor fellow, one of the worthiest though most unbending of men) declared with much solemnity and considerable indignation, that in forming a walk he would never again suffer the scutching-knife to be in any other hands than his own. Now, it is a like temptation that assails the editor of hymns ; and even if the editor is a com-

petent man, (and in most cases he is not,) I don't think it safe to trust him with the scutching-knife. The only editor of hymns whom the writer esteems as a perfect editor, is Sir Roundell Palmer. For Sir Roundell starts with the determination to give us each hymn exactly as its author left it. It is delightful to read “ All praise to thee, my God, this night ;” and to come upon

“ Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly ;”

after “ Jesu, *Saviour* of my soul,” and “ Jesus, *refuge* of my soul.” I remark, in Sir Roundell's book, occasional signs of having taken a hymn from an early edition of the author's works ; which in later editions was retouched by the author himself. Thus James Montgomery's “ Friend after friend departs” is given as first published, not as the author left it. In the four verses Montgomery made *five* alterations, which are not shown in Sir Roundell's work. But, as one who feels much interest in hymnal literature, and who has given some attention to it, I can not refrain from saying that, in the matter of faithfulness, Sir Roundell Palmer's book is beyond question or comparison the best. There is nothing second, third, or tenth to it. It is first, and the rest are nowhere.

Having mentioned the best hymnal that I know, one naturally thinks of the worst. There is a little volume purporting to be *Hymns collected by the Committee of the General Assembly on Psalmody*, published at Edinburgh in 1860. It is to be remembered that the Church of Scotland has never approved this little volume ; the committee have published it on their own responsibility. Mr. Wyatt, in making his collection, tells us he examined thirty thousand hymns, and took the best of them. Sir Roundell Palmer also gives us in his volume the best hymns in the language. But neither Mr. Wyatt nor Sir Roundell (both most competent judges) have seen fit to admit much of the matter contained in this little compilation. So we may conclude either that Mr. Wyatt did not find some of these compositions among his thirty thousand, or that, having examined them, he did not think them worthy of admission to his collection of about two hundred and fifty hymns. Sir Roundell Palmer's hymns number four hundred

and twelve, and he has not erred on the side of exclusion; yet he has excluded a good many of the Scotch eighty-five. Out of the first fifteen of the Scotch book, fourteen are unknown to him. And I do not think cutting and carving ever went to a length so reprehensible as in this volume. As to the fitness of the hymns for use in church, opinions may possibly differ; but I am obliged to say that I never saw any collection of such pieces so filled with passages in execrable taste, and utterly unfit for Christian worship.

It may amuse my readers to show them George Herbert improved. Every body knows the famous poem, *The Elixir*. It consists of six verses. The Scotch reading consists of four. In the first verse, three verbal alterations, intended as improvements, are made on Herbert. "Teach me, my God and king," becomes "Teach us, our God and king." The second verse in the Scotch reading is unknown to Herbert. It is the doing of some member of the committee. The gold has been punched out, and a piece of pinchbeck has been put in. Herbert's third verse is omitted. Then comes the well-known verse:

"All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which, with this tincture, for THY SAKE,  
Will not grow bright and clean."

This is improved as follows:

"All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when ACTED for Thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee."

You will doubtless think that Herbert pure is better than Herbert improved by the sign-painter. But the next verse is smeared even worse. Who does not remember the saintly man's words:

"A servant with this clause,  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
Makes that, and the action, fine."

But, as Sam Weller remarked of Mr. Pickwick in a certain contingency, "his most familiar friend voodn't know him," as thus disguised:

"If done beneath thy laws,  
Even humblest labors shine;

Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine."

Herbert's temper, we know, was angelic; but I wonder what he would have looked like, had he seen himself thus docked, and painted crimson and blue. No doubt, *The Elixir*, as the master left it, is not fitted for congregational singing. But that is a reason for leaving it alone; it is no reason for thus unpardonably tampering with the coin of the realm.

There are various pieces in this unfortunate work, whose appearance in it I can explain only on this theory: Probably, some day when the committee met, a member of committee produced a manuscript, and said that here was a hymn of his own composition, and begged that it might be put in the book. The other members read it, and saw it was rubbish, but their kindly feeling prevented them saying so; and in it went. One of the last things many people learn is not to take offense when a friend declines to admire their literary doings. I have not the faintest idea who are the members of the committee which issued this compilation. Likely enough, there are in it some acquaintances of my own. But that fact shall not prevent my saying what I honestly believe—that it is the very worst hymn-book I ever saw. I can not believe that the persons who produced it could ever have paid any attention to hymnal literature, they have so thoroughly missed the tone of all good hymns. Indeed, many of the hymns seem to be formed on the model of what may be called the Scotch *Preaching Prayer*—the most offensive form of devotion known, and one entirely abandoned by all the more cultivated of the Scotch clergy. I heard, indeed, lately, an individual pray at a meeting about the Lord's day. In his prayer, he alluded to the Lancashire distress, and informed the Almighty that the patience with which the Lancashire people bore it was very much the result of their being trained in Sunday-schools. But, leaving this volume, which is really not worth farther notice, let me mention that in the first twelve lines of "Jesu, lover of my soul," there are *ten* improvements made on Wesley. "While the tempest still is high," has *nigh* substituted for *high*. "Till the storm of life is past," is made "Till the *storms* of life *are* past." "Oh receive my soul at last," has *And* substi-



tuted for *Oh*, for no conceivable reason. And the familiar line, "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee," has been turned by the wagon-painter into "*Clings* my helpless soul to Thee." I ask any intelligent reader, Is not this too bad? All my readers know that I am a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, for whose use these hymns have been so debased and tampered with. They never shall be sung in my church, you may rely on it. And the fact that this cutting and carving has been done so near home serves only to make me the more strongly to protest against it.

If it were not far too large a subject to take up now, I should say something in reprobation of the fashion in which many people venture to cut and carve upon words far more sacred than those of any poet—I mean upon the words of Holy Scripture. Many people improve a scriptural text or phrase when they quote it; the improvement generally consisting in giving it a slight twist in the direction of their own peculiar theological views. I have heard of a man who quoted as from

Scripture the following words: "It is appointed unto all men once to die; and after death *Hell*." It was pointed out to him that no such statement exists in Scripture; the words which follow the mention of death being, "and after this the judgment." But the misquoter of Scripture declined to accept the correction, declaring that he thought his own reading was the better. I have heard of a revival preacher who gave out as his text the words, "Ye shall all likewise perish." Every one will know what a wicked distortion he made of our Saviour's warning in thus clipping it. And I have heard texts of Scripture pieced together in a way that made them convey a meaning just as far from that of the inspired writers as that conveyed by the well-known mosaic, "And Judas departed, and went and hanged himself:" "Go thou and do likewise."

Probably the reader is tired of the subject. I thank him for his patience in following me so far, and I shall keep him no longer from something more interesting.

A. K. H. B.

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From the Temple Bar Magazine.

## T R I E D F O R H I S L I F E .

I HAD been away from England three years. In that time I had eaten oyster-suppers in New-York, polked at Saratoga, taken lonely and romantic walks at Niagara, caught delicious white fish in the translucent waters of Mackinaw, and shot a buffalo on the prairies of Nebraska. I might have dug for gold in California or Columbia, had I not been taken suddenly with a great and inexplicable longing to see again the white cliffs, the green fields and hedges, and the quaint, pretty, and most comfortable villages of dear old England.

The feeling that had driven and kept me away was gone. When the force that had sent me off had ceased to act, I felt

and obeyed the attraction which drew me to the land ~~that~~ to the Englishman, wherever he may wander, must always be his *home*.

I can speak now of the reason of this long absence. My father, who had saved for me a small property, which he hoped I would increase, had educated me for the noble profession of the law. I was reading through my terms with the usual industry, and was not quite insensible to the blandishments of society, when it was my misfortune to fall in love. The expression seems to me an appropriate one.

Isabel Goodwin was certainly one of the most beautiful of those who are, in their own right, queens of society. To the

fairest type of English beauty she added graces, accomplishments, and a boundless ambition. Without rank or wealth she held her place, and aspired to rival those who had both. I was dazzled by her beauty; I admired her queenly bearing; and I became her passionate worshiper.

She was fond of admiration. If I was sometimes grieved, jealous, and maddened at the encouragement she gave to one or another of the crowd that fluttered about her, and burned the incense of flattery to her charms, I still had a sort of pride in her attractiveness; and a tender look, a word of fondness, a sigh, or the soft pressure of her hand, would send me home intoxicated with delight. I believed myself to be the favored lover; the admiration she received was my triumph.

The best friend I had was Arthur Mellon. He was two years older than I; was in a good position in a government office, with fair prospects of advancement, and some expectations beside. We were true friends. Arthur had saved my life when we were at school together. I lay cramped and paralyzed on the bottom of a deep pool in the river where we were bathing. We had been trying our skill with other boys in diving to see which could remain under the longest; so, when I had disappeared, and remained for a long period, no one was surprised. They waited to see my head shoot above the surface. I lay on the bottom, sensible, but powerless. I could see my comrades on the bank; I could even hear them talk. The sounds of their voices grew fainter and fainter, but I was not afraid. I knew that, as soon as they understood what was the matter, Arthur, if no other, would come and save me.

He was already dressing on the bank, when he exclaimed, "Where is Harry?" His voice sent a thrill to my heart, as I lay, paralyzed in every limb, drowning. In a moment more he had stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the pool. He was cool and cautious in his haste to save me. He swam round, and took me by one of my ankles. I felt an impulse to grasp him, so strong that it might have given me the power; but with an effort of self-control, I did not even try to help myself. I was drawn into shallow water, and quickly taken out; and after a struggle, far more painful than the half-drowning had been, recovered.

Need I say that Arthur was, henceforth,

more my friend than ever? In London he spent half his leisure hours in my chambers, or in the excursions we took together to the mountains or the sea. He had been away on public business when I first became acquainted with Isabel. I wrote to him about her, raved about her. I was impatient to have him see her at the earliest moment after his return. Not less had I told her of Arthur; and I had excited the expectations of both.

There was a party on the very night of his return to London, and I insisted that he should go, tired as he was with the journey from Dublin since morning, and be presented to her whom I now dared to call *my* Isabel.

I saw, with a twinge of jealousy, which I felt to be inexpressibly mean and contemptible, that Arthur and Isabel were much impressed with each other. They polked and waltzed together. How narrowly I watched them! Arthur was excited, brilliant, fascinating; Isabel danced as I had never seen her dance before, and showed, in her nervous manner and heightened color, how much she was interested and flattered by his attentions.

Arthur congratulated me; but he was embarrassed. Isabel was far more self-possessed; she said he was a splendid fellow—she had no idea she should like him so well; and she did her best to blind me with her tenderness; but I had watched them with too jealous an eye not to see that my position was in danger.

Why go on with the miserable story? Isabel was, I can not say false to me, for we were under no engagement. I see now that she would have dropped me at any moment for a more desirable *parti*. I was her bird in hand; but she knew that there were better in the bush, and she threw me away the moment she felt sure of one of them.

It is true that Arthur was a better match than I. His position, already good, was assured for the future, with a prospect of more than I was ever likely to gain by any eminence in my profession. He was my superior, also, as a society-man; more ready, more brilliant and distinguished. I forgave Arthur; but I could not be a witness to his happiness. I could not forgive Isabel. A month before their marriage, I was on the steamer, bound for New-York.

I heard from home sometimes during my absence. Arthur did not write. He

would have been glad to have done so; but he could not intrude even the offices of friendship upon the misery that had driven me to the wild solitudes beyond the Mississippi. A lady, who knew and pitied my sufferings, wrote to me. At first she said very little of Arthur and his wife. Then there came stories—idle gossip, I hoped—of indiscretions, jealousies, estrangements, and even of scandal. I could not believe that Isabel, false as she had been to me—heartless and worldly as I thought her—could ever be guilty of worse than vanity and ambition. Admiration was, no doubt, a necessary of life to her. She might annoy Arthur; but I could not believe that she could injure him more deeply. But the stories grew worse and worse; and I could not but confess that I had been saved from a greater misery than I had endured, and that, if Arthur had wronged me, he had been sufficiently punished. I confess also that I sometimes thought that, had Isabel not yielded to the temptations of ambition, and had married one she truly loved, all might have been well; but this was a momentary vanity. Arthur was a man to make any good woman happy. He would never have married Isabel had he not felt certain that her heart was irretrievably his own. He could not rob me of what I did not possess.

Suddenly I was taken, as I have said, with a great longing to return to England. It did not seem a home-sickness, such as attacks the Swiss in foreign lands. The English, love home as they may, can stay away from it. They have the power of colonizing the world, and may yet cover it all over with their conquering races. But I felt in a hurry to return. I took the shortest route, first to St. Paul's, on the Upper Mississippi; then down the river, to the first line of railway which would take me to the Atlantic. I looked for the fastest boat and the most rapid trains. I made no stop in strange cities. My curiosity to see American life was gone, and I dashed along the southern shore of the great Lakes, and through the mountains to New-York, just in time to embark on one of the fleetest steamers of the Cunard line, which, in less than ten days, landed me safely in Liverpool. With the same feeling of hurry I took the first express-train to London, and did not lose an hour before driving to Brompton and calling on the lady, a dis-

tant relative and old friend, who had been my correspondent.

When my name was announced, she sprang toward me, kissed my cheek, and exclaimed: "Then you got my letter?"

"No; I have had no letter from you for months. I have been away in the wilderness, where they could not reach me; and I did not stop for them on my way. But what is it? Has any thing happened?"

"You have not heard about poor Arthur?"

"Not a word. Isabel has not run off with a Russian prince?"

"Oh, worse than that—that is—but no matter. Harry, Isabel is dead!"

I felt the blood settle back upon my heart—my eyes were dim—the room turned round. I believe I should have fallen, had not my friend helped me to the sofa. I am not a woman to faint away; but the shock was sudden, and it hurt me more than I should have thought it could. A glass of wine was brought, and I was myself again.

"Poor Arthur!" said I; "how does he bear it?"

"Poor Arthur, indeed! You may well say, poor Arthur! What has not that woman made him suffer? And now he is charged with her murder."

"Murder!"

"Murder. She died suddenly with symptoms of poison. There was an inquest, and the chemists who examined the body discovered arsenic. They proved that Arthur had often quarreled with her, and was jealous. Well he might be, poor fellow! Somehow he had bought arsenic just before her death. They found some in his desk. When she was first taken ill, he insisted on nursing her. He was devoted to her, in spite of his jealousy and annoyances. Every thing told against him, and he was committed to Newgate and is to be tried for his life."

I need not say that, at the earliest moment when it was possible to get admission, I hastened to Newgate. I found Arthur, pale and sad enough, but resigned to his fate. He fell upon my bosom. We were boys again. The past, that had sent its black cloud between us, was gone. We were clasped in each other's arms, as in the lighter griefs of our boyhood. All jealousy, all hard feeling, had vanished from my mind. My noble Arthur was in trouble—ay, in peril—and I had come to

save him. So it seemed at the moment. That he was as innocent as I myself of the hideous crime with which he was charged, I could not doubt for a moment.

He told me all—the little that he knew. He spoke carefully, and even tenderly of the dead.

"I know you have forgiven me, Harry," he said; "so I do not ask it. I thought I was doing right. We are all egotists in our affections. I have been greatly tried."

"How was it, Arthur," I asked, "that you chanced to have poison in your desk?"

"It was left there with other chemicals, by my predecessor, who amused himself with chemical experiments. When I took the desk, I allowed it to remain, with some vague idea that it might be useful some time to kill the rats or other vermin."

"Well, we will get this fellow, and prove that he left it."

"He went to India, and died there a year after."

That hope was gone; but I did not despair.

"Who are the witnesses against you?" I asked.

"Only the servants, poor things! They testified to what they had seen and heard. My temper is not so good as it was, and—she—was sometimes very trying. When she became ill, I reproached myself, and wished to do all I could for her. Her maid was new and unused to her ways, and I took care of her. The woman, perhaps, did not like my interference. The fact, at any rate, made a strong impression against me."

"The maid was new; how long had she been with you?"

"Only a month. Her old favorite, Norah, went home to Ireland to be married, and has gone with her husband, I suppose, to America."

"Had she—had Isabel ever given you any reason to fear that she would kill herself?"

"No; assuredly not. She enjoyed the pleasures of existence too keenly. I am sure that she was never purposely the cause of her own death."

I sifted the ground all over. There was no clue any where, and the only hope I saw was in finding Norah. But what could she, who had been a month away, know about the death of her mistress? The lawyers engaged for the defense

saw no use in her testimony, except to prove what every body knew, that Arthur was very much attached to her mistress, and sometimes jealous and irritable. Was it likely that she could prove any thing more? Beside, she was probably on the Atlantic.

Not a moment was to be lost. The trial would come on in a week; and little as others hoped from Norah's evidence, I determined that, if still in the country, she should come and testify, at least, to her master's kindness and love of her late mistress.

But Arthur had not got Norah's address. He did not even know, or could not remember, her surname.

"Give it up, my dear fellow," said he; "it is of no use. What good can Norah be, if you could find her? She has gone by this time."

But I would not give it up. I clung desperately to the idea of this Irish girl—because, perhaps, there was nothing else to cling to. I set off for the Catholic chapel nearest Arthur's residence. I found the priest, and, after thinking a moment, he remembered Norah. He took me into the chapel, and there, on one of the best seats, was still a little card inscribed with the name of Norah O'Regan. I copied the name in my note-book.

"Can your reverence tell me where she lived in Ireland?" said I.

"Indeed, I can not," said he; "but I remember, now, writing a letter for her to send to some relatives of hers at Enniscorthy, county Wexford."

Here was a clue; and a few hours more saw me dashing along the North-Western Railway, through Rugby, the Trent valley, and Chester, and so along the feet of the Welsh mountains, and across the Menai Straits to Holyhead, and thence by steamer to Kingstown. Here, too much in haste to make the proper inquiries, I took the railway to Rathdrum, and so missed the stage-coach at Wicklow. But I lost no time. A jaunting-car took me down the sweet vale of Avoca, and I was soon in Enniscorthy.

The parish priest was my first resource. He knew the O'Regans, of course, and went with me to find them. They lived in a respectable mud walled cottage, with a roof of thatch and a floor of clay; and the pig very politely stepped out of the doorway as soon as he saw his reverence coming, and allowed us to enter.



They knew Norah, God bless her! Wasn't she their own cousin? hadn't she sent them money, when the times were hard, to pay the rint? and hadn't she been married to Dennis Magrath?

"And where is Dennis Magrath?" I asked anxiously.

"Is it where is he? It's far out on the salt sea he'll be by this time," said the woman.

"Are you sure they have gone?" his reverence asked.

"Sure I am they talked of going, for I heard it from Ellen Rooney, an' she was over to Kilkenny, and danced at the wedding."

"Then Norah was married at Kilkenny and if she has gone, they started from there?" said I.

The woman looked at the priest, and on receiving a reëssuring nod, assented. There was nothing to do but to go to Kilkenny. The hours were speeding, and there was no railway to annihilate time or space. A jaunting-car, with a fleet horse, at an extra price, was the only resource; and I was on the road again. A few hours of hard posting, with frequent change of horses, took me in sight of the old round tower, the venerable cathedral, and the historic castle of Kilkenny, and the humble home of the Magraths.

Norah had gone. Five days before she had left with her husband for Liverpool, to sail from there to America. Should I be foiled at last? Her friends believed that she was far away on the billow. I knew that packet-ships did not always sail on the appointed day, and that, even when the winds were fair, they would lay over a day or two for more freight or passengers.

But I had gained one more clue, which might be of service. Norah's ship was the packet *Emerald*, of New-York. I could find by the papers if she had sailed. I took the first train to Dublin, and the night-steamer to Liverpool. The route *via* Holyhead would have been a shorter one; but the Liverpool boat would arrive before the packet sailed, if she was still in port. I wanted, also, a few hours sleep.

We were twenty miles or so from the mouth of the Mersey, when I saw a large ship coming toward us.

"Captain," said I to the commander of our pig-laden steamer, "can you tell me what ship that is?"

"Yankee packet-ship, sir," said he, curtly, as an independent Briton should do.

"Do you happen to know what ship it is?" I asked eagerly.

"No, sir. Can't say I do. No time to keep the run of all the ships that come out of Liverpool. You can take my glass, sir, and when she gets a little nearer, you can see her name for yourself."

I took the proffered glass, and in fifteen minutes more I saw, full glittering on her prow, from which the port-signs had not yet been removed, the name: "*EMERALD*, OF NEW-YORK."

I rushed to the skipper, and said, "Captain, I must see a person on that ship. Will you run alongside of her?"

"Couldn't do it, sir."

"I will pay you."

"Wouldn't do it for twenty pounds, sir."

"I will pay you more than twenty, and whatever is right for the detention. It is a matter of life and death. I have a friend whose life is in peril, and there is a person on that ship who may save him from the gallows."

"My God! you don't say so! I'll be alongside of her directly."

In ten minutes more I sprang into the shrouds of the noble ship. There was a crowd of emigrant passengers forward, taking their last look at Old England, and hoping, the most of them, to get a glimpse of Ireland once more before they left her for ever.

I knew that the captains of ships did not like any interference with their crews or passengers after they have taken charge of them, so I resolved to tell the gentlemanly as well as sailor-like master on the quarter-deck my business. I explained it as briefly as possible, and he sent for Norah Magrath, who came aft wonderingly, closely followed by her husband.

"Norah," said I, "you know Father Donovan in London?"

"To be sure I do, sir; and it's plased intirely I'd be to see him this blessed minute."

"You lived with Mrs. Mellon?"

"Indade an' I did, your honour; and I hope it's well she is, and the nice gintleman her husband."

"Norah, Mrs. Mellon is dead!"

"Dead! God rest her soul! Sure you don't mane it?"

"She is dead; and Mr. Mellon, my friend, is in Newgate, and may be hanged for poisoning her."

"Poisoning! Hanged! Och, sir, you can not mane that! Sure an' he loved the very ground she trod upon. Murther her? Niver a bit!"

"Would she kill herself, Norah?"

"The poor lady—no! she was light and giddy, and made him jealous sometimes; but she would niver have killed herself; she would not commit such a sin."

"Was she ever ill, Norah? Did she ever take any medicine?"

"Niver sick a day, your honor; and the only medicine I ever knew her to take was the little white powder for her complexion. She told me once that it was them that made her so beautiful."

A thought struck me. Here was a possible clue to something.

"Norah," said I, "will you go back with me to London? I will pay your fare and your husband's to America, and pay you both for your time. I believe your evidence will save poor Mr. Mellon's life."

"Please God, I will go, sir. I will just spake to Dennis."

They talked together a few moments, and then came toward me. I saw how it was settled.

"You see, we are going to settle in America," said Norah. "All our things are on board. If Dennis don't go now, we might lose a good chance. Would you mind, sir, giving Dennis what it would cost if he staid with me, and I wait and go to him when the trial is over?"

The arrangement, so thoroughly thrifty and characteristic, I closed with at once. In a minute more, Norah had a bundle of clothing in her hand; and we climbed over the side, and got upon the paddle-wheel of the steamer.

There was no sad or tender parting. The bridegroom and the bride simply shook hands, with a mutual and perfect trust in each other and in Providence. Norah wiped her eyes as the ship was fading in the distance, but in a few moments more she had cheerfully resigned herself to do her duty.

But the time was passing. We did not reach London an hour too soon. The trial had begun when I hurried into the court with our only important witness. The physician who made the post-mortem examination was giving his evidence.

There were traces of poison in several

organs, and the chemical analysis left no doubt that this poison was arsenic. The circumstances were certainly against the prisoner. The jurymen lowered upon him ominously.

But the medical witness, a gentleman of high intelligence, was to be cross-examined; and now I found a use for some slight knowledge of chemistry. At my suggestion, the prisoner's counsel put the following questions, which I give with the answers.

"Have you ever known, or is it a matter of authentic record, that arsenic is taken in small doses as a cosmetic, to improve the complexion?"

"It is sometimes used for that purpose."

"Is it also administered as a medicine for certain diseases?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Now, sir, is it not a fact well known to medical science, that arsenic, taken for some time in small doses may accumulate in the system, so as to produce violent and even fatal action?"

"It is possible."

"Are there not cases of such cumulative action?"

"Yes."

"One question more. If a person in the habit of taking arsenic, either as a medicine or a cosmetic, were to die suddenly from any cause, would not arsenic be found in the liver and other viscera by a chemical analysis?"

"There is no doubt that it would."

"That will do, sir."

We called our witness, Norah Magrath. She testified to having lived more than two years with Mrs. Mellon; to the uniform kindness and affection of her husband; and to the nature of their domestic difficulties. She was sure that he loved "the very ground she trod upon," and that if he was sometimes jealous and out of temper, they always made it up; and she was sure that he would not have harmed her for the world.

"Was it within your knowledge, witness, that the deceased lady ever gave her husband any ground for jealousy?"

"No, your honor, not that ever I saw; but she was very handsome, and liked to be admired."

"Witness, you say she was very handsome. Did your mistress ever take any thing for her complexion?"

"Yes, sir; sure an' she did often."

"Do you know what it was?"

"It was a white powder like."

"A white powder that she rubbed on her skin?"

"No your honor; it was a powder that she swallowed."

"What did she call it?"

"I never heard any name for it."

"How do you know that she took it for her complexion, and not as a medicine for some disease?"

"Because she told me in a joking way, that if I would take some, it would make me as white and pretty as she was."

"Where did she keep this white powder?"

"In a little drawer of her writing-desk."

"Is that writing-desk portable, witness?" inquired the judge.

"Is it what, your lordship?"

"Can it be brought into court?"

"Aisily enough, your lordship."

"The court will take a recess while this desk is produced."

Two officers went with Norah, and returned with the writing-desk, in an inner and concealed drawer of which was discovered an ounce glass-stoppered bottle,

about a third full of a white powder. It was identified as the bottle from which Mrs. Mellon took her cosmetic; and a chemist pronounced it to be ARSENIC.

The jury did not require the eloquence of counsel nor the judge's luminous charge to bring in a verdict of "*Not guilty*." And scarcely an effort was made to suppress the cheers of the crowd when that verdict was announced, and I took Arthur Mellon by the hand, and led him forth to life and liberty.

Our trials have not been in vain. If Alfred wronged me, bitterly did he atone for the wrong by sufferings that seem to have added many years to his life. We seldom speak of Isabel, and we are more friends than ever.

Norah, well rewarded in feelings and purse, with our best wishes, and what she prized much more, the coveted blessing of Father Donovan—went to America in a fast steamer; and when the packet-ship *Emerald's* passengers were landed at the Battery at New-York, and Dennis walked out of Castle Garden, he found his rosy and happy wife waiting to welcome him to the New World.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A PRINCE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

VERY interesting to all classes of readers are those works in which an historian of acknowledged repute selects some undecided incident, and throws on it the light of diligent research and careful weighing of evidence. In this act M. Guizot is *facile princeps*, and it is therefore with great satisfaction that we bring before our readers' attention his latest monogram,\* a perusal of which will go far to remove the disappointing impression produced by his feeble defense of the Papacy. During his study of the English

Revolution, our author came across two histories which he considered more fascinating than any romance—these were a king seeking a love-match, and love in the household of a great Christian and liberal nobleman. The latter Mr. Guizot has already made known to us in his *L'Amour dans le Mariage*, and he has now fully discussed the former in the volume which we have under notice. The first, the author tells us, was a study of a political tragedy; the second, a study of high comedy. But before entering on the subject-matter, let us pause for a moment and see what M. Guizot has to say about royal marriages generally:

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\* Un Projet de Mariage Royal. By M. Guizot. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

"Royal marriages arouse very diverse feelings among those who are present at them, or who converse about them. Some, and they are the majority, only think of the grandeur of the destinies which are connected by such bonds, of the importance of the motives that determine them, and the negotiations that preface them, and of the brilliancy of the fêtes that accompany them. Others, and they are the more delicate, reflect on the private lot of the persons thus engaged to each other, and are affected by the condition of those young princesses, the devoted victims of politics, who are torn from their country and family, and surrendered to a man who does not know them, and whom they do not know, without care for their wishes and happiness. Of these spectators so differently affected, the first frequently see the brilliant expectations contradicted by facts; and I fear lest the honest compassion of the second is not always satisfied. Politicians are right in believing that alliances between royal families are not without their value for states, and are wrong when they confide in their powerful efficaciousness; such bonds influence events, but do not decide them, and there are deeper causes which unite or divide governments and peoples. Those scrupulous persons who wish that hearts were more consulted in royal marriages deplore an incurable evil; political necessities, either of fear or hope, are too powerful to prevent personal feelings being silenced or overcome. On the day of their marriage, as in many other circumstances of their life, the great ones of the earth have to pay, at times very dearly, for their greatness, and it often costs them happiness, and, most assuredly, liberty. It is said that the Emperor Nicholas, when a marriage was on the carpet, laid great stress on the inclinations of his children, and I have lived with a royal family in which domestic virtues and affections occupied a great place. I wish that such may become every where the morals of kings; but I venture to the belief that, speaking generally, our age and the succeeding ones will not differ in this respect from those that preceded it."

In 1623, three men badly suited to each other and to their time—King James Stuart I., his son Charles, Prince of Wales, and their common favorite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—held in their hands the government of England. James was deficient neither in art nor knowledge, but he varingloriously displayed them in his conversations and writings much more than he employed them profitably in the government of his states. While still almost a boy in Scotland, he had to receive a foreign ambassador. The interview took place in Latin. The foreign envoy committed some grammatical mistakes, and the youthful King eagerly corrected

them. "How is it you have made a pedant of your illustrious pupil?" the ambassador the next day asked the royal preceptor, Buchanan. "I was very fortunate," Buchanan said, "in making even that of him." In England, as in Scotland, James remained his whole life through a subtle and prolix pedant, astute with braggardism, and obstinate without vigor. He was a coward at the same time as a disputant, mingled pusillanimous instincts with haughty pretension, and feared danger as much as he delighted in controversy. He possessed strangely susceptible and weak nerves—a sudden noise, an unexpected appearance, made him start with terror, and his large eyes incessantly rolled in all directions when a stranger was before him. His doublet and all his garments were strongly lined and quilted to protect him from a dagger-thrust, which gave him the appearance of an excessive and false corpulence. He had but little beard, and his tongue was too large for his mouth, so that he ate and drank uncleanly and awkwardly. His thin legs could hardly carry him. At the age of seven, he was unable to stand upright, and he was obliged always to lean on the shoulder of some one for support. With shamefully dissolute morals he united a ridiculously expansive and familiar tenderness, and was always ruled by favorites, whom he treated as children. In his frequent attacks of anxiety and ill temper, he would curse at one moment like a teamster, at another cry like a woman. No sovereign more pompously held up the royal prerogatives in principle, and none, in reality, represented royalty in a more subaltern, more vulgar, and frequently more offensive manner. Prince Charles and Buckingham were in many respects superior to the weak monarch; but all three had two great faults, the infallible source of serious perils. They were all imbued with the maxims and habits of absolute power, at a period when, though triumphant on the continent, it was becoming inopportune and contested in England. They arrived at a great time, and were not great themselves; they found great questions pending which had formerly been discussed by great princes, and they were incapable of treating them with the same energy as their predecessors:

"Absolute power has its social and personal conditions. It is at times natural and neces-



sary; but no mistake must be made about its hour, and even in its hour a certain measure of brilliancy and public respect is indispensable for it. When a nation has a sovereign-master, at least it must not despise him. As sovereign-master of England James I. came too late, and was too decried. Under the two great Tudors, his predecessors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, absolute power had brilliantly performed its career, and accomplished its task; but James had no longer services to render it, and glory to reap; he merely professed its maxims unseasonably, and scandalously practiced its abuses. His son Charles entered on the same track with more dignity and more blindness, while Buckingham took advantage, with arrogant and frivolous selfishness, of the weaknesses of his two masters."

When Henry IV. heard of the death of Elizabeth, he at once sent off Sully to renew the old alliance between the two countries, and, at the same time, to fortify the alliance by the double marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII., with Princess Elizabeth of England, and of Henry Prince of Wales with Elizabeth of France, eldest daughter of Henry IV. Sully performed his mission with admirable tact, and James invited him and his suite to dinner at Greenwich. Sully reports progress to his master as follows:

"The beginning of our conversation was about the chase and the heat, which was at this time extraordinary in England. After commonplace topics, the King began talking of the late Queen of England with some degree of contempt, and to boast of the dexterity he had displayed in managing her through her advisers, all of whom he boasted that he had gained over during her lifetime; so that they only did what he wished, and he had thus governed England for several years before the death of the late Queen, whose memory is not agreeable to him. Then calling for wine, in which he never mixes water, he began by saying to me that he wished to drink your health, which was done reciprocally by him and me, without forgetting the Queen's and children. Speaking of whom, he whispered in my ear that he was going to drink the double relationship which was about to ensue. I was surprised at this, because the time seemed to me inopportune for opening so worthy a matter, and he ought to have spoken to me beforehand. Still I greeted the remark with some signs of joy, and told him that your majesty, being sought by Spain for Monseigneur the Dauphin, would know how to choose and make a distinction between the alliance with a good brother and assured friend, with whom he would never have cause of quarrel, and a monarch from whom, up to this hour, he had only received insults. Then he told me that he acted in the same way,

having been offered the same marriage for his son by the Spaniards, and that they were offering this Infanta to all the world merely to abuse the princes."

Sully went off with an offensive and defensive alliance in his pocket, and, soon after, Spanish envoys arrived in their turn in England to form a treaty and open prospects for a royal marriage. M. Guizot has found a very curious document in the archives of Simancas, drawn up on this subject for Philip III. by a Jesuit. The marriage was regarded as a means for bringing England back to the true faith, and, says the Jesuit, "Once that your majesty has settled with the King of England that the Infanta and her entire household shall have free exercise of the Catholic religion, and that her highness shall be waited on by persons of both nations of an exemplary life, as well as of a tried prudence and zeal in matters of our holy faith, the marriage, in the opinion of the said Catholics, will be not only licit according to the divine laws, but also justified, or, at the least, admissible to dispensation according to human laws, and even meritorious before God, glorious for Spain, and of great edification for the entire Church." With the death of Henri IV. matters changed greatly in France, and James veered round to the Spanish alliance, by sending Sir Charles Cornwallis, in 1611, to ask the hand of the Infanta Anne for Henry Prince of Wales. After a good deal of delay, Cornwallis was told that the Infanta Anne was already disposed of, but his master might have his choice of the two other Infantas, Marie and Marguerite, but the elder of these was only five years of age. Finally, the Spanish Court made it a *sine quâ non* that the prince should embrace the Catholic faith, and the matter was broken off. Anne of Austria was married to the young King of France, and James had the unpleasant feeling of being made a cat's-paw of both by France and Spain.

James next asked the hand of Christina, second daughter of Henri IV., for his son, and on the death of the latter put forward Charles. The negotiations, however, led to no result, and the King once more turned his eyes to Madrid. The Spanish envoy in London, Gondemar, was admirably adapted to carry on such a delicate negotiation, and James appointed as his envoy to Madrid, Sir John Digby, afterward Earl of Bristol, who labored dili-

gently and perseveringly to bring about the marriage, without compromising the general policy or public feeling of his own country. The Spanish Court pretended to be anxious for the marriage, but it was all deceit on their part. Philip III. on his dying bed said to his son: "Prince, do not abandon your sister Marie till you have made an empress of her." Tired of the delays, Prince Charles resolved on the bold stroke of proceeding to Madrid, gaining the heart of the Infanta, and thus rendering it impossible for the Court of Madrid to withdraw. After a long time spent in overcoming the King's resistance, Charles and Buckingham left London on February 27th, 1623, under the name of John and Thomas Smith, and sailed from Dover; on March 3d they reached Paris incognito. They were presented as travelers to the Duc de Montbazon, manager of the royal fêtes, and witnessed a court ballet, where the Prince was so struck by the beauty of Anne of Austria, that he was all eagerness to see her sister. He, therefore, started the next day for Madrid; and hence there is no truth in the commonly accepted tradition that he fell in love at first sight with Henrietta Maria. On the contrary, when Lords Carlisle and Holland went to Paris in 1624 to ask the hand of that princess for Charles, Anne of Austria said to them, "That at the ballet, where the Prince of Wales saw them the previous year, she had greatly regretted that her sister-in-law had appeared before him so little to her advantage, as he had only seen her from a distance, and in a dark room, while her face and entire person were infinitely more agreeable when seen close."

On the evening of March 17th the travelers arrived at the door of the English ambassador at Madrid, "more gay than they had ever been in their lives." They were most kindly welcomed by the Court, and Olivarez went so far as to say that if the Pope refused a dispensation for the Infanta to be the wife of the Prince of Wales, she would be given to him as mistress. The public also greeted Charles with delight, for there had been a drought for seven months before his arrival, and a beneficent rain came with him. Hence, when Charles solemnly traversed the city to go and take up his residence with the King, all classes of the population greeted him with the same favor; the richest hangings, the finest pictures adorned the

fronts of the houses; scaffoldings were erected on all sides, covered with spectators, and verses in honor of the Prince were recited as he passed. On reaching the palace, the Prince was splendidly lodged; the King handed him a gold key which opened his private apartments; the Queen sent him presents chosen with feminine delicacy and royal magnificence; the town was illuminated for three days; promenades, public homages, bull-fights, festivals of every description, succeeded each other without relaxation, and at Court and in the country all were anxious to testify to the Prince their confidence and hope. But the confidence of Charles and Buckingham in their speedy success was soon shaken. The principal conditions of the marriage, already agreed on between the two sovereigns, were, that the Infanta and her household should enjoy in England the free and full exercise of the Catholic religion; that the education of the children should remain in their mother's hands up to the age of seven, and that if they were Catholics, they should not lose their right of succession; that no Catholic priest should be put to death for performing his spiritual functions, and that the penal laws existing in England against the Catholics should be allowed to fall into desuetude. On these bases the Papal dispensation had been asked, but Gregory XIV. added several fresh demands, some of which James conceded, and declined others; but, on the departure of Charles for Spain, it was generally supposed that matters were duly arranged. For all that, the dispensation did not arrive, and there were so many obstacles, that Charles was obliged to ask his father for full powers in order to settle matters. Moreover, the enthusiasm with which Charles was received at Madrid rapidly cooled down; it was generally believed that he was about to turn Catholic, but he soon undeceived them by saying: "I have come to seek in Spain a wife, and not a religion."

Nor does it appear, in spite of Buckingham's asseverations, that the Prince of Wales was greatly smitten by his promised wife. The Infanta was at that time seventeen years of age; short and rather stout; she had light hair, a Flemish rather than a Spanish complexion, and rather thick lips, after the type of the House of Austria. Nothing leads to the belief that her mind was well developed, and, as

we may suppose, she was, with the prince at once curious and embarrassed. He only had rare and short interviews with her; and even when lodged in the palace, he saw her more nearly and frequently, the court etiquette and Spanish manners did not allow those frequent and frank communications between them in which young hearts reveal themselves and are attracted to each other. Charles paid assiduous court to the Infanta; he waited to see her when she went in and came out of church; at the theater he kept his eyes fixed on her, and he liked to ride at the ring in her presence. Informed one day that she was going to the Casa di Campo to pluck flowers, he rose at a very early hour, and, followed by but one confidant, Endymion Porter, he entered the house and the garden. Not finding the lady of his thoughts, he at length reached a private inclosure, closed by a wall and a heavy gate. Charles climbed over the wall and leaped into the inclosure; the Infanta uttered a shriek and fled; and the old servant, who accompanied her, fell on his knees, conjuring the Prince not to compromise the honor and safety of his gray hairs. Charles was respectful and reserved. During the whole of his stay at Madrid he continued to be gallant and eager with the Infanta, but neither his actions, nor his letters, nor contemporary documents, show that his heart was seriously affected, and in this negotiation love did not come to the aid of policy.

Another difficulty the Prince of Wales had to contend with was the arrogance of Buckingham, who rendered himself odious to all the Spanish grandees. The King treated him with great coldness, the Council of State disputed his right to take part in the negotiations, and went so far as to say that "they would sooner throw the Infanta down a well than place her in his hands." The affair of the dispensation however, still dragged on, and the Pope wrote flattering letters to Prince Charles and Buckingham, urging them to come over to the true faith. In vain did Charles press Olivarez to come to a settlement, otherwise he should be compelled to return to England. The Prime Minister had a ready-made excuse in the death of Gregory XIV., and the necessity of having the dispensation ratified by his successor, Urban VIII. Still, when the court of Madrid learned that James I. had sworn to all the articles proposed, and that mea-

asures favorable to the Catholics were being introduced, the Spanish obstinacy and reserve were slightly relaxed, and the marriage articles were drawn up, under promise that the betrothal should take place on the twenty-ninth of August following. This was followed up by a threat on the part of Charles to depart without the Infanta, unless word were kept with him; and if the Court of Madrid had really desired the marriage, this menace might have had some effect, but they had begun to detest the English, great numbers of whom had by this time flocked round the Prince. Among these was Archie, the King's jester, who never missed a chance of saying disagreeable things to the Spaniards. Thus, on one occasion, some one said in his presence that it was very surprising the Duke of Bavaria, with only fifteen thousand men, had dared to attack the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I., who had twenty-five thousand, and thoroughly routed him. "I will tell you," said Archie, "something far more surprising; how was it possible, in 1538, that a fleet of one hundred and forty vessels left Spain to invade England, and that not even ten of them returned to tell what had become of the rest?" Personally Charles was liked by the Spaniards; but he was neither firm enough nor clever enough to repair the faults of his comrade. The Infanta's confessor was also greatly opposed to the match, and ardently turned his young penitent from it. "Do you know," he would say to her, "what misfortune and malediction you will incur? You will have every night at your side a man condemned to the fires of hell." The Infanta was horrified, turned melancholy, and sedulously avoided the Prince, who persisted in seeking her without loving or being loved. To escape from this ridiculous situation, Prince Charles saw no other mode than to hurriedly return to England, leaving in suspense at Madrid all the questions which he had flattered himself with settling by his chivalrous journey. On the seventh of September, the King of Spain and the Prince of Wales confirmed, by a new act, the articles to which King James had sworn, and Philip promised that, if he would return to Madrid at the following Christmas, the marriage would be immediately celebrated, although the departure of the Infanta still remained fixed for the spring.



The Infanta had received the marriage presents some time before; she bore the title of Princess of England, took English lessons assiduously, and when the two envoys of King James appeared before her, they did not remain covered according the Spanish custom, for they no longer regarded her as the Infanta, but as their Princess. When the news of the Prince of Wales's approaching departure spread through Madrid, people were surprised, and asked whether he were afraid of being kept there against his will. To this suspicion Buckingham proudly replied: "It was love that impelled the Prince to come to Spain; it will not be fear that makes him leave it; he will go away when he thinks proper in broad daylight." The Infanta said, on hearing it: "If he loved me he would not go away." Before the departure presents were exchanged, the King of Spain giving the Prince eighteen Spanish horses, six barbs, six brood mares, and twenty colts, all superbly harnessed. Charles offered the Infanta a necklace of two hundred and fifty magnificent pearls, two pairs of pearls earrings, and a diamond of great value. The King of Spain accompanied the Prince part of the way to the coast; on the road they killed a stag in a little wood, where they found a table richly laid out. A small marble column had already been erected on the spot, and before this Philip and Charles renewed their protestations of alliance and friendship. No sooner had they separated, than Charles sent a messenger to the English envoy with instructions not to let out of his hands the procuration which the Prince had given him, and by which he authorized Philip IV., or the Infant Don Carlos, to proceed in his name to the celebration of the marriage. A rumor had been spread that, once the marriage ceremony was performed, the Infanta, sooner than live with a heretic, would retire to a convent, thus leaving the Prince of Wales married and without a wife. Such was the distrust and suspicion connected with the solemn protestations and promises of friendship! When Charles got on board the English fleet at Santander, his remark was: "It is a great folly and weakness of the Spaniards to let me depart so freely, after having treated me so badly."

Charles's return to London was a magnificent ovation; all the bells rang out a merry peal, and the churches were filled

with persons offering up thanks for his safe return. He hastened off at once to join his father at Royston, and James appeared to be tolerably satisfied with the result. The pledges of the Spaniards to restore his son-in-law, the Palatine, to his states, were rather vague, and he said: "I am not at all inclined to marry my son with my daughter's tears for a dower." James's next step was to send instructions to his envoy at Madrid to put off the ceremony of betrothal till Christmas, which placed Lord Bristol in an awkward dilemma, for, since Prince Charles's departure, he had been doing all in his power to dissipate doubts, and persuade the Prince and the Infanta that they were really attached to each other. The King of Spain, however, felt so persuaded that James's heart was set on the marriage, that he made all preparations, and as the Papal dispensation had at length arrived, the betrothal was fixed for November 29th, and the marriage for December 9th. To get out of this, James began a squabble about the Infanta's dower of two millions of crowns, which he insisted on receiving in hard cash, instead of part payment in jewels and annuities, as proposed by the Spanish Court. He also insisted on a clear understanding about what was to be done in the matter of the Palatine. The Court of Madrid was astounded by this firmness on the part of the usually vacillating monarch, and the cool way in which he treated the Spanish envoys, and the friendliness he displayed toward the French ambassador heightened their anxiety.

James was horribly perplexed what to do, and, without absolutely breaking with the Spanish Court, recalled his envoy, the Earl of Bristol, the only Englishman in whom the Spaniards placed confidence. On his departure, Olivarez offered him a considerable sum of money, and pressed him to accept, as no one would know about it. "Pardon me," Bristol replied; "there is some one who will know it, and inform the King of England of the fact, and that is the Earl of Bristol." So soon as they learned that Bristol was recalled, Philip IV. and his council regarded the marriage of the Infanta as abandoned, and, though they did not declare it formally, they manifested their conviction by their actions. The Infanta gave up her English lessons, and though the presents were not at once returned, it was openly stated that they would be so, as soon as



their suspicions were confirmed. At the same time, Philip went to Andalusia and inspected the fleet. Nothing was so disagreeable to James as the prospect of a war with Spain; for, as he wisely remarked, that would not restore the Palatinate to his son-in-law. He therefore summoned Parliament, and laid the whole affair of the Spanish marriage before it. The great mass of the people were opposed to it, and Buckingham placed himself at the head of the opposition. The Spanish ambassadors intrigued against the favorite and almost dethroned him. He lost the King's favor for some time, but by a fortunate chance Buckingham was enabled to lay bare the trickery of the Spaniards, and the King and Buckingham became friends again. The end of the whole affair was that the two Houses declared that the King could no longer, with honor, continue the negotiations for the Spanish marriage. At the same time they voted a sum of money for the prosecution of the war, should it break out.

Under the circumstances, the French Court thought it advisable to try and take the place of the Spaniards, and, after some beating about the bush, James sent Lord Kensington to Paris early in 1624, with instructions to sound the disposition of the King of France and the Queen-mother. Shortly after, the Earl of Carlisle was sent to back up Lord Kensington, and found that he had to negotiate with a man of very different mental caliber from himself, the Cardinal de Richelieu. When their lordships had declared the purport of their common mission, Louis XIII. appointed four commissioners to treat with them, the Cardinal being at their head. Matters went on very satisfactorily as far as the French were concerned, but the Pope did not at all like the idea of the match. He went so far as to say that if Louis XIII. would give up the English marriage, the

King of Spain would gladly ask the hand of Henrietta for his brother, the Infant Don Carlos, to whom he would secure the sovereignty of the Catholic Low Countries after the death of the Infanta Isabella. Marie de Médicis did not let herself be caught by these offers, however, and Louis XIII. contented himself with answering: "My zeal for the Catholic religion is no less than that of the King of Spain. It is the only thing which delays my sister's marriage."

The great hitch in the affair was the engagement James should enter into as to the treatment of the English Catholics. He offered a verbal promise not to execute the laws passed against them, and to tolerate the free exercise of their religion in their houses. The French negotiators demanded a written and official oath. James consented to the terms, but then came another difficulty; the Frenchmen wanted the engagement inserted in the marriage contract, and to this James did not dare assent, as it would be laid before Parliament, and there would be no chance of carrying it through. To these reasons Louis XIII. yielded, and the only thing now remaining was to obtain the dispensation from Rome. As his emissary to the Pope, Richelieu selected a remarkably astute man, Père de Berulle, who defeated all the schemes by which the Papal See tried to evade giving its assent to the marriage. The ceremony was arranged, and the Duc de Chevreuse was to act as proxy for the Prince of Wales, but just at the time James I. was taken ill and died. Death, however, does not derange the course of regal relations; three days after, Charles I. ratified the treaty, and the contract was signed on May 8th, 1625, at the Louvre, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld on the eleventh.

From the London Times.

## THE COMING ROYAL MARRIAGE.

### THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE ELECT.

[As these royal personages are about to attract the attention of England and the civilized world by their approaching nuptials, we have placed in the hands of the artist a double portrait-plate of the Prince and Princess, (just received from London) to be engraved for our next number, as most likely to gratify our readers.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

As the period at which the marriage of Wales and the Princess Alexandra draws near, public interest in that event naturally becomes intensified, and we have no doubt that our readers will be glad to hear as much as can be told of the arrangements for the ceremony which have been and will be made at Windsor.

The day of the marriage has not yet been fixed; this matter indeed depends on the Danish Court. About the end of this month, however, the Princess will arrive at Gravesend, and will there be received by the Prince of Wales. The landing has already formed the subject of correspondence between the Mayor of Gravesend and the Lord Chamberlain, who promises to communicate with the Corporation again as to the day of the Princess's arrival becomes known. After the disembarkation, the Prince and Princess will travel to London by rail. From the railway station to Buckingham Palace their Royal Highnesses, with their attendant suite, will be conveyed in state carriages—there will, in fact, be a public procession to the Palace—and, after this, it is scarcely necessary to say a word about the way in which London will welcome the bride of the Prince and its future Queen. The few days that elapsed after the arrival of the Prince of Prussia in this country and before the day of marriage, were spent in reviews, or visits and ceremonials more or less public. It is not likely, for many reasons—the strongest being that the illustrious visitor on this occasion is a young Princess of eighteen

—that much of the time that intervenes will be passed in public, but as to this we believe that nothing whatever is known at present.

Arrangements in the interior of the Chapel Royal at Windsor are to be made forthwith to give sitting accommodation for seven hundred and sixty-nine distinguished visitors to be invited at the marriage ceremony. About fifty more will stand in procession during the marriage, and these, with one hundred choristers, fifty musical performers, and fifty officials and attendants—one thousand in all—the very most who can stand in the chapel, for there is literally, even with the crowding resorted to on the last occasion in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, no room for any more. Along the nave from its west door, between the tall, slender columns rising "high overarched, with echoing walks between," blocks of seats nine deep are to be erected for those who will be privileged to witness the bridal procession into the chapel, but who can not be accommodated within the smaller space beyond the screen where the ceremony itself is to take place. There will be six hundred and eight visitors seated here, the majority, as is usual on these occasions, being ladies. On the right of the organ-loft the band of choristers will be placed. In the little chapel of Sir Riginald Bray, the builder, if not indeed the designer of the whole structure, and whose quaint arms, a flax-scutching machine of five hundred years ago, cover even the lintels and panels of the doors, the musical performers will be stationed. With the chapel of the Knights of the Garter there can be very little tampering in the way of temporary erections. With the square squat outlines of the old hospital, which Henry VIII. altered into a banqueting-room and the House of Hanover into a Chapel Royal at St. James's, any thing might be attempted. Architects could

not improve, it nor carpenters make it worse. But the case is very different with the grand old interior of St. George's Chapel, with its deep traceried windows and exquisite oaken canopies of the knights' stalls. Each of these, with its quaint blazonments of knights who were Governors of Calais or Paris, down to the Peers and Statesmen of the present day, is a niche in history. Curiously enough, if few of our Princes of Wales have been married, still fewer, apparently, have been installed as Knights of the Garter. In the old oak pew allotted to the Heirs Apparent who are members of this order there are only three escutcheons—those of the present Prince, the Prince Regent, and Prince Frederick Louis, the son of George II. It is also worthy of remark that, close by the new, bright emblazon which bears the shield of "the rose and expectancy of this fair State" is one all darkened and defaced by time, but which still tells, in old Norman French, how a great ancestor of his present bride was installed in that very seat just two hundred and fifty years ago.

With these old storied carvings there is, of course, no meddling. Each seat, properly subdivided, would accommodate—we had almost said three ladies, but certainly two, even dressed in the widest amplitude of the present fashion. Beside, the Knights of the Garter have a right to their stalls on all occasions, and preëminently so when the Chief of the Order—the Sovereign—is present at any ceremonial in the Chapel. The stalls of the knights, therefore, are to be left untouched in all their ancient, angular, hard-backed integrity, and all can take their seats on this occasion, from the last and newest knight—Earl Fitzwilliam, whose bright banner has just been hung—up the senior of the order—the Marquis of Exeter, whose once rich flag is now gray with dust and age. On the space now occupied by the communion rails a raised dais is to be erected and covered with the richest carpeting. On this the ceremony will be performed. On the left side of the altar, between the termination of the knight stalls and the private entrance to the chapel from the castle, a small block of seats will be erected for thirty-five visitors, and on the raised dais the immediate members of the English and Danish royal families will be seated; her Majesty, with the royal family and illustrious for-

eign guests to the number of fourteen, on the right, with the remainder of the chosen guests and members of the royal bride's family to the number of twelve, on the left. Behind the station for our royal family will be raised a block of seats rising tier over tier, to accommodate the diplomatic body, who, with their ladies and first attachés, will be present to the number of one hundred. Outside the west door of the chapel, on the green between it and the horse-shoe cloisters, a very large temporary building has been begun. This structure, though of wood, and purely temporary, will be decorated in the inside in the most exquisite style. This will contain a fine central hall sixty feet long by forty broad, and twenty-five feet high, in which the procession to pass up the nave of the chapel, will be marshalled and arranged by the Deputy-Chamberlain as the members comprising it arrive from the castle. Built out from this hall, and entirely inclosing it on every side, will be a series of smaller rooms, twenty feet long by twenty broad. On the north side will be one for the bridesmaids, one for the bride, and one for the Royal Princesses. Nothing has yet been arranged as to the adornment of these saloons, but it is almost needless to say that they are intended to be as rich and beautiful as taste and money can make them. On the opposite side of the hall are to be similar apartments for the bridegroom's attendants, the bridegroom, and one for the Duke of Cambridge and royal visitors. The outer hall which gives ingress to this temporary palace, will be twelve feet wide by seventy feet long, and there will be a handsome covered way for the carriages in which the procession will arrive to set down their occupants at this entrance. Visitors to witness the procession up the nave of the chapel will also, we believe, arrive here, and be conducted to their seats in the nave. The more select few who will be honored with invitations for the Chapel itself will probably have a separate entrance allotted to them. The ambassadors and their suites will assemble in the Wolsey Chapel, and thence be conducted by the chief Master of the Ceremonies to their places on the right of the altar. The bridal procession will pass in State carriages from the private apartments of the castle to the carriage-entrance we have spoken of as giving admission to the temporary building outside the west

door. Here, while the procession is formed and arranged, the bride and bridesmaids and the bridegroom and his attendants will remain in the reception-rooms set apart for them. Her Majesty will enter the Chapel by the private way, and on her arrival the procession will move for-

ward up the temporary hall through the nave to the altar. As customary, the bridegroom's procession will move first, so that on the arrival of the bride's *cortege* at the altar the marriage may be at once proceeded with.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH.

PROBABLY very few persons indeed ever think of the risk incurred by thousands of their fellow-countrymen, every day of their lives, in laboring for those things without which they themselves would find it difficult to live, or if they do remember it, it is only when some more than usually fearful accident, where the destruction of life is on a large scale, occurs. In the case of accidents in mines, it is seldom that the sufferers survive to tell the tale. I do not speak of such commonplace occurrences as being crushed by a fall of coal, but where an explosion has taken place near the pit-shaft, possibly followed by a fire, thus cutting off egress from the pit, and leaving the unfortunate men in the more distant workings to perish by hunger, or by the combined action of starvation and suffocation. Such an occurrence, when only three or four lives are lost, seldom does more than form the subject of a paragraph for a newspaper, and the matter is then forgotten; and more frequently it is not known beyond the pit.

My own occupation has been of a kind to bring me in frequent contact with miners, not only those employed in coal-mines, but those who are engaged in the less dangerous, but as I think, more unpleasant labor of mining for ores. Some of these men—poor cripples, who have little to live on except the few shillings a week they get from the owner of the pit in which they were maimed, the parish, and it may be a benefit society—have tales to tell which thrill one with horror, and excite

feelings of wonder that men can be found who are willing to enter an occupation carried on under such miserable conditions, when they might find work, if not in this, at all events in another country, under the open sky. One of these men, an old man now, who had at the time I heard his narrative been a cripple for fifteen years, had escaped death by what might almost be called a miracle. His name was Henry Stanley, and he with his brother Richard, another miner named Smale, and a son of the last named, a little fellow barely eight years old, were in the habit of working together. The manner in which the boy was employed was a secret among the men themselves, the reason given by the father to the overlooker for having him in the pit with him being, that having no mother to look after him, he wished to keep him out of the way of harm. The part of the pit in which they worked was so distant from the shaft, that they never saw any of the overmen more than once a day, and more often not at all; and whenever he did make his appearance in that part of the pit where they were, the boy, who had been on the look-out, gave them notice of his approach, and they would hastily leave the working in which they were actually engaged for another a hundred yards distant, and running in a different direction.

The reason why they were so anxious to conceal the scene of their operations was as follows: The pit was one of those on the coast, and the richest, and therefore most profitably worked part of it, was



beneath the sea. One of the veins was so high and broad, and the coal so easily worked, that it was extended to a distance under water, which, in the opinion of an inspector, endangered the safety of the mine. In consequence of this opinion, the men were ordered to discontinue working it; and most people would have thought that nothing more was necessary than to give this order, when the miners knew that it could only be disobeyed at the peril of their lives. But considerations of danger in the exercise of their vocation never have and never will deter miners from disregarding orders, when the doing so is attended with profit or convenience. The men above named were in the habit of working this vein, though ostensibly, and at times actually, they were employed in a siding, where the overlooker found them when he went in that direction. Their earnings, under these circumstances were large, but not so large as to excite much remark; and, to celebrate their success, they agreed to eat their Christmas dinner together. Two days before the time when this was to take place, they were sitting at the extreme end of the working referred to, eating their mid-day meal, when they were startled by a sudden, heavy fall, followed by the hollow crackling sound which good coals produce when they crumble together into a mass. There was a rush to escape, but the fall completely blocked up the vein, and this at a distance of not more than thirty or forty paces from where they had been sitting, thus imprisoning them in a cell, as it might be called, about fifty yards long, four wide, and three in height. Fortunately, there was no escape of gas, but they were familiar enough with such matters to know that the air must in a limited time be rendered incapable of sustaining life. The first thing they did, after they had recovered a little from the shock, was to examine their bags, to see what provisions they had left; and the second, to ascertain how many candles they had among them. As regarded provisions, they were more than commonly well off, one of them having brought a large loaf of home-made bread down with him that morning, in order that his mates might taste it. In the matter of lights, they were badly off; they found that if they put out all except one, in less than twenty-four hours they would be in total darkness.

Of the extent of the fall, they could form no idea; but as their only chance of escape was by clearing a way through it, they went to work at it without delay. They toiled for hours, but the progress made was slow, owing to the slipping down of fresh pieces in the place of those removed, which, moreover, helped to fill up the not very large space in which they were confined. They worked two at a time, the third relieving one of the others at regular intervals. In this way, hour after hour passed, and to all appearance they were as far from liberty as ever. Presently there was a little flicker of light, followed immediately by total darkness. There is something inexpressively horrible in being thus cut off from sunshine, and buried alive in the body of the earth, which the imagination is scarcely capable of realizing. The poor fellows thus doomed, as they had every reason to believe, to a slow but certain death within a few hours, groped their way together, and sat down on the ground. Silent and motionless they sat, the thoughts of each occupied with those they had left in the morning; suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of the little boy repeating a part of his evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

The little voice could not get beyond the second line, but broke down with a deep sob, followed by a passionate fit of crying, in the midst of which his father could be heard trying to console him in a half-choked voice. The others, unable to contain themselves any longer, gave vent to their grief, and for some minutes nothing could be heard in the darkness but deep sobs. When these had died away, they could hear dull, heavy sounds above them, which followed each other in monotonous and slightly irregular succession: it was the beating of the sea on the shore above. It was astonishing, said the poor fellow who told me this, how much the sense of their position was aggravated by these sounds. The thought of the free rolling waves, of the life they bore in them, of the sunlight which shone upon them, increased their agony to desperation, and, with the exception of the child, each reflected within himself whether it would not be better to end it by a speedy act of his own. They agreed that they had little reason to

hope that any attempt would be made to rescue them even when they were missed, since none of the other men engaged in the pit knew of their working this vein, and would therefore not think of searching for them there. Rather than sit in idle, useless despair, they resumed work in the dark; but if the progress they made was trifling when they had light, it was still more so now that they had none. They were soon exhausted by their exertions, as much, perhaps, from their hopelessness as from fatigue. Throwing themselves on the ground, they tried to prepare themselves for the fate which they now regarded as certain. Timidly as is the wont of men when they address their Creator aloud in the presence of others for the first time, Stanley uttered a few short sentences of prayer; Smale was the next to follow his example, and after him Richard Stanley. Comforted by their appeals, they continued them at short intervals; and presently the child, at the desire of his father, sung a hymn he had been taught at the Sunday-school, the men joining their rough voices to his little childish treble. At the conclusion of each verse, the sound of the dashing waves on the shore above filled the hole in which they were buried with its low, thundering, monotonous beat. Soon this was the only sound audible. The two brothers put their arms round each other, and they all lay patiently waiting for the coming of that light which all, even those who daily ask for it, shrink from with inexplicable inconsistency.

By a merciful condition of existence, those unfortunate men who are buried as these were gradually cease to feel the dread of death, in proportion as hope of rescue fades from their minds, the inhalement of carbonic acid gas reducing the vitality by degrees, till the brain becomes paralyzed, and this long before the vital spark is utterly extinguished. Richard Stanley had already reached the stage of insensibility, when his brother heard a slight movement among the coal, indicative of a further settling down of the mass, under increased pressure from above, or of its being removed by men on the other side. Under the stimulus of this thought, Henry Stanley crawled to the heap, and listened with all the eagerness of which he was still capable. His practiced ear soon enabled him to satisfy himself that men were at work on the other side, and he was in the

act of turning to crawl back to try and rouse his companions in peril to a knowledge of the good news, when a heavy block of coal fell from the roof upon his loins, crushing him to the ground beneath its weight, and rendering him completely incapable of moving. It was in this position that the pitmen found him when they had worked their way through the fallen mass. Richard was insensible, and so also was Smale, who lay as if asleep, with his arms round his little boy, who was lying on his bosom. The child was past recovery; but, after several hours in the open air, all three of the men regained their senses, Henry Stanley alone being permanently injured by the accident.

Another accident of a different kind, which likewise occurred in a coal-mine, was related to me by one of the survivors, though how he came to survive is a mystery known only to himself. One cold winter night, a middle-aged man named William Jamieson was waked by his wife, who was trembling and bathed in perspiration, and adjured by her not to go to work the next day. Wondering what had happened to cause her to make the request, he asked the reason, when she told him that she had dreamed twice that night that she had seen him go down into the pit, take a lamp, and walk to a distant part of the mine, where he joined their sons, and began work; that, while they were at work, she heard a dreadful crash, and then saw a bright sheet of flame, which lit up the galleries and workings from one end of the mine to the other, and finally rushed up the shaft in a body, which went roaring up to the clouds, and seemed to set them in a blaze. Without attempting to imitate Jamieson's dialect, which would only weary the reader without adding to the interest of his narrative, I will give the facts he related as nearly as I can remember them:

When my wife told me what she had dreamed, I told her it was all nonsense. Our wives are always having dreams of this kind, but in time they get used to them, and take no notice. However, she was so earnest about it, and seemed so frightened that I promised her at last I would stay at home. I was thinking directly afterward what I should do all day, when I thought it would be a good opportunity to kill our pig, instead of putting it off a week or two longer. I got up between six and seven o'clock, and,

when I went down stairs, I found my sons having their breakfast, and their mother trying to persuade them not to go to work. They did not pay much heed to what she said; and, when they had finished breakfast, they took their bags, and were going out as usual, when my wife got before the door, and begged me not to let them go. I was ashamed to say that I had promised not to go to work because of their mother's dreams, so I said that I decided on having the pig killed that day, and they might as well stay at home, and we would make a holiday of it. As they refused to do this, and were too old to be made to what they did not like, there was no help for it but to let them go. After breakfast, I went to the slaughterman, to ask him to come down with me, and, on my way, I went to the public-house, and got a stone bottle filled with gin, which I slung over my shoulder. On getting to his house, I found that he had gone to Slivecome, and was not likely to be back before the evening. I was uncertain what to do. The promise I had made my wife only made me feel ashamed that I had made it. There was nobody I could have a holiday with; so, at last, I made up my mind that I would go to work as usual. It was rather late when I got to the pit, and I had to wait a while before I could be lowered; and, while I was waiting, an over-looker came up, and I heard him say they had found a good deal of gas in Davis's Hole—a name that had been given to a spot where a man of that name had been killed.

When I got to the bottom of the shaft, I took my lamp, and walked to the part of the mine where I had been working with my sons for several days before. It was about as far from the shaft as it could be; but there was plenty of air, the ventilation in the mine being too strong if anything, and apt to give the rheumatism. I stood there two or three minutes talking to my son Alfred, and then turned round to put my things off. I was just taking the bottle off my shoulder, when we heard a smothered roar. We knew well enough what had happened, and directly set off for the shaft, to get drawn up, if the explosion had been serious, and the choke-damp likely to spread through the pit. Before we got to the shaft, we were stopped by a miner named Naylor, who said that the shaft was on fire, and all the workings on the north side. We went on, and

found several other men standing not far from the shaft, talking of what it would be best to do. The pit was all in a blaze against the shaft, and the fire was rushing up with a roar like a whirlwind, and, every now and then, pieces of burning timber came crashing down, and bounded out of the fire toward where we were standing. As there was no possibility of getting out of the pit before the fire had burned itself out, I and my two boys went back to the place where we had left our things, leaving the other men still standing near the shaft. Knowing that several hours must pass before the timber in the shaft would be burned out, we stayed where we were, calculating how long it would be before we could be drawn up. When we went back, we found that the fire had spread several feet in our direction, which made our situation more desperate; but, for all that, we thought that when they began to throw water into the shaft, it would not be long before it would be extinguished. We never thought they would close the shaft, with the deliberate intention of filling the pit with water. The upward draught was strong, the progress of the fire towards us was so slow as to be scarcely sensible, only the air became so heated that we were forced to draw further and further back into the mine, the hot air causing the gas to ooze out of the coal. Finding there was no chance of our being able to escape for many hours at least, we went back to the place where we had left the little food we had remaining, and where the air was still fresh and cool, in comparison with what it was near the shaft. To economize our food, as much as to escape from thought, we lay down and went to sleep. When I woke, I fancied I could detect an unusual dampness beneath my hand, as I rolled over to get on my feet. My sons remarked the same thing when I called them; and we rushed off together as soon as we had lighted our lamp—for, fortunately, we had matches, as most of us usually have, though it is against pit regulations—hoping to find the fire extinguished. We had not gone far before we felt the water splashing beneath our feet. It was evident the water had been pouring in for some time, and in large quantities, and the suspicion crossed my mind that the pumps had ceased to work, so that they were allowing water to cumulate in the work

the shaft was insufferably hot, but the fire had not extended, or but very little. Unfortunately, the floor of the pit below the shaft was higher than the surrounding parts, so that the water ran off, and was fast helping to flood the mine, while the place whereon it was wanted remained uncovered. To remedy this it was proposed that we should go to work to make a dam of coal-dust; but as it was immediately objected that the only effect of this would be to cause the water to flow through the mine in one direction instead of two, the idea was not carried out.

Meanwhile, the fire continued to rage as fiercely as ever in and about the shaft; and as it could do no good to remain near it, breathing the hot and bad air, I proposed to my sons that we should again return to our refuge, where we could contrive to keep out of the water, at all events, for a time. Alfred agreed to come, but William decided on remaining with the other miners, saying that he would join us presently. The mine was a very wet one, and the difference in the depth of the water, since we left the place where we had been working, was quite perceptible. We directly went to work, and made such a barrier as was sufficient to keep the water from reaching us, as we thought, and then sat down, sad and sorrowful enough. My thoughts ran a good deal on my wife's dream, as they had continually done since the accident, and I wondered at the singular coincidence, and whether there was any chance of our ultimate escape. As there was no use in sitting idle, we began to prepare for the rise in the water by picking away the coal from the roof; and, without working very hard, we had raised ourselves in a few hours nearly level with the roof of the passages throughout the greater part of the mine. In the meantime, the water had been steadily rising; from being as high as the first joint of my forefinger, it had risen while we were at work to the height of the third. We made several journeys backward and forward to and from the shaft, and found it always burning, but the fire in the mine itself was growing less and less. Very few of the men had any hope of getting out now, and a good many began to complain that they were dying of hunger, though I could not help noticing that those who complained most on this score had the strongest voices. My son Alfred had noticed

the same thing, and followed one of these men, and presently came to me bringing with him a huge piece of one of the ponies. This was a precious resource to us, for careful as we had been of the little food we had at the time of the accident, we had only a few ounces left.

As William preferred to remain with the other men, where they could see the light, Alfred and I were alone in our misery. We sat side by side in the darkness, our hands fast locked together, and only loosing our hold of each other when I crawled to the edge of the heap of coal we were sitting on to plunge my arm into the water to see how deep it was. In time this was useless, for when it had risen to the length of my arm, and I found the next time I tried it that my fingers would not touch the bottom, I left off doing it. Of the other men, we saw nothing after we had got too weak to wade through the water to the shaft; but some of them had come near us, driven back by the rising water, the part of the pit where we were being higher than the rest. At times, we could hear one man calling to another through the darkness, and ask him how he was. By degrees, these inquiries became less frequent, and, when made, often remained unanswered. Another kept on repeating, "Lord, have mercy on us!" till his voice grew weaker and weaker at every repetition, and at last died away altogether. I shouted for my son William, and he answered, but he could not join us, not being able to find his way to the place where we were in the dark. At intervals, we called to each other, but after a while I got no answer, though whether he had perished of hunger, or had gone away toward the shaft, I could not tell, but I hoped the latter. By degrees, all these sounds died away, and, as far as I could tell, my son and I were the only living beings in the pit. Slowly but surely the water continued to rise, for, though I could not test its depth, it was easy to ascertain that it was creeping toward us. We had no knowledge of the passage of time, but it seemed as if years had passed, when I was roused by my son, who was making feeble efforts to put his arm round my neck. I was myself too weak to lift him, but I crept close to him, and kissed him. A little later, and he was cold and motionless. For hours, or it might have been days, I continued to hold his lifeless



body in my arms. Of food, I had none, and my only support was a sip of spirits taken at long intervals.

Still the water continued to rise, till I felt it touching my feet. I spent the time in sleep mostly, and when I lay awake, I had just life enough to wonder how long it would be before the water rose above my head. I did not now feel any particular dread of this happening; I had got so familiarized with the idea that I only speculated in a dreamy kind of way on what the sensation would be like when it took place. From what I heard since, I believe I must have slept many hours at a time. I know that when I woke once, I felt that my feet were no longer in the water. I stretched them out, still without touching it, and I had to push myself forward some distance before I could reach it, and then I knew they must have got the engine at work, and were pumping out the water; consequently, the fire was extinguished. I suppose it is nothing unusual in such cases, but no sooner had I found there was a chance of being saved, than the resignation or indifference, whichever it was, left me, and instead of being able to sleep as I had done before, I became keenly alive to my situation, and sat with the soles of my feet just touching the water. It sunk so slowly, that hours, as I judged, passed before I could say with certainty that it had sunk any more. This was about the most dreadful period of my imprisonment. When I lost my poor boy, I was expecting every hour to

join him, and painful as it was, it seemed as if we were only separated for a little while. Now, my thoughts were busy with home. What would my wife say when she saw me like one risen from the grave? What would she be doing when I got home? These, and a thousand other wondering surmises, passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness; till, at last I got weary, and began to despair of getting out after all, the water sunk so slowly. I tried to forget time in sleep, but I found this was not half so easy now. Not to spin out my tale any longer than I can help, I will say nothing more of what I felt and thought, nor what resolutions I made for the future, if I only reached the surface of the earth once more alive.

At last the time came when the water barely reached my knees at a distance of several feet in advance of the heap on which I had been lying, and I decided on trying to reach the shaft, which I succeeded in doing, though it took me a long time, owing to my weak and exhausted condition. Close to the shaft, I found two of the overlookers and several of the miners at work in repairing it. They were as much startled at seeing me as though I had been a ghost, and, indeed, as far as appearance went, I might with good reason have been taken for a skeleton. When I came down into the pit, I had left the ground hard and frozen; the next time I saw it, the grass was green, there were leaves on the trees, and a bright and warm sun was shining.

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## A DAY AT THE DEAD SEA.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE world's beauty is for ever young but the world's awe and terror are rapidly passing away. The halo of mystery which once hung over a hundred hills and groves and caverns is dissipating before our eyes like a resolvable nebula in Lord

Rosse's telescope. The Sphynx is no enigma now. That solemn face, blasted by the suns and storms of sixty centuries, has been admirably photographed, and we shall no doubt all place it shortly, along with other interesting characters, as a

*carte de visite* in our albums. Dagon, the "thrice battered god of Palestine," who seemed to us once so awful a personage, has been dragged out of his grave in Sennacherib's burned and buried palace, and set up like a naughty boy in a corner in the British Museum. Scylla and Charybdis, where are their terrors now? Is not Charybdis traversed, and does not Scylla echo every Monday and Thursday the puffs of the steamboats of the Messageries Impériales? The cave of Trophonius and the fountain of Animon, Styx, and Acheron, Delphic groves and Theban tombs, have we not rifled and sketched and vulgarized them all? Picnics are held, as Mr. Trollope assures us, in the valley of Jehosaphat and the very sepulchre of St. James. Even that far-off shrine immortalized by Calderon—the terror haunted "Purgatory" beneath the waters of—

"That dim lake  
Where sinful souls their farewell take  
Of this sad world."

But there is still some faint lingering shadow of the terrible and the sublime in our ideas of the Dead Sea—the accursed Asphaltites. True, we have unhappily discovered all about it—its typography, hydrography, and chemical analysis. Still, when all is said, "Mare Mortuum" is an awe-inspiring name. If there be any thing which ought not to die, it is a sea—the "image of eternity," the emblem of life and motion, which Byron could adjure:

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure  
brow,  
Such as Creation's dawn beheld thou rollest  
now."

But here is a sea not dowered with the immortal youth of the ever-leaping ocean, but dead—dead for three thousand years; aye, dead and damned to boot—the accursed Lake of Sodom! We confess it with shame, we had never constructed out of our moral consciousness, or out of any book of travels, any definite idea of a Dead Sea before we actually saw it with our eyes. It had remained one of those blessed dark corners of the imagination, wherein the terrible yet peeps out at us, as in childhood awful eyes used to do, from the deep bays of the room after dark, when we sat by our mother's knees in the red firelight before the candles

were brought, and heard her stories of wolves and lost children in a wood. In the faint hope that in this era of tourists' books there may yet survive some few as ignorant as ourselves to whom we could convey a share of our impressions of interest and pleasure, we shall indite a brief record of that little experience. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we are often tempted to say. But it must be owned there are some days in the East which it would be hard to parallel with any month in Europe, however replete with excitement and interest. At least, in our own lives, "a day in Cairo, a day at the Pyramids, a day in Jerusalem, a day at Baalbec, and this day at the Dead Sea," have had no equals, even in Athens or Rome.

As we are to speak of the land where time is counted from sunset to sunset, our day must begin, like that of Eden, in the evening.

Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at—that is to say, for people with prejudices on the subject of centipedes. The ground where the tents of pilgrims are pitched affords every possible opportunity for the study of those entertaining *articulata*, and of course it is quite impossible in a tent to exercise any thing else but hospitality toward any visitors who may choose to "drop in." True that for travelers of the nobler sex, the grand old monastery of Mar Saba opens its doors and offers the purest spiritual consolation in the shape of surpassingly excellent raki (the most unmitigated alcohol known.) But for an unholy "Hajjin," (or female pilgrim,) like the writer, no such luck was in store. The convent of St. Saba must never be polluted by feminine Balmorals, and the society of the centipedes was quite good enough for us. It was accordingly with no small perturbation of mind that, before retiring to rest, we investigated the manners and customs of those remarkable creatures. On a small bush of broom—the original *Plantagenista* of the most royal of kingly races—we discovered about three or four dozen of our friends, long and black, and vicious-looking in the extreme. Placing my gauntlet alongside of one of them as a measure, it appeared that the centipede was somewhat longer than the glove, or about six inches from tip to tail. All down the sides the little black legs moved in

the most curious way from four or five centers of motion, (ganglia, I suppose,) so that he looked like a very fine black comb down which somebody slowly drew four or five fingers. Did he bite, or did he sting, and could he crawl fast, and was he not likely to establish himself for the night where we were keeping open house, or rather tent? Nay, (frightful reflection,) was there any thing to prevent him and his congeners ensconcing themselves in our beds? We confess that it was with terrible misgivings we slept that night the sleep of people who have been eleven hours in the saddle, and burning was our indignation against asceticism in general and the prejudices of St. Saba in particular on the subject of the admission of petticoats to his monastery. The good Franciscans at Ramleh (the Arimathea of Scripture) had known better, and allotted to us a dormitory, where, however, we had some small but assiduous attendants, through whose ministration we were (as good people say) "grievously exercised," and obliged to pass the night in researches more nearly connected with entomology than with biblical antiquities.

No; Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at, but we did sleep in spite of the centipedes. For my part, at least, I slept so soundly, and with such vivid dreams of far-off green woods of the west, and dear ones parted by thousands of miles, that when wakened at midnight by the howling of the wild beasts of the wilderness, it was all but impossible to recover the sense of reality, or rather to know whereon to fix it—on the natural home-like dream of the little child with her arms around my neck, sitting under the old trees, or on the weird picture before my eyes at the tent door—the wild hollow in the desolate hills, and the group of our well-armed guard of Arabs around the watch-fire; while beyond them Orion, burning in all the glory of a Syrian night, was slowly sinking behind the desert mountains of Judea.

It is strange how every thing in the simple life of tents suggests the analogies of the moral life. A journey in the desert is like reading a series of parables. We are then truly "pilgrims and sojourners on earth"—the place which has known us for one brief day will know us no more for ever. We really thirst for cooling fountains, and pant under the burning sun for "the shadow of a great Rock in a

weary land." The simple realities of existence, which so rarely approach us at all in the orderly and over-finished life of England, where we slide, without jolt or jar from the cradle to the grave, along the smooth rails laid down by civilization, are present once more in the wildernesses of the East. That very morning, at Mar Saba, as we watched our tents taken down, and all traces of our brief encampment passing away, to be renewed as transitorily elsewhere at night, it forced itself on my mind more clearly than ever before, how the noblest aim of life could only be

" Nightly to pitch our moving tents  
A day's march nearer home ;"

—a real full day's pilgrimage in the right direction. And alas! *per contra*, how few of the easily-numbered days allotted to us seem actually to forward us one step thitherward!

Whether it be from these associations with great realities, or from its wondrously healthy effect (making "well" a positive condition, and not, as usual, a mere negation of being "ill,") or from what other occult suitability to humanity, I know not; but decidedly the tent-life is beyond all others attractive and fascinating. At first, being sufficiently fond of the comfortable, I dreaded it greatly; but after two or three nights, the spell it never fails to exercise fell on me, and I wished it could go on for months. It seems as if, at bottom of the Saxon nature, there is some unsuspected corner which always echoes joyously to the appeal,

" Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart  
for any fate."

Whether it be

" To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,"  
or to

" Antres vast and deserts idle,"

like those of Mar Saba, it is all the same. Only "let us go on—on to a new life; and let the traces of the old be swept away as rapidly as may be." "Let the dead Past bury its dead."

Is all this natural and wise, or utterly wrong and foolish? I am not quite persuaded; but at any rate it is of little consequence to decide the question, for our

English climate settles the matter for us, practically, very decisively. How did Robin Hood and Maid Marian ever escape rheumatism and catarrh?

Our English progress is, I hope, of a more real sort than that of the Arab, whose tent is the only thing connected with him which *does* move. After four thousand years the Scheik of Hebron has probably not varied an iota from the costume, the habits, or the acquirements of Abraham. The immobility of every thing in the East is like that of the boulder-stones laid at intervals for landmarks across the plains, as regularly to-day as when Moses cursed the man who should remove them three thousand years ago. The tents move, but all else is stationary. Our houses, on the contrary, remain from age to age, while all things else are in continual change. Where are now the costumes, the habits, the ideas of our ancestors, not three thousand but three hundred years ago? Yet we live in their homes and worship in their churches, while the Syrian's tent has moved and changed uncounted times in the same interval. May those "stately homes of England" stand firm for many an age; and may we never advance to that doctrine of the Yankee in Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, "that it is an insolence for any man to build a house which should outlast his own life, and oblige his son to dwell in the chambers he had designed, and not in those of his own original choice!" It is hardly to be measured, I think, how much of the best and tenderest family feelings amongst us are due to the old house, wherein all associations are centered, wherein each member of the race feels pride, where the pictures of our forefathers hang side by side on the walls, and their dust rests together in the vault hard by. Shame is it that such deep human feelings as these should be soiled by vulgar pride of rank or wealth, or monopolized by the rich alone, as if they were not equally the birthright of the humblest family who could possess their English cottage or Highland sheltie, and who *might* attach to them equally all the affections which would sanctify the castle or the palace. It is not the grandeur of the house, nor the artistic merit of the family pictures, nor the splendor of the funeral monuments, which give them their power. It is the great Divine institution of the family which gives to the hearth

its sanctity, and to the picture, and chair, and tree, and grave, their influence over our hearts. To raise and ennoble the poor we must surely in every way possible strengthen and elevate the reverence for family ties. We must secure for them the power of earning by their industry homes which shall be really homes—not lodging-houses or temporary tenancies; but homes wherein may grow up those sentiments of honest pride, of mutual *solidarité*, (making each member of the family interested in the honor and welfare of all the rest,) of grateful youth and tenderly nurtured age, which may at last drive away the plague of pauperism from our land. Wherever this state of things is approached, as in Cumberland, Switzerland, and parts of France, (the department of Seine-et-Marne, for instance,) the moral results seem of unmixed good, whatever may be the commercial consequences as regards the farming of the land. There are dreamers, whose fanaticism, springing from violent recalcitration at the world's wrongs and cruelties, we can not but in a measure honor, who would proceed on an opposite plan. I suppose every heart open to a generous feeling, has in youth experienced the attraction of some communistic scheme wherein labor should become unselfish, and poverty, with all its train of sins and woes, be wiped from the destinies of man. These philanthropists would say: "Leave your old houses to perish, or turn Leigh-hall into a phalanstery." But if there were no other flaws in the project, this one would suffice. The family is an institution of the Creator, the community is an institution of man. However well planned, with whatever apparent provision for the family to spread its roots and flourish within the walls of the community, the tree will in the lapse of time burst its way and break down the walls. There is a deep, hidden antagonism between the two, which, as each grows, is more and more developed. When it comes to a contest between God's plan and man's plan, we can have little doubt which will be beaten in the long run. Assuredly it is *through* the Divine institution of the family, not against it; by increasing and elevating its influence, and restoring it when it has been crushed out by sin and misery, that we shall help mankind.

It was a glorious morning at Mar Saba. By four o'clock we were all dressed and breakfasting while our tents were taken



down, and some twenty or thirty recalcitrant mules first caught and then laden. A merry and pretty scene is the departure from a camp; and then, on those bright dawning days, the sense of life and health becomes an almost exuberant happiness. We learn there at last—what so many of us forget after childhood—that simply to exist in health is a blessing and a joy—to breathe the morning air, awakened from the sound slumbers of real fatigue—to eat rough food with keen appetite—to mount the willing, spirited Syrian horse, and start for the long day's travel with the sun mounting into the cloudless sky of Palestine, and the wide wilderness of hills stretching around and away as far as eye can reach; all this is joy of itself. We feel inclined to say, as the scheik did to Layard: "Oh! sorrowful dwellers in cities! May Allah have mercy upon them! Is there any *kef* like this, to ride through the flowers of the desert?" Truly it is better thus, (once in a way, at all events,) than to be forever, "with blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

As we rode out of the little valley of our encampment, and down by the convent of Mar Saba, we obtained a complete view of the whole *hermit burrow*, for such it may properly be considered. Mar Saba is the very ideal of a desert. It lies amid the wilderness of hills, not grand enough to be sublime, but only monotonous and hopelessly barren. So white are these hills, that at first they appear to be of chalk, but further inspection shows them to be of whitish rock, with hardly a trace of vegetation growing any where over it. On the hills there is sometimes an inch of soil over the rock; in the valleys there are torrents of stones over the inch of soil. Between our mid-day halt at Der-binerbeit (the highest land in Judea) and the evening rest at Mar Saba, our whole march had been in utter solitude—not a village, a tent, a caravan, a human being in sight. Not a tree or bush. Of living creatures hardly a bird to break the dead silence of the world, only a large and venomous snake crawling beside our track. Thus far from human haunts, in the heart of the wilderness of Judea, lies Mar Saba. Fit approach to such a shrine! Through the arid, burning rocks a profound and sharply-cut chasm suddenly opens and winds, forming a hideous valley, such as may exist in the unpeopled moon, but which probably has not its equal in our world for

rugged and blasted desolation. There is no brook or stream in the depths of the ravine. If a torrent may ever rush down it after the thunderstorms with which the country is often visited, no traces of water remain even in early spring. Barren, burning, glaring rocks alone were to be seen on every side. Far up on the cliff, like a fortress, stand the gloomy, windowless walls of the convent; but along the ravine, in almost inaccessible gorges of the hills, are caves and holes half-way down the precipice, the dwellings of the hermits. Here, in a den fit for a fox or a hyena, one poor soul had died just before our visit, after *five-and-forty years* of self-incarceration. Death had released him, but many more remained, and we could see some of them from the distant road as we passed, sitting in the mouths of their caverns, or walking on the little ledges of rock they had smoothed for terraces. Of course their food (such as it is) is conveyed to them, or let down from the cliffs from the convent at needful intervals. Otherwise, they live absolutely alone—alone in this hideous desolation of nature, with the lurid, blasted desert for their sole share in God's beautiful universe. We are all, I suppose, accustomed to think of a hermit as our poets have painted him, dwelling serene in

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless continuity of shade,"

undisturbed by all the ugly and jarring sights and sounds of our grinding civilization, sleeping calmly on his bed of fern, feeding on his pulse and cresses, and drinking the water from the brook.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve,  
He hath a cushion plump,  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak stump."

But the hermits of Mar Saba, how different are they from him who assoiled the *Ancient Mariner*? No holy cloisters of the woods, and sound of chanting brooks, and hymns of morning birds—only this silent burning waste—this "desolation deified." It seemed as if some frightful aberration of the religious sentiment could alone lead men to choose for home, temple, prison, tomb, the one spot of earth where no flower springs to tell of God's tenderness, no soft dew, nor sweet sound ever falls to preach faith and love.

There are many such hermits still in the Greek Church. I have seen their eyries perched where only vultures should have their nests, on the cliffs of Caramania, and among the caverns of the Cyclades. Anthony and Stylites have left behind them a track of evil glory, along which many a poor wretch still "crawls to heaven along the devil's trail." Is it indeed easier to do "some great thing"—to make some wondrous life-long sacrifice, or suffer some terrific martyrdom for God's sake, than simply to obey the law of love to him and our neighbor? How can it be that when these monstrous sacrifices are asked by any creed, however base and low, (like the Paganism of India,) the victims are never wanting, and where the sole demand is, "give me thine heart," there is no response, or but a poor, faint, miserable one? Shame on us that so it should be!

On we rode past the defile of the poor hermits, and out upon the hills beyond Mar Saba. Steep hills they were; and for four hours little time had we to attend to any thing but our horses' feet, and how we could keep ourselves from slipping off as they scrambled up, like cats, the formidable acclivities. At last we came out upon a sort of undulated plain, where it was possible to canter forward, and of course the party soon started on a gallop, which was near costing me rather dearly. One of the ladies having ridden in advance, the old scheik, in great excitement and delight, raced alongside of her, shouting: "Tahib! Tahib!" (good! good!) and evidently marveling at the equestrianism of an Englishwoman on her awkward saddle. Fired with laudable ambition, I went after them; the lady gradually fell back, and Ali and I rode on galloping at considerable pace, while he screamed louder and louder, "Tahib! Tahib—katlych!" and threw his spear in the air. Finding at last, however, that the Arab's fine horse was inevitably beating the hack supplied me by our dragoman, I arrived at the sage resolution of stopping before we had left the caravan too far behind. Accordingly, I tried to pull up; but these Syrian horses, accustomed to be ruled by the voice, consider any touch of the rein only an instigation to further speed, and if it be tightened severely they immediately run restive. In a moment my hitherto amiable steed had taken the bit between his teeth, and struck off at fullest pace into the desert at right angles to our

track. "Ali! Ali! *Mōōsh* Tahib! (*Not* good) I shouted; but Ali never dreamed of looking behind, but disappeared from my sight, still brandishing his djereed, and complacently screaming "Tahib" at the top of his voice. It was not a pleasant position. I was being carried as fast as my horse could bear me into the trackless wilderness. I had utterly lost all command of him, nobody having informed me of the talismanic "*Là! là!*" (No! no!) "*Schwoi, schwoi,* (gently, gently,) which would soon have brought him to reason. After a considerable run, I fortunately spied to the right a track where the sand evidently lay thick, and with some hard sawing, I guided the horse into it, and brought him to a standstill. From thence we tracked our way back eventually into the road, where the caravan was still in sight. These undulating and yet monotonous plains are most perplexing places, and it is the easiest thing in the world to lose oneself in them.

As we descended toward the Dead Sea the vegetation became a little more rich. There were wild flowers in abundance, and large bushes of broom, and a certain plant of the snap-dragon kind, which formed a gorgeous yellow rod, and which I wish much I could call by its right name, and describe in proper botanical terms. It had eight large flowerets in each circle round the stem, and eight or ten tiers of circles in bloom at once, altogether a huge mass of flower as long and thick as a man's arm.

It was while riding through the low hills covered with this vegetation, and just before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, and that one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man coming toward me, the only one we had seen for several hours since we had passed a few black tents some eight or ten miles away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in his camel's-hair robe, and with the lithe-some, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attached to him was the errand on which he had manifestly been engaged on those Dead Sea plains from which he was returning. Round his

neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued, and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly content and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden, and as I saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head, and the "salaam alik!" (peace be with you,) he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw my eyes were directed. It was actually the beautiful parable of the gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety and nine in the wilderness," round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb till he had found it where it must quickly have perished without his help, among those blighted plains. Literally, too, "when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing." It would, I think, have been a very hard heart which had not blessed God for the sight, and taken home to itself with fresh faith, the lesson that God suffers no wandering sheep to be finally lost from his great fold of heaven. Even though man may wander to the utmost bounds of his iniquity, yet the Good Shepherd rejoicing, shall bring the wanderer home, "for He will seek till He find him," *even on the Dead Sea shore.*

I longed for a painter's power to perpetuate that beautiful sight, a better and a truer lesson than the scapegoat. Men wonder sometimes what is to be the future of art, when opinions change and creeds become purified, and we need Madonnas no more than Minervas for idols, and are finally wearied of efforts, ever fruitless, to galvanize with the spark of art the corpses of dead religions. It seems to me as if modern painters and sculptors have before them a field hitherto almost unworked, in giving the *real* coloring to the great scenes and parables of ancient story, Hebrew and Greek, and Egyptian and Scandinavian, and not repeating for ever the conventional types, and costumes, and localities, which the old masters adopted of necessity, knowing no better, but which, to us, ought to be no less absurd than to act Hamlet in the court-dress of George II., or Lady Macbeth in a hoop and powder. Look at the ordinary pictures of Christ. No Oriental ever wore those pink and blue

robes, or sat in those attitudes. The real dress of a peasant of Palestine is at once far more picturesque and more manly, the real attitudes of repose infinitely more imposing and dignified. Look at the painted scenes in Palestine, the deep, dark, shadowy woods and Greek temples, and Roman houses. Are these like the bare olive grove of Gethsemane, or the real edifices of Syria? The true Areopagus at Athens, on the rocky slopes of the hill, with the temple of Theseus far below, and in the distance the blue gulf over which Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne to watch the fight of Salamis; that real site is an infinitely nobler one than Raphael's scene of Paul preaching at Athens on the steps of a Roman palace, and with the circular Tuscan temple filling up the whole distance. Probably every where the real costume, the real scenery, architecture, and coloring of land and sky, and, above all, the real types of national features, would be far better than even the noblest artist could invent, not always in the way of composing a picture but invariably in that of conveying the ideas of the poet or historian. A Hebrew prophet grew up with the sky of Canaan overhead, its trees, and wild flowers, and barren deserts before his eyes. Every thing he wrote must have borne some deep harmony with these things, rather than with the landscapes and the nature of the West. And so in all other things, departure from truth of *couleur locale* must surely always lose more in power than it gains in beauty. A Mary Magdalene of Zurbaran, in her received Spanish rank of Princess of Magdala, with a yellow satin dress and stomacher of pearls, does not seem more ridiculous to us now, than will be to the next generation our pictures of St. Peter, in a pink and sky-blue toga, or statues of St. Paul in his conventional presentation of an emaciated mediæval anchorite, with a narrow forehead, and head on one side, and long cumbersome robes dangling over those brave feet which traversed the world. Even in the smallest matters, the actual facts of a country, its climate, fauna, flora, geology, and all the rest, have a right to be considered in illustrating its history or its poetry. The sheep of Palestine, for instance, are pretty and sufficiently intelligent-looking creatures, and the lambs quite beautiful—very different, at all events, they are from our stupid woolly cylinders on four legs, of which we read

the other day in the *Times* of one hundred and forty killing themselves by leaping after each other into a dry ditch, for no cause or reason whatever—a species of animal whose docility some “pastors” may admire, but which a man feels it rather humiliating to be called on to imitate. As to the goats, they are awfully vicious-looking, with long black hair and an extremely diabolic cast of countenance. Poor animals! At last we descended upon the burning whitish plains of the Dead Sea, the land bearing unmistakable traces of having been once covered by the bituminous waters. Every where there grew quantities of small, scrubby, half-dead bushes of various kinds, or else of thick, high rushes beside the water-courses, which now became frequent, the water, however, being undrinkable. On some of the bushes, resembling black-thorns, we found fruit, like sloes, of which one or two on each bush seemed in natural condition, and the rest all worm-eaten and ready to crush to dry dust upon pressure. We gathered many of them, supposing them to be “apples of Sodom,” but were afterward better informed—the apples of Sodom grow on the opposite side of the lake. Whatever fruit, however, is found round the whole district, partakes the same character, and is always blighted; growing on such a soil it could hardly be otherwise. It is all a mass of saline deposits.

Now we stood on the shore. It was little like what either pictures or imagination had prepared us to see. The April sun was shining down broad and bright on the clear rippling waters of the splendid lake, which shone with metallic luster, closed in between the high cliffs of the Judean hills to the west, and the grand chain of Moab, like a heaven-high wall, upon the east. Over the distance, and concealing from us the further half of the sea, hung a soft sunny haze. There was nothing in all this of the Accursed Lake, nothing of gloom and desolation. Even the shore was richly studded with bright golden chrysanthemums growing to the edge of the rippling waters. There was but one feature of the scene to convey a different impression; it was the skeletons of the trees once washed down from the woody banks of Jordan by the floods into the lake, and then at last cast up again by the south wind on the shore and gradually half buried in the sands. They

stood up almost like a blasted grove, with their bare withered boughs in all fantastic shapes, whitened and charred as if they had passed through the fire.

It had been my intention, of course, to bathe in the sea, so I was provided for the attempt, with the exception, unfortunately, of sandals, and the stones being of the sharpest, I was unable to follow the long shallow water barefooted far enough out to test its well known buoyancy for swimming. As few ladies, our dragoman told us (indeed, he absurdly supposed none,) had bathed in the Dead Sea, I may as well warn any so disposed that the water nearly burnt the skin from my face, and occasioned quite excruciating pain for a few moments in the nostrils and eyes, and even on the arms and throat. The taste of it is like salts and quinine mixed together—an odious compound of the saline and the acridly bitter. No great wonder, since its analysis shows a variety of pleasing chlorides and bromides and muriates and sulphates, of all manner of nice things; magnesia and ammonia among those more familiar to the gustatory nerves. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, and the evaporation from it (without any outlet) fully makes up for the supply poured in by Jordan, so that the sea sinks a little as time goes on.

The lesson of life seems to be, that nothing is so good or so bad as imagination depicts it beforehand. The Dead Sea was not so dead after all. We mounted our horses and took a last long look at it, and wished our visit had been on a darker day, when the waters should not have glittered in the sun under the ineffably soft spring sky of Palestine; but rather when the clouds had gathered over the mountains of Moab, and the autumn tempest lashed the black waves of the accursed lake till it cast up the scarred and blasted trees upon the shore, and swept the blighting spray over the whole plains of Jericho. We turned away and rode on through the dwarfed underwood, and then over the wide waste of yellow sand—away as fast as we could gallop, for we had yet a long journey to accomplish before we could reach a halt for the night where (even with our Arab guard) we should be safe from the attacks of the robber gangs who prowl over these wastes. Away we tore in the burning sun “over the burning marl,” like Leonor



and her dead companion. "Hurra, hurra, hop, hop, hop!"

" 'The Dead (-sea visitors) ride fast.' "

We made our way, as it is only possible to ride in a Syrian desert or Roman Campaigna. Four hours, I believe, we pushed on with as little breathing space as might be, and we were in full career, goaded (I confess, on my part) by the intolerable stinging of the Dead Sea brine on my shoulders, which were too slightly protected from the sun, and now seemed pretty nearly on fire. Suddenly the sand stops as with a sharp line on a slight elevation. On one side utter barrenness and desolation; on the other luxuriant grass, a wood of aspens and willows, and there it is—JORDAN! The rich yellow eddying stream was at our feet.

A hundred yards further brought us to the spot where all the traditions of this storied stream are congregated. It is a small curve in the river, half encircling a space of an acre or two of grass, and clear on the hither side from the trees which elsewhere, above and below, line the banks in a compact mass like an Indian jungle. This grassy *laund* is the pilgrim's resting-place, and may be used as such safely by the great caravans, although it was too exposed for our small party. Above the next reach in the river a fine mountain range closes the view, which, independently of its associations, is one of the most picturesque in Southern Palestine, though very different indeed from the grand scene of rocks and cliffs conjured up by Salvatore Rosa for his picture of St. John preaching in the desert. Jordan is a narrow, deep, and turbid stream, eddying fast in its rapid descent into Asphaltites. The banks are muddy as those of Avon or Tiber, and the stream itself as thick and yellow as the Nile. To bathe in it is difficult, from the softness of the bottom, in which the feet sink at once above the ankle, while the current is so strong as to make it hard to hold one's balance. Every year some unfortunate pilgrims are lost in the excited rush which hundreds of them make at once into the stream, and only two days before our arrival a poor Arab in attendance on an English party whom we met at Jerusalem, was drowned in attempting to bring them a bundle of canes from the opposite side of the river. I

found the water, however, deliciously soft, and quite a compensation for all difficulties of bathing was the relief of washing off the Dead Sea brine in the sweet waves of Jordan. Of course I took my seven plunges in all regularity.

And here I must be pardoned for a small digression. The water-torture of modern times is decidedly applied to Europeans by the pouring of Mississippi down our throats (metaphorically) by the pitiless inhabitants of the Southern States of America. There were two ladies from those pleasant regions in our party, who invariably, whatever we saw, or heard, or talked of, in heaven or earth, incontinently likened it to the Mississippi; or (if that were quite impossible) compared it with the splendors of a Mississippi steamboat. They were kindly disposed and doubtless accomplished ladies, but there was something in this state of things which gradually threatened madness. The Nile, we were told, they had found like Mississippi—Jerusalem was not near so fine as New-Orleans. If Mar Saba *had* had a stream running at the bottom, then that stream would have reminded them of Mississippi. (Alas! we only wished to find any thing which would make them *forget* it.) Finally, our tent dinners on kebob and mish-mash were not in the least like those on a first-class boat on the Mississippi. When we approached Jordan, it was natural to dread that the favorite parallel would be brought forward, and I ventured to confide to an English friend my prevision that if the sacred old stream were thus insulted, patience would be difficult. Still, however, after having bathed and dressed myself, when seated under one of the great trees, and trying to conjure up the scenes which had passed upon that storied spot, I confess I was startled at being addressed—

"Interesting, isn't it, Miss C——? It reminds me so much, you can't think, of the Mississippi."

"No, indeed, it doesn't, I am sure!" I exclaimed. "Why, Mississippi is one of the largest rivers in the world, and Jordan the smallest."

"Yes; but, for all that, it does remind me of the Mississippi. If you only went in one of our first-class boats," etc., etc.

And so, from Elijah and the Baptist, I was conveyed as quickly as thought might travel down a torrent of eloquence to New-Orleans.

My dream of Jordan thus rudely broken, I rose, and after a little time we were again in our saddles, and pursuing our journey toward Jericho. I know not whether the experience of a single traveler may be of much avail; but in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favor of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman who, having traveled alone over a large part of Europe and the East, has perhaps more opportunities than most men or women of judging of the standard of *courtesy* of different nations. The result of my experience has been this. If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness, with that consideration for a woman, *as a woman*, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North-American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who should be sure to show unvarying good temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North-American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travelers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at *tables-d'hôte* of our own population; and they absurdly measure a New-York shoemaker by the standard of a London barrister. I speak of what a genuine Yankee is as a fellow-traveler to a lady without companion or escort, wealth or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let Englishmen be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behoves at least an Englishwoman whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the ford as she has found it.

As to the Southern Americans, it must be confessed that their chivalry partakes a good deal too much of a quality which doubtless colored all the supposed romantic manners of the Middle Ages, and which always must reappear when society is divided between despots and serfs. I do not think many English ladies and gentlemen could comfortably endure the suppression of all such little phrases as "Thank you," "If you please," and their equivalents, in addresses to *white* attendants. One feels inclined to return to the

exhortation of the nursery at all moments, "It wants a word!"

I happened once to be dining alone at the convent at Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese dragoman conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travelers to Palestine, and both agreed that the Americans were most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. "Some of them," said the monk, "are *buonissimi gente*; but some others—oh! they ordered me about, and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant." "Worse than that," said the Piedmontese Abengo; "I twice served them as dragoman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well, for I could not endure it. *They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves.*" "Ah! sì!" said the Franciscan, "qu'est' orribile schiavitù!"

Leaving the willowy banks of Jordan, we turned westward, and rode on for some hours across the plains of Jericho. The heat was fearful; not in the least like the heat of England, but a *roasting* of the brains through all the folds of hat, and turban, and wet handkerchief within them, which gave cause to fear for the share of reason which would survive the process. I never understood before the force of Mohammed's threat to the wicked in Jehanum, "Their skull shall boil like a pot." As evening closed in and we reached the site where Jericho once stood, the sultry atmosphere seemed even more stifling. The wonder is, not that Jericho should be deserted, but that a city in such a place ever came to be built. Closed in by the mountains on every side on which a fresh breeze could blow upon it, and open only to the unwholesome flats of the Dead Sea, the position is absolutely pestilential even in early spring, when we visited it. What it must be in summer and autumn, it is hard to guess. The site of Jericho is marked by a tower, and by some mounds and broken walls. There was on the spot, on the night of our sojourn, a huge camp of pilgrims, numbering probably nearly three thousand, returning from their dips in Jordan. The larger number of these poor creatures are very aged men and women, and come from Greece or other distant countries. How they bear the enormous fatigue of the journey is surprising, but they all go down to Jordan to

bathe; the pilgrimage else remains incomplete. On the whole, it is calculated that, between French, Greeks, and all others, there are some fifty thousand of these poor creatures who perform the pilgrimage every year. The camp was naturally a picturesque sight, and it was prettily placed near the stream which watered Jericho, and among dwarf groves of thorny acacias and egg-fruit. I conversed for a little while with some Greek women in their classic head-dresses—if conversing it could be called, to interchange a few friendly signs and an odd word or two, and exhibit some very bad sketches, which they were surprisingly clever to recognize as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their manners were very sweet and engaging. I afterward found those of the poor Greek women at Athens to be the same, always performing smilingly any service in their power, like giving me water to drink from the fountain of Callirrhoë in their beautiful earthen vases, which for gracefulness might have served in the household of Pericles. This night at Jericho the pilgrims, male and female, were in full enjoyment; and near them a band of Arab soldiers danced long and merrily in the starlight. It was a pleasant idea of pilgrimage, truly; and as we went to rest at the end of our “Day at the Red Sea,” and heard the hyenas roaring and the jackals barking round us in the wilderness, we confess to have somewhat envied our neighbors’ faith, which made going on pilgrimage a sacred performance. True that, for these poor souls, it involved much fatigue and weariness; but for us, who might *boil our peas* and go on horseback, it was another matter.

What a pleasant thing it would be, after all, if in our day we could only believe in a pilgrimage! It is a common reproach against us modern English that we are all home-sick, (namely, *sick of our homes!*) and if we could but imagine that it were possible to combine a holy “work” and a pleasure trip, the question is, not who would go, but who would stay behind! No doubt, in the days of the Crusades, the same spirit animated all parties. Think of the knights, who must have rejoiced to leave the monotonous society of their ever-spinning Penelopes; the serfs, who must have gloried in escaping from their tyrants; and the schoolboys, who must have played leap-frog half way to Constantinople for joy of leaving their

hornbooks and going on such a “lark!” We mean no disrespect to all the religious associations and chivalry and heroism, and all that kind of thing, of the Crusades, only, we repeat, we wish it were possible to combine in our day, in a similar manner, being so remarkably good and doing something so particularly agreeable. “Duty,” said a Scotch friend to us once, “duty is any thing that you find it disagreeable to do.” “Conscience,” said an Irish one, in return, “is that which supplies us with good motives for doing whatever we like, and fills us with satisfaction when we have done it!” Of the two diverse views, it is clear that the last might authorize us to go on a crusade.

But next to a crusade give me a pilgrimage. There is something in the idea so wonderfully suited to human nature, that probably every creed save Protestant Christianity has sanctioned it, and had a Mecca and a Benares or a Compostella or a Canterbury to which such holy journeys might be made for the good of the soul and the extreme satisfaction of the body. As England’s religion admits of nothing of the kind, England’s share of the universal human sentiment relieves itself by making its favorite pious book next to the Bible—a *Pilgrim’s Progress*. Glorious old Bunyan! half quaintest Puritan, half sublimest poet, what do we not all owe to him of childhood’s dreams and of youth’s holiest ambitions? It is he who has given us such a true parable of life that it is evermore impossible to separate the real and the allegorical, and not to think of despond as a “slough,” and “difficulty” as a hill, and sickness as a valley of shadows, and the world as a vanity fair, and despair as a giant, and death as a river, and heaven as a celestial city, whither the “shining ones” bear the souls of the glorified amid eternal hallelujahs. So true, so real are these things, they cease to be allegories; nor is there (as we have often tested) among the lowest and dullest a mind which does not respond to their truth. And then the great pervading thought of the book—that life is a passage onward and upward, a life wherein there are failings and falls and turnings back even to the last—but a life with its definite path of duty, its definite aim, its thrice-blessed definite end. This thought Bunyan gives us as we could perhaps never have had without him. How it fastened on us all in childhood, when we had the

inappreciable fortune to read his book at the right time, when we were either young enough or old enough to enjoy it as the most wondrous of fairy tales or the deepest of parables!

I have heard of a little child who was so seized upon by the book that she actually succeeded in escaping from her nurse, and setting out on pilgrimage through a certain "wicket-gate" (of course, to a child's imagination, the only "wicket-gate" in the world). After a time, she came to a hill which naturally represented "Difficulty," and on the summit was a house with stone lions on the gates—the house called Beautiful, beyond any mistake. A footman in livery imperfectly rendered the character of the proper porter "Discretion;" but fortunately three ladies in the drawing-room, to whom the poor little pilgrim was admitted, fully realized those of Christian's hostesses, and, after a "refection" of tea and cake, she was safely driven home to her anxious mamma in their carriage. Which of us could not have performed the same exploit at the mature age of six? And, at sixty, who would be wearied of the book, or cease to pick out the wondrous metaphors which lie in this Golconda, strewn about in reckless profusion! The chamber in the house called Beautiful, "looking toward the sun rising, the name of which chamber was Peace." The dreadful combat with the incarnate Sin, when Apollyon "straddles all across" the way of life, and the poor pilgrim can advance no step till the foe is beaten off and conquered, after that same fearful fight *upon the knees* of which all our hearts bear the scars.

Giant Despair's powerlessness when he would fain "maul the prisoners" in Doubting Castle as was his wont; but the sun was bright in the blue heavens, and the lark singing up in the sky, and he could not hurt them, "for sometimes, in sunshiny weather, Giant Despair has fits." The Delectable Mountains, whence it was possible to see the gates of the Celestial City and the glory of its King for one brief hour ere the clouds rolled over the vision, and the pilgrims descended to thread the lowly paths beneath, strengthened for evermore by the memory of what they had once beheld. The Beulah Land, where the struggles and the warfare are over, and the pilgrim dwells in peace ineffable, only waiting for God's messenger of death to summon him to the Celestial City, where their admittance is assured. And then the Dark River, and the sinking heart and failing strength and trembling faith as the deep waters go over, even over, our souls. Is not this DEATH—death such as we have seen it standing on the hither bank, watching with straining eyes after the beloved ones who have passed over, and whom a cloud receives for evermore out of our sight?

Poor pilgrims of Jordan resting by ruined Jericho—that starry Eastern night where my tent was pitched near yours—let us trust that the faith which urged you on that weary way will give you comfort when that other Jordan must be passed—so cold, so deep, so fathomless! That faith and mine will be all one at last, when we climb up the further shore and see overhead the golden towers.

**A CHEAP RIDE.**—Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson, who was the very soul of disputatiousness, always differed from him; and, at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I can not bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him Richardson halloaing out triumphantly after him, "Ah! you're beat! you're beat!" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled, that he found out he was left in the lurch, to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

**FONTENELLE** lived to be nearly a hundred years old. A lady, of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company: "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, that I have a notion death has forgotten us." "Speak as low as you can," said Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us!"

**PROFANE** swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. It helps no one's education or manners. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society.



From Colburn's New Monthly.

# HAUNTING EYES.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## PART II.

### I.

#### THE FELON OF AUBURN PRISON.

SOME ten years had passed since the evening of Camilla Egerton's adventures at St. Alban's Cove, and on the hill above it; but these years had neither brought in their transit sorrow or bad health to destroy the good looks and good spirits of the very pretty girl who was then just entering upon womanhood. At twenty-seven she was still a blooming and beautiful young woman, though no longer *Miss Egerton*, for she had married the young naval officer who had introduced himself to her, and had come to the assistance of the weary wanderer, when she was quite worn out by anxiety and fatigue. Mr. Howard had been received as a cherished guest at Rose Villa; he was not dependent on his profession, but had a handsome private income, and was heir presumptive to a large fortune, therefore Colonel and Mrs. Egerton were well pleased at the admiration he seemed to feel for their daughter Camilla, while the more she saw of Howard the more she liked him.

In their happy case the truth of that saying,

"The course of true love never does run smooth,"

was not verified, for there were no tremendous obstacles to be smoothed down, no opposition from relations to be overcome, no prudent calculations to mar, with their hard, cold dicta, and the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, the wishes and the hopes that had stolen into their hearts. No, all was sunshine with them, except that Mr. Howard's being ordered on service in a distant part of the world delayed their marriage for

three or four years after their engagement had been formed.

It took place, however, at last, and some time afterward circumstances induced Captain, as he then was, and Mrs. Howard to visit the United States of America.

Camilla, though devotedly attached to her husband, who had, of course, occupied the greater number of her thoughts during the progress of her early acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with him as her accepted suitor, had never entirely forgotten the smuggler of St. Alban's Cove. Often and often in the still twilight hours, and even in the darkness of midnight, she saw his haunting eyes, gazing as it were at her, and memory used to recall the scenes of her meeting and her parting with him. But impressed with the solemnity of the oath she had taken, she never breathed his name to mortal ear, though she could not refrain from inquiring now and then of the gardener at Rose Villa, the village doctor, and others, if the daring smugglers had ever returned to St. Alban's Cove, or had ever been heard of again. The answer was always that they had never returned, and that no more had been heard of them. Sometimes she would make her escape for a solitary walk, and then she was sure to bend her steps to that lonely portion of the hill where Ralph Woodley and herself had separated, and which she knew was near the unknown opening to the cave. Every inch of ground in the vicinity of that well-remembered spot was examined by her, and any one who had seen her stooping and searching intently among the rocks, or down on her knees, feeling among the loose stones and stunted herbage, might have fancied that she was seeking for some hidden treasure, which some hallucination of the mind had led her to imagine might be found on that

dreary hill. Or else she would descend by the now well-known safe path to the sands below, and shading her eyes with her hands from the dazzling rays of the sun, would gaze on the blue sea, and especially where its waves washed the headlands to the left, almost expecting to discover some suspicious-looking boat lurking under the shadow of their frowning rocks. And sometimes she even ventured to peep into the cave itself, and listen if there were any sound of voices in the mysterious inner chamber.

But the smugglers seemed to have deserted that part of the coast, and within eighteen months of the period of her meeting with Ralph Woodley, Camilla herself left Rose Villa with her parents, no more to return to its picturesque neighborhood.

After Camilla's marriage she began by degrees not to forget, but to recollect less vividly, the strange being who had interested her so much when a girl of seventeen, and whose history, so slightly sketched to her, had been worked up into the size of at least a three-volume novel in her own imagination. But she had never known how to finish her unwritten tale. She could not marry her hero to the fair-haired Alice, for she was no longer in this world. She could not guess whether he had been drowned on some wild stormy night, or had left his reckless companions and emigrated to a distant land, where, safe and free, he might resume the position in life he was born to occupy. Speculations were vain, and, after a lapse of ten years, the smuggler with the wonderful eyes was remembered but as a dream of the past.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were making a tour through part of the Northern States of America, and among other places which they visited was Auburn, a romantically situated and very pretty town, about one hundred and seventy miles west of Albany, which was originally a Dutch settlement on the banks of the noble Hudson river, and is now the political capital of the State of New-York.

The little town of Auburn, not far from the northern extremity of Lake Owasco, is not, however, so much distinguished for its beauty as for its model prison, which is the most extensive penitentiary in the United States, and one of which the Americans are extremely proud. They pique themselves much on the management of

this prison, which they consider worthy of the admiration of the whole world for the excellence of its discipline, the means of moral improvement afforded to its inmates, and the comforts provided for them. The prison, which is composed of two large buildings inclosed in a hollow square two thousand feet in circumference, is surrounded by a massive wall thirty-five feet in height. The workshops, in which the convicts are employed, range over an area of nine hundred and forty feet, and are well ventilated, and kept tolerably clean.

Captain and Mrs. Howard and their party first visited the weaving department, which is in a large hall, and where they found the weavers very busy, and though enjoined to strict silence, they did not *all* look gloomy—indeed, some of their countenances expressed placidity, if not exactly cheerfulness. In fact, none can be utterly miserable who are fully and usefully employed, and constant occupation, if without labor too fatiguing to the frame, must partially dissipate even the tedium of imprisonment.

But this portion of the prison at Auburn, where those busy groups carry on their appointed tasks, is its *bright* side; there is a darker side to the picture. The Howards persuaded the official who conducted them through the establishment to take them to a somewhat remote part of the building—to those melancholy cells where felons, condemned to solitary imprisonment for a term of years, or still worse, *for life*, were shut up, and the sight of those living dead was enough to freeze the warm blood in their veins! Who that has ever visited this site, where the Americans deemed that mercy held her sway, but must have felt a thrill of horror on looking on those poor objects of, shall we say, mistaken philanthropy? whose pallid features were only expressive of misery and despair. The experiment which was made at Auburn of awarding solitary imprisonment for many years or for life, instead of death, in cases where capital punishment was the sentence pronounced on the criminal, has probably been relinquished, but at the period referred to it was in full operation, and much lauded as a humane act of legislation.

By the prisoners themselves this commutation of punishment was not accepted as a boon; they would rather have faced death than be condemned to this living

tomb. Nor did it appear that they, at least most of them, profited by the time afforded them for repentance; they became sullen, savage, and often deranged in intellect. Could it be otherwise?—shut up in lonely cells, darker and more dismal than those in which wild beasts are kept for show—separated from all intercourse with their fellow-beings—condemned for days, and months, and years to withering idleness—no employment for, no exercise of, mind or body—nothing before them but hopeless, helpless, endless solitude within a prison's gloomy walls!

God help them! At *His* tribunal, had they been sent there by the offended laws of society, there might have been grace for them, for who shall dare to assign limits to the mercy of the Omnipotent Ruler of the creation? But the clemency of man was a mockery to those poor wretches, and so thought Camilla and her husband as they approached those fearful cells. The only aperture for light or air to each cell was a small grated window which looked into a little interior space, or court, with some sort of window in its roof. The visitors did not enter this space, but stood on the outside of a railing which ran along one side of it. Probably there were doors to the cells at the back, through which one of the jailers may have taken food to the prisoners, but the cells were too much in obscurity to discern any thing within them.

The first person whom the Howards perceived in

“This dark, opprobrious den of shame,”

was a young man, who was standing in his cell leaning his head against the grated window. He looked pale, sickly, and stupid, and scarcely seemed to notice the strangers who now ranged themselves close to the railing. The unwonted sounds of footsteps, and the rustling of Mrs. Howard's silk dress, seemed to have roused, probably from a lethargic trance, another unfortunate denizen of the place, for a man, in the cell nearest to the railing, came forward from the recesses of his gloomy chamber, and put his face close to the iron bars of his little aperture for air.

Heavens! whom did she see? Camilla started and uttered a faint cry, as she grasped convulsively her husband's arm. The blazing eyes which had so haunted her memory were there—there, in that

felon's prison—and gazing on her with an intensity of expression which evinced that he too remembered her.

“Oh! Philip, it is he—it is he who once saved my life!” she rapidly exclaimed to Captain Howard. “What can he be here for?”

“Who?” asked Captain Howard, in astonishment. “I never heard of your life being in danger, or saved by any one. To what do you allude?”

“I never told you, because I took an oath never to speak of what happened that evening; but,” she continued, rapidly, “I would have been drowned at St. Alban's Cove but for him I am so shocked and distressed to see here.”

“Who is that prisoner?” asked Captain Howard of the jailer, in a low voice.

The man replied, with a kind of triumphant sneer:

“He is a countryman of yours, sir; as I believe you are English. He was an officer in your navy formerly, but no great credit to it, I guess. He came out to Mericay; and as ours is a free country, he thought he might do what he liked; so he murdered a man, and that's why he's here.”

“'Tis false!” cried a hollow voice from the gloomy cells. “I murdered no one. I was unjustly accused, and unjustly condemned.”

The jailer held up his finger in a threatening manner, while he growled in a savage tone:

“Silence, fellow! If you dare to speak you shall be punished. You know the rules.”

“Oh, excuse him! excuse him!” entreated Camilla, as she turned toward the rude official, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. “Whatever he may be now, he was once my friend.”

She opened her purse, and taking two gold pieces from it, she slid them into the man's hand. The almighty dollar was a more efficacious pleader than any appeal to his humanity could have been. The jailer stuffed the money hurriedly into his pocket, and then, saying that he must go to look after some of the other prisoners, but would be back presently, he took himself off, leaving the visitors and the felon to speak unreprieved.

“How long have you been here?” asked Camilla, in a voice broken by her emotion.

“Two dreadful years, Miss Egerton. I

would have rid myself of the burden of life long before this if I had had the means, but I have nothing to kill myself with, and though I have dashed my head furiously against these hated walls, death will not come. Oh! to be once more on the glorious sea! Oh! to be once more a man! or to be a senseless clod, rotting among worms in the dark ground! Will you do me a great favor? Bribe the jailer to give me a dose of poison. Do! do!" he urged, while he held up his clasped hands, and his wild eyes, brilliant beyond description at that moment, looked imploringly at her.

"Oh! no, no. Oh! do not commit suicide, I pray of you! Think of your immortal soul; remember there is a world beyond the grave."

"I doubt it," said the prisoner, while a dark scowl passed over his countenance.

"You do *not* doubt it, for you know that Alice is there." Ralph Woodley groaned and turned away.

"Do you know his name?" inquired Captain Howard of his wife.

"Yes. Ralph Woodley, the leader of the smugglers of St. Alban's Cove. You have heard of him, I know."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Captain Howard, sympathizingly. "We must try to get him released from this dreadful place. Speak, Woodley," he continued, addressing the felon. "Who are you said to have murdered, where did the fracas take place, who were the witnesses, and what judge tried you? I will stir heaven and earth to set you free, if I can only get some data to go upon."

The poor prisoner returned to the grated window, his face still bearing the traces of his recent agitation. He told his tale as briefly as possible. He had given up the smuggling business, and had gone to America, with the intention of settling, or, as the Yankees call it, *squatting*, in the backwoods. He had fallen in with a man who seemed to have taken a great fancy to him; they became friends, as he thought, and the man, whose name he mentioned, persuaded him to intrust part of his money to him to be invested safely for future use. But the fellow turned out to be a swindler and a rogue. He first robbed Ralph, and then threatened to take his life if he troubled him about the money. After a great deal of quarreling, the man offered to meet him in a lonely place to settle their accounts. But

his object appeared to have been to murder him, for after a very short conversation he attacked him with a bowie-knife. Ralph only received a slight wound, but with the activity of a sailor avoided the mortal blow intended for him, then with a heavy cudgel which he carried he knocked his opponent down; he felt certain that the man was only stunned, but at that moment two accomplices of the swindler, who had been in hiding near, rushed upon him. They were two powerful fellows, and they dragged him to the nearest police station, and there charged him with murder. There was another witness to the fray, a pedlar, who was passing along a high way near, and must have seen all that took place, but he had not come forward at the trial, and Ralph had not the means to pay for his being sought out. The swindler had either run away himself or been removed by some of his gang. His death was taken for granted, and Ralph Woodley condemned to imprisonment for life as a murderer.

The prisoner also told Captain Howard the names of the witnesses against him, of the Yankee judge, and of the place where the trial had taken place.

"But it will be of no use, sir," he added. "I am much obliged to you and Miss Egerton, but you can do nothing for me—nothing!"

"We will try, at least. I am Captain Howard, of the English navy, and this lady is my wife."

"Howard!—Howard!" exclaimed the felon. "I remember that name. Were you, some years ago, engaged with the coast-guard in looking out at St. Alban's Cove for the crew of a smart little craft called the Water Witch—smugglers they were?"

"Yes, I was, and I met this lady for the first time that evening on the hill above the cove; but whatever knowledge she had of you, you see she never betrayed it."

The prisoner smiled faintly, and looked gratefully toward Camilla; but nothing more could be said, for at that moment the jailer returned, and hurried away the visitors, who had been already too long in part of the prison.

Captain Howard lost no time in making every possible effort for the release of Ralph Woodley; he called on the chaplain and the governor of Auburn prison, to represent the case to them; he instituted



inquiries and offered rewards until at last he succeeded in finding one of the accomplices of the swindler, for whose supposed murder poor Woodley was suffering imprisonment for life, and also the pedlar who had seen the meeting between the hostile parties and all that had passed on the occasion; and, moreover, he ascertained that the man supposed to have been murdered had been seen alive and well in New-York some months after Woodley's trial and condemnation.

Captain Howard was extremely anxious that another trial should be granted the prisoner to prove his innocence, but that was strenuously refused. However, in consequence of a petition forwarded through the English consul at New-York to the proper quarter, Woodley's term of imprisonment was reduced to two years more, and these not to be spent in solitary confinement: the plea for this decision being, that if he had not actually killed the man in question, he had assailed him with the intention of murdering him.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were not permitted to see the prisoner again, or to hold any written communication with him; but they placed a sum of money in the hands of the chaplain of the prison for his use immediately after his liberation, and lodged a larger amount in a bank at New-York, which was to be given to him on his applying for it. They also left a letter for Ralph Woodley with the chaplain, and their address in England, in case the unfortunate wanderer should ever return to his native country, or should wish assistance from them.

Shortly after having thus done all they could for the poor smuggler, the Howards left the United States on their return to Europe. At the expiration of the two years for which Woodley was still to be incarcerated, Captain Howard wrote to New-York to inquire about him, and received for answer that he had been liberated from Auburn prison, had been paid the money left for him, and had sailed in a ship from New-York to Antwerp, but as that ship had foundered at sea, it was supposed that he and all on board were lost in it.

## II.

### THE LUNATIC OF THE BELGIAN ASYLUM.

SOME two or three years had elapsed since Captain and Mrs. Howard had

heard of the sad fate of poor Ralph Woodley, whose death they believed had occurred on his favorite element, that ocean on which he had so longed to be again, and which was even dearer to him than his native land. Camilla was much shocked at first when she heard how he had perished, but she afterward agreed with Captain Howard that the unhappy outcast slept well beneath the waves of the vast Atlantic, and was probably saved a life of misery, if not of crime. She ceased, therefore, to regret him, and his image, with its haunting eyes, was slowly passing from her remembrance.

She was making a little tour on the Continent with her husband and her brother, who had chosen after leaving college to study medicine, and when he became a physician had, to the annoyance of his family, devoted himself to the most painful and mysterious branch of the profession—namely, to cases of insanity. He took strong interest in this strange disease of the brain, or of the mind, and was called among his friends, on account of his enthusiasm, "the Mad Doctor." Traveling through Belgium and Germany, he made it a point to stop and visit all lunatic asylums which bore the character of being well conducted. Of course he paid most of these visits alone, for neither Captain nor Mrs. Howard were amateurs in regard to the arrangements of asylums or hospitals of any kind. However, he urged them so warmly to accompany him just to one in a Belgian city, the high reputation of which had reached even England, that they consented to do so.

Camilla would fain have shrunk back as the ponderous door which led through a long gloomy corridor to the interior of the building was slowly opened by the custodier, "a grisly terror," who

"Grinned horrible a ghastly smile,"

but her brother had drawn her arm within his, and he would not let her go, so there was nothing for it but to enter, and she traversed the corridor, which reminded her of the prison at Auburn, with unwilling steps, and a countenance as melancholy as the place itself. The party, accompanied by one of the medical visitors of the establishment, were shown several portions of the institution, and Camilla was obliged to admit to herself that she had not encountered

any very frightful objects. The iron-barred windows, indeed, and the scanty furniture every where gave a prison-like appearance to the place, but she had imagined that she would see human nature deprived of intellect—degraded to the state of the brute creation—and that the fearful howls of the maniacs would be breaking constantly on her ear. Instead of this there was “a dread repose,” every thing was still around, until she was shown into the gardens, or grounds attached to the asylum. Here she heard voices talking in every key. Some seemed to be preaching to the empty air; some were spouting snatches of plays, tragedy or comedy; some talking busily to themselves; some whistling “for want of thought;” while others were sitting on the benches placed here and there, quiet, with lackluster eyes, and countenances perfectly vacant and stupid.

At length, “the Mad Doctor,” being satisfied with his inspection of the asylum, and the answers to the innumerable questions with which he had plied the patient officials in not the very best of French, and the medical attendant who had been showing him round, as well as another having taken his leave, he agreed to release his sister and brother-in-law from any further survey of this abode of poor shattered human nature in an aspect so humiliating; and they were proceeding across a wide lobby or hall, on their way out, when Dr. Egerton stopped before the open door of a cell, or dormitory, near which they were at that moment passing, attracted by the peculiar countenance of a man who was sitting in it.

“What eyes!” he exclaimed. “Why they are quite unearthly!”

Captain Howard and his wife turned quickly round, and then both stood as if rooted to the spot.

“He was drowned—he is dead!” cried Camilla, trembling violently. “Yet that is himself. Look, look, Philip! How can this be?”

“A strong—very strong resemblance indeed,” replied her husband; “but it can not be himself. The dead can not return to life.”

“We do not know positively that he perished with the ship,” she replied.

“May we speak to him?” she asked hurriedly of their guide.

But before he had time to answer, the

occupant of the cell had risen and strode forward a pace or two.

“Take care, madam—take care, he becomes suddenly violent, and very dangerous sometimes. See how his eyes are blazing.”

“Ralph Woodley!” cried Camilla, springing fearlessly forward, though the official and her brother both caught her dress at the same moment—“Ralph, speak if it be you. Do you not remember Camilla Egerton?”

“Well—oh, well!” murmured the same hollow voice that had answered her from the gloomy cell at Auburn prison. “You come like an angel from an angel, do you not? Alice has sent you again to me?”

“Poor fellow!” sighed Camilla, as she burst into tears.

“Nay, do not weep, dear Miss Egerton; angels should not weep. Alice is happy there, is she not? He pointed upward, with a finger of the wasted hand.

“Oh, happy—happy indeed!” sobbed Camilla; “and you will be happy too when you go there to her.”

He shook his head despondingly.

“Ah! that will never be—never, never. The sea would not have me, and the grave will not have me. Do you not know I am ‘The Wandering Jew,’ Captain Howard?” he said, with a short wild laugh, turning to Camilla’s husband.

“That is one of his fancies, sir,” whispered the guide.

“No; I think you are Ralph Woodley, once in her Majesty’s service, and as fine a fellow as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war.”

The poor being struck his forehead with his hand, and after covering his extraordinary eyes for a moment, he said:

“True—true. I was once Ralph Woodley, but you know he left the service—you know he was a smuggler, the terror of the coast; and then he was thrust into a dreadful prison in America. You kindly liberated him from it, and he thanked you from his inmost soul. He embarked for . . . Where? I don’t remember; but the ship went down and every body in it, except two or three demons, and Ralph, and a little child. They wanted to kill and eat the child, but he saved it. And then there came a voice louder than the roar of the stormy wind, or the dark wild waves, and it thundered

in his ear that he was to be accursed for evermore, and to be turned into the Wandering Jew, to whom death would never come while this world lasted, because he had saved the child, and let the men die of want. The innocent child would have gone straight to heaven. Why did he oppose its doom, and keep it for misery on earth? Oh! it is a dreadful sentence; but I must bear it—bear it, ay, for centuries to come!”

He sank exhausted on a chair, and the official who accompanied the party advised them to leave him, for when he recovered the temporary exhaustion he might become very troublesome. Dr. Egerton, well versed in the phases of insanity, gave the same advice, and the Howards were reluctantly about to go, when Woodley started up again, his eyes more intense than ever in their indescribable luster, and, rushing up to Camilla, he seized her hand, holding it gently but tightly, while he said rapidly:

“See Alice; tell her I am in this earthly hell; implore her to pray for my release, and He who can do what He wills with the whole wide universe may, perhaps, consent to set me free—free to cleave the air as a bird—free to ascend up—up yonder, yonder.”

His voice became husky, the veins of his forehead swelled out, his chest labored and foam began to appear at the corners of his mouth.

“He is going into a fit, I fear,” said Dr. Egerton.

“He is, indeed,” replied the official. “I must send a keeper and the doctor to him. Your party really must go.”

“Farewell,” said Captain Howard to the unfortunate maniac. “We will attend to all your messages, and will have you set free as soon as possible, my poor friend.”

Camilla and her husband left the asylum with heavy hearts, and Dr. Egerton also felt much interested in the English inmate of the Belgian mad-house. On making inquiries of the director of the asylum, they ascertained that Woodley had been placed there by a gentleman at Antwerp, who paid his board and expenses, and having obtained his address, the English party proceeded to Antwerp to see him.

They found that he was a merchant connected with the United States, and

heard from him the story of his acquaintance with Woodley.

The merchant said that he was sometimes called to New-York on business, and on one occasion he had taken his wife and their only child, then an infant, with them. After residing there about two years, circumstances obliged him to return in a hurry to Antwerp, and his wife being at that time in a delicate state of health, he left her there to follow when she was better. She did embark in the course of a very few months for Antwerp, in a fine vessel which belonged to their own firm. But the ship caught fire at sea; the passengers and crew were lowered into the boats to escape the burning vessel, and the captain himself took charge of the boat in which were the ladies and children, as well as others. The boat capsized, and every being in it perished except one little boy. He had been clasped in his mother's arms, but the sudden jerk in the upsetting of the boat had no doubt loosened her hold of him, for though *she* sank to rise no more, the little fellow floated on the waves above, which were red from the reflection of the flames in the burning ship. A man who was in the smallest of the boats, who had been one of the last to leave the ship, and who had greatly assisted in getting the females out of the doomed vessel, had observed the poor child. He plunged immediately into the sea, swam to the little boy, caught him firmly, and holding him aloft in one hand, swam back to the boat, and placed him safely in it.

That little boat soon drifted away from the burning wreck and the other overladen boats, and, by common consent, the man who had saved the child, and who seemed quite at home on the treacherous element, at the mercy of which they had been left, was appointed to take the command of the frail bark, which was their only hope of safety from the engulfing waves. And well he performed the task assigned to him. He cheered the drooping, he encouraged the hopeful, while his own stern power of endurance never gave way.

But, after half sailing, half drifting about for three miserable days under the burning rays of the sun while it careered in the blue skies above, and the cold gleams of the stars by night, which, though studding in one mass of brilliancy

the far-distant heavens, shed no cheering light on the vast chaos of waters beneath, the men in the boat began to murmur at the want which had overtaken them. A bag of biscuits, a cheese, and a hamper of wine, had been lowered into the boat by the provident care of the only person who had thought of their probable wants. Ralph Woodley had had no time, unaided as he was, to procure more from the burning ship. The small stock of provisions was soon exhausted by the men in the boat, though Ralph did what he could to make them economize their slender resources. He scarcely ate any thing himself, but gave almost all his own portion to the child he had saved.

But there came a time of horror; the last biscuit was eaten, the last drop of wine was drank; hunger and thirst—the great wants of created life—came, like fiends, to awaken the selfish desires of weak human nature. And on the fifth or sixth day after they had left the ship, Ralph's companions proposed to kill and eat the child; but he swore to defend him to his last gasp, and told them that, as *he* was in command of their frail craft, if any one dare to lay a hand on the little boy, he would immediately upset the boat, and plunge them all into the sea, to be themselves food for the sharks, which they had so long escaped.

There was something in the fierceness of his eyes that overawed the men, weakened as they were by starvation. One of them threw himself into the sea in a fit of delirium, another died in the boat, and the survivors—with the exception of Ralph Woodley, of a cabin boy, and the rescued child—made a cannibal meal on his remains. But these horrors were mercifully permitted to end; a vessel hove in sight, and passing near them observed the boat, with its human freight, tossing about on the undulating waves. The captain humanely came to the assistance of the poor sufferers, and they were soon placed in safety on board his ship, which was bound to Rotterdam. But of the persons thus saved, only Ralph, the cabin-boy, and the child, survived to reach the shore. Every attention was paid to them at Rotterdam, and they were sent on to Antwerp, where of course Ralph Woodley was received with the utmost gratitude by the father of the child whom he had saved. The merchant was most anxious to do any thing and every thing for him,

and would gladly have placed Ralph in some situation in which he might have made a comfortable living, and become a useful and respectable member of society. But his good intentions were all frustrated, for symptoms of insanity soon evinced themselves in the ill-fated smuggler—insanity, no doubt, first brought on by his terrible imprisonment at Auburn, and increased by the sufferings and horrors to which he had been exposed after leaving the ship that was on fire.

He became so decidedly deranged, and at times so very violent, that it was found absolutely necessary to have him placed under restraint, and he was taken to the asylum where the Howards had found him, and where all his expenses were defrayed by the Antwerp merchant.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were anxious to have shared this expense, and assisted in maintaining their poor countryman; but the father of the rescued child would not hear of this arrangement, alleging that no money could repay his obligations to the man who had twice saved his only child from death. But he promised to send them tidings from time to time of the poor lunatic, and the Howards returned to England without seeing him again. The accounts they received were always the same; there was no improvement in Ralph's condition, and it was feared that his insanity would end only with his life.

### III.

#### THE CORPSE IN THE DEAD-HOUSE AT CALAIS.

In the course of the next spring Captain Howard was appointed to a ship stationed in the Mediterranean, and Camilla was to follow him thither to spend the winter at Malta; but for three months during the summer and early autumn she went with her children to Calais for sea-bathing and change of air, preferring that quiet place to its gayer rival, Boulogne. She had not been long settled at Calais, when she received a letter from Antwerp, informing her that Ralph Woodley had escaped from the asylum, and as no traces of him could be found, further than that a person answering his description had been seen on the road to Ostend, it was feared he had met with some fatal accident, or had died of starvation. Camilla was much grieved at the evil fate which had so persecuted her friend of St. Alban's Cove, and often and often did his interesting countenance



and wonderful eyes recur to her memory. She longed to know if he were really dead, and if so, how he had died; but no intelligence could be obtained of him, and all was left to conjecture. But conjecture was at length exchanged into certainty.

One morning she was going to take an early walk, as usual, with her children on the pier, when she observed a crowd gathered before a small building near its head. The curiosity of the children was roused, and the little boy who was holding her hand dragged her toward the place. As she approached it, the crowd, which was composed principally of boatmen, fishermen and their wives, and porters, who were always hanging about the pier, made way for her and her children, and, urged by some strange feeling, she moved on toward a window that was open, for the door of the little building was shut. On coming near it, her son pulled her close up to the window, and looking through it, she beheld the body of a man lying on a wide bench, or kind of wooden frame. Heavens! Upon whom was her gaze so suddenly riveted? Before her eyes were the features of Ralph Woodley, swollen in some degree, it is true, and still stern, but composed as if in a calm and dreamless sleep! Ralph? Yes, it was Ralph Woodley himself.

Mrs. Howard felt like to faint, but, recovering herself, she turned to a respectable man who was standing by, whom she knew, as his wife kept a shop at which she dealt, and asked him how the body had been brought there, and where it had been found. She was informed that the body had been discovered early that morning at low tide, jammed in among some of the thick wooden posts which supported the pier. There was no evidence to prove how long it had been there, except that it was not under the pier at low water the evening before. The boatmen around reminded Camilla that the previous night had been a very wild one; in short, that it had blown quite a heavy gale about midnight; and as one or two small craft had been seen at some distance, laboring in the storm, it was probable that there had been some wreck, or that the man had been washed overboard. Camilla asked if any thing giving a clue to what he was, had been found upon him. She was answered, "Not yet; the proper officials would be down presently, when his pockets, etc., would be examined."

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She waited until these persons arrived, and then telling them that she had known the poor drowned man for many years, and that he was a countryman of hers, she offered to pay all the expenses of the funeral, if they would intrust the remains to her, and would hand over to her any document that might be found about him. Her proposal was conveyed to the mayor, and as it was backed by the English clergyman at Calais, her petition was granted.

Nothing was found on the body but an old pocket-book, which had been sewn to his clothes. It was, of course, saturated with sea-water, but in it were found a lock of very fair hair, and a piece of paper, much stained, on which was written the address of Captain and Mrs. Howard in England. The ring which Camilla had given him on the hill above St. Alban's Cove was not there; *that* had probably been stolen from him, either in the American prison or the Belgian asylum, or lost in some of his strange wanderings on land and sea.

The corpse of the unfortunate man was removed to a room hired by the English chaplain for its reception; and the funeral took place at the English burying-ground at the Basse Ville, attended by Mrs. Howard and her children, by the greater part of the English residents at Calais, and by the French fishermen and boatmen who had taken the body from the wet sands to the dead-house at the top of the pier. The beautiful service of the Church of England for the burial of the dead was read most impressively by the worthy chaplain, and as dust was committed to dust, the only friend of the tenant of that coffin which had just been lowered into the grave burst into a passion of tears—an unaffected tribute of regard to the memory of him who had once saved her life, and who, with his haunting eyes, had claimed so many of her thoughts for years of the past.

Long and bitterly did Camilla weep; and long did she linger by the humble grave after the service was over. At length she threw herself on her knees by the new-raised mound, and murmured, as if the cold ear of death could hear:

"Farewell, child of misfortune! farewell! But oh! may your spirit, so troubled here, have been received through Him who is 'the resurrection and the life' into pardon and peace in brighter worlds beyond the dreary tomb!"

## THE RIGHT HON. LORD MACAULAY.

THE character of this great historian, his talents, his genius, his fame, his form, and the lineaments of his face and features, possess an abiding interest and attraction. To gratify this natural feeling we have have had engraved a new, fine and life-like portrait of this eminent man. The photograph was taken late in life, so that this engraved portrait presents a very accurate impression of what he was before the eye of the observer just before his death. The artist, Mr. Perine, has done the subject ample justice in the beautiful execution of the engraving. It is pure line and stipple, which can not fail to please our readers. Thus his features will remain stereotyped before the eye, and never grow old by increasing age. A brief biographic sketch, which is all we have here room for, will add interest to the portrait.

The distinguished statesman, orator, poet, essayist, and historian, Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay, was born at Rothley Temple, in the county of Leicester, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1800. He was grandson of the Rev. John Macaulay, A.M., Presbyterian minister of Inverary, and son of the celebrated philanthropist, Zachary Macaulay, whose great exertions to ameliorate the condition of the African race, and unceasing labors to effect the suppression of the slave-trade, won for him an enduring fame and a monument in Westminster Abbey. One of the sisters of the eminent man just named, married Mr. Thomas Babington, a rich English merchant, and the name "Thomas Babington" was bestowed on the nephew—the subject of our present memoir. Early in life he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was one of high distinction. Before he had reached his nineteenth year, he won the Chancellor's medal for a poem entitled *Pompeii*; two years afterwards he gained the same Chancellor's medal for another poetic work, entitled *Evening*. These poems were both published, and they served to bring the author prominently into notice. Soon after the issue of *Evening*, he was elected to the Craven Scholarship, and, in

1822, he graduated Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Trinity College. In 1825 he obtained his Master of Arts degree, and, adopting the law as his future profession, he underwent the usual course of study, and was called to the bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in February, 1826.

In the meantime, the young student began to develop a taste for literary pursuits. He commenced by contributing essays and ballads to a periodical of limited circulation, called *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*; his papers, always looked for with much interest, speedily became the attraction of the *Magazine*. Principally from the tone and weight of Macaulay's contributions, this Review was looked upon as a work of considerable literary importance. Professor Wilson used to say that its four or five volumes (beyond which the work did not extend) equalled in talent any other four or five in the compass of periodical literature. But Macaulay's genius soon found a wider field. In August, 1825, some six months before his call to the bar of Lincoln's Inn, and while still under twenty-five years of age, he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his famous essay on "Milton." This was the first of that long series of brilliant essays, with which, during twenty years subsequently, he enriched the pages of the *Review*.

The Whig party, then in power, were not slow to recognize the merits of the son of Zachary Macaulay. They gave him a lucrative appointment, (a Commissionership in Bankruptcy,) and in 1830 introduced him into the house of Commons, by placing the "pocket-borough" of Calne at his disposal. As a member of the legislative body, Mr. Macaulay distinguished himself by a zealous devotion to the business and debates of the time. He became Secretary to the Board of Control, and figured prominently in the protracted Parliamentary discussions on the Reform Bill. Mr. Macaulay's speech on this question created a degree of interest sufficient to warrant its republication in the form of a pamphlet. In December, 1832, he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament as member for the borough of Leeds.

He continued to represent the constituency of this important borough until February, 1834, when he resigned his seat and his appointment at the Board of Control, to go out to India as a member of, and legal adviser to, the Supreme Council of Calcutta. He remained in the East about three years; during his stay he acquired a handsome independency by the lucrative nature of his office, and at the same time he continued to perform his duties as one of the *Edinburgh Review* staff. Some of his most elaborate articles, we are told, were then written and sent over from Calcutta. On his return to England, Mr. Macaulay turned his acquaintance with the affairs of India to account in his essays on "Lord Clive" and "Warren Hastings."

In the year 1839, Mr. Macaulay again accepted office under Government. He became Secretary at War, and was soon after elected Member of Parliament for the city of Edinburgh. The right honorable gentleman retained this position in the Government until September, 1841, when the Whig ministry in which he served gave way to the second cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, and he (Mr. Macaulay) was consequently deprived of office. The general election, which followed immediately afterward, did not disturb Mr. Macaulay in the possession of his seat for Edinburgh. He was reëlected, and continued to sit for that city. During the whole of Sir Robert Peel's rule, he was conspicuous as an active member of the Whig Opposition, and as a consistent advocate of free-trade and other liberal measures. In 1846, Sir Robert, having carried his great measure of Commercial Reform, succumbed to the unceasing attacks of the "country party," and made way for the return of the Whigs under Lord John Russell. Mr. Macaulay resumed office in this administration as Paymaster-General of the Forces, with a seat in the Cabinet; and he fulfilled the duties of the position until 1847, when he unexpectedly lost his seat in Parliament. The majority of the constituents of the Scottish capital disagreed with the right honorable gentleman on the subject of the Maynooth Grant, and took the opportunity of the general election to oust him in favor of Mr. Cowan, a citizen, whose theological bias and ecclesiastical views were much more in favor. The rejection of so distinguished a man under such circumstances caused great surprise, and was

warmly discussed all over the country. Regret at so untoward an event was so generally expressed that Mr. Macaulay might easily have found another constituency anxious for his services, but he preferred availing himself of the opportunity thus presented of withdrawing altogether from the duties of Parliament. At the next general election the citizens of Edinburgh recovered their credit by replacing Mr. Macaulay in his former position, although the right honorable gentleman declined to come forward, to canvass, or in any way to solicit the favor of the electors. During the next three or four years, he continued their representative in Parliament, but the state of his health prevented him from attending the House with his accustomed zeal. At length, in 1856, he resigned his seat, and at the same time intimated his intention of not again resuming public or parliamentary life.

It is, however, in the world of literature that Mr. Macaulay has won his fame. As an essayist he had established a brilliant reputation long before his *History* was commenced. Some years after his return from India, he continued as sedulously as ever his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1842, he published his *Lays of Ancient Rome*; in 1843, he issued a collected edition of the more important of his *Essays*, and in the following year he made his last contribution to that particular form of literature in the paper "The Earl of Chatham." It appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and was included in the subsequent editions of his collected essays. The first and second volumes of Mr. Macaulay's great work, *The History of England, from the Accession of James II.*, were published in 1849, and their appearance excited unusual public interest. Edition after edition was printed, and as rapidly consumed. An extraordinary degree of eagerness was manifested for the continuation of the *History*; and when, in 1855, the third and fourth volumes did appear, they caused a *furore* of excitement in the publishing and reading world of Britain "to which," observes a good authority, "the annals of Paternoster-Row hardly furnish any parallel."

An interesting analysis of the historian's style appears in Gilfillan's *Literary Portraits*, from which we are tempted to extract a few lines:

"His writings have all the stimulus of

oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory, at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts, after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox, and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty, and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shied. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme,

and practices purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps, under a weightier burden, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease."

In September, 1857, the historian received the dignity of a Peerage in acknowledgment of his great literary services; in addition to this, he has at different times received other honors, to which we must make a brief allusion. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1849; in the same year, he was elected a bencher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1850, he was appointed to the honorary office of Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy; and in 1853 he received the Prussian Order of Merit.

Lord Macaulay continued his labors on his great work of bringing down his *History* to a late period until near the close of 1859. For some years he had suffered from an affection of the heart, and, about three weeks previous to his death, he had a return of threatening symptoms. But he appeared to rally again. On Monday of the week he died, he entertained his family at a Christmas party. On that occasion, he was so unlike himself as to be rather silent. His friends, on parting with him that night, little thought that in less than eighty-four hours, he would be no more for this world. On Wednesday evening, about eight o'clock, he died in a fainting fit, without the least pain. On the Monday following, the funeral obsequies were performed, and his mortal remains deposited in Westminster Abbey, that great mausoleum where sleep so many of the wise and good of past ages.

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THE BEAUHARNAIS FAMILY AND THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG.—Eugene de Beauharnais (the brother of Hortense, the Duchess of St. Leu, mother of Louis Napoleon) acted as Napoleon's aid de-camp in Italy and Egypt; commanded, at Marengo, a brigade of the guard; was made an Imperial Prince, Viceroy of Italy, and heir to the crown of Lombardy. After the events of 1814 he retired to the Court of Bavaria—was created Duke of Leuchtenberg, and died in 1824, leaving two sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter married Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, and became Queen of Sweden!

The second became the wife of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hecheugen. The third married Don Pedro; and the fourth became the wife of a Count of Wurtemberg. The eldest son, Augustus, married the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, but is since dead, leaving the present Duke of Leuchtenberg his surviving brother, who, in 1839, married the Grand Duchess Maria, the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. So widely connected are the ramifications of the Beauharnais family, which traces its pedigree no farther back than the aid-de-camp of the Emperor, and Josephine of Martinique!



From the Leisure Hour.

## L A N D S L I P S I N E N G L A N D .

IN certain parts of our coast, it seems as though a continual encroachment is made by the sea upon the land, while in other places the land gains upon the sea. In the former case it is probable that the sea only gains by means of the treachery of the land, or rather because the water in the land assists its kindred ocean, and betrays that which we are accustomed to call, though falsely, *dry* land. Where this betrayal is carried on, the path by which we went along the edge of the cliff last year has disappeared; there it lies, many feet below us, disjointed and broken. Along one part of the coast of Norfolk, the sea is retiring farther and farther from the old cliffs; the low-lying lands are more and more exposed, though it is by very slow degrees that substantial advantages are obtained. In other parts of the same coast the cliffs are crumbling into the sea, and Cromer, upon the north-east corner, is only saved from submersion by the handiwork of man. A curious case occurred in connection with two parishes near Cromer. They are small, and were held by one incumbent. The church of the one parish was in ruins, a mile or so distant from the sea; but the parsonage-house was good. Service was offered in the church of the other parish, where there was no parsonage-house at all. One of the bishops required that their clergy should live in the parishes where the worship was carried on, and the time of his episcopate was marked by the number of new parsonage-houses throughout the diocese. But in this case the difficulty presented itself, that, little by little, slowly but surely, the church was drawing near its doom. Every year more of the churchyard sank over the cliff, and in the course of no very long time, the church must surely follow the tomb-stones and the graves. Which, then, was the best plan; to anticipate decay, and remove the church, and repair the other building, or to build a parsonage-house where soon there would be no church? The difficulties in either case were endless.

To the east of Brighton, the road is carried along the cliff, nearly a hundred yards from the edge; this is a new road; the old road may clearly be traced on the hill above Rottingdean, leading down to the edge of the perpendicular cliff. Dr. Buckland was of opinion that wherever the dip of the land caused the land-springs to flow toward the sea, there the sea would, of necessity, encroach; and, until the highest point is gained, from which the land-springs flow landward, there could be no certainty of freedom from such slips.

The Isle of Wight presents, as one of its most pleasing features, the undercliff and landslip on its southern side; on the back of the Island, as it is generally called. For a distance of six miles, from Bonchurch to Niton, is a rough and rugged tract of land, varying in width from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile. Inland there is a cliff; seaward, in some places, a second cliff; in others, a decline to the beach itself. Throughout, but especially near Bonchurch, the rocks lie about in the most picturesque confusion; and, having now large trees, and plenty of underwood, this landslip is exceedingly pretty and varied. Beyond Ventnor, the surface is comparatively level, though throughout the gray rocks, and the green turf, and England's wild flowers afford most pleasant scenes.

Still further to the west, we come to another landslip, and this is one of the most interesting, inasmuch as, occurring in our own days, it enables us to see how others, like that in the Isle of Wight, have been brought about. On Christmas Eve, 1839, a coast-guardsmen, near Lyme Regis, was going on his rounds, and suddenly he burst in upon the family of a farmer, with the astounding intelligence that such a field was "gone." "Gone where?" was the answer, but that the man could not tell. Upon coming out to see what had happened, it was true—the field was nowhere; and the next morning disclosed a scene of ruin and demolition. Down be-

low, at a depth of nearly three hundred feet, was the orchard, and the cottages, whose inmates had been keeping feast in their master's house. Stretching westward for three quarters of a mile, was a perpendicular cliff, separated from an opposite cliff by a space from two to three hundred yards wide. In the bottom, one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet below, were the fields; grass, or wheat, or barley, tilted up and mingled with the rocks and stones and rubbish which had come down in their descent. Here a hedge, which had run right across the fields, was seen separated by the chasm from its kindred twigs, while below, the line of hedge was hardly broken for some considerable portion of its length; and there, above the other cliff, was the continuation of it, standing as though nothing had happened. Out to sea were rocks and islands of varying height and size, where yesterday the waves flowed unopposed.

But the most remarkable thing is, that the land did not go straight into the sea, carrying all before it. While the chasm is as we have described it, it communicates with the shore only at its extremities; throughout its course it is separated from the beach by a mass of the solid earth which was not affected by the ruin. Upon it the crops were growing as they had been; there is still the continuance of the hedge, and like an island remains this portion of the land, separated by the landslip from contact with the main land. It seems as though the sunk portion had gone underneath this mass, or had displaced the foundation in such a manner, that it supplied the place with its own rocks.

How many of the features which there disclosed themselves to the wondering gaze have vanished! The soft material of the soil has yielded to the action of wind and weather; the rocks and islands out at sea have been washed away; thousands of rabbits burrow every where about, and climb up precipices where it would seem that only birds could be the tenants; and continued crumbling has taken off the sharpness of the edges, which must have added to the strangeness of the scene. Of course the attention of the savans was speedily directed to what had occurred; there arose a strife of science, as to the nature and the cause of the accident. While some maintained that the

depression was the result of subsidence, others held that it was a slip—that a lower stratum, having become rotten and slimy from long continued wet, had suddenly allowed the upper soil to slide down its slippery surface.

From Lyme-Regis to this landslip, a distance of about three miles, there are in miniature the features which mark the undercliff of the Isle of Wight. Former slips have been overgrown—the exposed rocks have become gray. Inland and behind it, toward Axminster, the country is broken and rugged, just as if a similar change had taken place ages or generations ago. Again to the west, and just under Beer Head, (a most commanding cliff, from which the view extends from Portland Bill to the Start Point, taking in the whole of that bay which bounds the south of Dorset and of Devon,) there is a smaller slip, marked by all the characters of those we have described, but with a greater boldness, as the limestone is of a very compact nature, and allows the pinnacles and towers to remain reared far above the low-lying and softer rubbish.

The last landslip of which we have any account took place in May, on the coast between Lyme-Regis and Charmouth. Several men and boys were at work in gardens on and near the spot, and one boy escaped with his life by jumping over the cracks as they opened under him, as in an earthquake. A woman who was near at the time was so terrified that she threw herself flat upon the ground. Her fright may well be excused, for half-a-dozen acres of land marching off bodily must be a strange sight, and one not altogether devoid of the terrible. A man, who was close at hand, describes the noise as having been “like a thousand thunders.” Scarcely ten minutes before the slip took place, a gentleman who owned part of the lost land was standing on the edge of the very highest part of the cliff, expressing his admiration of the magnificent view before him, as, it being clear weather, he could see Portland on the one hand, and Start Point on the other. Within a quarter of an hour, the ground on which he stood was strewn in fragments upon the beach, at least one hundred yards in perpendicular depth below. The appearance of this landslip is very different from that of the great slip near Axmouth, 1839. In this case but a very small part of the detached mass held together. Nearly the

whole of the cliff seems to have fallen over, and to have been dashed to atoms. It is difficult to estimate correctly the area of cultivated ground lost; at present, the distance from the road to the edge of the cliff is about eighty yards. It is said, however, that the slip covers nearly six acres of ground. The beach itself, right down to low-water mark, (as seen soon after,) was a perfect chaos of blue lias and mud. The peculiar nature and direction of the strata seem to render the neighborhood of Lyme-Regis liable to these great slips. The sea is rapidly gaining on the

east end of the town itself. Part of the churchyard has already slipped away, and more than one grave has disappeared.

In geological parlance, these landslips belong to the Lias group in the secondary or Mesozoic series. Near the Lyme-Regis end of the Devonshire landslip, the face of the cliff has been worked for the blue-colored clay which belongs to this group, and its deep-shaded tints add to the variety of hue. In fact, that portion of the natural landslip has received an increase of beauty from the wild ruin wrought by man's labor for industrial uses.

## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

**THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.** A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XVI. V—Zwirner, with a supplement. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863. Pp. 850.

THIS volume completes the great National work of the Appletons. It has involved a vast amount of labor and capital, and is highly creditable to the enterprise of this great publishing-house in these times of war and rebellion. Long may they reap the fruits of their vast labor. The editors' time and strength and talents and research in completing this great dictionary of knowledge has been long and deeply taxed, but in it and by it they have built a monument to their fame and industry more enduring than marble. This work will find a place in many public and private libraries, and be read and examined by many generations yet unborn. It is a great library in itself.

**MEMORIES OF REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.,** the renowned Kirwan. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, author of *Travels in Europe and the East*, *The Power of Prayer*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 438, with a fine portrait of Dr. Murray.

IN this volume of memoirs of his friend, Dr. Prime has well performed a very valuable and useful labor to the cause of religion. Dr. Murray was no common-place man. We knew him well for many years. He was an earnest, devoted, and warm-hearted Christian minister. He was a shrewd observer of men. In all his public ministrations, in the pulpit and out of it, in season and out of it, he went far to commend himself and the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Dr. Prime has shown a master-hand in the whole arrangement of the contents of this book. It is very suggestive to ministers and pas-

tors. No one can read it without pleasure and profit. We should be glad to see it obtain a wide circulation. The price of the book is \$1.25. Any pastor or other person who wishes to obtain this interesting memoir of Dr. Murray, and will send \$1.25 to the office of the *ECLECTIC*, shall receive the work by mail, postage *paid*.

**THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863.** 12mo, 700 pages.

THIS new publication is of sterling worth. It furnishes more full, accurate, recent, and interesting information concerning the present condition of country, than has ever been issued in any single volume. It far surpasses any previous statistical work in the United States. It should become such a hand-book of reference as to be a necessity for all persons to possess. The information it contains is so useful and instructive, that it is worth ten times its cost. The price, in boards, is \$1.00; bound in muslin, \$1.25. It will be sent free by mail, on receipt of the price, by the publisher, George W. Childs, 628 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

**MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.** Translated from the German. By FREDERIC A. ROWAN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. Pp. 414.

THIS volume, in its topics and subjects, presents in beautiful and attractive language, many ripe clusters of golden fruit, which now and then, if not often, come forth from very mature, spiritual, German minds. The serious reader of this book can sit down to the perusal of its well-filled pages, and feel the glow of a warm personal companionship and intercourse between his own mind and heart and the pages before him. It is much like an invisible spirit holding communion with the living heart, and thus imparting instruction on the most important of all subjects. Every serious mind will enjoy its pages.

**THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN.** A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By VIRGINIA PENNY. Boston. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Washington street. 1863. Pp. 500.

THIS is a very useful and instructive book. It is also highly suggestive of many things which every community is interested to know. Employment for women who are more or less dependent on their own efforts for subsistence in life is a great question of growing importance. The present terrible war makes innumerable breaches in the ranks of men slain in battle. Thousands of young men who fall thus and die will never be husbands and heads of families. The young women are left alive to pursue life's journey alone. What shall they do? How employ their time and find support? Many have the means, but many others have not. This book of Miss Penny will instruct many on these important questions.

**TWO FRIENDS.** By the author of *The Patience of Hope*, and *A Present Heaven*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. Pp. 167.

THIS volume, neatly and beautifully executed, and printed on fine tinted paper at the Cambridge University Press, appears in the high style and taste of the publishers. The book, in its contents and subjects, is much like ripe and delicious fruit—rich and mellow to the taste. This book will impart to the mind and heart of the serious and cheerful reader what such choice and pleasant fruit does to the body. It is a book of great practical utility. It is instructive in the most important lessons of life, and should be widely read.

HARPER & BROTHERS, of New-York, are now publishing, in semi-monthly numbers, a complete *History of the Great Rebellion in the United States*. The work has been for many months in course of preparation by a writer every way qualified for the task. The Introduction contains a clear and succinct account of the formation of the Government of the United States, and the origin and progress of nullification and secession.

The history will comprise a full account, drawn from the most authentic sources, of all the events of the war, the intrigues of the Southern leaders at home and abroad. The illustrations will comprise portraits of those who have borne a prominent part in the struggle, views of every scene of interest, and of the most important battles. The illustrations were taken on the spot by competent artists. The work will be issued in semi-monthly numbers of twenty-four pages each, of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and completed in about one year, in twenty-four numbers, price twenty-five cents for each number. We have received Nos. 1 and 2, well executed.

**MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE.** By her son, the REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D. With an Appendix containing extracts from the writings of Mrs. Bethune. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1863. Pp. 250.

THE talents and character of Dr. Bethune, the rich memoirs of his excellent and sainted mother, Mrs. Bethune, and her no less celebrated mother Mrs. Isabella Graham, form such an unusual trio of intellectual, moral, and religious worth as is not often found in three persons thus related. This

fact will be sufficient to excite a deep interest in this volume of memoirs of a Christian lady of so much worth. The volume is a fitting tribute to the memory of his mother by her eloquent son, who was so well and widely known on both sides of the Atlantic for his efficient services in the pulpit and elsewhere.

**THE STUDENT'S HISTORIES.**—Under this general title the Harpers are issuing an admirable series of compends, which give, within a moderate compass, the great facts of universal history drawn up on a nearly uniform scale. Each work is independent in itself, but the whole when complete will form one connected series. Thus in one volume is given a complete epitome of the History of Rome, from the earliest times to the foundation of the Empire. A second volume, parallel with this, gives the history of Greece down to the Roman conquest, when Grecian history merges into that of Rome. A third volume presents an excellent condensation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Coming down to modern times, *Hume's History of England*, with a continuation, bringing it down to the year 1851, is condensed into a volume, while still another contains the history of France, from the earliest times down to the foundation of the present Empire in 1852. When to these four volumes as many more are added, the whole scheme will be complete. The volumes which we would suggest are the following: First. One volume upon the six great ancient monarchies, Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia; for the five last, Rawlinson's great work, now in course of publication in England, will furnish ample materials. Second. A volume which might be called "The Student's Russell," taking up the thread of European history at the point where it is left by Gibbon, and bringing it down to the opening of the French Revolution. This would embrace a history of the Reformation, and of the great Continental wars which settled the political state of Europe. Third, "The Student's Alison," condensing into a single volume Alison's two voluminous works, which give the history of Modern Europe from the opening of the French Revolution down to the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Imperial throne; this should be brought down to the close of the war in Italy. Fourth, "The Student's History of America," including that of the United States and the Spanish Republics. We trust that the Messrs. Harpers will complete the series in the general manner which we have indicated, as rapidly as is consistent with the thorough preparation of the different works. When this is done, we shall have, in the compass of about eight moderate volumes, and at a reasonable expense, an epitome of Universal History which will leave little to be desired by the general reader or the students in our colleges and higher seminaries. The four volumes already issued are in every respect admirable models for those which should succeed them.

**FIRING CANNON BY ELECTRICITY.**—A letter from the camp of Chalons states that the Emperor has assisted at the experiment of firing cannon by electricity. This new mode of firing cannon is called electro-telegraphic, and has been practiced at the camp for the last three months, in presence of commissioners selected from the superior officers of artillery.



## "FAIR MAID OF DENMARK."

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

(FOR MUSIC.)

Fair maid of Denmark! Britain's Isle  
 A thousand welcomes bids to you!  
 And with one universal smile,  
 Awards to beauty homage due!  
 A Prince's chosen! loveliest—best!  
 To sail with him life's lake adown;  
 To bloom a flower upon his breast—  
 To gleam a jewel in his crown!  
 Fair maid of Denmark, etc.

Fair maid of Denmark! come you forth,  
 Now bird and bud tell summer time!  
 Like some pure snow-wreath from the north,  
 To glisten in our southern clime!  
 Come to us! be of us a part—  
 Shine like a sunbeam in our way;  
 A joy be to a Prince's heart—  
 And to our widowed Queen a stay!  
 Fair maid of Denmark, etc.

JAMES BRUTON.

FALL OF AN AEROLITE.—A few days ago, while Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter, of Auchterarder, was out taking a walk over his estate, he saw an aerolite descend upon the farm of Drumtersal, occupied by Mrs. M'Ewan. The sun had just gone down, and the sky was clear at the time, which allowed him full opportunity of observation. He describes its appearance as strikingly beautiful, exhibiting a most brilliant light, not unlike a red-hot twenty-four pound ball. It fell slowly to the ground, and at the same time a larger body passed over to the northeast, in the direction of Trinity Gask. The Colonel, who was within a few hundred yards of the one which fell, marked the place of its descent, and it was got two days thereafter by his gamekeeper. At the place where it was found the grass was burned up for a few inches round. It is now at Auchterarder House. It weighs upward of ten ounces, and appears to have been detached from a larger mass. Another aerolite is said to have fallen near Stirling on the same evening.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

A PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—On landing, Mrs. Sams, the wife of the Mayor of Gravesend, will present the Princess with a bouquet in a richly-jewelled case, which has been purchased by general subscription by the ladies of Gravesend. As on the occasion of the Princess Royal's departure, sixty young ladies, dressed alike in red and blue and white—the colors of England and Denmark—will be stationed along the Terrace Pier, thirty on each side. Each of these young ladies will be provided with ample though pretty baskets filled with violets and roses, which they will strew along the path as the Princess advances.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The great reception to be given to the Prince's bride, on her arrival in this country, promises, as each day develops fresh preparations, to be one of the most spontaneous and magnificent popular welcomes ever given in England. Along the whole length to be traversed by the Princess, from Gravesend to Windsor, there is not a municipality or corporation which has

not its thoughts fixed just now on how best to welcome and do honor to the cavalcade while passing through its boundaries.

THE great excess of males in newly-settled territories illustrates the influence of emigration in affecting a disparity in the sexes. The males in California outnumber the females near 67,000, or about one-fifth of the population. In Illinois, the excess of males amounts to about 92,000, or one-twelfth of the entire population. In Massachusetts, the females outnumber the males some 37,600; Connecticut, 7000. Michigan shows near 40,000 excess of males; Texas, 36,000; Wisconsin, 43,000. In Colorado, the males are as twenty to one female. In Utah, the numbers are nearly equal; and while in New-York there is a small preponderance of females, the males are most numerous in Pennsylvania.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT NAPLES.—A Naples letter has the following:—"A very interesting discovery has been made by M. Fiorelli, the inspector of the excavations at Pompeii. While digging at a depth of from eight to ten feet, the pickaxe struck into a little mass of coins and jewels. M. Fiorelli then continued the excavation with the greatest care, removing the earth grain by grain, and, after some hours' labor, was rewarded by the discovery in the hardened ashes of the perfect mould of a man in a lying posture, the skin of which had dried up, but the skeleton remained intact. M. Fiorelli caused plaster of Paris to be poured into the form of the Pompeian, and the casting succeeded perfectly, with the exception of two fragments of an arm and a leg where the mould was incomplete. The cast of the man is of the greatest precision; the moustache, the hair, the folds of the dress, and the sandals are admirably defined. The famous question of the *Thesaurum* of Gronovius and Grevius is now decided; the Romans *did* wear drawera. Also archaeologists will be delighted at discovering the manner in which the ancients fastened their sandals, and at seeing the heel of a shoe completely protected with iron."—*Galignani*.

THE *Denmark*, a Copenhagen paper, says: "The Princess Alexandra will leave Copenhagen on the twenty eighth February. At Kiel she will go on board his Majesty's steamer *Slesvig*, commanded by his adjutant, Captain P. Smidth. On Tuesday, her Royal Highness was chosen a member of 'The Royal Copenhagen Shooting Guild.' Mr. Friedlander, the 'Bird King,' had the honor of handing over to her the insignia of the guild. The Princess' dresses are prepared in England, France, and Belgium. The rest of her toilet will be provided by Mr. Levysohn, of this city, and will not be surpassed in elegance by the best articles from the Parisian establishments."

If we all had windows in our hearts, many of us would take good care to keep the blinds closed.

It is intended to strike 30,000 medals at Sheffield, in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's marriage. On the reverse the Prince and Princess will be represented, and on the obverse the Sheffield arms, with the names of John Brown, Mayor; H. Harrison, master cutler; W. Butcher, town regent.

